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1879F
20

गुरुकुल कांगड़ी विश्वविद्यालय, हरिद्वार
पुस्तकालय

विषय संख्या 072
पुस्तक संख्या L53L (1879)
आगत पञ्जिका संख्या 47,762E

पुस्तक पर सर्व प्रकार की निशानियां लगाना वर्जित है। कृपया १५ दिन से अधिक समय तक पुस्तक अपने पास न रखें।

स्तकालय, गुरुकुल कांगड़ी विश्वविद्यालय
हरिद्वार।

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072
L53L
1879
पुस्तकालय

पुस्तकालय
गुरुकुल काँगड़ी विश्वविद्यालय, हरिद्वार

वर्ग संख्या.............. आगत संख्या..............

पुस्तक विवरण की तिथि नीचे अंकित है। इस तिथि सहित ३० वें दिन यह पुस्तक पुस्तकालय में वापस आ जानी चाहिए अन्यथा ५० पैसे प्रतिदिन के हिसाब से विलम्ब दण्ड लगेगा।

विषय संख्या (1879) 072 L53L
आगत पंजिका संख्या 47,762 E

पुस्तकालय
गुरुकुल कांगड़ी विश्वविद्यालय

तिथि	संख्या	तिथि	संख्या

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1879F
20

गुरुकुल कांगड़ी विश्वविद्यालय, ह
पुस्तकालय

विषय संख्या 072
पुस्तक संख्या L53L
आगत पञ्जिका संख्या 47,762

पुस्तक पर सर्व प्रकार की
लगाना वर्जित है। कृपया १५ दिन
समय तक पुस्तक अपने पास न रखें

तिथि	संख्या	तिथि	संख्या

स्तकालय, गुरुकुल कांगड़ी विश्वविद्यालय
हरिद्वार।

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072
L53L
1879
पुस्तकालय

पुस्तकालय
गुरुकुल काँगड़ी विश्वविद्यालय, हरिद्वार

वर्ग संख्या.............. आगत संख्या..............

पुस्तक विवरण की तिथि नीचे अंकित है। इस तिथि सहित ३० वें दिन यह पुस्तक पुस्तकालय में वापस आ जानी चाहिए अन्यथा ५० पैसे प्रतिदिन के हिसाब से विलम्ब दण्ड लगेगा ।

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1879F
20

गुरुकुल कांगड़ी विश्वविद्यालय, ह
पुस्तकालय

विषय संख्या 072
पुस्तक संख्या L53L
आगत पञ्जिका संख्या 47,762
पुस्तक पर सर्व प्रकार की
लगाना वर्जित है। कृपया १५ दिन
समय तक पुस्तक अपने पास न रखें

तिथि	संख्या	तिथि	संख्या

स्तकालय, गुरुकुल कांगड़ी विश्वविद्यालय
हरिद्वार।

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इस तिथि सहित १५वें दिन तक यह पुस्तक पुस्तकालय में वापिस आ जानी चाहिए । अन्यथा ५ पैसे प्रतिदिन के हिसाब से विलम्ब-दण्ड लगेगा ।

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गुरुकुल कांग

विषय संख्या
पुस्तक संख्या
आगत पञ्जि
पुस्तक
लगाना वर्जित
समय तक

स्तकालय, गुरुकुल कांगड़ी विश्व
हरिद्वार।

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1879

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सन्दर्भ ग्रन्थ
REFRENCE BOOK

यह पुस्तक वितरित न की जाय
NOT TO BE ISSUED

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स्तकालय, गुरु

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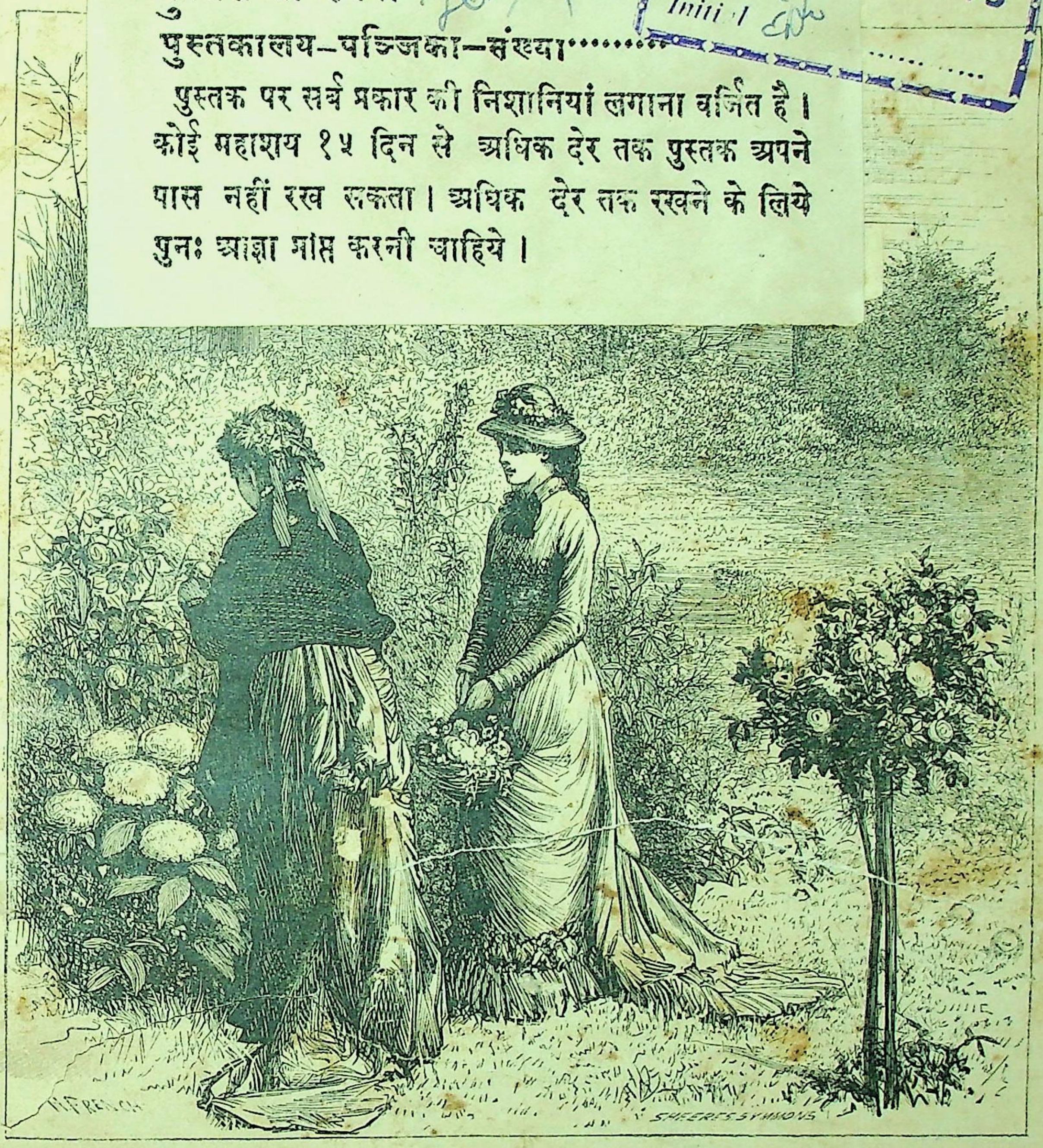
47,762E
1879

THE LEISURE HOUR.

* ओ३म् *
पुस्तक की संख्या..................
पुस्तकालय-पञ्जिका-संख्या........
पुस्तक पर सर्व प्रकार की निशानियां लगाना वर्जित है। कोई महाशय १५ दिन से अधिक देर तक पुस्तक अपने पास नहीं रख सकता। अधिक देर तक रखने के लिये पुनः आज्ञा प्राप्त करनी चाहिये।

CHECK 1973
Initial



MONA AND HER MOTHER.

"WAIT A YEAR."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A YOUNG WIFE'S STORY."

CHAPTER I.

[T]HE village was named Hillesden, and was situated in one of the Eastern Counties. Part [of it] nestled in a hollow, and was in places so over[sh]owed by the wide-spreading branches of tall [...]-trees that even in summer a certain dampness hung about its dusky lanes. Another part of it—and that the healthiest—straggled upwards over an undulating country, where rich meadows and cornfields intermixed sloped hither and thither as far as the eye could reach. The one remarkable feature was the old church, which stood high and alone, its grey walls and dark ivy that clung to them exciting the reverence of the villagers and the admiration of the lovers of the picturesque. About eight minutes' walk from the church was one of the prettiest houses of Hillesden

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—the Rectory, whose outward aspect on this bright May morning was particularly fair and beautiful. Within, the Rev. Charles Moreton was eating his breakfast hurriedly—it being, as usual, inconvenie[illegible]e—and making observations respecting parishioners to be visited, and other work to be done that day, which his elder daughter carefully dotted down in a note-book prepared for the purpose, when a maid entered the room with three letters. After glancing at the envelopes as they lay before him, Mr. Moreton chipped a second egg, and continued his dictation.

"Any news from Edward?" asked a voice from the farther end of the table.

Being answered in the negative, Mrs. Moreton went on placidly sipping her tea; the letters probably referred to parish matters, in which she took no interest. After a few minutes Mr. Moreton put aside his empty cup, and cutting open the cover of the nearest letter, read it with evident satisfaction. "We shall most likely succeed; see, Mona, Mr. Kelly gives us all his votes," he said, handing the welcome paper to his daughter. It was a promise from a wealthy friend in favour of an afflicted child for whom he was endeavouring to procure admission to an asylum for the blind. The contents of the second letter were not so agreeable. They not only chased away the benign expression the other had called forth, but cast a sorrowful shade upon a countenance already worn and delicate. A little printing, many flourishes, and a suspicious line of figures at the side, easily explained the communication. It was a long bill. After looking at the sum total, with a half-suppressed sigh he tossed the paper across the table to his wife, saying, "Pay it at once, my dear. I do not like you to have bills. This seems a high one, but I suppose you know all about it, and are prepared to meet it."

"Not for this," said the lady, colouring deeply as she cast her eye upon the last line of figures. "This is, indeed, more than I expected. There must be some mistake; I could not have spent all that."

"Mark off any error you find, and pay the account at once. You see it dates back some time; it ought not to have run on so long."

Hurriedly at first, and then carefully, Mrs. Moreton examined the items, but could not fix upon an inaccuracy.

"If it must be paid, I shall be obliged to come to you for help; I have not even half the sum in my purse."

The rector, who had risen, approached his wife, and taking back the obnoxious paper, slowly scanned the contents. When he spoke again there was some reproach, though no asperity, in his tone.

"My dear, why will you hamper me with needless expenditure? In our peculiar circumstances it behoves us to be more than commonly careful, for the children's sake. You of all people can easily dispense with adventitious adornment."

The last clause was added just as an ominous frown began to mar one of the loveliest faces that nature had ever made, and very sweet now as it relaxed into a smile at the little compliment intended. But the smile had a little perverseness in its curve, as Mrs. Moreton replied,—

"You said that my dress was in excellent taste when we dined at the Deanery, for which occasion I bought it."

"Did I? Well, I spoke of what pleased the eye, not the judgment, which should decide in a matter of cost; but as you look well in anything, economy in dress need never grieve you. We both love our children, and feel how all-important it is to provide for them. Though a good boy, Edward's college expenses are heavy. I assure you it is difficult to meet them, and yet it would be still harder to throw away the advantages he has had by not continuing them. You are willing to make some little sacrifice for him?"

"Oh, yes, of course; but I did not think you would grudge me a new dress when I required it. You know there is nothing wasted. I never have a new gown without giving an old one either to Mona or Nita, and that saves buying. As they are shorter than I am, mine makes up very well for them, don't they, girls?"

To this question the reply was not quite so spontaneous as Mrs. Morton wished.

"They do very well, mamma," said the eldest daughter; but the second remained silent. Inheriting some portion of her mother's vanity, Nita would have liked more frequent opportunities of gratifying it. Mr. Morton did not answer his wife's inuendo about grudging; he knew she did not mean it; she was too sweet-tempered with him to bear any real resentment; yet she was of that nature which defends itself by little pin-pricks when a favourite weakness is attacked. Intending to press home the lesson of economy more strongly when she came to him for the money, he turned towards the window with the remaining letter in his hand. The Rectory dining-room was large; indeed, the house was altogether spacious, having been built by some former patron for his own habitation.

Shaking off the transient annoyance caused by her husband's gently expressed disapprobation, Mrs. Moreton passed the next half-hour on the lawn, flitting among her flower-beds, scissors in hand, accompanied by Nita, who carried a basket to receive the flowers as her mother cut them. It was her office to put them in vases and place them where they would be seen to most advantage.

A more severe portion of the domestic duties fell to the share of Mona, she being the active spirit of the family, ever ready to take upon her slender shoulders any burden that was too heavy or too disagreeable for every one else. The right hand and darling of her father, and trained by him to discriminate in things that differ, she had become the general referee. Unconsciously almost both her mother and sister were led by her opinion. She was, besides, Mr. Moreton's constant companion, the one with whom he most freely conversed, so that her mind had imperceptibly taken its colouring from his. In features she resembled her mother, except that her eyes were more expressive. Laid side by side their two photographs were singularly alike, yet you could not be five minutes in the same room with them without feeling that the two characters were widely dissimilar. The delicate bloom on the fair cheeks was the same to a casual observer, but Mona's, with the sensibility of youth, deepened rapidly under any sudden emotion; it would be hard to say where lay the difference in the curve of those rosy lips, yet one countenance gave the idea of weakness, and the other, not of power, perhaps, but of a certain steadfastness of purpose. If fault could be found with a face so attractive, it would be with its seriousness, arising probably from an early initiation into the troubles of others.

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Being the eldest of the family, a certain responsibility early devolved upon her. Independent action, or personality in her tastes and inclinations, was scarcely known to her; all she did or left undone being either to help her mother, please her father, or to promote the interests of Edward and Nita.

With this view her careful home education was completed by sending her at eighteen to an excellent school, where the great stimulus to study had been the help she would be to her parents if able to instruct her sister. The plan succeeded better than those schemes usually do. More womanly than most girls, and setting to work at an age when the mind is most capable of solid improvement, Mona became better qualified for the task of teaching others than the generality of those who undertake it. When Edward went to college she returned home and became her sister's governess, aided now and then by Mr. Moreton. That was two years ago. Nita's studies were but fitful now, pursued chiefly at her own discretion. She was just seventeen, and thought it time to be emancipated from what she termed "lessons;" and, as her mother was of the same opinion, and continually claimed her society, Mona became more and more her father's helper. Very happy they were, these two, bound together by the loving reverence the young heart feels for the object that fills up its ideal of worth and excellence on the one side, and by a harmony of taste as well as a deep affection on the other.

Breakfast over, Mona as usual made preparations to execute the commissions entrusted to her, and, when ready, went to Mr. Moreton's study. It was empty. She next proceeded to the dining-room, and found him sitting close to the window, the letter lying under his hand on his knee, with a pale, ashen hue upon his countenance. Running to him in great alarm, she wound her arm round his neck.

"My dear, darling father, what is the matter, you are ill—you have had bad news? Is anything wrong with Edward? No, you said you had not heard from him. What has happened? What is it?" she asked, pale and terrified at what she saw, her fear all the more distressing from its vagueness.

"Nothing very dreadful, my child," he replied, trying to smile. "In reality I am not unprepared for this; but, my health not being so good as it was, sudden incidents try me a little. What would you, my Mona, say to leaving Hillesden, and beginning life afresh somewhere else? Mr. Sinclair is coming to live here."

A shade of anxious distress flitted across the girl's pure brow as she took the letter her father offered her. She read it twice through, finishing by a careful examination of the signature before raising her eyes. "What will you do?" she whispered, hardly trusting herself to speak.

"What will your mother say?" he replied, the effect of the intelligence upon her appearing to weigh more upon him than any anxiety about himself. "It is all right you know, Mona; I took the living with the understanding that I was to hold it for Mr. Sinclair at his pleasure. That I have enjoyed it for twelve years ought not to make me unwilling to resign. All things considered, it is strange that he should have left me so long in possession. He does not intend taking it himself for six months more, so we shall pass another summer and autumn in our present beautiful home, and for the rest, God will provide. I fear your mother will be greatly grieved, yet Mr. Sinclair is only doing his duty, what, in his place, I should have thought it necessary to do long ago. Don't think that I repine, Mona," he added, caressing his daughter, in whose liquid eyes some large drops were gathering, "it is all right, all well, though it may not be easy to persuade my dear wife to think so." He sighed as he spoke, aware that he had before him a task from which most men shrink—that of persuading an *unpersuadable* woman; then sinking his voice into tones of tenderness, he seemed to be pleading for the mother to her child. "We must be patient and gentle with her, Mona. However conveyed, the news will be a great blow. The fact of Mr. Sinclair being about to be instituted to his own living cannot long remain a secret; she must hear the first account from me."

Half-an-hour later Mr. Moreton sought his wife and made her acquainted with the contents of Mr. Sinclair's letter. The effect was pretty much what he expected. Surprised and aggrieved, as well as unreasoning in her displeasure, between sobs and tears she could hardly find words to express her disappointment and vexation. Mr. Moreton was obliged to wait until the storm had a little subsided before he attempted either to argue or console, and even then the effort was something like the vain attempt to weave a rope of sand. That Mr. Sinclair did but take his own again, that it was a right and proper thing for him to do so, and that the real ground of surprise was the long period of inaction in which he had lived, were arguments that had no weight with Mrs. Moreton, and in no degree diminished her sense of the cruelty that deprived her of a happy home, and her husband of an employment in which he delighted.

Mr. Moreton's calm statement of the facts of the case, and his honest desire to make the best of it, only served to exasperate her. The small house to which they would in all probability be condemned, and the thought of the necessarily economical character of their future arrangements, nearly drove her into hysterics.

"How unkind of him, how inconsiderate, to take away the living after leaving us in possession so many years; how unchristian, how ungentlemanlike. And what will become of us? I can never be so happy anywhere as at Hillesden."

"We will endeavour to carry our happiness with us wherever we go," observed Mr. Moreton, trying to encourage a little hopefulness in her. "We remain here six months more, and may continue in the Rectory even longer if we desire it. Mr. Sinclair is going to pass the summer and autumn in Switzerland. Besides that, he says he wishes to consult our convenience as much as possible. He does not propose coming to Hillesden until the winter, and even then he gives me the option to remain as his curate, if I have nothing better in view. He is really showing us all the kindness in his power."

"Kindness!" retorted the lady, with as much scorn on her countenance as her pretty lips could express—"defend me from such kindness as that. His curate, too, after having been the rector! Oh, that is very kind, certainly. I am glad you can feel grateful for it."

"But, my dear, we ought to feel grateful," returned Mr. Moreton, firmly. "Have we not had the enjoyment of a beautiful house and a comfortable income for twelve years?"

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"Which makes it so hard to give it up now," whined Mrs. Moreton.

"Have we not been able to educate our children, or nearly so? In other circumstances we could not have put Edward to college; now he has but two terms more to keep. Here is Mona, our dear, brave Mona, who will be our joy and comfort whether rich or poor;" and the tender father put out his hand to the young girl, at that moment entering the room, and drew her to his side. If it was not Mr. Moreton's lot to find a helpmate in his wife, he had all the comfort in his daughter that a father could desire. "If I can but continue Edward's college terms," he continued. "It will be difficult, but not impossible. We both wish that."

"Of course I wish it, and many other things too," said Mrs. Moreton, in a peevish tone, as her husband anxiously looked into her face for an answer. "I wish it as much as you do, but how is it to be done, if we have to live in a small house with no money?"

"One state will help the other. Besides, Mr. Sinclair is rich, and from the tone of his letter I infer that he means to be generous. He will probably offer me a liberal stipend."

"And you are willing to be servant where you have been master! How can you be so mean-spirited?" asked Mrs. Moreton, with an energy of passion rare in her placid temperament.

"My dear," returned the rector, gravely, laying his hand on that of his wife, and speaking with a seriousness that arrested her displeasure, "I am only a servant—the unworthy servant of the best of Masters, and He will never leave me while I am faithful in His work, be the time short or long." As the last words passed his lips he slowly left the room for the quiet nook he called his study.

It was a bright sunny day at the end of May when spring is merging into a less variable season, and the air comes fresh and balmy, laden with the promises of summer. Lifting his eyes, for a time he watched with apparent interest the light shadows playing fitfully on the grass-plat before him, as the thin clouds lazily floated in the broad blue sky. But his thoughts were far away.

"Could I have been spared a little longer, just to see my boy well educated and firmly principled before he starts in life," was the thought weighing most heavily on his heart. At that moment a lesson he had so often taught others was eloquently brought home to himself by a loud twittering overhead, caused by a commotion among some half-dozen sparrows, who circled and whirled above the window, chattering in language he could not fail to interpret and translate.

"Are ye not of more value than they?" came the question, which he answered again and again as his eye wandered from flower-bed to flower-bed of the pretty garden, his wife's pride and delight, soon to be hers no more. A clump of white lilies, beautiful in their unsullied purity, arrested his attention. Who clothed them? Would not the same Divine Providence take care of the lilies of his home? He could not doubt it. For Mr. Moreton, though human in his feelings, was Christian in his faith. In a few minutes the longing, lingering look was recalled, the warm tide of natural emotion ebbed back, and the rector, calm and serene, went forth to his daily duties, none the less able to love and sympathise with others that he had gone through a fiery trial himself.

CHAPTER II.

At the end of May London is at its best, before the glowing ardour of the summer sun falls with blistering heat upon the pavement and sends back into the heavy air the depressing weight of an atmosphere never very elastic. Business or amusement, not yet jaded and tired, fills its thoroughfares by day, and pleasure laughs and dances under sparkling lights and glittering gildings by night. Old heads, not yet *désillusionés*, dream golden dreams, and young hearts, aglow with indefinite hopes and expectations, weave bright visions wherewith to deck the future, without pausing to look back upon their own experience or that of others, however legibly written. Warren Sinclair, with whom we have to do, did not belong to either class, having reached the prosaic condition of wishing to see things as they really are. Conscious of having been in a measure led to follow the ignis fatuus of an imagination suddenly excited, he was now attempting to find his way back to the old paths of sober reflection to which he was more accustomed. He was a bachelor, in the prime of his manhood, and rich—a position too ordinary to mark him out for a hero were it not for the better qualification of being honestly desirous to act up to his conscience, notwithstanding the lions in the way. Much of his life had been spent abroad. When not travelling he was usually to be found in a comfortable *pied-à-terre* in Harley Street, taking a part in the busy doings of the season, but not absorbed by them. He liked society and mixed in it freely, choosing his associates more from among the learned and thoughtful than from the gay and fashionable. His well-cultivated mind rendered him an agreeable companion. If not brilliant he was solid, and whatever the qualities of his heart, they were sufficient to attach warmly those who were admitted to his friendship. A first-rate cook made his dinners, perhaps himself, too, somewhat popular, for, unromantic as it may be, the great motive-power lies too much where Napoleon placed it when he used the blunt unvarnished phraseology that has since passed into a proverb. Mr. Sinclair was also good-natured, allowing his half-brother to entertain particular inmates at his table almost without restriction, and strove in many ways to lessen the inequalities which fortune had made between them. Many fashionable drawing-rooms were open to him, more than he cared to frequent, the prestige of wealth usually securing a warm welcome, even where the hostess has neither daughters nor speculations. In general Mr. Sinclair sat apart conversing with one of his own sex, leaving the other to the *persiflage* and more graceful attractions of his elder brother, Captain Orde.

Children of the same mother, they were in some respects as different in appearance as in circumstances. Captain Orde had little more than his half-pay, while Warren inherited from his father Arkesden Abbey and a large fortune, besides the living of Hillesden, which he had hitherto left in the charge of Mr. Moreton. The tall, elegant figure of Cecil Orde formed a great contrast to his own, which was certainly deficient in grace as well as strength; but the features of both were equally handsome, and Warren's soft grey eye, clear and honest, expressive of sweetness and feeling, gave him a physiognomy both attractive and sympathetic.

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The morning that brought Mr. Sinclair's letter respecting the living to Hillesden Rectory found him inditing another on the same subject, in a very different direction. To see his fine face so lined and troubled, as from time to time he lifted his pen from the paper, looking somewhat helplessly about him as if expecting aid from surrounding objects, you would have said at once that he was engaged in a difficult task. And difficult it certainly was, nothing less than an attempt, by some nicety of language, to take the bitter flavour out of an unpalatable resolution. Without any mental indecision on the subject, he yet had much solicitude as to the light in which it might be viewed in another quarter.

During the last six months two events, destined to affect all his future life, had happened to him. The one was but an everyday affair, a mere episode, coming, as some would say, by chance, yet fraught with such important interests that no man in his proper senses would willingly yield so much to a power so capricious. Mr. Sinclair had fallen in love, and he was one to whom such a circumstance would be no transient pastime, nor even the preference of a heart influenced by the judgment. Till the age of thirty-five sentiment had found no place in his thoughts; realities, with their numerous demands and stimulants, had been enough to occupy him. The tenderness natural to his disposition had found its expression in acts of philanthropy and kindness, and had not sought its gratification in the softer emotions, which, by adding the gentler qualities to mental power, often give the *fleuron* of beauty to manly strength. An over-consciousness of deficiency in personal attractions, without rendering him morose, had made him in youth retiring, and in maturer life some remnant of the same self-depreciation had silently operated in keeping him principally to the society of men. Of women he knew but little, nor had he any inclination to seek them, though when in their company it would have been foreign to his character and instincts to bear himself towards them otherwise than with the gentle chivalry inseparable from true manliness.

Was it that the hour closing his independence had struck, and that he must accept his fate blindfold? or was there some subtle charm in the orange groves and fragrant perfumes of the south that woke his senses to a new phase of existence, before which the past receded as flat, stale, and unprofitable? However explained, the fact remained; the staid, thoughtful Warren Sinclair, enthralled by a novel fascination, found himself idling away his time in a manner he had never done before, and roving hither and thither under a sky of unsullied brightness, where the balmy air swept over sunlit vineyards, where glad voices and bright eyes invited him to take part in the pastimes and pleasures of a continental season. No thought of danger to his liberty occurred to him. Yet for the first time he was drawn into a circle where beauty, soft refinement, and busy idleness paved the way for receiving new impressions, one of which was that this winter residence at Cannes proved the pleasantest portion of his existence. He had travelled much and thought much, but the result had hitherto partaken of the nature of uncultivated fruit, not free from the crudity that nature, unassisted, is apt to produce. The broad, glittering sea, sparkling in the sunshine, or lazily lapping the sandy coast with its blue-tinted waves, lured him away from old associations. Hitherto in his wanderings he had watched it with a scholar's eye, and plunged into the memories of history. Now the modern life of its northern shore transported him into another world, and one which proved enchanted ground. Warren Sinclair slid into love he knew not how, and was himself surprised, when fully alive to the fact, that he had wooed and won the beauty of the season. But having taken the malady, he bore himself bravely through its different phases. Life grew younger, and where old things did not become new, much of their faded colouring was restored. In his extreme contentment Warren was sometimes guilty of building castles in the air, looking forward to a future not the less dazzling that its promises were still unfamiliar. It was a marvel that he had not earlier discovered how poor and dreary existence is when unbrightened by the ties of affection! For three months he gave himself up without scruple to the enjoyment of every pleasure within his reach, and could have challenged all his acquaintance to point out a happier man.

The second event to which reference has been made, though of a totally different character, had grown out of the first. It was a soft stirring of conscience, slight and almost imperceptible in the commencement, like the languid movement of the leaves on a hot summer's day. Happiness is often a touchstone by which the fundamentals of character are revealed, leading the less worthy into levity and excess, and the nobler-minded to a grateful sense of benefits received and responsibilities incurred. In the fulness of his heart Warren began to cast off a certain crust which, analysed, might be resolved into selfishness and indolence, though he himself knew nothing about it. A glow of general philanthropy followed, making him desirous to find some means of testifying his gratitude for the change that had come upon him. Before long the way was traced for him in an unexpected manner.

Most of us have now and then been brought under the influence of some sudden and powerful impression from scenes or words long familiar to the outward senses though silent to all beside. There are special moments when a veil is lifted and our eyes gaze into a new world of which we were before in ignorance. Such a circumstance befell Warren Sinclair.

If he did not preach sermons, he was in the habit of hearing them, listening Sunday after Sunday with unruffled complacency, until one memorable day. It was the same preacher, the same voice, the same tone, yet Mr. Sinclair heard something that pierced him to the quick. "Why standest thou all the day idle? Son, go work to-day in my vineyard."

The words followed him through the olive yards as he sauntered under their grey shadow, they mingled with the accents of his betrothed as she lightly criticised the sermon, and accompanied him home to his hotel and his pillow. They came back to his ears in the stillness of the night, startled away sleep, and sent his mind wandering among the mazes of his past life, or oscillating among new schemes for the future. And this day after day, the echoes becoming louder and louder until he could no longer refuse to listen, nor render their signification less imperative by any special pleading of his own. It was no satisfactory argument that, when engaging himself to Helen Lestocq, he never contemplated taking up his orders or departing from the habits of past years. He intended her to choose her home, and only felt solicitous to render it worthy of one so

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beautiful. Arkesden Abbey, the noble inheritance received from his father, was let, being too large for a bachelor's occupation, and the lease was not half run out. Of that she was aware, and had been more than willing to reside abroad until the abbey should be vacant. How would the change he now contemplated affect her? In early days, when Helen's smiles were most new, though not most dear, she had acknowledged his profession, then hardly more than nominal, to be a drawback upon her happiness; and this frank confession, so often in his mind, formed the first link in the chain of thought that ultimately led him to the most important decision of his life. In order to explain the repugnance he saw reason to fear, he was obliged to think, and think deeply. Once launched into the subtle question of motives, he was led on from one point to another until he stood where he could neither recede nor advance without, as he apprehended, causing pain to her or damage to himself. Unable to trifle with conscience, even in its feeble flutterings, he resolved to be freed for a time from an influence that might be hurtful, and to be firmly settled in his own mind before running the risk of disturbing their mutual relations.

Under the plea of having serious matters to engage his attention, he left Cannes when the spring had a little advanced, and came to England. That was in the beginning of April. The end of May saw the result of his deliberations in the letter sent to Mr. Moreton, and in the one he was now inditing to Helen Lestocq for the purpose of making known the change that had taken place in his views, of which, for wise reasons, he had deferred the communication until remonstrance was useless. He was not the less anxious about the consequences. Slowly, very slowly travelled the pen across the paper, stopping frequently while he selected a less obnoxious word or pared something away from the sentence. At the end of a longer space of time than he was wont to give to pages far more lengthy than the present, he finished his letter, which no care or effort could render otherwise than abrupt.

"My dearest Helen,—If the purport of these few lines takes you entirely by surprise I shall be obliged to reflect upon myself for not having earlier given you an insight into the feelings that have been working in my mind. And yet I acted with deliberation. It appeared to me unwise to open the subject until all doubt and hesitation were at an end. When you promised me your hand it was to share a life which then had no particular aim or object beyond living happily together, without reference to the duties to which I was naturally pledged before I knew you. I refer to my ordination vows. It is not necessary, even were I able to do so, to place before you the process of reasoning which has brought me to feel it impossible any longer to ignore them. I must take my post in the ranks of God's ministers and give myself to His service. I must henceforth labour in the vineyard in which I have so long been a loiterer. It is my intention to apply to the Bishop for institution to the living of Hillesden, which a very worthy man has been holding for me for some years. I propose taking possession about Christmas-time. I can believe that this communication, so different from the expectations you have hitherto entertained, may be disturbing at first, but it will, I trust, gain your sympathy after a little reflection. To live for ourselves alone, my darling, would not be happiness. Neither mind nor heart could long be satisfied to take our Master's gifts and render Him no return, whereas they may be doubled, both in value and enjoyment, by being consecrated to His service. Oh, Helen! my dear Helen, you must surely feel that I offer you a nobler lot than I offered before. Be convinced that any one, faithless to the highest sense of duty, must be unworthy of you. I will do all in my power to please you, everything that is permitted to me. I long for the opportunity of proving the sincerity of my love, and how truly I am, yours devotedly, WARREN SINCLAIR."

The writing finished, Mr. Sinclair drew a heavy sigh, and threw himself back in his chair. He did not like his letter, and misdoubted its effect, though the honesty of his character obliged him to make known his present sentiments without disguise. It would be such a blow to lose this brilliant creature, who had already brought joy and music into his life, hitherto cold and silent. Without owning exactly that such a contingency existed, his heart sank very low within him. After having found her voice so sweet, her smiles so bewitching, her approbation so dear, without Helen he must ever be conscious of a great void. He had almost wished he had never known her, yet, even before the vague thought could take a definite form he condemned his own cowardice, and blamed himself for distressing the worthiness and truth of one who had not only listened to his vows, but pledged her own.

"We should not have been happy long had I decided otherwise," he mused, as he fastened down the envelope. "We are both made of stuff that could not subside into idleness or frivolity."

"WHEN GEORGE THE THIRD WAS KING."

CHAPTER I.—THE BEGINNING OF A LONG REIGN.*

ON the morning of the 25th October, 1760, the old Court suburb of Kensington was thrown into a state of unusual consternation by the news of the death of George II. A death at seventy-seven years of age can scarcely be regarded as sudden or unexpected; in this case, however, it was really very sudden. He rose in the morning of the day at his usual hour of six, took his usual cup of chocolate, inquired about the wind, being anxious about the foreign mails. He then seems to have been left alone, when, almost immediately after, his servant in waiting heard a heavy fall, a deep sigh, a groan

* Innumerable huge volumes have been devoted to the transactions of the reign of George III, but, behind these, the monarch himself passes almost into obscurity, and the bulky volumes of Adolphus, Walpole, Belshaw, Bissett, and other such historians, convey little idea of the personal character, or information as to the private life of the king. His reign was, indeed, singularly interesting; but the monarch was an exceedingly interesting person too, and it is from the sense that he is but little known, and that his character has very seldom been fairly appreciated, we attempt this, which still can only be a hasty and imperfect review of a life so long and so eventful. His memory has also suffered from a variety of causes. The ribald verse of Dr. Wolcott—"Peter Pindar"—was constantly employed to hold up the sovereign to ridicule. Wolcott was an impudent and disappointed time-server, whose impiety and impurity had unfitted him for service in the Church, and he took out his revenge in laughable obscenities and satires upon his king. The despotic efforts of the ministers in the earlier years of his reign soon clouded those years with unpopularity; and for many long years before its entire close the acts of the Government, beneath the Regency, seem to lend additional darkness to the unhappy time. Thus the memory of a good man has very undeservedly suffered. We of course shall pass by the more especially political aspects, and only seek to illustrate the domestic character of George III.

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issuing from the room; the king was on the floor, blood trickling from his forehead; the right ventricle of the heart had burst, and he had cut his head against a bureau in the act of falling. His daughter, the Princess Amelia, was instantly sent for before the attendants had closed the eyes of the dead king; but the princess was very deaf and near sighted, she had not realised that death had for ever sealed the lips of her father; she thought he spoke to her, and bent down, hoping to catch some of his last words, and so discovered that he was dead. George II had reigned over England thirty-three years, having ascended the throne in 1727. Perhaps the best that can be said of him, and that is really not a little to say, is that he never invaded the rights of the nation, or offensively urged his own prerogative; while the Protestant succession was assuredly strengthened and made more secure by his government. About this time his death had, however, been confidently expected by multitudes of the people. As Lord Chesterfield writes, "for a very good reason,—the oldest lion in the Tower, much about the king's age, died about a fortnight ago. This extravagancy, I assure you," continues his lordship, "was believed by many above the common people." The Prince of Wales, henceforth to be known as George III, was the grandson of George II, and now aged twenty-two; for a period of sixty years, through many viscissitudes, public and private, he was to wear the crown. Even through some sad intervening periods, when his feeble hands were unequal to grasp the sceptre of sovereignty, his is the longest reign as yet, and perhaps the most eventful in the British annals. On this morning the young prince was riding alone on horseback from his palace at Kew to London, to give some directions concerning an organ which was being built for him. The last recreation of the blind and deaf old king was the first enjoyment of the buoyant and hopeful young man. On his way he was met by a man, also on horseback, who gave into his hands "a piece of coarse white-brown paper." These were his own words, in which, at a distant period, he described the eventful circumstance. The paper bore the name of a well-known valet of the late king.

This mode of conveying the intelligence will not seem very remarkable when it is remembered that the young king was not the favourite son of his mother, and he had not been on very good terms with his grandfather; and even George III, to the latest day of his power of conscious recollection, appears never to have forgotten a blow he received from the king in one of the rooms of Hampton Palace. At this moment, young as he was, he acted in such a manner as to win for himself the commendations of Horace Walpole, one seldom disposed to be a kindly critic of the conduct of any person, "for a behaviour throughout of the greatest propriety, dignity, and decency."

He did not hurry on to Kensington; he returned, without assigning any reason, to Kew, there to await more distinct information, which soon arrived from his aunt, the Princess Amelia. The next day he was proclaimed king. There had been but little sympathy between himself and his predecessor, but the manner in which he carried out all the wishes of George II is worthy of the highest praise. In similar circumstances, the late king had destroyed his father's will, as it contained some particulars which he judged inimical to his interests. During the entire time in which the old king lay dead, until his burial, the young man transferred all honours given himself to the departed sovereign.

George III was born in Norfolk House, St. James's Square, London, June 4th, 1738. Norfolk House was not the present mansion bearing that name; that was pulled down in 1742, and the present house was erected on its site. The father of George III died when his eldest son was eleven years old, and then he became the heir-apparent to a king who was sixty-seven. His education was singularly neglected. The education of kings has often been neglected, and especially in those very particulars which are supposed to be so absolutely essential even to the mere machinery of communication with men, not to speak of those higher attainments which give width to knowledge and nerve to thought. Dr. Francis Ayscough, afterwards Dean of Bristol, was appointed his preceptor at seven years of age; and we have a letter from him to Dr. Doddridge, dated February 16th, 1745, in which he says: "I must tell you that Prince George, to his honour and my shame, has learned several pages from your little book of verses without any directions from me." Yet Dr. Ayscough seems to have been undoubtedly remiss in his attendance upon all his duties with reference to the prince, and however, at seven years of age, he might have learned Dr. Doddridge's verses, it is certain that at eleven he could not read English well. His education was not only defective, it was marked and misdirected on principle by those who were about him. It was remarkable that efforts were made to bias his mind towards the Jacobite faction, and it is probable that it was with reference to the utterance of some such opinions that George II, in a moment of ungovernable rage, struck his grandson. The high-spirited youth resented it, and, as we have said, the future king never forgot it. "I wonder," said the late Duke of Sussex, while passing through the apartments at Hampton Court, "in which of these rooms it was that George II struck my father!" The blow so disgusted him with the place that he could never afterwards be induced to think of it as a residence. This early anecdote is very characteristic at once of the narrowness of his nature, which forbade him to forget, and the high spirit and conscious rectitude which could retain the sense of the indignity so long.

From his earliest years, before his ascension to the throne, the prince was remarkable at once for modesty, scrupulous rectitude, and good sense. He was always shrewd, and even in those days, when surrounded by flatterers, he was in the habit of saying, "if he were not what he was, flatterers would pay no attention to him; they paid no court to his brother only because he had no chance to be king." He passed safely through all the temptations from the high ladies of the Court, and only one scandal, through a long life of eighty-two years, has ever touched the character of George III, and this only to glance aside as utterly destitute of truth. The story of Hannah Lightfoot, the fair Quakeress, is not worthy of a moment's attention; it may always be veiled in some obscurity. Mr. Jesse has told the story copiously, so far as a mere myth, or legend, can be told; but there seems little that can give to it all the aspect of probability, and a life so singularly high-principled and pure ought to be exempted from the remotest suspicion which can attach to it from surmises built out of surmises, and possibilities shadowed forth from doubts. Assuredly, those tales

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which represent the Prince of Wales as married at Kew to Hannah Lightfoot—above all other witnesses in the world—in the presence of Mr. Pitt, afterwards the great Earl of Chatham, carry, one should think, their own very sufficient confutation. Pitt a witness to such a marriage is too ludicrous a juxtaposition to be entertained for a moment by any save the most prurient dreamers of mysteries and romances. There was a young lady who probably threw some enthralment round the heart of the young monarch, Lady Sarah Lennox, sister of the Duke of Richmond. Her personal loveliness was of the highest order. Horace Walpole says, "Correggio never painted a face half so lovely and expressive; and," he continues, "in my opinion, the king had thoughts of her as a wife." We may be sure her family would have been very glad to see such a match as would have opened an avenue to their highest ambitions. Nor were there any barriers in those times to such a marriage, excepting the barrier which must always exist between a sovereign and a subject. There were no objections arising from any absolute inequality of rank—nay, perhaps there were reasons which might have made the match a healing and wise one, for Lady Sarah was the last surviving great-granddaughter of Charles II; and thus, had young affections been permitted to fulfil themselves unchecked, the races of the Stuarts and of Hanover might again have mingled into one. Thus for a little while we read of meetings not unknown to young hearts, and which old ones sometimes like to contemplate in order that they may renew their own youth.

Lady Sarah was staying at Holland House, the residence of her ambitious brother-in-law, Henry Fox, afterwards Lord Holland, not far from St. James's. On fine summer mornings the young king often turned his horse's head in the direction of some fields in the neighbourhood, in the expectation of exchanging a few words with the beautiful young girl who was engaged in the idyllic occupation of haymaking. The hopes of her family were excited to the highest pitch; the Princess-Dowager and Lord Bute, who had superseded Pitt in the administration, were smitten with surprise and fear in the presence of such a disastrous possibility. Here would be a fatal triumph for the great Whig lords! The king sent her messages when she was leaving London; he hoped "she would return for the coronation; but," continued he, "they talk of a wedding. There have been many proposals, but I think an English match would do better than a foreign one. Pray tell Lady Sarah so!" But kings cannot dispose of these affairs usually after their own desires, excepting in the manifestation of that admirable self-command which the king in this instance undoubtedly exhibited. The passion seems scarcely to have been a short-lived one. It is said—but probably that is only a fancy—that those who watched his countenance upon the occasion of his actual marriage remarked some agitating emotions there when the Archbishop of Canterbury came to those words in the service, "As Thou didst send Thy blessing upon Abraham and Sarah to their great comfort, so vouchsafe to send Thy blessing upon these Thy servants." It perhaps did not diminish the awkwardness of the moment that the Lady Sarah was standing immediately near as one of the bridesmaids. Even long years afterwards, when at the theatre during one of the performances of a very charming actress, Mrs. Pape, whose face and manners were thought to bear a strong resemblance to those of Lady Sarah, the old recollections swept over the king; the presence of the queen and the surrounding attendants was forgotten, and, in a moment of melancholy abstraction, he exclaimed, "She is very like Lady Sarah still!" Lady Sarah, it may be mentioned, married twice, first Sir Charles Bembury, and afterwards the Honourable George Napier, by whom she became the mother of Sir William Napier, the well-known author of the "History of the Peninsular War," and of his equally celebrated brother, Sir Charles. She survived the king, and died in 1826, at the advanced age of eighty-two.

Such was the little episode which led to the hurrying on arrangements for the marriage of the young king, and his mind was understood to have been directed to the Princess Charlotte of Mecklenburg-Strelitz by Frederick the Great. In fact, the young lady had written to Frederick a letter, when she was but sixteen years and a half old, apparently entirely at her own dictation, bringing before him, in very vigorous and pathetic language, the condition to which his wars had reduced the Palatinate of Mecklenburg; it is impossible to read it even now without being impressed by its beauty, strength, and truth. Frederick is understood to have forwarded this letter or a copy of it to the Princess of Wales. Lady Sarah was out of the question, and the young king feeling that he must yield to the dictates of State, and marry, said, when he read this impulse of a generous nature, to Lord Hertford, "This is the lady for my consort; here are lasting beauties, and surely the man who has any mind may feast and not be satiated. If the disposition of the princess but equal her refined sense, I shall be happy." So the obscure princess was astonished one day by the arrival of ambassadors from England to her father's little Court; the arrangements were soon made, and the king's hand accepted. Horace Walpole, in his cynical way, says, "He believed there were not six men in England who knew that such a princess existed." And he wrote again, "The handkerchief has been tossed a vast way; it is to one Charlotte, Princess of Mecklenburg. Lord Harcourt is to be at her father's Court, if he can find it, on the 1st of August, and the coronation of both their Majesties is fixed for the 22nd of September." Astonishing must have been the change to her; young ladies should take care what letters they write when such possible issues hang upon their pens. Her young days had passed, hitherto, in utter retirement, and she always loved to refer to them when talking to Mrs. Delany and other friends in her advanced age. She described herself as a simple German girl, dressed, with her sisters, during the week, only in a *robe-de-chambre*, except on Sundays, when she put on her best gown to attend Divine Service, and was permitted a State ride; and sometimes she would produce the jewels she wore, garnet earrings and strings of beads sewn on a plate, which, as she said, "a housemaid of these days would despise." On the voyage she proved herself a fair sailor, and whilst the Duchesses of Ancaster and Hamilton, who were sent to escort her, and who were regarded as the most beautiful women in England, were sick through the whole journey, she occupied herself with singing the old hymns of Luther and of her native church. On the 7th September she landed on the British shores, and moved through the country, after the slow fashion of those days, through torrents of acclamations and exhibitions of general enthusiasm.

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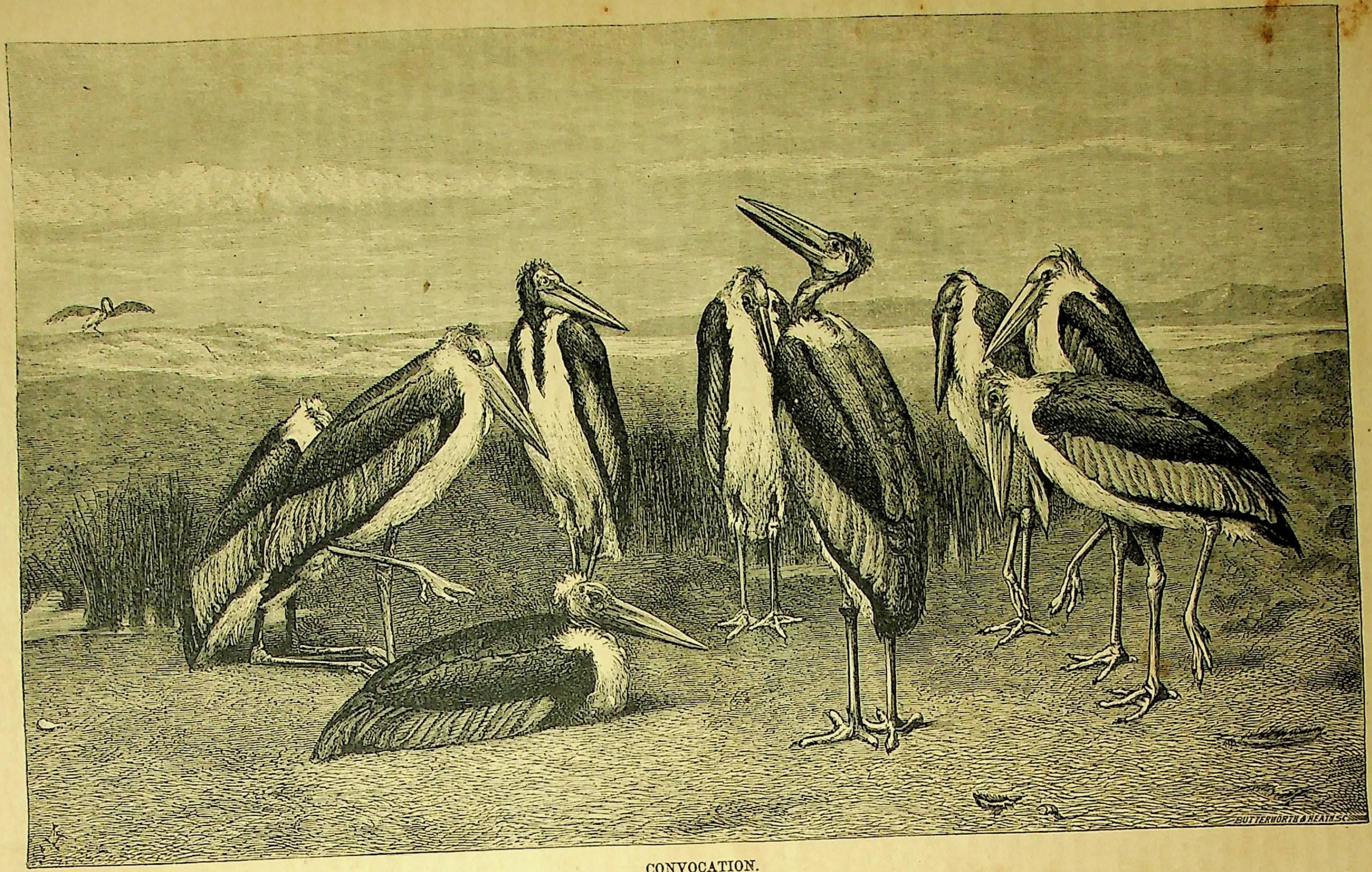

CONVOCATION.

From the Painting by H. Stacey Marks, A.R.A., in the Exhibition of 1878.

(adjutants)

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UTOPIAN EXPERIMENTS AND SOCIAL PIONEERINGS.

BY THE REV. M. KAUFMANN, M.A., AUTHOR OF "SOCIALISM: ITS NATURE, ITS DANGERS, AND ITS REMEDIES CONSIDERED."

I.—COMMUNISM OF THE EARLY CHRISTIANS AND THE ESSENES.

IN a former series of papers we have endeavoured to bring before our readers the *theories* of social reformers, and have followed them in their adventurous intellectual flights to ideal regions and the romantic descriptions of imaginary societies. In the present series we propose to examine some of the most important experiments made from time to time to carry the theory into practice, and to realise the schemes of social improvement propounded by philosophers in actual life. We shall pass in review the various Communistic institutions which have been established from time to time, having for their object social combination on the principles of simplicity of life, equality of fortune, and a diffusion of contented happiness, in short, "fraternal union among men for industrial purposes, a working in common for the common good."

In doing so we shall have occasion to point out how far theory and practice agree, and to what extent the reality of things differs from the imaginary states of society painted in such glowing colours by the writers of Utopias.

Remembering the ancient adage, *experientia docet* (experience teaches), we shall be able to draw our conclusions on the feasibility or impracticability of Socialistic institutions from the results obtained in such efforts, and thus a review of Communistic societies past and present will supply the materials for a critique on the theory itself, as far as we are able to judge, of the design of the plan from its execution.

Now practice always precedes theory, as language precedes grammar. Therefore we are compelled to go back for the realisation of Utopias to times and events before Utopias were written. We shall, then, begin with the Communism of the early Christians and the Essenes, and proceed in tracing the rise and progress of various Communisms down to the present day.

There were Communistic societies before then, but under totally different circumstances. The Cretans and the Spartans, among others, for example, had a Communistic institution, and Madame Roland, a fervent admirer and a victim of the French Revolution, even shed tears because she was not destined to live in Sparta under these conditions. But the equality practised there was only an equality of *free* citizens. Slaves had to do the greater share of the work in the State whilst their masters consumed equally the produce of their labour. When Christianity "gave a new turn to the life of our race," socially by the abolition of slavery, which followed as one of the most startling results of its indirect influences, it established a principle of equality which included the slave as well as the freeman. Moreover, the moral enthusiasm which springs from religious convictions as a prime motor in all social organisation and reform, exercised a powerful influence on European society with the rise and diffusion of Christianity throughout the Roman Empire. It is well, therefore, to confine ourselves, in our comparative view of Communistic societies, to such as have been founded since the Christian era, since all these are influenced more or less by the same religious convictions, and similar moral standards and external conditions arising therefrom.

It has been pointed out again and again that Christianity appeared first in the Roman Empire torn asunder by social class divisions, amid great distress and despair among the masses of the people, "as the ideal of popular hope and longing," and that in a rotten state of society, disturbed by Socialistic agitation, it held out the promises of "an immense renovation and transformation of things."

The gulf between rich and poor, a small minority monopolising all the wealth of the empire whilst the people were living in abject poverty, threatened then, as it does now, to bring about a serious social disruption, and, as a matter of fact, the social question for several centuries before the birth of Christ was sapping the very foundation of the colossal power of Rome. A hundred years before Christ all the property of Rome was shared by 2,000 families, "the magnates of birth and commerce;" the rest consisted of poor freemen to the amount of a million and a quarter, mainly paupers depending for their livelihood on public largesses, whilst forty in every hundred of the population were probably slaves. The ownership of land was confined to a small number of proprietors, and the soil was cultivated by bands of unfree labourers, who were often treated most cruelly by their masters. The class of small farmers, no longer able to enter into competition with the owners of vast lands, disappeared, and their holdings became the pleasure garden of the rich purchaser. Usury and mercantile speculation spread ruin among all but the rich capitalists. As to the people of the dependencies and colonies, the Roman satirist remarks, "We devour nations to the very sinews." The farmers and collectors of taxes, on account of their private and public rapacity, became the most abhorred class of Roman officials. The wealth extorted from the provinces increased the chasm between a bloated plutocracy and the impoverished proletarians in the capital. A fortune of £15,000 was considered small in a senator, and the dowry of £12,500, given by Scipio Africanus to his daughter, was regarded as very insignificant. Cicero had *only* a fortune of £150,000, and the King of Cappadocia owed to Pompey alone five times that sum, whilst the landed property of Crassus was valued at £1,600,000. This enormous increase of wealth among a few led to effeminate luxury and the waste of large fortunes in a single feast, whilst penury and privation became the lot of millions of

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free and unfree labourers, whose destitute condition was only mitigated and their thoughts diverted by dispensing among them "bread and games" (*panem et circenses*).

"A more repulsive picture can hardly be imagined," says Professor Beesley, in his description of Roman society of the day. "A mob, a moneyed class, and an aristocracy almost equally worthless, hating each other and hated by the rest of the world. . . . Swarms of slaves beginning to brood over revenge as a solace to their sufferings; the land going out of cultivation; native industry swamped by slave-grant imposts; the population decreasing; the army degenerating; wars waged as a speculation, but only against the weak; provinces subjected to organised pillage; in the metropolis, childish superstition, wholesale luxury, and monstrous vice. The hour for reform was surely come."*

Nothing but a radical change could save society from utter ruin. Christianity appeared as the great regenerating principle to renovate the Roman world. The oppressed, the slave, the weary, and the heavy laden found comfort in the religion which taught mankind fraternal love. The stern, hard, selfish world was arrested on its reckless course of self-indulgence by S. Paul's voice from his Roman prison, admonishing, "Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others."

Christianity in teaching the gospel to the poor changed the face of the ancient world.

The young enthusiasm, like the new wine put into old bottles, threatened to burst the old society; and one of the earliest manifestations of fraternal love and self-denying devotion to the cause of humanity was the short-lived voluntary Communism of the primitive Christians.

In speaking, however, of the Communism of the early Christians in its bearing on latter developments of Communism, it has to be remembered that Christian Communism of the Apostolic age was *voluntary*, and the outcome of self-denying love of the brethren, and in this point differed essentially from the Communism taught in the present day, which demands equality enforced by a central authority, and so far from inculcating a spirit of self-denial requires equal means for the self-indulgence of all.

Still it remains an interesting question to discuss what inferences may be drawn from the fact that in the Church of Jerusalem there existed a community of goods, enjoying Apostolic sanction, approved of in patristic writings during the next four centuries, and serving more or less as a pattern for drawing up the social constitutions of several monastic orders and other religious fraternities up to and beyond the time of the Reformation.

Modern Communists, with their sympathisers, affirm that Communism was the natural outcome of the Law of Equality implied in Christ's teaching.† They ascribe the fact of this practice falling into desuetude to the later ambition and worldliness of the Church growing up with her rising power, more especially after her official recognition as the State religion of the Roman Empire. After this, they say, the Church in her alliance with wealth and grandeur rapidly departed from the simplicity of the gospel, and consoled herself in the acquisition of temporal aggrandisement for her disappointment in the long-deferred hope of a final "restitution of all things."

On the other hand the defenders of property against Communism (which in their opinion is "a mutiny against society") deny, or endeavour to explain away, the fact of the Church ever having sanctioned officially, or her Founder ever having recommended implicitly, such a custom as that of "having all things in common."

As a matter of fact we may say, with one of the impartial Church historians, "The community in Jerusalem growing out of the Society of the Apostles, who were accustomed already to the common-purse system, hit upon the daring plan of establishing a community of goods. And this was fostered by the first outburst of enthusiastic brotherly love, being all the more readily accepted in consequence of the prevailing expectation among the disciples of the approaching subversion of all things."

Following out this line of thought, we may safely assume that the Communism practised by the early Church was not so much a rigid logical deduction from the teaching of Christ as it was the result of spontaneous "Love of the Brethren," all united by the same common bond, and all equally ready to devote their goods and possessions to the common welfare.

One great idea was ever before the minds of this small band of early Christians—the great coming catastrophe, "the end of all things," as close at hand. The affairs of this world, possessions and station, were therefore regarded by them as of secondary importance on the eve of such a momentous crisis.

The Master Himself had left no definite instructions as to the future social organisation of His "little flock." It had been His plan all along to lay down general principles, to be worked out in the course of time, rather than to prescribe definite lines of conduct under given circumstances. His kingdom was not of this world. He left no political creed for His followers. During His ministerial life He had given many indications of deep sympathy with the poor and oppressed; but He had never encouraged any direct attempts towards the material reconstruction of society, as such. He recognised the existing state of things, and tolerated the unsatisfactory condition of prevalent modes of life, not, however, without pointing to the root of the evil, expressing His own abhorrence of the degeneracy of the times, and attacking in terms of withering indignation the class-pride of the wealthy and privileged sections of society. The ideal of a perfect society was ever held up by Him before the minds of His most intimate disciples. No plan, however, for realising this ideal in an ecclesiastical polity of His own design was actually adopted. The gradual formation of the new society was left to the working out of tendencies, the "new leaven" which was to reform character, and thus indirectly *society*.

The "sacredness of the money-bag," as the Socialist Lassalle sneeringly calls it, is not upheld in the gospel. On the contrary, wealth and pomp are regarded with contempt as compared with "the pearl of great price." On the other hand, the "patrimony of the poor" is not to be restored by means of Socialistic reform, but in due course of time by moral influences and a gradual tendency towards a temporal restitution of all things. In the meanwhile the rich are to bridge over the gulf between

* A. H. Beesley, "The Gracchi, Marius, and Sulla," p. 21.

† "Jesus Christ Himself not only proclaimed, preached, and prescribed Communism as a consequence of fraternity, but practised it with His apostles."—Cabet, "Voyage en Icarie," p. 567.

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Dives and Lazarus by supplying from their own superfluities the needs of the destitute. "If thou wilt be perfect," says Jesus to the well-disposed young man of property, "go and sell all that thou hast, and give it to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven" (St. Matthew xix. 21). The poor are affectionately invited to find alleviation of their trials in the consolations of the new faith, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (St. Matthew xi. 28).

The parable of the Talents points out the way how all, in proportion to their *individual* endowments, may promote their temporal and spiritual interests.

The sanctity and dignity of labour as a duty, both of the highest and the lowest, is indirectly enforced by the example of Christ Himself, who before His public ministry was engaged in industrial work.

In all this we see only the well-balanced sympathies with *all* classes, and the correcting influences of a judicious reformer, maintaining a neutral position; one who fully comprehends the needs of His own age, and applies cautiously the remedies of His own Divine *Therapeutics* to individuals here and there, in preference to propounding revolutionary theories for the reconstruction of society.

It is not from the great Master, then, that the Communistic scheme of the early Church was derived, although we cannot help avowing that there was nothing either in His teaching or practice to discourage its adoption.

What, then, gave the first impulse to a system introduced by the disciples without the express command of their Lord, and presently discontinued when its practicability was discovered to be less than doubtful? We have already above expressed the opinion that the practice in question originated in the common-purse system prevailing among the disciples during our Lord's ministry, and that after His departure it was extended over the whole body of Christian society. We may add that perhaps this was done by way of unconscious imitation of a body of religious mystics tolerably well known at the time, the Essenes.

It is tolerably certain, indeed, that this Jewish sect of ascetics was not in any way historically connected with the Apostolic Church. Still there were some points of contact between the two. The high moral standard of the Essenes, their Puritan contempt of this world, their monastic rigour in the pursuit of godliness, and their love of contemplative seclusion, would naturally attract the attention and gain the respect (distant may be) of the early Christians. There is, therefore, no strong improbability in the supposition that the Christian Church in her first organisation was more or less influenced by the modes of social life peculiar to this confraternity.

Theoretically, according to Philo, the Essenes regulated their conduct upon these three principles: *Love God, love virtue, love mankind.* Practically, they, like the early Christians, despised wealth, and considered vows of poverty to be acceptable to God. "It is a law among them," says Josephus, "that those who come to them *must let what they have be common* to the whole order, insomuch, that among them all there is no appearance of poverty or excess of riches, but every one's possessions are intermingled with every other's possessions, and so there is, as it were, *one patrimony among all the brethren.*"*

* Josephus: B. J., Book ii. chap. viii. § 3.

There is nothing improbable in the conjecture that this peculiarity was copied in a measure by the early Christians, nor is it in any way derogatory to the prestige of the early Church to have been influenced in this matter by the least corrupt and most respectable body of religionists among God's ancient people.

Renunciation and simple forms of life were the leading tenets both of the Essenes and the Hebrew Christians. Hence they adopted a social polity similar, if not identical, in form and aim.

In other respects the early Christians differed from the Essenes, but of the existing Jewish sects it was towards the latter that the Church of Jerusalem would be most likely gravitating, both in the theory and practice of common life.

Thus the experiment was tried of establishing a "Commonwealth of Love." But the plan failed. After an ephemeral existence the attempt had to be abandoned, just as the ideals of our youth are shattered by the stern realities of riper experience.

But although "this first heroic effort against selfishness," and in favour of remodelling society on a simple basis, proved nugatory, the idea of a thorough social reformation in the Church, and by the Church, has not been lost sight of, but has been cherished ever since by devout and noble souls at different periods of Church history. We have glimpses of it in the early Fathers (to which allusion will be made further on); it has found a full expression in the constitution of the monastic orders and heretical sects, founded during the middle ages. It was again revived during the stormy periods of the Reformation and the Revolution, and is being carried into effect at this very moment in a modified form among the Moravians, and almost literally among those transatlantic, semi-religious Communistic societies described in a recently published volume of Mr. Nordhoff.

M. Rénan would supply a reason for this recurrence to common modes of life on the pattern of the early Christian community, notwithstanding baffled attempts and crushing disappointments. He maintains the theory that the wants which the first attempt of the Church at Communism represents will last eternally. And he even ventures to predict the final realisation of the idea itself. "The psalm, 'Behold how good and joyful a thing it is, brethren, to dwell together in unity!' has ceased to be ours. But when modern individualism has borne its last fruits; when humanity, dwarfed, dismal, impuissant, shall return to great institutions and their strong discipline; when our paltry shop-keeping society—I say, rather when our world of pigmies—shall have been driven out with scourges by the heroic and idealistic portions of humanity—then *life in common* will be realised again as much as ever."

We feel instinctively that after all we have here only the reiteration of the same undefined longings and yearnings of our common humanity, a seeking after that something which in the moments of our unselfish (some will say unthinking) reveries we muse over, but which in the still calmer hours of rational reflection we know to be only a delightful dream. For so long at least as human beings continue to be constituted as they are now, and the struggle for existence remains still the rule of life, a hope of universal equality must continue to be a poetic fancy, and the ideal of a perfect society on Communistic principles an unattainable aspiration.

We have seen that the Communism of the early

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Christians was the result of religious ardour, the first fruits, so to speak, of the newly embraced faith manifesting itself in a premature attempt at social reform. We must proceed to account for its disappearance.

It broke down even in the case of the small society of the "Poor Saints" in Jerusalem. And why? Because an equal share in the property of all demands an equal amount of character, labour, and skill of all in return. But as these are not forthcoming, continued loss ensues, and final ruin follows when all the available surplus of accumulated capital is consumed "among so many," not to speak of "idleness, selfishness, and unthrift," the three formidable rocks on which any ordinary Communistic society would probably founder.

As a transitory measure during the short epoch of religious enthusiasm it deserves our respect, but the principle proved inapplicable to the condition of the Church and the world upon further trial. As Dean Milman justly remarks, speaking of the Communism of the Essenes as compared with that of the Christians, "Such a system, however favourable to the maintenance of certain usages and opinions within a narrow sphere, would have been fatal to the aggressive and comprehensive spirit of Christianity; the vital and conservative principle of a sect, it was inconsistent with an universal religion; and we cannot but admire the wisdom which avoided a precedent so attractive, as conducing to the immediate prosperity, yet so dangerous to the ultimate progress of the religion."*

But although the practice of Communism for practical reasons was given up, or died a natural death, there still remains the spiritual, the living principle, underlying this effete practice of the early Church, the leading idea which survived that ephemeral phase of primitive Christian society.

The noble idea underlying that system is the "great secret" of Christ's religion, the unpalatable doctrine of unselfishness and self-sacrifice; or, in our modern phraseology, it is the doctrine of *Altruism* as opposed to *Egoism;* in a higher sense, the principle of Christian Socialism as opposed to un-Christian Individualism—not the Socialism of the Socialists, but the social theory formulated by St. Paul in his Epistle to the Philippians: "*Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others.* Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus." This principle still remains in force, that all our possessions, as well as all our gifts, are to be held in trust for the general good of all—a principle essentially and distinctively Christian."

This spirit of love and brotherhood is being more and more understood in the present day. Hence the great Communistic principle, "All for each and each for all," is practically gaining ground. It is being applied in the case of all philanthropic institutions; our hospitals and benevolent societies; our voluntary schools and pious foundations; our free libraries and museums; our drinking-fountains and public parks. Its spirit pervades our mild poor laws—mild to a fault; our Parliamentary Acts for the protection of labour, for the provision of healthy homes for the industrial classes, and the regard paid to sanitary reforms, our private charities and systematic organisation, and numberless efforts put forth for assisting the maimed, the halt, and the blind, the wretched and the fallen; in fact, all efforts of the State and private individuals and associations to improve the condition and to prevent the ills of the less privileged members of society, even criminals, its enemies, are practically a voluntary Communism, an application of the funds of the wealthy for the benefit of the poor, a sort of sharing, so to speak, the "wealth of nations" among all, on the pattern of the early Christian Church.

Much has been done in this way; more remains yet to be done. But whatever will be done has to be done gradually—slowly, though surely. For the work of God in the world, the progress of Christianity in the heart, the improvement of social relations between man and man—all this is a work of slow growth; it is accomplished in the course of gradual development, not by sudden revolutionary changes, but in process of steady progress.

Ages may be required for this evolutionary process of maturing the moral, material, and spiritual forces of our common humanity until the final restitution of all things.

The edifice of society, constructed on this new foundation—the Christian basis—must of necessity be a long time in building. But the completion of the whole plan cannot be helped, though for a time it may be hindered by the pulling-down propensities of Communistic agitators on the one hand, and the obstructive measures of the advocates of stationary inaction on the other. The resultant, however, of the two antagonistic forces, both of them coeval with society itself, must be in the future as it has been in the past—Social Progress.

* "History of Christianity," vol. i. p. 357. On the other hand, see "Conybeare and Howson's Life and Epistles of St. Paul," vol. i. p. 80, where the authors remark: "The Apostolic Church was in this respect in a healthier condition than the Church of modern days."

LEGAL ANECDOTES.

I.—JURIES AND JURYMEN.

We do not suppose that any class of the community deserves more sympathy than jurymen. We do not mean the "grand jury," each member of which is a country gentleman, who is detained at the Assize town but a few hours, whose time is his own, who finds valuable opportunities of conferring with his brother justices and others when brought together at the Assizes, and who enjoys the splendid hospitality of the high sheriff; nor yet the "special juryman," who is a banker, merchant, or "gentleman," and who has plenty of able substitutes to do his work when he is trying causes and being paid a guinea each action for doing so; but we speak of the "petty," or common juryman, drawn from his farm or shop for a week or ten days together, having to pay his travelling expenses and his board and lodging at the Assize town, at a period when all charges are ruinously high, and *being paid* nothing for each prisoner he tries, and *eightpence* for each cause!

Jurymen, it would appear, have been treated hardly from very early times, and until quite recently the practice of starving them into a verdict was a reproach to the law. Directly the judge had summed up, however long and intricate the case had been, and however long they were likely to be considering it, until they actually gave their verdict the jury were to be kept "without meat, drink, or fire, candle-light excepted." We have, in an old volume

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called "Dyer's Reports," an interesting illustration as to the extent to which this deprivation from food was carried, and of the serious consequences of the breach of it. A jury had retired to consider their verdict, and upon their return into court their bailiff informed the judge that some of them (which he could not say) had "eaten food" while locked up. Both bailiff and jury were sworn, and the pockets of the latter were examined, when it appeared that all had about them "pippins," of which "some of them confessed they had eaten, and the others said they had not." After a severe reprimand, those who had eaten were fined 12*s.* each, and they who had not were fined 6*s.* each, "for that they had them in their pockets."

More amusing is an earlier case solemnly decided by the Court of Queen's Bench in Hilary Term 6 Henry VIII. Lord Chief Justice Reed tried an action on the circuit, in which the jury were locked up, but before giving their verdict had eaten and drunk, which they all confessed. This being reported to the judge, he fined them each heavily, and took their verdict. Upon the sitting of the full court in London, a joint motion was made, first, to set aside the verdict for informality of trial, the jury having eaten when they should have fasted, and, secondly, to remit the fines under the peculiar circumstances of the case. The jury averred they had made up their minds in the case *before they ate*, and had returned into court with their verdict, but finding the Lord Chief Justice had "*run out to see a fray*," and knowing not when he might return, they had eaten and drunk. The court held the fines to be rightly imposed, but refused to disturb the verdict. It is not reported what was done with the judge for vacating the judgment-seat and hurrying to see a fray!

The whole law about jurymen not eating or drinking whilst deliberating upon their verdict is now altered by a late statute, and they may, by order of the court, have whatever they please, *at their own expense!*

It is often alleged against juries, that they are very stupid at times in their "finding," and there is certainly a good deal of truth in the allegation. The fine language sometimes addressed to them by the judge, utterly incomprehensible to men of their condition in life, and the long speeches of counsel, "throwing dust in their eyes," and drawing specious and unwarrantable inferences, are often more than anything else the cause of wrong verdicts. We have a good example as to how this was felt even in ancient times, recorded in a scarce little work, called, "A Guide to Jurymen," printed in 1560. "A certain man of the jury, when the case was over, so far as the examination of the witnesses went, rose and humbly prayed a boon of his lordship. 'Say thy say, man,' quoth the judge. The boon was, that now he and his fellows had heard all that could be in fact alleged, they might 'fall to,' and come to their opinion, or ever they were confused by the long and tiresome talk of counsellors. The judge sharply rebuked the silly man for his vanity, and after large discourse did sum up all the same case with many and long words, and did afterwards greatly fine the same jury for that they brought in a verdict different from his conceit of the case, whereat all laughed heartily save the honest man who had begged the boon."

Still there are not wanting instances of intense stupidity and sometimes of injustice on the part of jurymen. We were present some years since at the trial of a man who was charged with stealing a piece of bacon from the prosecutor's shop. The prosecutor himself alleged that he was sitting in his little back parlour, and saw the prisoner enter his shop, take up the bacon, and put it in his pocket, and that as he was leaving the shop he came out and accused him of the theft, and gave him in charge of a policeman who passed at the time. Now here was a somewhat plain case of larceny. The prisoner asked but two questions, "Was there a window through which you saw me come into the shop and take the bacon?" "Yes." "Was it closed?" "Yes." "Then," said the culprit to the judge, in a tone of triumph, "the whole thing falls through, my lord; *he can't swear through glass.*" The judge, in his remarks to the jury, told them if they believed the evidence they must find the man guilty, but the intelligent twelve couldn't get over the "swearing through glass," and immediately *acquitted* the delinquent, who, leaving the dock, exclaimed, "Ah, Mr.——, when I come again to prig a bit of bacon I'll take good care of your little window."

In a murder case before Baron Parke, the judge told the jury that the evidence of any malice was very slight, and that they could, if they chose, find the prisoner guilty of manslaughter. "Just," added his lordship, "as in an indictment for child murder you may acquit the woman of murder and find her guilty of concealing the birth of the child." The jury deliberated long and carefully, and eventually came into court with a verdict of "Concealment of birth."

Justice Maule once tried a grievous case of wounding. The prisoner quarrelled with the prosecutor, and, drawing a large clasp knife, held him to the ground, gashed him most horribly, and he was with great difficulty cured of the dreadful wound. The counsel who defended the prisoner told the jury that although the indictment charged the offence as being "with intent to kill and murder," and "with intent to do grievous bodily harm," they could, under a recent statute, find the prisoner guilty of "unlawful wounding," which was a misdemeanor. Said Maule, in summing up, "Gentlemen, if you think the prisoner knocked the prosecutor down, drew his knife, stabbed and cut him in such a manner that his clothes were divided with the violence of the act, his abdomen ripped up, and his intestines made to issue from the wound in such manner as that the doctor tells you only the mercy of God has enabled him to appear here this day, merely without any ill feeling, and more as an accident than anything else, you will say it is unlawful wounding." The jury construed this sarcastic remark of the judge as a direction to them, and instantly returned a verdict of "unlawful wounding."

Baron Alderson once tried a civil action in which the plaintiff had had his ribs broken and his skull fractured by the defendant. The facts were unanswerable, and the jury found a verdict for the plaintiff, with £1 damages. "We won't try any more causes with this jury," said the Baron. "Call another." And as they left the box he quietly added, "Go home, gentlemen, and as you value your heads and ribs at £1, I hope you may find some liberal purchasers on your journey!"

We have one more anecdote about jurymen worth telling. At the Winchester Assizes, in the winter of 1855, two men were tried before Baron Parke for

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poaching. It was observed that some difficulty was experienced in getting a jury, the prisoners' counsel objecting to one after another juryman called. At length twelve were empanelled, and the trial proceeded. The facts were plain, the prisoners being taken in the very act. When the evidence was over, the learned gentleman who defended submitted that there was no case against his clients, and urged some most frivolous objections to the evidence. The judge was impatient, the counsel warm, and warmer as the argument went on, eventually observing that in *his* opinion there was no case to "go to the jury," and he declined to address them. The judge shortly summed up, and the jury immediately returned a verdict of "not guilty." Every one was electrified, and the jury, as in our last anecdote, dismissed from the trial of any further cases. Leaving court in the afternoon, we encountered one of the "perverse" twelve quietly smoking his pipe outside the hall, and, after a remark or two about the weather, asked the comfortable old fellow how it was they gave such a verdict. "Well," was the cool reply, "*our Recorder*, he said *he* thought the law was on prisoners' side, and t'other judge from Lunnon, he said it warn't; and *our Recorder*, he said he thought the men weren't guilty, and t'other old man from Lunnon said *he* thought they were, and it wasn't likely we was going against *our Recorder*, and we weren't going to see him bullied neither, so we gave him the verdict." It is hardly necessary to add that the learned counsel for the prisoners, being Recorder for Portsmouth, had "packed" a jury of Portsmouth men.

A remark has often been made by *habitués* of courts of justice that the judges talk in too learned a strain to the juries who are assisting them. This is undoubtedly true in many instances. The judge is by education, general and special, a different individual from any one of the jury, and we know an excellent ex-member of the Bench who dreadfully confused juries by small Latin quotations introduced into his summing-up, and utterly unintelligible to the majority of the "gentlemen," and who was also always wont, when the jury were considering their verdict, and it was necessary through press of time to call another sacred twelve, to say, "Gentlemen, do not allow me to precipitate your deliberations, but if your cogitation is likely to be protracted, the court will direct you to retire, and proceed with another portion of the panel."

Very different, however, have been other judges in this particular. They have attempted to make everything as plain as possible. Justice Burroughs was an eminent instance of this. After a prolonged argument upon the goodness of the pleading in a record in which a "consequential issue" was contained, he addressed the jury thus: "You have been patiently hearing the learned counsel and myself talk for some time about a 'consequential issue,' gentlemen, and I don't suppose that you know what a consequential issue is; but I dare say you do know what a game of skittles is, and know also that if you can properly roll your ball against one of the nine-pins in a right direction that pin tumbles down, and knocks all the other eight after it. Now, gentlemen, this count in the declaration, called a consequential issue, is just like that first nine-pin, and if we can bowl it over, as we have done, all the other causes of action fall to the ground also. You must find a verdict for the defendant."

THE ROUND OF LIFE.

The year rolls round, with many a cloudy morn
That slowly ushers in the coming day;
We wake from sleep of dim forgetfulness,
Or aimless dreams, the soul's wild wandering,
To rise, and meet the old familiar tasks
That with the morning light resume their place,
And call on us to give them patient heed
And thoughtful toil; and so the short-lived hours
Pass quickly by, whilst we are plodding on;
And soon the dusky shades descend again
To cradle us within the arms of night.
The year rolls round, with other days than these,
With days that break the calm monotony;
Seasons of hope, and fear, and joy, and grief,
When the deep-flowing waters of the heart
Come swelling to the surface; when each pulse
Beats with a full and quick reality.
Yet these, too, have an end;—again the tide
Of quiet sameness ripples o'er our life,
And so the year advances to its close.
And lo! another year before us stands,
And fain our eager minds would question it:
"What bringest thou?" Ah! know we not full well
It brings the same old days, the same old tasks,
Yea, the same joys and griefs, though clothed, perchance,
In other forms; and so our life goes by,
And "few and evil" are our days at best.
The year rolls by, and though our little life
Be as a spark, that for a moment gleams
And then is quenched, out of that little spark
A soul looks forth upon the moving host,
With steadfast gaze still measuring the past,
And glancing on to those that yet shall come.
It marks the rise of nations, and their strife,
The war, the desolation, and the curse;
The good so slow, so long developing,
The evil bursting like the thunder's crash,
And crowding wrongs into a moment's space;
Nor dares it hope that future years shall bring
Immunity from crime and suffering;
For till He come who maketh all things new,
What has been shall be.
Yet through all the years
One great and changeless working shows itself,
Gleaming athwart the clouds of sin and woe,
With the bright glow of immortality;
But intertwined and woven in so close
With human things, that oft our feeble sight
Fails to discern it; yet 'tis ever there,
Out of the complex and corrupted mass
Shaping a new creation; day by day
Clasping fresh objects in its firm embrace,
Its wondrous circle ever widening,
Until He come whose hand hath wrought the whole,
To crown it with completion! O for eyes
Divinely touched, its glories to perceive!
O for a vision free from earthly stain
To trace its all-triumphant way! O let
Thy work appear unto Thy servants, Lord!
And let its beauty shine into our hearts,
And let us count each day a precious thing,
Because that ceaseless work hath hallowed it!

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Yet not alone with rapt and wondering gaze
Would we behold its progress ; give us, Lord,
A part in it ! O purge our hearts, our hands,
Our lips, our every power, that we may share
Thy blessèd toil ; open our eyes to see
In all Thy hand appoints for us to do
Gleams of its radiance : thus our life no more
Shall seem but as a vain and aimless thing,
But as a priceless gift—the right and power
To view and share the glories of Thy work !

—From the "Friend." GERALDINE STOCK.

Varieties.

BISMARCK'S BELIEF.—I cannot conceive how a man can live without a belief in a revelation, in a God who orders all things for the best, in a Supreme Judge from whom there is no appeal, and in a future life. If I were not a Christian, I should not remain at my post for a single hour. If I did not rely on God Almighty, I should not put my trust in princes. I have enough to live on, and am sufficiently genteel and distinguished without the Chancellor's office. Why should I go on working indefatigably, incurring trouble and annoyance, unless convinced that God has ordained me to fulfil these duties? If I were not persuaded that this German nation of ours, in the divinely appointed order of things, is destined to be something great and good, I should throw up the diplomatic profession this very moment. Orders and titles to me have no attraction. The firmness I have shown in combating all manner of absurdities for ten years past is solely derived from faith. Take away my faith and you destroy my patriotism. But for my strict and literal belief in the truths of Christianity, but for my acceptance of the miraculous groundwork of religion, you would not have lived to see the sort of Chancellor I am. Find me a successor as firm a believer as myself, and I will resign at once. But I live in a generation of pagans. I have no desire to make proselytes, but am constrained to confess my faith. If there is among us any self-denial and devotion to king and country, it is a remnant of religious belief unconsciously clinging to our people from the days of their sires. For my own part I prefer a rural life to any other. Rob me of the faith that unites me to God and I return to Varzin to devote myself industriously to the production of rye and oats.

A NIGHT WITH EDISON.—Under this title a writer in "Scribner's Monthly" gives some account of the inventor Edison. He was born in 1847. There is prospect of a long life of invention before him, since his father is still a hale old gentleman, who had two immediate ancestors who survived, one to the age of one hundred and two, the other to one hundred and three. Of regular schooling Edison the inventor had no more than two months in his life. At twelve he began the world as train-boy on the Grand Trunk Railroad of Canada and Central Michigan. While still selling newspapers he fitted up an old springless baggage carriage as a sort of laboratory, and while the car bumped rudely along conducted the experiments of a chemist. He was an omnivorous reader, and set himself, in blind belief in books, to read through the public library at Detroit, into which his train carried him, beginning with a dusty lower shelf; and thus he worked through fifteen feet of volumes before he learned to discriminate among books. It would appear that he has a crop of inventions in growth at his house, an hour out of New York. He looks like a mechanic; his dark hair tinged with grey falls over the forehead in a mop, and his hands are stained with acids. His endurance is enormous. Once when a machine would not work aright he laboured at it for sixty hours and then slept for thirty. He has called his children, one Dot, the other Dash, after the symbols of the telegraphic alphabet.

ASSYRIAN BRONZES.—At the Society of Biblical Archæology a paper was read on the opening night of the session 1878-79, by Mr. Theophilus G. Pinches, the late Mr. George Smith's successor as Dr. Birch's assistant in the department of Oriental Antiquities at the British Museum. It was on "The Bronze Gates of Shalmaneser III," lately discovered by Mr. Hormuzd Rassam at Balawat. The locality and the monuments were very fully described in the "Times" shortly after the arrival of the antiquities at the British Museum in the beginning of August. The bronzes, which in the article referred to were simply designated as "trophies," have since been recognised as belonging to two pairs of gates. The merit of the identification belongs to Mr. Ready, the skilled artificer attached to the British Museum department, to whose province it belonged to cleanse the bronze fragments, to piece them together, and to nail them with the original nails upon wood of the same thickness as had been used for the purpose when this unique monument was first set up about twenty-eight centuries ago. He then began to see that the larger set of bronze plates formed the coverings of a pair of enormous folding doors rectangularly shaped. Each leaf was about 22ft. long and 6ft. broad. They had evidently turned on pivots, which had actually reached the Museum, although the sockets in which they moved had unfortunately been left behind. At the top they were supported by strong rings fixed in the masonry. The body of the door was of wood three inches in thickness, as measured by the nails used by the Assyrians to nail the plates of bronze on the wood. For these nails were clinched just 1-16th of an inch, which is the thickness of the plates themselves, over and above three inches from their heads. Each door turned on a circular post about a foot thick. Around the doorpost the bronze plates, 8ft. long in all, lapped to the extent of a couple of feet, leaving 6ft. as the width of each door between its post and what is technically termed its "style." This "style" was also edged with bronze, the vertical inscription furnishing the text, to which the designs in *repoussé* work on the horizontal plates, representing Shalmaneser's battles, sieges, triumphal processions, the cruelties inflicted on his foes, and his worship of the gods, supplied the illustrative scenes. The "style" inscription leaves no doubt as to the monarch whose history is recorded.—*Times.*

ASSIZE OF BREAD.—It was once the common usage in English towns and manors to fix the price of bread by the price of wheat, leaving a fair profit to the baker and miller. Overcharge was heavily punished. In our days of competition and free trade this ancient usage may not be possible, but the press might help to protect the public from inordinate prices. Inspectors appointed to prevent adulteration of flour, and to secure just weight, ought to be more efficient.

ENGLISH SCENERY AND TRAVEL.—Of all European countries England itself is the most neglected. The inveterate idler will seek another London at the seaside, but few will venture a tour amid the rich and peaceful inland scenery of their native land. We rush to the Alps for pure air and for grand scenery, though we hardly give ourselves time to appreciate or understand it; we hurry away to Scotland for sport and for healthful exercise in a bracing but uncertain climate; we travel far and wide towards every point of the compass; but the scenery of England, rich in every charm for the taste, the sentiment, and the imagination, is as little known to many of us as the remotest portions of the earth's surface.

IS ROMANISM INCREASING IN ENGLAND?—In an article in the "Contemporary Review" Mr. Gladstone gave reasons for doubting that Roman Catholicism is making way in this country. "As for statistics," he says, "they are obstinately stationary. The fraction of Roman Catholics in the population of this country, as computed from the yearly returns of marriages, has for a generation past been between 5 and 4 per cent., and out of this small proportion by far the larger portion, probably not less than five-sixths, are of Irish birth. The slight variation observable has on the whole been rather downwards than upwards. The fraction itself, which approached 5 per cent. in 1854, now rises little above 4. There is, in short, no sign that an impression has been made on the mass of the British nation."

DOCTORS' FEES.—During a newspaper discussion about doctors' fees, the following anecdotes were recalled. Sir Astley Cooper is said to have made £21,000 in one year by the practice of his profession. Such a sum could hardly have been amassed in a year by guinea fees, even allowing for travelling fees and operations. His usual fee for a consultation was five guineas, for the wealthy City merchants who consulted him at his residence in Broad Street generally paid by cheque, and disdained to trouble their bankers by drawing a smaller sum. A good story illustrating the same point is told of Sir Richard Jebb, who received a fee of three guineas from a nobleman from whom he expected five. The wary physician dropped the coins on the ground and called his servant to pick them up. "There must be two still on the ground," he said as they were handed to him, "for I have only three." It is hardly necessary to add that the missing coins were found by the doctor and lost by the noble patient before the latter left the room.

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THE LEISURE HOUR.

BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,
AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND.—*Cowper.*

"SHE TOLD CAPTAIN ORDE THAT SHE HAD ALREADY WRITTEN TO MR. SINCLAIR."

"WAIT A YEAR."

CHAPTER III.

WARREN SINCLAIR'S letter reached its destination as Helen Lestocq presided over her mother's breakfast, in a small apartment in one of the streets of Geneva terminating on the Quai Léman, whence a side view of the lake could be enjoyed from the balcony. They had only just arrived, having lingered in the south longer than the generality of visitors. Mrs. Lestocq thought herself an invalid requiring a mild climate in the winter, or gave herself out to be one, and induced her father, a country gentleman of very moderate fortune, to allow her sufficient, with the addition of her own limited means, to live away from Thornmead, where she had resided since her widowhood.

Measured by her tastes it was a dull residence, with no advantages for her daughter, whose fortune must be sought in the matrimonial market, and pos-

No. 1411.—JANUARY 11, 1879.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

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sessing no interest for herself, being destined for her brother and his heirs. It was a small place, more of a farm than the abode of a country gentleman. The little the old man could spare he gave willingly, glad, if truth be told, to have his house free from inmates so uncongenial and troublesome. Mrs. Lestocq, as an officer's wife, had been accustomed to stirring scenes. The society met with at Malta, Gibraltar, and other garrison towns, had not prepared her for the monotony of Thornmead, of which she was always complaining. Happily for her better peace of mind, she had a cough, for which a friend persuaded her to try Hyères. She certainly derived some benefit from the change, but her old enemy, *ennui*, pursued her even there. She found the place dull, and fortune again befriended her. General Miller, an old friend of her husband, with his wife and family, chanced to stop there one night on their way to Cannes, and so effectually roused her natural love for society that she determined to go there too, hoping, by hanging on their skirts, to be admitted into circles into which she might not otherwise have gained entrance. Mrs. Lestocq was more fortunate than many. Though her small income obliged her to locate herself in a pension, the entré to the general's house, an imposing residence on the *plage*, brought her into notice, and she soon found a field for the display of the attractions of her very handsome and fashionable-looking daughter. Helen sang well, played well, and talked well, enhancing the charm of everything she said or did by her radiant beauty, a little Juno-like in character, but of the splendid and dazzling type, which at the age of twenty-five could only be said to have reached its perfection. Her dark blue eyes, darker for the long lashes that shaded them, might be wanting in softness, but they were brilliant, sparkling, with conscious power, lustrous and laughing. Sorrow had not touched her; as yet she knew it only in name, and, as regarded others, from afar, her sympathy not being strong enough to draw her near. She was eminently popular with a certain class, and though many of the residents of previous years did not care to open their doors to new-comers of whose genealogy and antecedents they were ignorant, some received them willingly. Under the wing of the general and his wife, Mrs. and Miss Lestocq had as much gaiety as they desired. Helen soon gained the foremost place in the parties of pleasure that were organised, becoming the belle *par excellence*, and often the leader, in those out-of-door amusements called picnics, to which the vicinity of the Estrelles and the lovely country about Cannes so naturally led. Into these many of the idle men entered *con amore*. They wanted something to do or to find pastime without exertion.

Among the number came Warren Sinclair. His health was not strong—persons of his build are rarely robust—but on that point he was weak, and rather than own a fact that, in spite of his good sense, humiliated him, he often fatigued himself to his hurt. At first Helen overlooked him—she had several other *preux chevaliers* more externally pleasing. With them she would often join in some adventurous climbing, while Warren, less energetic, sat with her mother, listening probably to her praises, and watching for her return, for which act of kindness she would thank him with low, grateful words, and such dimpled smiles, that he thought himself well repaid. By degrees the casual friendship became an intimacy, the intimacy something more, until it was usual for others to fall back whenever Warren Sinclair was present.

One beautiful day, in the beginning of February, there came a change in the accustomed order of things. Mr. Sinclair did not remain with Mrs. Lestocq, but attached himself conspicuously to Helen. The time and place were such as might have warmed and lured a colder heart than his from its accustomed prudence. The sun shone as it can only shine in the south when the deep azure of the vault above is scarcely broken by a cloud, and yet a pleasant air softly stirred the olive leaves, occasionally raising their silver edges without sound or rustle, while delicious whiffs from orange-peel drying in the sun contributed fragrance to loveliness. The railway took the party to St. Raphael, and thence they found their way, through pine-woods dark and odorous, over dry herbage and rugged roots, to the spot fixed upon for the picnic. Helen suspected what was coming when Mr. Sinclair contrived to detach her from the rest. Though her own heart lay cold and inert, she had been well instructed by her mother. "Recollect, Helen, that Mr. Sinclair is in earnest, which none of your other admirers are, and that he has a handsome fortune to offer you," Mrs. Lestocq had said to her daughter; "bethink you that a chance like this you may not have again for years, perhaps never. You are five-and-twenty, your beauty may fade, my pension will drop with me. Besides, there is a noteworthy truth in what Mr. Minton said the other day, 'There are many flirtations here, but few matches.'"

"But a clergyman, mamma!" answered Helen, drawing down the corners of her pretty mouth. "Can you fancy me a clergyman's wife?"

"A duke's would be better, my darling; but, as I said before, Mr. Sinclair is in earnest, and dukes are unattainable."

Thus counselled, Helen did bethink herself and smiled so sweetly upon Mr. Sinclair on that eventful day that he spoke out and was accepted. They returned home engaged, the only drawback upon Mr. Sinclair's happiness being that the change in Helen's prospects, as soon as his offer was accepted, turned her from a bright and laughing girl into a serious, almost heavy companion.

"It is such an important step," she replied, in answer to his anxious and tender efforts to sound her thoughts and feelings, and for this explanation he loved her all the better.

Before long Helen recovered her spirits, and, with the exception of indulgence in a little covert raillery now and then against his profession, was all that he could desire. Had he seen her after the perusal of his letter, as the passionate anger glittered in her eyes, which, if bright as steel, were now as hard, he would not have recognised the face that had cheated his heart of his first manly love. In the swift impulse of her wrath she tore the paper in two, and tossed it across the room with an exclamation that made her mother look up alarmed and ask what was the matter.

"The matter! oh, nothing at all!" she answered, with an irony that made her voice harsh and repelling. "Nothing, except that I have been deceived—befooled, as women usually are when they forsake their instincts to listen to reason. Not even to be consulted," she murmured, with wounded pride, "but treated as if my feelings and wishes were of no consequence—already part of his goods and chattels,

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to be transported where he pleases;" and in suppressed rage she drew her lips together until they were little more than a scarlet line. "Forgetting his promises to me, and the claims I have to be considered, Mr. Sinclair coolly informs me that everything we had planned is to be changed; that he is going to be instituted to his *village* living"—all the contempt of her heart was poured into the word "village"—"and expects me to settle down and help him in all the moon-struck schemes that may enter his foolish head. Am I a person to be content to wear cotton gowns, and with thick, clod-hopping boots stalk through muddy lanes, into dirty cottages, for the purpose of carrying tea and sugar or talking to old women and scolding little ragged children, whose only idea of manners is to drop a curtsey and stare into your face?" Whilst speaking she rose and picked up the torn letter, standing afterwards before the shabby mirror on the mantel-piece. Perhaps the sight of her own face in the unloveliness of anger did her good, for the lips resumed their graceful curves, and some of the deep crimson that had flushed her temples died away.

As her mother made a movement to go and comfort her, Helen turned away, and, smoothing out the rumpled paper, offered it for perusal in silence, then sitting down, covered her face with her hands, while her bosom heaved with voiceless sobs.

When Mrs. Lestocq had read the letter she went and kissed her daughter, endeavouring to calm her by soothing words and caresses. "My dear child, it may not be so bad as you suppose. Mr. Sinclair has so much wealth, you will visit a good deal, and naturally will be much thought of. Part of the year you can travel. He will not refuse you any indulgence in his power to give, he promises that," said Mrs. Lestocq, hastily enumerating whatever she thought would weigh the most. "Apart from this marriage, your prospects are far from good. Cast your eyes upon our present apartment; humble as it is, you could not have even that if my pension were gone; you would have no choice but to return to Thornmead, or—or find a new home. My child, do not grieve; believe me, we will both be happier than we have been before. You may not see it now, but I can assure you that after youth is gone we crave more and more for the comforts and ease that wealth can give. Straitened means are a cruel nightmare from which there is no escape. I have denied myself so many things to give you the advantages you possess; do not throw them away now that you can count them back to me with interest. I am not a selfish mother, yet I have a right to ask you to think a little of me; besides, I know you may be happy if you choose; there are so many ways of being so. Take courage; Mr. Sinclair dotes upon you. Even in that letter he suffers because he fears you will be disappointed. If you are wise and gentle, giving him soft words and smiles instead of frowns and reproaches, you will rule him; if not in all things, at least in those that more especially concern yourself. Oh, Helen, how many would like to be in your place!"

With such counsels and reasonings Mrs. Lestocq endeavoured to reconcile her daughter to her new prospects. To break off the match would have broken her own heart, which had in a measure renewed its youth in the golden expectations to which it gave rise.

By degrees, as days passed on, Helen, if not more reconciled to her lot, ceased to irritate herself openly against it. In the solitude of her chamber many tears of disappointment and bitterness were shed. Not only was the life offered her uncongenial to her tastes, but, saving its material advantages, it had nothing to recommend it. In her secret heart she had no love for Mr. Sinclair. His companionship in the sphere where she thirsted to move would be quite tolerable; it would give her position and consideration, as she was well aware that he was appreciated by many beyond the value of his £6,000 a year. In the retirement of a village it would be quite another thing. A perpetual round of the same occupations and *tête-à-têtes*, which must soon become worse than insipid, varied now and then by visitors as uninteresting as homely, offered nothing she cared to have. Even the decoration of her person, which had hitherto gratified the pride of conscious power, deprived of the stimulant of rivals and admirers, would soon tire her, nor would her husband's praises of her beauty make up for the silence of others. And how little enjoyment would she be able to extract from her wealth in a circle so limited! Deep down in her heart was another source of regret, infusing fretfulness into a character naturally cold and indifferent. Oh, why did Fortune treat her so badly! Altogether, Helen was very unhappy, experiencing the pangs of those who, having no other regulator of conduct than their own desires, fume persistently over obstacles they can no more set aside than plant a mountain in the sea.

Disposed to follow her mother's advice because unwilling to lose the good things within her grasp, she made up her mind to be as ungracious about it as possible. The certainty of being beloved hardened instead of softening her, making her resolve to vex and distress her lover as much as she could without losing him. He would naturally be anxious for an answer to his letter, she determined to begin his punishment by keeping him in suspense. Day after day she suffered to pass without taking any notice of it, until days grew into weeks. Her lot was so hard that all feeling overflowed in pity for herself. In vain Mrs. Lestocq remonstrated. Helen was inexorable; she would make Mr. Sinclair suffer himself for the disappointment he had caused her. "A country village, a parson's wife! Faugh! How shall I ever sink to that!" she often murmured, gazing upon the blue lake and its tranquil beauty without a thought of its loveliness. As with many an one brought up as she had been, the eye had little appreciation of the charms of nature. To enjoy soft evening skies from marble balconies, with the hum of the busy crowd below, in such a city as Venice, was one thing; it suited her; or to mix in the midnight revel with rival stars and jealous mothers as spectators; but what pleasure was there in looking at that which every one might see and admire if they were so disposed? Unfortunately, her mother could not travel much, so they were obliged in summer to make long sojourns at a few places. Mr. Sinclair and his brother had promised to join them in Geneva; but though Helen thirsted for some change, it was doubtful how far their coming was now anticipated with pleasure.

"Helen."

A voice from beneath where she was standing broke upon her meditations as Helen, resting her white arms on the iron rail of an unpretending balcony, was vaguely wondering why she was so un-

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fortunate when others were happy and successful in life. She had scarcely time to step back into the room and rouse Mrs. Lestocq from her after-dinner nap when Captain Orde entered. "I am my brother's messenger; am I welcome?" he asked, looking hard into her flushed face, after the first greeting was over. She did not answer, but dropped her long silken lashes as if desirous to avoid making any revelation of her feelings. But disguise, if that were her object, could not long be maintained, as Cecil soon brought forward the purpose of his visit.

"Warren is impatient to know his fate, or rather to hear from you," he said, quickly correcting his phraseology. "Three weeks have passed since he wrote to you; how long are you going to keep him in suspense?"

"How can I be in a hurry to accept such a changed existence as he is now offering me?" asked Helen, repressing her mother's desire to stop her by a gesture of the hand. "Would Cecil Orde, with his refined tastes and keen relish of society, be willing to pass his days in a country village?"

"It would not be exciting," the young man remarked, stroking a silky, carefully-trained moustache, and speaking with deliberation, a great contrast to Helen's impetuous tones. "But it has not come to that. There are gradations and extenuating circumstances to be taken into account. My brother is not one of the 'peculiar people;' his views are gentlemanlike. Let us weigh matters a little. What have you to complain of? *Voyons!* you don't relish being a clergyman's wife—why?"

"Am I fit for it?" asked Helen, with a proud curve of the lip, not at all intending to depreciate herself.

The captain tried to explain what would be expected of him, but in a way that left it doubtful whether he was serious or not. Accustomed to Captain Orde's banter, often more caustic than reverent, Helen's features relaxed a little, which encouraged him to go on in the same strain, while Mrs. Lestocq, satisfied that she was not going to offend him or mar her cause by any ebullition of temper, dozed off again in her arm-chair.

"Again," said Captain Orde, with much gravity, "should Warren in the overflow of his newborn zeal establish the Lenten abstinences, they might purchase indulgences for the rest of the year. Don't you see that with sense and tact the mildest upcroppings of principle may be turned to good account, and will suit you far better than the sobriety of the severe class, who won't allow you a bit of pleasure even on the sly, nor a word of scandal, however delicately spiced, without telling you it is wrong? Be thankful that Warren is not one of those fanatics who cannot let you live in peace with yourself, but must always be compelling you to look behind the glass—which reflects, perhaps, a very pretty picture.

"You will be better off than Mrs. Minton, who has long been trying to reconcile two services which we are told are irreconcilable," pursued Captain Orde; "early church every morning doing duty for those members of her family who won't do it for themselves, and enacting the wall-flower at night while her daughters dance away the small hours, besides labouring all day to convince her friends that her conscience is at peace. Who presumes to question *her* Christianity or doubt the religious training of her daughters? Now, had your mother been equally enlightened! Are not the Minton girls paragons? Who finds fault with them, except crusty, old-fashioned people who are foolishly looking out for what is extinct? Then there are concerts, bazaars, and balls, all got up for charity, the tickets purchased and the sum entered in your favour because it is for the poor, to be reimbursed with interest. There is another thing," he continued, gravely, "you can sometimes compound for abstinence by a county ball. Really, Helen, if you deliberately count up all your advantages, you will see that the life is not so dismal as you seem to expect."

"I do not see these brilliant indemnifications," replied Helen, not choosing to acknowledge herself aware of the irony in the pictures he drew.

"It may be that Warren's views lead him into the line of intellectual activity," added he, speaking more seriously, "but there is nothing in them that I can see likely to affect you very particularly. Look back upon last winter. Did not some of our friends comfortably combine church-going in the morning with ball-going in the evening? What matters consistency? Warren, and many others, are in earnest, and are honest men, with some good in them. which they see no other way of acting out. But we know some to whom that sort of thing is a clever investment, enabling them to enjoy both worlds. Besides, Sir Felix Hampton gives balls, and would only be too glad to see you."

"If your brother would but live at the Abbey," observed Helen, after a pause, during which Captain Orde's half-mocking words were making some impression. The grand, imposing building, of which she had seen a photograph, rose before her eye, and spoke to the ambition which had been a strong motive-power in accepting Warren Sinclair.

"A century ago that might have been, but now, I fear, it is impossible. Residence in the parsonage is now enforced upon every man unless he show good reason to the contrary."

"What sort of place is the Rectory?—of course you have seen it?"

"A pretty place enough for a village incumbent and his family; certainly larger and better than the average of rectories, and capable of improvement," answered Captain Orde, contemplating Helen's evident vexation with a little malicious enjoyment as he continued, "We must not forget, sister elect, to enumerate among the items of happiness the joys and pleasures springing from a mutual attachment. Do not poets say that it has the magical effect of turning a cottage into a palace, and converting poverty into wealth?" A rosy blush replaced the cold disdainful expression that Helen's face had chiefly worn as they conversed together. She did not answer him, but soon left the room, and returned to the balcony. When Captain Orde joined her after the lapse of a few minutes, he found her furtively dashing her handkerchief across her eyes, wiping away tears of which she was ashamed.

Had Captain Orde wished to renew the conversation on Helen's prospects, or to tender her any brotherly advice, he had not the opportunity. She carefully avoided all reference to herself during the time of his stay; and when, on leaving Geneva a few days later, he asked if she had any message to England, she informed him that she had already written to Mr. Sinclair.

Mr. Sinclair's letter showed that he was in earnest as to the duties he had resolved to undertake. In all faithfulness and honesty he meant to be a true shep-

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herd to his rural flock. He wished Helen to enter into his views, or at least to understand them. His brother, the captain, was a strangely unfit ambassador for this purpose.

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FLAGS AND BANNERS.

HOW is it that a flag has come to bear so much importance and express such manifold meaning as it does? It is the emblem of triumph, defiance, and endurance. It is the vehicle of maritime conversation and symbol of earthly power. It is national, commercial, and personal. It is not merely decorative, but significant. It marks the war fleet and the mercantile marine, the army in the field and the sleeping-place of the warrior in the cathedral. Even those phases of sentiment which are common to the whole world are conveyed by it. In all nations a white flag indicates the desire for a truce, or peace; while, generally, a yellow one means the presence of some plague; red denotes defiance or battle, and black marks the pirate. The flag not only designates the ship, the regiment, the castle, and the fort, but forms the frequent equipment of the school or the church. When a people or a place makes holiday, the amount of enthusiasm felt may be mostly measured by the number of banners that are displayed. Victories in battle are immediately estimated by the flags, quite as much as by the cannon, that are captured.

In peace and war it is importunately pre-eminent. We make songs to it; it is the object of respectful salutation and vehicle of deadly insult. Do we annex or occupy a fresh country or place? The act of occupation is incomplete till with all ceremony a flag is hoisted on a pole. The lowering of it is the universally accepted admission of surrender or defeat.

And yet it is the flimsiest, most fickle instrument or material that can be used. We talk or sing of its "braving for a thousand years the battle and the breeze." Nevertheless it yields to every wind that blows, flutters into rags in a gale, and presents the minimum of resistance to fire, sword, and bullet. It is the sport of the air and prey of the moth. No doubt, however, its extreme lightness is its great recommendation. It is easy to carry, to raise, to wave, and to shift. It represents the largest surface that can be packed in the least space. Perhaps, however, being easily moved by the wind, the chief secret of its universal adoption lies in the fact that, even in the gentlest breeze, it always indicates *life*. It is not merely the lightest and handiest instrument for signalling, but it is the liveliest. When left to itself it goes on flapping or fluttering on its own account. Though the cannon of the fort be silent, their smoke dispersed, and not a human head show itself above the rampart, the unwearied flag still goes on saying its say, and flaunts defiance, or bears its airy witness to the survival of the bombarded foe. He may be hard hit and distressed, but his flag asserts itself with perhaps even livelier protest when half of its body has been shot away. The flag never gives in. Nail it to the staff, and as long as a rag is left it denies submission. Although the military standard of the Romans had a small banner beneath the gold or silver eagle with extended wings, which was carried on the top of a spear, I fancy they would have been tempted to exchange this their metal ensign for a square of silk if their troops had been exposed to a horizontal rain of lead. The solid bird would soon have been knocked to pieces, while the flag lets the whistling bullet pass through it without the bearer feeling that it is touched. The flag is as obstinate as it is soft.

Having, moreover, been universally adopted as "significant," the flag eminently illustrates the mistakes which we may be likely to make if we judge of things merely by their instrinsic value. It is foolish to affect to despise symbolism, and to condemn a man as caring excessively for sheer trifles when he stands up for some little point of ceremony. He may be grievously in the wrong, but a false issue is raised when we blame him for making a fuss about a thing that is nothing in itself.

Many of the early Christian martyrs might have saved their lives by consenting to cast a little pinch of incense on a heathen altar. And so in many matters now, social, political, and religious, we may wholly miss the point in question when we ridicule or reproach a man or a party for attaching undue importance to some custom or symbol. We should always try to realise the thing that *is meant*, and not waste power in pretending to scorn the whole business because the dispute lies around material trifles. The battle rages hottest round a scrap of silk upon a stick. The national honour may depend upon the treatment given to what is in itself of no more value than a pocket-handkerchief. Things are not always what they seem. The omission of a signature or a seal can invalidate the gravest document. Neglect of the little courtesies of life makes the striking difference between a boor and a gentleman. The boor may be honest and true, but his unmannerly contempt of the small ceremonies of social conduct renders him intolerable. Certainly all is not gold that glitters, but a tarnished coin, however genuine, is often liable to suspicion, and a rough diamond does not fulfil the chief purpose of the jewel. The despising of that which is slight and superficial, or worthless in itself, might be wholesomely corrected when we think how much importance is universally attached to so flimsy a thing as a flag. The world is agreed not merely in using it as a convenient instrument for signalling, but in rendering respect to it as the most widely adopted material of symbolism. And it may remind us that this is one of the most marked characteristics of civilised life, or even humanity. It is the brute alone which is never ceremonious.

In the page of flags which forms the coloured frontispiece of our Monthly Part, it has been necessary to make a selection of the ensigns of all nations. They are very numerous, and the number ever increasing as civilisation advances. A few only of the flags of Asia, and of the American States and Republics, we have had space to give. Places which a century ago were almost unknown, such as Japan, Liberia, and the Hawaiian Islands, have now their national flags, which are respected and saluted like those of the oldest European empires and kingdoms. Many of the states have, in addition to the national standards, flags for commercial departments, and for many uses of signalling or of distinction. A large treatise would be needed for full knowledge of such matters.

With regard to our own imperial standards, the

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national banner of England, Scotland, and Ireland are the crosses of St. George, St. Andrew, and St. Patrick, unitedly forming the Union Jack. Before the union with Ireland, in 1801, the Union Jack, consisting of the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew, had been declared by James I, in 1606, the National Flag of Great Britain.

The Royal Standard of Great Britain and Ireland, containing the arms of the United Kingdom, is the flag of first importance. At sea it is only hoisted when a member of the Royal house is present. The Union Jack is hoisted for the Admiral of the Fleet. All her Majesty's ships of the Navy hoist only the White Ensign at the peak as the national standard.

THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF DUFFERIN, K.P., K.C.B.

After completing his term of six years' residence in Canada as Governor-General of the Dominion, during which period he had gained in an extraordinary degree the affections and goodwill of the Canadian people, Lord Dufferin gave place to his successor, the Marquis of Lorne, and sailed from the colony in October last. Landing at Londonderry, he was received with cordial welcome by his friends in the north of Ireland. The banquet given in his honour by his countrymen somewhat later at Belfast, was at once a testimony to his personal popularity and a befitting recognition of his successful viceregal rule in Canada. Lord Dufferin's return to the mother country is, however, a matter which interests not only his Irish countrymen, but also the entire British community. With an enhanced reputation, an enlarged political experience, and with a new character for effective and brilliant oratory, he will re-occupy his place in the House of Lords.

Other besides legislative duties will, however, devolve upon Lord Dufferin. Before his return home he had been chosen to fill the post of President of the Royal Geographical Society, in continuation of a line of Presidents so distinguished as the late Sir Roderick Murchison, Sir Henry Rawlinson, Sir Bartle Frere, and Sir Rutherford Alcock. This circumstance is in itself evidence sufficient of his varied capabilities and acquirements. On retiring from the office of President, Sir Rutherford Alcock congratulated the Society on securing the services of his lordship. "Distinguished," said Sir Rutherford, "alike as a statesman and a scholar, and no less generally known as a traveller and an accomplished man of the world, with all the qualifications of a great administrator and ruler, I could not desire any better fortune for the Society or myself than to resign my trust into such hands. In Lord Dufferin's keeping we shall feel assured that the character and usefulness of the Society will not only be perfectly safe, but that the Society itself will receive new lustre from the association of his name as President." We need, therefore, make no apology to our readers for adverting to the varied career of Lord Dufferin as a traveller, an author, and a statesman.

Frederick Temple-Blackwood, now Earl of Dufferin, was born the heir to an Irish barony at Florence, on the 26th June, 1826, and claims descent from the Scottish family of Blackwood, notices of which can be traced, in the records of Scotland, to an early period. His father was a captain in the Royal Navy. He married Helen Selina, eldest daughter of Thomas Sheridan, Esquire, and granddaughter of the celebrated Richard Brinsley Sheridan. On his death in 1841, his only son, the subject of our notice, then a youth of fifteen at Eton, succeeded to the title and estates of his family. Succeeding at so early an age, it is a remarkable circumstance that at his birth, in 1826, the present Lord Dufferin stood three removes from his inheritance. In the space of five years no fewer than three barons died; and for many years there were living at the same time three widowed ladies bearing the title of Baroness Dufferin.

Through his mother Lord Dufferin inherits not a few of the mental characteristics which seem to run in the Sheridan blood. The Sheridans, we may in passing remark, are a very ancient Celtic family of County Cavan, and can be traced back to a distant period in Irish history. Two of its members were distinguished for their abilities and learning in the reign of Charles II, viz., Thomas Sheridan and Charles, his brother, Bishop of Kildare. Thomas Sheridan, son of the famous wit, dramatist, and politician, married Caroline, daughter of Colonel Callander, of Craigforth, in the county of Stirling, a descendant of a branch of the ancient house of Argyll; and thus, from his maternal grandmother, Lord Dufferin mingles in his veins a strain of the cool Scottish with the more exuberant Irish blood. Harriet Selina Baroness Dufferin, afterwards Countess Gifford, mother of Lord Dufferin, died in June, 1867. The sister of the late Lady Stirling-Maxwell, formerly Mrs. Norton, and of the Duchess of Somerset, this lady was well known in the fashionable world for her wit, beauty, and poetical talents. She was a contributor to the annuals of the period and to poetical literature. Some of her Irish ballads and lyrics appeal powerfully to the heart, and are beautiful, and racy of the soil. Among these, the most effective are, perhaps, "Terence's Farewell" and "The Irish Emigrant's Lament." She was intimate with the poet Moore, and, like him, sung her own songs with exquisite taste and feeling. It was to her, as Mr. Samuel Lover thinks, that Moore alluded when he wrote,—

> "Beauty may boast of her eyes and her cheeks,
> But love from the lip his true archery wings;
> And she who but feathers the shaft when she speaks,
> At once sends it home to the heart when she sings."

At the southern extremity of the demesne of Clandeboye, the seat of the Earl of Dufferin, on the road leading from Bangor to Holywood, rises a hill, crowned by a tower built for the purpose of enshrining some beautiful verses addressed by the then Lady Dufferin to her son, the present earl. The structure has received the name of Helen's tower. The mansion of Clandeboye was originally erected in the reign of James I, but subsequent alterations have obliterated its ancient character. From the western side of the demesne an avenue leads to the seashore, distant about three miles.

The very clever and charming satiric production, entitled "Lispings from Low Latitudes," illustrating the adventures of a fashionable lady in Egypt, published in 1863, with a brief explanatory note by Lord Dufferin, was, we believe, at the time, correctly attributed to his lordship's gifted mother.

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After leaving Eton Lord Dufferin's education was continued at Christ Church, Oxford. Oxford, however, it appears, he left without taking honours. It is worthy of mention that when in residence at Christ Church, in 1847, the year of the Irish famine, and being then at the age of twenty-one, Lord Dufferin made a visit to the town of Skibbereen, in the south of Ireland. This small town was reported to be the very nucleus of famine and disease. On returning to Oxford he published a simple account of what he had seen and heard, which affords evidence of a ready observation and early thoughtfulness. Of these qualities we shall find riper fruits as we trace the course of Lord Dufferin's future career.

Lord John Russell being then Prime Minister, and Lord Dufferin belonging to the Whig or Liberal school of politics, he was, in 1850, at the age of twenty-four, created a baron of the United Kingdom. This gave him a seat in the House of Lords. Four years later his introduction to official life was made by his appointment to the post of Lord-in-Waiting on the Queen. In 1855, during the Crimean War, Lord Dufferin, in the character of Special Attaché, accompanied Lord John Russell, the British representative, to a Conference of the Great Powers held at Vienna. The failure of Lord John's proposals led to his retirement from the Aberdeen Ministry; but though the conference proved abortive, it at least afforded to Lord Dufferin some experience in the business of diplomacy, invaluable to him as a young man destined for high public service.

In the following year, 1856, Lord Dufferin's activities were turned in a direction quite different from the concerns of European diplomacy. In his schooner-yacht Foam he visited Iceland, Jan Mayen, Spitzbergen, and the coasts of Norway, and on his return home published "Letters from High Latitudes," giving an account of his voyage, which speedily ran through several editions, and has maintained its character as a popular book ever since. The reader has a taste of the traveller's qualities as a poet from the opening address to the figure-head of the Foam, which we infer was a likeness of his own mother, Lady Dufferin:

" Calm sculptured image of as sweet a face
As ever lighted up an English home,
Whose mute companionship has deigned to grace
Our wanderings o'er a thousand leagues of foam.

The uncouth winds stole kisses from your cheek,
Then, wild with exultation, hurried on,
And boasting, bade their laggard comrades seek
The momentary bliss themselves had won."

The clear and polished style, the humour and keen observation, the buoyant and healthy feeling, and captivating geniality of "Letters from High Latitudes," will long retain for it a deserved place in English popular literature.

In the year 1860 Lord Dufferin was selected to render an important service in the East. As our readers may remember, frightful atrocities were committed in that year in Syria of a nature akin to those of which Bulgaria has recently been the theatre in Europe. The animosity between the Maronite Christians and the Druses had been bitter, and of long standing. For purposes of their own, as was proved, the Turkish rulers had stimulated the chronic animosity between these religionists. Dissatisfied with the scheme of partial autonomy established by the Great Powers in the Lebanon in 1845, the Turks wished to make it appear that it was practically unworkable, and for this end they abetted the Druses in the vengeance they took for a meditated attack by the Christians. About four thousand of the latter were massacred. The Great Powers promptly interfered. Under agreement, six thousand French troops were dispatched to Syria to restore order. The outbreak took place in May, and at the end of July Lord Dufferin was appointed to act as British Commissioner in Syria in conjunction with commissioners deputed by France, Austria, Prussia, and Russia. The object of the commission was to inquire into the origin of the disturbances and outbreak, to alleviate the sufferings and losses of the Christians, and make arrangements for the future administration of Syria. Lord Dufferin's communications to his Government are given in the papers respecting the disturbances in Syria presented to Parliament in 1861. In recognition of his services in the East, his lordship was made a Knight Commander of the Bath.

In connection with his residence in Syria we may notice a lecture entitled, "Notes on Ancient Syria," delivered by Lord Dufferin before the Dublin Young Men's Christian Association, and published in 1864. "The first visit a man pays to Egypt, Palestine, and Syria," said his lordship, "produces a greater revolution in his ideas, a larger expansion of thought, a warmer stimulus to his imagination, than any other process his mind can undergo." Our space will not allow us to refer to the interesting contents of this lecture. From a graphic picture of the Holy Land, as viewed from the summit of Mount Tabor, we extract the concluding words. "Along the path leading from the village of Nain, little effort is required to picture to one's self the memorable procession that once left its streets, the veiled and weeping mother, the friends and neighbours with their sad burden; and, above all, that beloved and awful Presence whose memory is associated with every step we take among the hills of His earthly home."

On the 23rd October, 1862, Lord Dufferin was united in marriage to Harriot Georgina, eldest daughter of the late Archibald Hamilton, Esq., of Killyleagh. The marriage took place in the ancient castle of the bride's family, which had been beautifully restored a few years previously. The seaport town of Killyleagh, lying on Loch Strangford, belongs partly to Lord Dufferin and partly to the Hamilton family. The union of the two local families of Dufferin and Hamilton—that had lived together in the same neighbourhood for centuries, and had alike earned the goodwill and affection of the population—called forth general congratulation and rejoicing. In reply to an address from his friends and tenants on his marriage-day, and in reference to his bride, Lord Dufferin said, "I trust I shall make her a good husband, and that she will be a happy wife. As for the future, we neither of us can have a higher ambition than to do our duty faithfully in that station in which God has placed us." In many ways, and especially as the wife of the Governor-General of Canada, the Countess of Dufferin has proved herself the worthy mate of her distinguished husband.

From 1864 till 1866 Lord Dufferin held the office of Under-Secretary for India, and afterwards, for a time, that of Under-Secretary of State for War. In

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December, 1868, under the Government of Mr. Gladstone, he was appointed Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, and this latter post he held until April, 1872, when he was appointed Governor-General of the Dominion of Canada. Meantime, several other posts and honours had been conferred upon him. Made a Knight of St. Patrick in 1863, he was appointed Lord-Lieutenant of his own County Down in 1864, and created a Privy Councillor in 1868. Finally, he was raised in the peerage of the United Kingdom to the dignity of earl in November, 1871.

We may here fitly refer to the inaugural address delivered by the Earl of Dufferin, as President of the Social Science Congress, which met at Belfast in 1867. For a series of years up till 1867, Lord Brougham had constantly acted as President of each of the meetings. To occupy such a post after Lord Brougham was, said his successor, "in itself a lesson of humility." "Social Science I take to be," said Lord Dufferin, "the acquisition of such knowledge as shall enable the human community by which the earth is inhabited to reach the highest level of moral and physical well-being which is compatible with the original conditions of their existence." In his address, however, he restricted himself, as befitted the place of meeting and his own special knowledge, to dealing with some of the circumstances affecting the social condition of the Irish people. Ireland, as he pointed out, differed from England and Scotland—1st, in its restricted manufacturing industry; 2nd, in the peculiarities of its agricultural system; 3rd, in the large emigration from its shores; and 4th, in its two distinct races, and religious antagonism. Lord Dufferin had at that time made the condition of Ireland the subject of earnest study. On the occasion of Earl Grey's motion on the state of Ireland in the House of Lords on the 16th of March, 1866, he delivered his views, remarking at the time that he was unidentified with any political school or religious party in Ireland, but that his material interests and a great portion of his happiness were bound up in the prosperity of that country.

It will be remembered that these discussions on the state of Ireland took place previously to the disestablishment of the Irish Church and the passing of the Irish Land Act. In regard to the former question, Lord Dufferin advocated the establishment of religious equality in Ireland on the broadest basis. On the land question he was constrained strongly to oppose the opinions advanced by some members of the Liberal party. In addition to his speeches in Parliament, his views were set forth in a speech at a tenants' dinner in 1865; in evidence given before a Select Committee of the House of Commons appointed to report on tenure and improvement of land in Ireland; in a series of able letters to the "Times," which were afterwards republished, with additions, under the title of "Irish Emigration and the Tenure of Land in Ireland;" and further, in another work, entitled, "Mr. Mill's Plan for the Pacification of Ireland Examined." What Lord Dufferin set himself mainly to do was to disprove the assertions then made that Irish disaffection and emigration were occasioned by the conduct of the landlords towards their tenants, and by the inequity of the laws affecting the tenure of land, or, in other words, by what was called the exterminating policy of the Irish landlords. Evils deeply seated and intimately interwoven in the past were not, in his opinion, to be cured by meddling with the land laws. In his inaugural address to the Social Science Congress, to which we have already referred, Lord Dufferin traced some of these evils to their origin in Irish history. They were such as no legislation could cure. For no nation can be made industrious, provident, and skilful by Act of Parliament. "It is to time," he said, "to education, and above all to the development of the industrial resources of Ireland that we must look for the reinvigoration of its economical constitution." Happily, since the period of these discussions, the material prosperity of Ireland has surely and considerably advanced.

We now, however, follow Lord Dufferin across the Atlantic to the New World. His tenure of the office of Governor-General of Canada extended from 1872 to 1878, and, as it happened, he was the third Irishman who had in succession held the viceregal post. On this ground Canada is specially indebted to Ireland. When the Marquis of Lorne, Lord Dufferin's successor, on his way to Canada in November last, received on board the Sarmatian a congratulatory address from the corporation of Londonderry, he alluded in his reply to this obligation. "Who could recall," he said, "without gratitude to the country that gave him birth, the rule of the late Governor-General of Canada, the Earl of Dufferin?" "Canada was, besides," said the Marquis, "indebted to Ireland for many a hardy agriculturist and many a clever artisan."

When Lord Dufferin, with the advantages that belonged to him as an Irishman, arrived in Canada to assume the functions of Governor-General, five years' experience had been had of the working of the Dominion Government. In pursuance of the British North America Act, passed in the British Parliament on the 29th of March, 1867, it will be remembered, the Dominion had been created. The confederacy at first embraced only four provinces—Ontario (Upper Canada), Quebec (Lower Canada), Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick. Afterwards, Prince Edward Island and British Columbia were added, and later still Manitoba, a province cut out of the territories of the Hudson's Bay Company. The whole of British North America, indeed, except Newfoundland, is now included in the Dominion. The adhesion of British Columbia was obtained on condition that the Dominion would construct a railway to connect that province with the railway system of Canada within a period of ten years from the date of union. This undertaking, made in haste, was found to be entirely impracticable within the time specified, and led to difficulties which had to be dealt with by Lord Dufferin as Governor-General. The Parliamentary papers relating to the Dominion of Canada, published in 1875, give the history of the scheme, and the terms of arbitration settled by Lord Carnarvon, then Colonial Secretary.

It need hardly be said that in all essential respects, the constitution of the confederated provinces is a copy of the constitution of the mother country. The Dominion Parliament meets at Ottawa, the capital, and has legislative authority over all matters not specially reserved to the local or provincial legislatures. The Houses of Parliament and Government offices are conspicuous objects in Ottawa, and, like the castles of Edinburgh and Stirling, are situated on an eminence, and command a romantic view. Rideau Hall, the residence of the Governor-General, is in the suburb of New Edinburgh, which lies below the capital. The house has been recently rebuilt

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and improved, and the gardens are well laid out. The salary attached to the office of the Governor-General is £10,000 a year.

Lord Dufferin did not enter on his office without just ideas of its duties and functions. What a Governor-General should be he describes in the following truthful and eloquent words:—"A representative of all that is august, stable, and sedate in the government, the history, and traditions of the country; incapable of partisanship, and lifted far above the atmosphere of faction; without adherents to reward or opponents to oust from office; docile to the suggestions of his ministers, and yet securing to the people the certainty of being able to get rid of an administration or a Parliament the moment either have forfeited their confidence." His lordship entered on his high office at a critical and important period in the history of the Dominion, when party spirit ran high, and when the new constitution, not yet consolidated, was being subjected to the test of experience. Much of his success has been owing to his strict avoidance of partisanship. He has himself said that the main duty of a Governor-General was to prevent mischief rather than to accomplish good, and with some humour he has likened himself to "a man in fustian tending some complicated piece of machinery, who goes about with a little tin can having a long spout to it, pouring in a little drop of oil here and another there."

In the discharge of his duties as Governor-General, Lord Dufferin has visited British Columbia* and many other portions of the Canadian Dominion. Towards the close of an extensive tour in the summer of 1874, he thus gave expression to the results of his observations. "Everywhere I have learnt that the people are satisfied—satisfied with their own individual prospects; satisfied with their government, and the institutions under which they prosper; satis-

* Our readers will find in the "Sea of Mountains," by Molyneux St. John, an account of Lord Dufferin's tour through British Columbia in 1876. This work contains his lordship's great speech at Victoria, and also other matters of interest touching the relations of British Columbia to the Dominion. (Hurst & Blacket.)

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fied to be the subjects of the Queen; satisfied to be members of the British Empire." "Words," he further says, "cannot express what pride I feel in the loyalty of Canada to England. Never was Canada more united than at present in sympathy of purpose and unity of interest with the mother country, more at one with her in social habits and tone of thought, more proud of her claim to share in the heritage of England's past, more ready to accept whatsoever obligations may be imposed upon her by her partnership in the future fortunes of the empire."

It is not necessary here to enter into details concerning Canadian politics, or to touch on the difficulties encountered by Lord Dufferin during his term of office. It is enough to say that he has won golden opinions from all sorts of men, and has done much by personal influence and example to stimulate the loyalty of the Canadians, and to consolidate the relations between the Dominion and the mother country.

Nor did his lordship leave Canada without addressing to its politicians words of warning and advice on the subject of purity in the Civil Service, and the necessity of upholding a high standard of public morality and practical patriotism in the eyes of the people.

Lord Dufferin's brilliant qualities as a speaker were made strikingly conspicuous by his addresses delivered during his farewell progresses in the year 1877. Tact, humour, courtesy, and kindness were blended with political wisdom in these valedictory speeches, which, in addition to the interest they excited in Canada, were read with admiration in England. In one of them he brought to general notice—almost for the first time—the existence of two strange colonies in the heart of the Dominion, the Mennonites, a race of Russian emigrants, and the settlers from Iceland, who had nestled into that distant land, and were learning by degrees the arts and secrets of a civilisation different from their own. Both of these communities Lord Dufferin visited. The Mennonites make excellent settlers, and are distinguished by good order and cleanliness. Their reserves are two in number—Rat River reserve, consisting of eight townships eastwards, and Dufferin reserve, consisting of seventeen townships westwards, of Red River. The Icelandic colony is in the territory of Keewatin, on the west shore of Lake Winnipeg.

The progress of the white race westwards will no doubt raise the difficult question of the relations of the colonists to the Indians. At the present time these relations are happily on a satisfactory footing. Lord Dufferin's parting and practical advice to the Canadians is to find a solution of this question in prevailing on the red man, by precept, example, and suasion, by gifts of cattle and other encouragements, to exchange the precarious life of the hunter for pastoral, and eventually agricultural avocations. In that case the Indians would become a valuable adjunct to the strength and industry of the Dominion.

At a farewell banquet given by the citizens of Winnipeg, the capital of Manitoba, to the departing Governor-General, Lord Dufferin reviewed the history of the Dominion, and specially traced the progress of that new province, which he regarded "as the key-stone of the mighty arc of sister provinces which spans the continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific." We may conclude our sketch of Lord Dufferin's career by an extract from this speech, which will at once convey a vivid idea of the splendour of the British inheritance in Canada, and furnish an example of his lordship's glowing yet unexaggerated oratory. "It was here in Manitoba," he said, "that Canada, emerging from her woods and forests, first gazed upon her rolling prairies and unexplored north-west, and learnt, as by an unexpected revelation, that her historical territories of the Canadas, the eastern seaboards of New Brunswick, Labrador, and Nova Scotia, the Laurentian lakes and valleys, cornfields, and pastures, though themselves more extensive than half a dozen European kingdoms, were but the vestibules and antechambers to that till then undreamt-of domain, whose illimitable dimensions alike confound the arithmetic of the surveyor and the verification of the explorer. It was here that, counting her past achievements as but the preface and prelude to her future exertions and expanding destinies, she took a fresh departure, received the afflatus of a more Imperial inspiration, and felt herself no longer a mere settler along the bank of a single river, but the owner of half a continent, and in the amplitude of her possession, in the wealth of her resources, in the sinews of her material might, the peer of any power on earth." In the following inspiriting words Lord Dufferin wound up his oration at Winnipeg. "In a world apart, secluded from extraneous influences, nestling at the feet of her majestic mother, Canada dreams her dream and forbodes her destiny—a dream of ever-broadening harvests, multiplying towns and villages and expanding pastures; of constitutional self-government and a confederated empire; of page after page of honourable history, added as her contribution to the annals of the mother country, and to the glories of the British race; of a perpetuation for all time upon this continent of that temperate and well-balanced system of government, which combines in one mighty whole as the eternal possession of all Englishmen, the brilliant history and traditions of the past, with the freest and most untrammelled liberty of action in the future."

J. H.

AUTOMATA.

BY JOHN NEVIL MASKELYNE.

I.

Automata, or self-acting machines, might be taken to include clocks and other devices which, by means of weights, levers, pulleys, and strings, move for a considerable time; but the word will here be used in its technical sense, as indicating mechanical figures made to cause wonder and amusement. Chief among these are what are called "androides," or man-resembling figures, capable of performing the motions of human beings, apparently the result of will and intelligence.

There are those who conceive talent to be thrown away upon such toys, but the fact is, the ingenuity of their authors has led to the construction of mechanisms of greatest use to mankind. Thus Sir David Brewster observes: "The same combination of the mechanical powers which made the spider crawl, or waved the tiny rod of the magician, contributed in future years to purposes of higher import. Those wheels and pinions, which almost eluded our senses by their minuteness, reappeared in the stupendous

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mechanism of our spinning-machines and our steam-engines. The elements of the tumbling puppet were revived in the chronometer, which now conducts our navy through the ocean, and the shapeless wheel which directed the hand of the drawing automaton* has served in the present age to guide the movements of the tambouring engine."

But these grand "possible results" have seldom been in the minds of the makers of automata. They have generally sought their own advantage in catering for the amusement of their kind. This is a fair and laudable purpose, especially if science is called to assist the illusion. Many great men have thought it worthy of their energies to devote some attention to automata. Archimedes, the most famed mechanist of antiquity, found time for, and pleasure in, the making of such "inconsiderate trifles." Many scientific men since his time, as Roger Bacon, Albertus Magnus, Regiomontanus, the Marquis of Worcester, Dr. Hooke, Vaucanson, and others, have striven in the same direction.

All automatons have not been useless, even in their own time. Witness that equine wonder mentioned by Isaac D'Israeli. It seems that a philosopher, annoyed by having horses led to drink beneath the window of his study, "made a magical horse of wood, according to one of the books of Hermes, which perfectly answered his purpose by frightening away the horses, or, rather, the grooms. The wooden horse, no doubt, gave some palpable kick!" In many cases automatic machines have not been of such value to their makers; frequently they have brought them into serious trouble as sorcerers; and ignorance has, in some instances, led to the destruction of the figures, as when Descartes's "wooden daughter" was being conveyed by sea, and the prying ancient mariner, fixing his "glassy eye" at a cranny in the packing-case, was frightened by the wooden lady speaking to him, and induced by his superstitious fears to throw the box and its contents overboard.

It is as well to say at once that the accounts of early automata must be received with caution, as unquestionably exaggerated, while possibly, in some cases, the stories are wholesale fabrications. The mechanisms of the Middle Ages, too, were terribly be-puffed by contemporary writers. Some of these were, doubtless, marvels of delicate workmanship when mechanical, but clock-work simply. The nearest approach to the supernatural in such creations were those dependent upon trickery, pre-eminent amongst which were some apparently endowed with human speech, where the conjurers called in science to their aid. Amongst the earliest recorded self-moving engines are those mentioned by Homer (to whom we must accord poetic licence), tripods constructed by Vulcan for the Temple of Olympus. These, by their own volition, took their stations in the banquet-hall of the gods. Archytas of Tarentum, a Pythagorean philosopher, who had been Plato's tutor, 400 B.C., made a wooden dove, or pigeon, that would fly, but when once it settled could not renew its flight. Aulus Gellius says that it flew by mechanical means, being suspended by balancing, and animated by a secretly-enclosed *aura* of spirit, a definition of motive-power sufficiently indefinite and abstruse for a modern spiritualist. Bishop Wilkins more sagely attributes such motion, if it did exist, to the presence of rarefied air within the body of the machine.

Artificial puppets that ran, actuated by internal springs, are said to have been a favourite amusement of the Greeks, and the Romans imitated these in their *neurospasta*. Dædalus was most prolific of automatons; he had female dancers and a wooden cow. The latter sounds somewhat prosaic, though we have long been accustomed to the mechanical "cow with the iron tail"—a great source of lacteal riches for London! He made some statues so active and vigorous that it became necessary to tie them down to prevent them running away! This is a doubtful legend. It is all very well to see a figure bound with ropes and to be told that if once released it would "run like a lamplighter," but there is not much proof about it. It reminds one of the story told of Joe Smith, the Mormon prophet: he took his followers to a deep stream, that they might see him walk dry-shod over it. By the waterside he stopped and faced the eager crowd: "Have you faith," said Joseph—"have you faith that I can walk across without wetting my feet?" "We have—we have!" cried his enthusiastic people. "Then," said the prophet, "that is as good as if I were to do it fifty times—the end is gained!" and he walked away with his patriarchal umbrella under his arm—for, like other Mormon leaders, Joseph had ever an eye to the main chance, and provided for a rainy day.

Aristotle mentions a wooden Venus, constructed by Dædalus, the secret of whose motion depended upon quicksilver; but Sir David Brewster points out that its movements could not be due to such agency, "unless the automaton moved on a descending plane, like the Chinese toy called a tumbling mandarin, which by means of mercury included in the cavity of its body is made to tumble down a series of steps like a stair."

Amongst the automatic achievements of the ancients, Bishop Wilkins mentions an image holding in its hand a golden apple, "beautified," he says, "with many costly jewels; if any man offered to take it, the statue presently shot him to death; the touching of this apple serving to discharge several short bows, or other the like instruments, that were secretly couched within the body of the image."

Automatons apparently possessed of human speech were long a source of marvel. The speaking head of Orpheus was an awe-inspiring enigma to the Greeks; but it is more than probable that the wonder was to be accounted for on the same principle as the vocal powers of the colossal statue of the Indian god, Siva (the Destroyer), where a seat was provided for the priest under the head-gear of the figure, and from this came the voice of the supposed god. Tubes were often used to convey the sounds. The Scandinavian Odin had a speaking head of *Mirue*, constructed after the death of that mythical hero, and the monk Gerbert (afterwards Pope Sylvester II) is credited by William of Malmesbury with making a brazen head gifted with speech.

The celebrated talking head of the Franciscan friar, Roger Bacon, of Ilchester, has often been referred to, but the records are so mixed up with stupid legends that no useful information can be gathered from them.

A contemporary of Roger Bacon, the friar Albert Groot, called "Albertus Magnus," from the Latinising of his name of Groot, or Great, sometime Bishop of Ratisbon, is stated to have designed a speaking head of earthenware, and a man of brass, who politely answered the visitor's tap at the distinguished

* This probably refers to the figure of M. Le Droz the younger, mentioned hereafter.

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chemist's door. We may fairly put Albert Groot's man of brass down as fable, or perhaps it was only an allegorical way of describing his not very modest nor popular servant.

This brazen man is said to have been worked at for thirty years under various constellations and *according to the laws of perspective*, whatever that has to do with such movements; and one story runs that when the androide was raised to the dignity of Groot's attendant it became inflated, and when once the machinery of its tongue was set in motion, like the "cork leg" of a famous ballad, there was no stopping it! It is also said that Thomas Aquinas smashed the figure to be rid of its ceaseless loquacity; while another legend is that Aquinas knocked it over with his staff because he imagined it to be the work of the devil. If this be true, Thomas, whose dull face had led his schoolfellows to call him "The Ox," must have been as dull as that amiable animal; albeit Groot is reported to have said that Thomas was an ox who would one day make his lowings heard throughout Christendom. Albertus took his misfortune very mildly, it seems, merely exclaiming, "Periit opus triginta annorum."

Porta, in his "Natural Magick," says, "I read in many men of great authority that Albertus Magnus made a head that speak; yet, to speak the truth, I give little credit to that man, because all I made trial of from him I found to be false, but what he took from other men." We are in duty bound to note that one person has been found ingenious enough to advance a most original theory. This is, that the interior of the body should be charged with words—as a cannon with powder and shot—beforehand, to be rattled out, like the frozen-up tunes in Baron Munchausen's trumpet when a thaw came. Bishop Wilkins says some have thought it possible to preserve the voice, or any words spoken, in a hollow trunk or pipe, and that this pipe, being rightly opened, the words will come out of it in the same order wherein they were spoken—a rough anticipation of the phonograph!

Many attempts at speaking-machines have been made nearer our own time. In my article upon acoustics (see "Leisure Hour," 1878, p. 204) some were named that owed their wonderful power to tubes such as are now so familiar to the public for the like purpose of carrying the voice for long distances.

Evelyn's "Memoirs" state that when he was in Italy, in 1644, he visited the Villa Borghese, at Rome, and there saw the figure of a satyr that "artfully expressed a human voice;" but we receive no further particulars. In his diary of the 13th July, 1654, however, he writes, "We all dined at that most obliging and universally curious Dr. Wilkins, at Wadham College (Oxford). He had contrived a hollow statue, which gave a voice, and uttered words by a long concealed pipe that went to its mouth, whilst one speaks through it at a good distance."

About 1774 the Abbé Mical (who made some musical automatons) exhibited two speaking heads at the Academy of Sciences, at Paris; and at London Cucchiani, an Italian conjurer, in 1825, admitted the public to view a bust of Napoleon which was said to speak in any language. Possibly the Abbé's attempts were genuine efforts at imitating the human voice by reed sounds; undoubtedly Cucchiani's bust was on the principle of "The Invisible Girl" (see the paper previously alluded to) which was brought out in Paris in the same year. This was the best and most successful *trick* in the so-called "speaking-machine" business, and was worked upon the lines laid down by Baptista Porta nearly two hundred years previously.

From the foregoing it will be noticed that such creations are to be divided into two classes, the first and larger one being that in which trickery is employed to deceive the senses, and where the voice of a concealed person is conveyed by reflection, or through tubes, to the machine; the second is the smaller but more meritorious class, where the makers have made earnest efforts to reproduce by machinery and tubes or pipes the sounds of the voice of man.

De Kempelen, the inventor of the famous chess-player, gave his attention to the subject, and is said to have shown a machine to his friends which spoke a great number of words and sentences. But with one so accomplished in the arts of deception as De Kempelen there will always remain a doubt whether these effects were not produced by an accomplice concealed in that "rectangular box about three feet long." Sir David Brewster thought that "perhaps the chess-playing dwarf" (referred to hereafter) "was not altogether unconcerned in the performance." De Kempelen's attempt was in 1783, after the introduction of M. Kratzenstein's ingenious "vowel-pipes" before the Imperial Academy of Sciences, St. Petersburg, in 1779. These were reeds, and by blowing into them the vowel sounds were produced. Mr. Willis, of Cambridge, improved upon these by adapting cylindrical tubes to the reeds, whose length was capable of variation by sliding joints. Neither of these arrangements surmounted the difficulties of successfully imitating "the human voice divine."

Notwithstanding all the failures, Sir Charles Wheatstone exhibited the result of his labours at a meeting of the British Association at Dublin. This machine spoke only a few words, and those very indistinctly.

Herr Faber, of Vienna, brought out a talking figure of a woman in the Boulevard Magenta, Paris, 1862, and subsequently in London. Some unpleasant sibilant sounds were obtained from this machine by the professor, who played upon keys as of a piano.

Thus, though several loyal efforts have been made, the human voice still baffles correct imitation; our speaking dolls, who say "papa" and "mamma" so much alike that it takes a quick ear to distinguish one from the other, are almost on a par with all that is known of real talking-machines. I do not look upon the reproduction of vocal sounds as an absolute impossibility. There are ample means now to work upon, so as to surpass any of the contrivances of this kind yet published to the world.

I have thus, for the convenience of comparison, grouped all speaking-machines together, but shall now return to the chronological order of the automata first pursued, and departed from after Albert Groot's brazen man. To the maker of this very doubtful monster succeeded another automatic mechanician, whose wonders are equally open to suspicion. This was the German astronomer Johann Müller, called "Regiomontanus," from *Mons Regius*, or Konigsberg. He constructed an iron fly that left his hand at a banquet and returned after making a circuit of the hall. He is also credited with making a wooden eagle that flew forth from the city of Nuremberg upon June 7th, 1470, to meet the Emperor Maximilian. It perched upon the city gates, and stretched

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out its legs as if to salute the monarch! The story is somewhat apocryphal, and some authorities hint that it was a tame dove decked with some nobler feathers.

Beckman, author of the "History of Inventions," thinks all the wonders ascribed to Regiomontanus were stories invented by Peter Ramus, on whose authority they mainly rest, or accepted by him on hearsay, as he never visited Nuremberg until 1571, more than a hundred years after the supposed marvels were accomplished.

Jean de Mont-Royal is said to have presented the Emperor Charles v with an iron fly that hovered round the inventor's head, and then rested on his arm—a suspicious *replica* this of the fly of Johann Müller.

Charles v, after his abdication, studied mechanism under Janellus Turrianus, of Cremona, at the monastery of St. Justin. He is said to have introduced puppets upon the table after dinner, beating drums, blowing horns, or charging each other in fight; also iron mills, self-moving, and so small that a monk could carry one in his sleeve, yet sufficiently powerful to grind enough corn in a day to last eight men for a like term. This seems about as easy of belief as are the stories of fairy mills that grind one young again; but then we must remember what capacious sleeves those monks wore. About this time, also, Hans Bullman, padlock-maker, of Nuremberg, made many liliputian figures of men and women. These beat drums and played upon lutes by clock-work, and probably some found their way into the ex-monarch's museum. About the year 1679 Dr. Robert Hooke, when secretary of the Royal Society, seems to have been smitten with a desire to emulate the feats of the ancients in the construction of a machine by which men could fly in any direction. He, however, gained little in reputation by his flying chariot, or chair, and his fame rests upon a lower but more solid basis in his observations on the quadrant, telescope, and microscope. Hooke merely followed in the wake of many clever men, who deemed it possible to make some kind of machine to make men fly, though all such attempts have hitherto failed.

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES AND ANECDOTES.

LIMPETS.

WHO that has visited rocky sea-shores but must have seen the limpet? And perhaps to most the sight has not been particularly interesting. There they are, every day in the same spot, unattractive in either colour or shape, some big, some little. Perhaps the fact not only of holding on, but living and thriving on a wave-beaten ocean coast, may have been thought a little remarkable. I feel persuaded that closer acquaintance would disclose much to interest. I at least have felt deeply interested in limpet study, and will, if you incline, make you partaker of what I have seen and felt among the limpets on dark nights and bright days.

To an ordinary observer the limpets seem stationary, occupying the same spot on the face of the rock for weeks, months, years. Nor is this at variance with fact. From infancy to old age, if not removed by violence, the limpet will keep to the same spot, summer and winter. When the boy becomes a man, the limpets marked by him when a boy are there still—not merely on the same rock front, but on the identical spot, as if a dead fixture instead of a living creature.

The best place to study their habits is in a rock-fissure, a little below high-water mark—say, half-tide—a fissure too deep for your hand to reach the limpets, but in which you see them distinctly. Here you will see them planted side by side as if set by human hand, some big, some little, but all in rows, so that each limpet seems to have a right-of-way to come out if so inclined. But who ever saw them except as described? Everybody knows they can move; and in order to feed one fancies they must. Yet who ever saw them move?

Now come with me to such a fissure; count the number of limpets in it; mark the exact position of each and the size of each. Repeat this visit twelve or twenty times, until each limpet becomes as familiar as the button on your sleeve. We now visit our fissure about midnight—hardly worth loss of sleep and exposure, but when on a discovery on which the mind is set, sleep and comfort count for little. We are off; it is about half-flood, not more. Coming within several yards of our familiar fissure, we cease to speak, and crawl on in silence. Now we are at the spot. If there is a moon we may have light sufficient, if not, we strike a light and look into the fissure, and, to our surprise, the limpets are all gone! Look outside; there they all are, moving about promiscuously like sheep in a park! The least noise will cause them either to squat down or roll off into the sea; but if silent, we can remove them with ease as they move about. Our object just now is not to take them for bait, but to look at them and learn something from them. We thereupon withdraw in silence, and next day visit our fissure. There they all are, each in the same spot as on previous days. No; perhaps we miss one small limpet. Barring accidents, I can account for the little chap. Limpets have laws or rules of procedure in common with all living creatures. Rule number one seems to be that no limpet shall invade the resting-place of another: the penalty, death. Young limpets, like the young of a noble race, from selfishness, ignorance, or bravado, sometimes violate this rule. When out feeding, they are sooner filled than big ones, and return sooner to the fissure. From mistake or choice, the wee thing will, on a rare occasion, settle down in the bed of a big one. When the old fellow returns and finds his bed occupied, he touches the invader with his feelers. The only effect of this gentle hint is to cause the little one to adhere more firmly. The big limpet at once puts the law in force by inflicting the penalty death on the transgressor. He moves on to the top of the small limpet until he gets hold of the rock all round the little one, and by thus excluding the air suffocation soon does the fatal work. When the big limpet moves off, the dead one usually rolls to the bottom of the fissure, when it is at once taken in hand by a number of insects which seem to have been waiting for such an event, and in a short time all that remains of the ambitious youth is an empty shell!

Such tragical scenes in a limpet village are rare, but they do occur, as the empty shells at the bottom of the fissure testify. I have witnessed the execution, and, I am afraid, felt more sympathy for the condemned than respect for the law. To take the part

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of the weak against the strong is a common impulse but it is not always the right thing to do. I have knocked down the big limpet more than once, but always felt doubtful whether I were on the side of right. Let me add that a given state of weather is required for the limpet to move freely. I have known it stationary for weeks together until covered by the sea.

Walls, Shetland. L. FRASER.

THE COW-TREE OF THE CARACCAS.

Of vegetable productions, few have excited more general interest in the botanical world than the Palo de Vaca, or Cow-tree of the Caraccas (*Galacto-déndron* ùtile*), which belongs to the natural order *Artocarpàceæ*, a family containing the bread-fruit (*Artocàrpus incìsa*), the virulent Upas-tree (*Antiàris toxicària*), and many other plants.

The appearance of the *Galactodéndron* at the Paris Exhibition has caused fresh attraction to be directed to it, and its introduction and cultivation to be recommended in parts of the world of which the tree is not a native, where a constant supply of the milk would prove of great advantage. The milk of the Cow-tree has been analysed by various chemists, who have found it to contain more than thirty per cent. of galactine. Living specimens of this important tree may be seen in the collections at Kew, and at the Royal Botanic Gardens in the Regent's Park.

The late Baron Humboldt was the first to bring the Cow-tree of Caraccas into notice. In his valuable "Rélation Historique" he says, "We returned from Porto Cabello to the valley of Aragua, stopping at the plantation of Barbula, through which the new road to Valencia is to pass. For many weeks we had heard a great deal of a tree whose juice is a nourishing milk. The tree itself is called the Cow-tree, and we were assured that the negroes on the farm, who are in the habit of drinking large quantities of this vegetable milk, consider it as highly nutritive, an assertion which startled us the more as almost all lactescent vegetable fluids are acrid, bitter, and more or less poisonous. Experience, however, proved to us, during our residence at Barbula, that the virtues of the Cow-tree, or Palo de Vaca, have not been exaggerated. This fine tree bears the general aspect of the star apple-tree (*Chrysophyllum Cainìto*). Its oblong, pointed, coriaceous, and alternate leaves are about ten inches long, and marked with lateral nerves that are parallel and project beneath. The flower we had no opportunity of seeing. The fruit is somewhat fleshy, and contains one or two kernels. Incisions made in the trunk of the tree are followed by a profuse flow of gluey and thickish milk, destitute of acridity, and exhaling a very agreeable balsamic odour. It was offered to us in calabashes, and though we drank large quantities of it, both at night before going to bed and again early in the morning, we experienced no uncomfortable effects. The viscidity of this milk alone renders it rather unpleasant to those who are unaccustomed to it. The negroes and free people who work in the plantations use it by soaking bread in it made from maize, manioc, aropa, and cassava; and the superintendent of the farm assured us that the slaves become visibly fatter during the season when the Palo de Vaca yields most milk. When exposed to the air this fluid displays on its surface, probably by the absorption of the atmospheric oxygen, membranes of a highly animal nature, yellowish and thready, like those of cheese, which, when separated from the more watery liquid, are nearly as elastic as those of caoutchouc, but, in process of time, exhibit the same tendency to putrefaction as gelatine. The people give the name of cheese to the curd which thus separates when brought into contact with the air, and say that a space of five or six days suffices to turn it sour, as I found to be the case in some small quantities that I brought to New Valencia. The milk itself, kept in a corked bottle, had deposited a small portion of coagulum, and, far from becoming fœtid, continued to exhale a balsamic scent. When mingled with cold water the fresh fluid coagulated with difficulty, but contact with nitric acid produced the separation of the viscous membranes.

"This wonderful tree appears peculiar to the Cordillera of the shore, especially from Barbula to the lake of Maracaybo. Some individual Cow-trees are also said to exist near the village of San Mateo, and likewise in the valley of Caucagua, three days' journey to the east of Caraccas. At Caucagua the natives call the tree which yields this nutritive fluid *Milk-tree* (*Arbol de leche*), and pretend to discriminate, by the thickness and hue of their foliage, those trunks which contain most sap, as a cowherd would know, by outward signs, the best milch cow in his herd.

"I own," the Baron continues, "that amid the great number of curious phenomena which offered themselves to my notice during my travels, there was hardly one which struck my imagination so strongly as the sight of the Cow-tree. Neither the noble shadowy forests, nor the majestic current of rivers, nor the mountains hoary with sempiternal snows,—none of these wonders of tropical regions so riveted my gaze as did this tree, growing on the sides of rocks, its thick roots scarcely penetrating the stony soil, and unmoistened, during many months of the year, by a drop of dew or rain. But dry and dead as the branches appear, if you pierce the trunk, a sweet and nutritive milk flows forth, which is in greatest abundance at daybreak. At this time the blacks and other natives of the neighbourhood hasten from all quarters, furnished with large jugs to catch the milk, which thickens and turns yellow on the surface. Some drink it on the spot, others carry it home to their children; and you might fancy you saw the family of a cowherd gathering around him, and receiving from him the produce of his 'kine.'"

Sir Robert Ker Porter made an excursion in 1837 into the mountains, some fifty miles distant from the city of Caraccas, about three leagues from the coast, not far from the town of Coriacco, and, after extreme pedestrian labour, up the steep forest-covered face of the mountain, reached the spot where the Palo de Vaca grows; and he says that the sight of this extraordinary tree fully repaid him for the fatigue and the severe wetting which he experienced. The elevation above the level of the sea, he states, cannot be less than four thousand feet, and he found the temperature at eight o'clock under the spreading branches of the tree was 70° Fahr. Sir Robert made a drawing of one of the trees which he saw, the trunk of which measured somewhat more than twenty feet in circumference at about five feet from the root. This colossal stem ran up to a height of sixty feet, perfectly uninterrupted by either leaf or branch, when its vast arms and minor branches, most luxuriantly clothed with foliage, spread on every

* From *gala*, milk, and *dendron*, a tree—milk-bearing tree.

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side, fully twenty-five or thirty feet from the trunk, and rising to an additional elevation of forty feet, so that this stupendous tree was quite a hundred feet high in all. The leaves, when in a fresh state, are of a deep dark and polished green, nearly resembling those of the laurel tribe, from ten to sixteen inches long, and two or three inches wide. The wood forming the body of the trunk is white, very close-grained, and hard, resembling the boxwood of Europe. It would be interesting to have experiments made to see if the wood is suitable for wood engraving, as if it should prove to be so, such large blocks as could be obtained from a trunk of the Cow-tree would be invaluable for large engravings. Sir Robert Ker Porter says that the soil in which the trees grow is dark and rich, and must be damp, or very wet, all the year round.

Varieties.

Sofa-worship.—A recent paragraph in the "Athenæum" illustrates the absurd length to which relic-worship can be carried:—"The worshippers of Shelley will be glad of some further information regarding the Shelley relic, the sofa, mentioned last week. It is now shown conclusively that this is the sofa which Shelley ordinarily used in Pisa. At his death it came, of course, to Mrs. Shelley; she, on leaving Pisa, presented it to Leigh Hunt. When his turn for quitting Pisa arrived, he sold it to Mr. Charles Brown. This gentleman eventually returned to England, and then Mr. (now the Barone) Kirkup bought the sofa; and 'Landor' (says Kirkup) 'always laughed at me for paying the value of Brown's appraiser, who had a percentage on the price, and therefore raised the price accordingly." Shelley is known to have slept on the sofa the two or three nights that he was in Pisa before his last fatal voyage.

Useful Fodder Plants.—In the "Leisure Hour" for October, 1877, p. 656, a description was given of the Caucasian prickly comfrey (*Symphytum aspérrimum*), as being an excellent fodder plant; and it may be useful to direct attention to some other plants which afford an abundant supply of most useful food for cattle and sheep.

1. The chiccory, wild endive, or succory (*Cichòrium Intybus*) was first cultivated in this country about 1780, by Arthur Young, who held it in very high estimation, and who, indeed, considered it of such consequence for different purposes of the farm, that on various sorts of soil the farmer cannot, without its use, make the greatest possible profit. Where it is intended to lay a field to grass for three, four, or six years, in order to rest the land, or to increase the quantity of sheep food, there cannot be any hesitation in using it, as there is no plant to rival it. Upon blowing sands, or upon any soil that is weak or poor and wants rest, there is no plant that equals this. On such blowing poor sandy lands as many districts abound with, especially in Norfolk and Suffolk, it will yield a greater quantity of sheep food than any other plant at present in cultivation. On fen and bog lands and peat soils it also thrives to much profit. On all lands where clover, from having been too often repeated, is apt to fail, chiccory may be substituted to great advantage. It does very well for cattle, both lean and fattening; and it is said to increase greatly the milk of cows. It is of great use to those who keep a large stock of swine; and it does exceedingly well in an alternate system of grass and tillage, as it will last four, five, six, or even more years; but it should not be sown with any view of making hay in this climate, though it forms a considerable portion of many of the best meadows in the south of France and in Lombardy. The plant has long, thick, perpendicular roots, a tuft of endive or lettuce-like leaves, and when it shoots into flower its stems rise from one to three feet high, being rigid, rough, branched, and clothed with leaves and blue flowers. It is found wild in dry calcareous soils in England, and in most parts of Europe of similar or greater temperature. The culture of chiccory is the same as that of clover. It is grown in gardens for culinary purposes, and the seed may be procured from the seed shops. From eight to twelve pounds of seed, which should be fresh, are usually sown to an acre.

2. The yellow lucern (*Medicàgo falcàta*), which is much hardier than the common lucern, has been successfully cultivated on poor soils in some parts of France and in Switzerland, and is now being tried in some parts of England. In a wild state it is generally found in dry gravelly soils, chiefly in the eastern counties of England.

3. The kidney vetch (*Anthyllis vulnerària*), a British perennial, frequent in dry pastures, and on the borders of fields in chalky or limestone districts, is also now being tried in England. The herbage is eagerly eaten by cattle; and as some of the most profitable sheep pastures of Southern Europe abound with this plant, it will probably repay the attention of the British farmer in many of the dry and barren districts of this country.

4. The saintfoin (*Onobrychis sativa*) is found highly valuable to the farmer in dry and especially in chalky districts, growing luxuriantly where grass or corn would yield but a small produce. No plant is better liked by cattle, and when eaten in a green state it is not apt to swell or hove cattle like the clovers or lucern. On soils that are suitable for the saintfoin (those that are dry, deep, and calcareous), no farmer can sow too much of it. It is a deep-rooting perennial, with branching spreading stems, compound leaves, and showy red flowers.

5. The Jerusalem artichoke (*Heliánthus tuberòsus*) has been found a most useful fodder plant. It has tuberous roots, and leafy stems from four to six feet high. It thrives well on soft moist soils, and even, it is said, on moist peat soils; and it is alleged that its tops will afford as much fodder per acre as a crop of oats, or more, and its roots half as many tubers as an ordinary crop of potatoes. The cultivation of the land for the Jerusalem artichoke is in all respects similar to that for the potato. Δ.

Shere Ali, Ameer of Afghanistan.—We reprint from The "Times" of April 23, 1872, a remarkable letter from the Ameer of Afghanistan to the acting Viceroy of India on the death of Lord Mayo:—"I have just been shocked to hear the terrible and mournful tidings of the death of the Viceroy and Governor-General of India. By this terrible and unforeseen stroke my heart has been overwhelmed with grief and anguish, for it can scarce occur again in days so out of joint as these that the world will see another so universally beloved and esteemed for his many high and excellent qualities as him who is now in the spirit land. All great and wise men have ever regarded this transitory world as a resting-place for a single night or as an overflowing and changing stream, and have never ceased to remind their fellows that they must pass beyond it and leave all behind them. It is, therefore, incumbent on men not to fix their affections on perishable things during the course of their short lives, which are, as it were, a loan to them from above. Naught remains to the friends and survivors of him who is gone from among us but patience and resignation. The unvarying friendship and kindness displayed towards me by him who is now no more had induced me to determine, if the affairs of Afghanistan at the time permitted the step, to accompany his Excellency on his return to England, so that I might obtain the gratification of a personal interview with her Majesty the Queen, and derive pleasure from travelling in the countries of Europe. Before the eternally predestined decrees, however, men must bow in silence. A crooked and perverse fate always interferes to prevent the successful attainment by any human being of his most cherished desires. What more can be said or written to express my grief and sorrow? It is my earnest wish that your Excellency, wherever you may be, will in future communicate to me accounts of your health, and inform me of your name and titles, that I may be enabled to address my letters correctly."

Miracle Plays in England.—There is still in existence a rude amphitheatre, in the parish of St. Just, near the Land's End, Cornwall, in which sacred plays, some of a Scriptural and others of a legendary character, were performed in the days before the Reformation, a practice still traditionally remembered by some of the people. Mr. Norris writes thus in his "History of the Ancient Cornish Drama":—"The bare granite plain of St. Just, in view of Cape Cornwall and of the transparent sea which beats upon the magnificent headlands, would be a magnificent theatre for the exhibition of what in those days would appear to be a serious representation of the general history of the Creation, the Fall, and the Redemption of Man, however it might be marred occasionally by passages of a light and even of a ludicrous character. The mighty gathering of the people from

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many miles round, hardly showing like a crowd in that extended region, where nothing grows up to limit the view on any side, with their booths and tents, so absolutely necessary when so many people had to remain for three days upon the spot, would give to the assembly a character probably more like what we hear of in the so-called religious revivals in America than anything witnessed in more sober Europe." It may be remembered, also, that at the Congress of the British Archæological Association held at Bodmin and Penzance in 1856, the Rev. Mr. Lach Szyrma stated that there had recently been brought to light a copy of a miracle play actually performed in Cornwall in former times, the "Life of St. Meriasck," comprising the legend of the conversion of Constantine, the legend of the Mother and the Son, and the legendary life of the saint himself, one of great local interest, as some of the scenes were laid about Camborne and Truro. Not much, according to Mr. Lach Szyrma, is known as to the way in which these plays were represented, though some of the "stage directions" are extant. They were, doubtless, performed in the open air; but there could hardly have been much scenery, though there were "stage directions" as to tents, houses, etc. At the beginning of the play of the "Creation," for instance, there was a direction to the effect that Hell, when spoken of, should gape wide, from which it may be inferred that the infernal regions were represented by the mouth of an infernal monster, just as shown in old pictures and on old painted widows in Gothic churches. "As at Oberammergau," adds Mr. Lach Szyrma, "the background of hills and rocks might have been, and probably were, utilised in order to give grandeur and effect to the mysteries represented." It may be added that Borlase, the Cornish antiquary, writing a little more than a century ago (namely, in 1762), describes the amphitheatre at St. Just as an exact circle, 136ft. in diameter, the bank being 7ft. high on the inside and 10ft. on the outside, and the seats as still traceable, the latter consisting of six series or stages, each 6in. in width, while the rampart at the top was several feet wide. The amphitheatre at St. Just still exists, though the fact that horses and cattle and sheep are allowed to graze upon it, and that it serves also, like a village green, as a playground for children, has lowered its raised stages and "ramparts," and nearly levelled the old stage with the road which skirts it.

The Real Objection.—There is good reason to believe that the objection to Paul's writings is not from the "things *hard* to be understood" which they contain, but from the things *easy* to be understood, the doctrines so plainly taught by him that "by grace we are saved," that "the wages of sin is death, but eternal life is the gift of God through Jesus Christ;" that our most perfect righteousness can never enable us to claim reward at the hand of God, nor our own unaided strength enable us to practise that righteousness; but that the meritorious sacrifice of Christ is the only foundation of the Christian's hope, and the aid of His Spirit the only support of the Christian's virtue. It is on account of these doctrines that Paul's writings are objected to, because they are humbling to the pride of the human heart, and therefore unacceptable to the natural man.—*Whately.*

Dismal Art and Dismal Literature.—A correspondent of the "Times" recently called attention to the morbid tastes of artists, or rather of the people, whose tastes artists have to study. "After a careful study," he says, "of modern English art, as represented by the Exhibitions, I notice one very strange and lamentable fact—I allude to the ever-increasing love of our artists for gloom, misery, and squalor. Nature had been caught in all her vexed and tortured moods. There was every variety of atmospheric discomfort, ranging from the stormful purples of a thundercloud down to the softest film of morning mist; it was perpetual rain, fog, and cloud. Matters were worse when I came to figure painting. Here was death, squalor, misery, and tears, old women dying, dogs dying, horses in their last throes, felons in prisons and paupers in workhouses—one long apotheosis of pain, sin, and suffering. In real life there is always enough of tears and agony, and shall art also become enamoured of suffering and death? My thoughts go back to the stately calm of Reynolds, the gracious *bonhomie* of Wilkie, and the pomp and happy splendour of Turner, and I ask myself whether these things are to be the traditions of an irreclaimable past." Is there not too much of the same tendency in literature?

Guilty or not Guilty.—In French criminal trials by jury there are three distinguishable cases to which it is material to attend. 1. The crime may have been committed simply. 2. It may have been committed with circumstances of aggravation. 3. It may have been committed with circumstances of extenuation. These circumstances it belongs to the law to define and make provision for. The questions framed for the jury by the French legislators are respectively adapted to these three cases, and point them out with precision to their attention. The English have only one vague, general question by which they are all blended and confounded together. Guilty or not guilty admits no consideration of circumstances; circumstances are not submitted to the cognisance of an English jury; and, in truth, are but little the object of English judicature at all. The judge, indeed, may sometimes take them into consideration in his sentence, but, in most cases, he can do nothing; and, at all events, it is desirable that everything which ought to be done in a criminal prosecution, should be positively enjoined by the law.

The three R's.—In our days of popular education it is amusing to read the arguments of a philosopher once famous, Dr. Mandeville, who, in his "Fable of the Bees," says: "Reading, writing, and arithmetic are very necessary to those whose business requires such qualifications; but, where people's livelihood has no dependence on these arts, they are very pernicious to the poor, who are forced to get their daily bread by their daily labour. Few children make any progress at school, but, at the same time, they are capable of being employed in some business or other; so that every hour those sort of poor people spend at their book, is so much time lost to the society. When obsequiousness and mean services are required, we shall always observe that they are never so cheerfully nor so heartily performed as from inferiors to superiors; I mean inferiors not only in riches and quality, but likewise in knowledge and understanding. A servant can have no unfeigned respect for his master as soon as he has sense enough to find out that he serves a fool. When we are to learn or to obey, we shall experience in ourselves that the greater opinion we have of the wisdom and capacity of those that are either to teach or command us, the greater deference we pay to their laws and instructions. No creatures submit contentedly to their equals; and should a horse know as much as a man, I should not desire to be his rider." Lord Jeffrey, commenting on this, said: "Surely it does not follow that because the poor learn something, the rich may not learn more. Nor, even if it did, would there be any proof given that his learning must needs make a poor man despise his equals in knowledge; for, by the argument, they are only put on an equality. However, we utterly deny the whole of the facts on which this argument rests. As long as a man cannot live without labour, he will work, and no longer, whether he be ignorant or well informed. As long as servility is necessary to some men's livelihood, they will obey others who can support them. As long as servility is conducive to the fortunes, or supposed interests of some men, or to their gratification, they will truckle and fawn to their superior, we much fear, without inquiring exactly whether he is their equal in learning or abilities."

Rheumatism.—A man had rheumatism, and in just one half-hour he learned that the following will cure it:—Iodide of potassium, quinine, glauber salts, onions, raw lemons, baked lemons, raw silk, oiled silk, gin and tansey, Turkish baths, a potato carried in the pocket, a horse-chestnut carried in the pocket, an eelskin tied round the leg, a suit of red flannel, chloroform liniment, hot water, cold-water, hot lemonade, a trip South, a dry atmosphere, equable temperature, sulphur baths, mustard and hot water, camphor liniment, electricity, etc., etc.—*American Paper.*

Railway Servants' Orphanage.—Do our readers know that nearly a thousand railway servants lose their lives every year in the United Kingdom? The Board of Trade returns only record six to seven hundred deaths annually, but this only refers to those killed on the spot, not taking into account those who die afterwards from injuries received. Comparatively few insure their lives in the Accidental Insurance Company. The Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants have founded an orphanage, of which the chief establishment is at Derby. This contains little more than fifty orphans, the original scheme contemplating five times that number. At a recent election, twenty-seven urgent cases were brought up for election, and only nine could be received with the existing funds. If a thousand men were killed on one day there would be an immense outburst of public liberality, and columns of subscriptions and donations in the newspapers. The need is not the less in that the deaths are spread over 365 days. At least 1,500 orphans of railway servants are left almost totally unprovided for every year. As yet there is no power to claim compensation from the companies in cases of accident.

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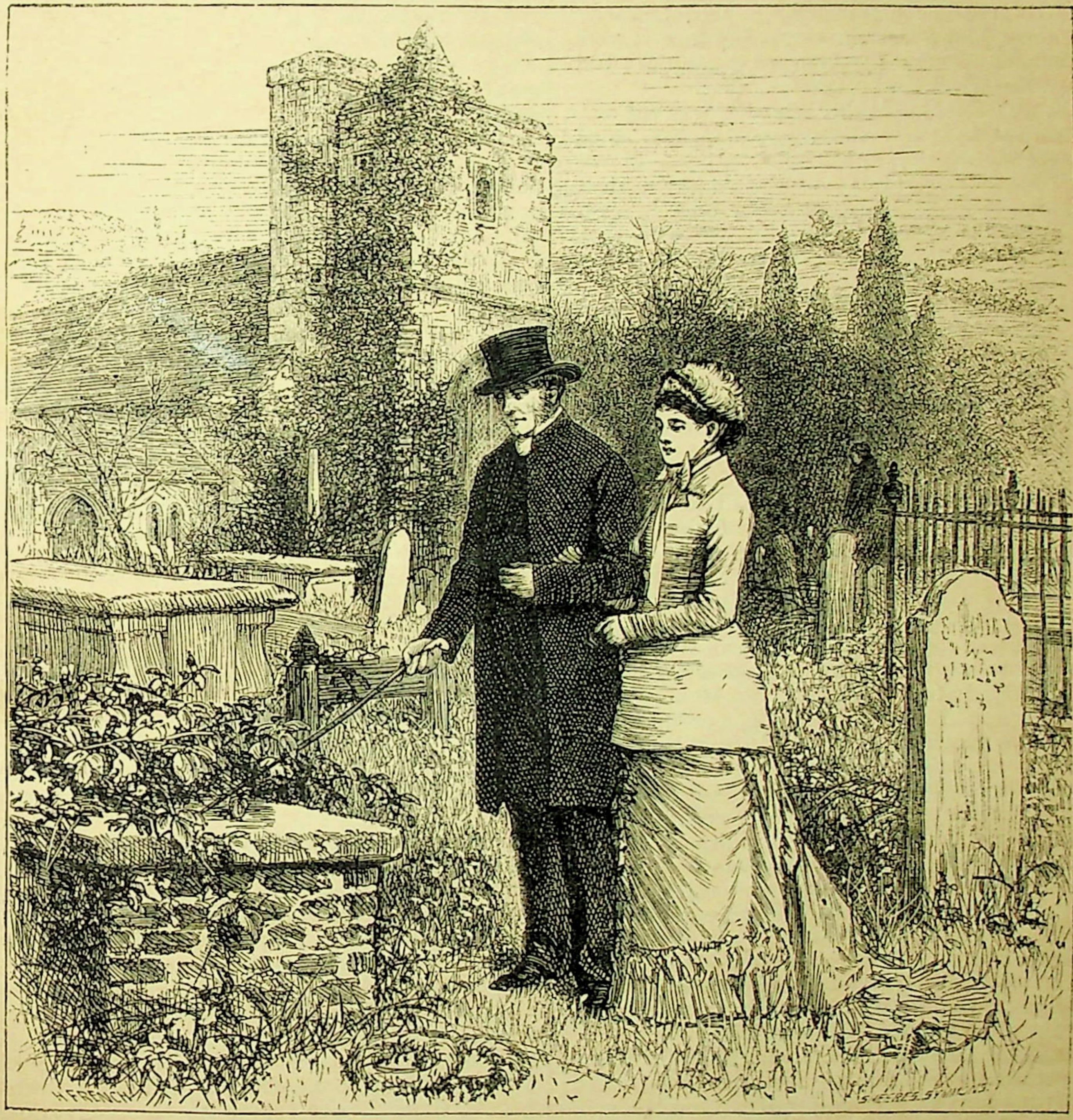
THE LEISURE HOUR.

BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,
AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND.—*Cowper.*



IN THE OLD CHURCHYARD.

"WAIT A YEAR."

CHAPTER IV.

THE second Sunday after Mr. Moreton received Mr. Sinclair's letter, the sharp eyes of Nita detected a stranger in clerical garb among the congregation, and announced the fact at the early dinner, suggesting that it might be Mr. Sinclair.

"How ungentlemanly to come here secretly like that, prying into your affairs and taking you by surprise," exclaimed Mrs. Moreton.

"And to be in such a hurry, too; it is scarcely more than ten days since he informed you of his intention to take the living—very ungentlemanlike. He cannot be a good man."

"My dear!" said the rector, reprovingly; he had to check her so often, and this was his usual mode. He then addressed his daughter, "You say that you saw a stranger in church; where did he sit?"

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"Near the door, half hidden behind the pillar. I did not see him come in, but I perceived him soon after the service commenced, and I saw him go out directly the sermon was finished. Mamma was so long collecting her things together that by the time she moved and I was able to get outside the church he was not even in sight."

"I cannot think well of a man who comes among us on the sly like that," persisted Mrs. Moreton.

"The church is open to all," answered the rector, with his calm smile; "but had he, in accordance with your notions, blown the trumpet before him, it would have made no difference. After all, it may not have been Mr. Sinclair."

In the afternoon all doubt, however, was removed. The stranger went into the vestry after service and introduced himself.

"Mr. Sinclair is staying at the Abbey with Sir Felix Hampton," said Mr. Moreton on joining his family at the tea-table. "He will lunch with us to-morrow, my dear. Make him welcome for all our sakes."

The last words were somewhat diplomatic. Without actually owning to himself that such precaution was necessary, he endeavoured to protect his guest from any unpleasant insinuation, by suggesting the idea that it might be to her advantage to be agreeable. Sir Felix's name would not, he thought, be without effect. To convince Mrs. Moreton that Mr. Sinclair did her husband no wrong in taking back the charge only temporarily confided to him, was impossible. The abstract justice of the act was beyond her comprehension. Like many a mind narrowed to its own interests, hers could only see the palpable loss incurred, and would not understand that this was but the logical result of the situation.

Mona's good sense often stepped in to counteract the incurable weakness of her mother's reasoning, and it was chiefly to her that Mr. Moreton looked to prevent or explain away any solecisms or unwelcome remarks with which his wife would sometimes startle people.

"Remember, my dear, that we have enjoyed a good income for twelve years, for which we are indebted to Mr. Sinclair, and that he is very kindly disposed towards us," said Mr. Moreton the next day, as the handsome carriage of Sir Felix Hampton stopped before the Rectory gate. All the morning, in different words, he had been labouring to impress this one lesson upon her mind, and at the last moment repeated it. "Do not let Mr. Sinclair think us graceless or ungrateful," he added with a smile that had some entreaty in it as he left the room to welcome his guest.

Perhaps the fact that he came in Sir Felix Hampton's carriage insured him the reception he met with; certainly not his own merits, for Mrs. Moreton made it evident that she condescended in receiving him amiably and in overlooking the small claim he had to her attention. Her husband wished her to make herself agreeable; she did so, as she understood the request. Elegantly dressed in a light flowing material, suited to the warm temperature of the day, she sat in negligent grace upon a couch, with her two girls not far off, toying with a piece of tapestry, not doubting that her own and daughters' beauty would make a favourable impression which might, she hoped, be turned to account some future day. She was one so occupied with herself and what belonged to her as to have little discernment of the character of others. To Mona, who saw more clearly, the *rôle* her mother assumed was no small mortification. Mrs. Moreton set her features into what might be termed a benevolent smile, and questioned her visitor about his return to England rather freely, throwing into her manner a kind of patronage which, to most men, would have been either highly amusing or offensive. The effect upon Mr. Sinclair was not easy to ascertain. Some of her inquiries and remarks he answered, others he did not appear to hear, having at that moment addressed his host; but the handsome face never altered its expression, and the firm, well-shaped mouth never relaxed into more than a faint smile, yet in all that he said or did ran an unimpeachable politeness and a gentleness that only served to give the lady greater boldness of speech and a fatuitous reliance upon her power of influencing.

The luncheon was over, and Mr. Moreton was gone into his study to fetch some papers for Mr. Sinclair's inspection, when Mrs. Moreton unmasked her battery. She had a battle of her own to win, of which her husband knew nothing. "We have been thinking, Mr. Moreton and I, that you may not really be in any hurry to come to Hillesden, that you would never wish to inconvenience us, and would gladly give us full time to look about and arrange our affairs, a year at least. This change will be such a loss to us. My son, who is at college, has yet another year to remain, and we could not possibly keep him there with less income than we have at present."

"Oh, mother, mother! Mr. Sinclair ought not to be troubled with our affairs. How *can* you?" exclaimed Mona, in a tone of remonstrance, flushing crimson with shame at the indelicacy of this appeal.

"With less income than we have at present it would be impossible to finish his college education," continued Mrs. Moreton, waving her hand towards Mona as if she were brushing away a buzzing fly. "His father has set his heart upon his entering the Church. Another year, and he could take his degree, could you not leave us in possession another year?"

Hurrying quickly through the last sentence that she might not be interrupted, Mrs. Moreton smiled persuasively upon her auditor, glad to have touched the point she intended, heedless alike of his confusion and Mona's distress, whose cheek flushed again with mortification as she vainly tried to stop her.

"Don't, mamma, oh, please don't."

Mr. Sinclair drew himself up in his chair, his lustrous eyes glowing with strong feeling. The silence that followed this strange episode was not entirely the result of surprise. He was thinking of Helen, and fearing her influence if he deferred entering upon his work. Now that the battle was so nearly won, he was most unwilling to turn back. Had he not all but put his hand to the plough? When his features regained their former repose he glanced towards the two girls.

Nita was smiling; the proposition pleased her. Another year at the Rectory was a pleasant prospect. Though only a temporary advantage, she saw how much good might come out of it for Edward.

"No, no, mother, that cannot be—it is most unjust; my father will be so vexed," Mona said, thinking chiefly of him and repudiating her mother's request with the energy of her honest nature. "Please, Mr. Sinclair, forget what has been said; my mother is too anxious about Edward," she whispered low and hastily, as Mrs. Moreton turned her head aside at her husband's entrance.

Mr. Moreton had found the papers he had been

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seeking, and handed them to Mr. Sinclair. They related only to the parish, which was a reason for the ladies to leave the two gentlemen together. While they bent their heads over the pages, Mrs. Moreton, signing to her daughters to follow, left the room triumphant.

"If he has any feeling, he will leave us in peace another year, and that will be something gained," said she, throwing herself into one of her pretty easy-chairs. "I am glad I said it; your father never would have had the courage to ask for a reprieve."

"Oh! mother, how could you?" said Mona, reproachfully.

"It was very thoughtless of you to interfere, Mona. It was the cleverest thing I ever did," she added, exultingly.

"My father will not think so."

"Your father will not object to the benefit, and will perhaps be less distrustful of my diplomacy for the future," laughed Mrs. Moreton. "And by the man's face I think he will listen to me. I made an impression. You know, girls, he never said a word in opposition, nor did he even once give an opinion of his own. With a little tact I believe I could do what I liked with him. I shall propose to your father to leave the negotiations with Mr. Sinclair to me. Why do you shake your head, Mona? Has Mr. Sinclair uttered one syllable of dissent from us since he entered the house? He is, I am sure, a good, easy sort of man."

"I read him very differently," replied Mona.

Nita only knew that he had a handsome face, and thought it a pity that he stooped.

"Mr. Sinclair is a good, easy sort of man, not so polite as I expected from his manners at table, since he has gone away without taking leave of me," repeated Mrs. Moreton to her husband when he joined her after the departure of his guest.

"He sent you a message, my dear—his compliments and excuses."

"That is nothing; I thought better of him," she answered, ruffled at what she termed a discourtesy, and dropped for a time all further reference to Mr. Sinclair.

For many days after this visit Mr. Moreton went about his parish as usual. He told nothing of what had transpired in the hour's interview after luncheon, nor was he aware of what had occurred during his short absence from the dining-room. Mona did not tell, not supposing that anything would come of it, nor did she care to see her father vexed. If the story came to his ears at all she thought it ought to be through her mother, and kept to herself any opinion she had about Mr. Sinclair sending his compliments instead of taking a personal leave. That he bowed low as he opened the dining-room door when they left the room, did not compensate for the averted eye and very quiet demeanour. Mona had the humiliation of feeling that her mother had not gained his respect, and could rarely think of Mr. Sinclair without a twinge of pain. By the others the visit was soon apparently forgotten; on her it had cast a shadow, which remained.

Though Mr. Moreton neglected no duty, and went about his work as usual, she perceived a difference in him. More and more plain and earnest were the words of exhortation to the sick or the careless, in the cottage and by the wayside, as he encountered the one or the other. For some years his health had not been robust, yet no one looked upon him as a confirmed invalid. He was not a strong man—he never had been—nevertheless, he got through as much work as the clergy of any of the neighbouring parishes.

The Sunday after Mr. Sinclair's visit Mona waited behind the rest, as she often did, to walk home with her father. Instead of leaving by the vestry door as usual, Mr. Moreton returned to the church, and went slowly round it, stopping in front of the pulpit.

"A hireling whose own the sheep are not," he repeated, in a low tone—"surely I have not been that! Pardon my shortcomings, and grant—oh, grant that none but a pure gospel may ever issue from this spot!" he said, aloud, and then stood for a few minutes still and silent.

Desirous not to disturb him, Mona moved gently away, looking back with a vague fear of approaching sorrow stealing over her. He soon joined her, and they walked down the aisle together. At the end he looked back—it was a long, lingering look, which deepened into greater tenderness as he stood in the old churchyard, glancing from one grey stone to another, where "the forefathers of the hamlet slept," and then rested his eye on the venerable walls, mantled with a profusion of dark-leaved ivy, in which the birds built and chirruped so merrily.

"What is it? You seem sad. Have you heard from Mr. Sinclair? Are you going to leave Hillesden soon?" asked Mona, softly, clasping his hand. "I thought Mr. Sinclair offered you to stay on if you liked?"

"He did, but I do not see my way to do so; and yet my people, my little flock, I should grieve to leave them—to give them over to—"

"Do you not like Mr. Sinclair?" asked Mona, surprised, her sympathetic heart having been drawn to him because, with all his worldly prosperity, he had not appeared happy or at ease.

"He is a young man compared with me, and has no experience of the care of souls; no knowledge beyond the theories picked up in the world, and his world is a very different one from ours. The great needs of human nature must be always the same, but the necessary remedies are not always understood. It is the fashion to run after a favourite physician, and also among physicians to keep for a period to one nostrum, and when that has lost its novelty to take up with another. Alas! that there should ever be a fashion in religion! The faithful minister cannot follow it. For him whatever is new is suspicious. There is no improvement upon the old, old story—there are no discoveries in fundamental truths. More eternal than the hills is God's word; they may pass away, but that never, nor can it be changed by all the embroidery that men and women are trying to put upon it. I fear we shall see something of this at Hillesden. Mr. Sinclair hinted at some alterations more in accordance with the times."

To Mona, who thought her father's way of conducting the service perfect, no alterations could be other than deteriorations. This desire on the part of Mr. Sinclair lowered him in her estimation, and the fine, intellectual face lost something of its attractiveness. There was yet the remembrance of the soft grey eye, so expressive, as she supposed, of kindliness and goodness, and to this she referred.

"But Mr. Sinclair looks so benevolent, so full of what poets term 'the kindly charities of life.' I am sure he wishes to do right."

"It may be so; God forbid that I should judge

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him harshly! He is at all events a resolute man, and will act according to his convictions, whatever they may be. If they are not correct he must be censured for them as much as for his actions."

Mona did not answer, she was puzzling her young head over a question that older ones have often settled on the wrong side.

"My child, if a thing is not right in itself, no earnestness of purpose can make it so," observed Mr. Moreton, guessing her thoughts. "It is but vain casuistry to attempt it. Will you remember that throughout your life?—it will save you from much anxiety, perhaps from sorrow, or even remorse. Bear in mind that the great apostle, with all his wealth of learning, never made one single attempt to justify his mistaken zeal, but regarded it as an accumulation of his guilt that he did it ignorantly in unbelief."

"Will Mr. Sinclair like you to leave?" asked Mona, referring again to the change at which Mr. Moreton had hinted.

"Most probably, if he really understands me, although he did not say so. It may be difficult for us to work together. More warmth in the service he desires! Yes, we want it, but the warmth that stirs from a state of torpor, that disperses the haziness through which man sees his most important interests, that melts his indifference, and makes him cling to the pure, simple word of God. He spoke with admiration of some things of which I do not approve, and referred to the 'revival' of recent years, meaning by that term a very different revival from what I desire to see in the Church. It will grieve me to see novelties introduced which will assuredly perplex, not strengthen, the faith of my simple-minded parishioners."

The following Sunday Mr. Sinclair was again seen in church, this time in Sir Felix Hampton's pew, his grave intellectual face raised in fixed attention to the preacher with immovable calmness. The subject of the sermon, almost an elementary one, was the jailer of Philippi—his question and the apostle's answer. Though Mr. Moreton possessed no striking eloquence there was the pathos of simplicity, combined with the majesty of truth, in all that he said; an intensity of earnestness gave additional force to the Saxon language he always tried to use, because it finds readier access to the rural ear, as, with the courage of duty, he entreated his hearers never to be carried away by any changes that might be going on around them, and exhorted them to keep to the law and the testimony. They were to believe the promises of God as well as His threatenings, to believe them in their lives, and never suffer anything whatsoever to dim the brightness of His love towards sinners nor to stand between them and their Saviour, to whom every sorrowing weary man or woman or little child might find access if they would. "How shall I plead with you? How shall I warn you never to forsake the old paths for new?" he exclaimed, as he was about to finish, stretching out his hands in a supplicating attitude. "There is but one Name by which ye may be saved." He remained silent for a moment after uttering the last word, and then sank back on his seat, a grey pallor stealing over his face. Finding that he did not stand up again, the little congregation began to disperse, some slowly and silently.

They knew that their minister was ill, subject to spasmodic attacks, and had some idea that he was about to be superseded by the patron, whose presence with Sir Felix Hampton had already drawn attention to him. Others, less thoughtful, amused themselves with idle comments upon the stranger.

"Oh, my! isn't he a stiff-un?" said a young lad who was loitering near the gate as Mr. Sinclair drove off with Sir Felix and Lady Hampton.

"Stiff and crooked too, for all that he holds himself so proudly," said another.

"He proud! There was no pride in his fine eyes when he looked at me," said Elizabeth Beaumont, the village beauty.

"The vain hussey!" growled an elderly woman who was passing and overheard the remark. "I don't believe he even saw you. What would a grand gentleman like that look at you for? It is my mind that he does not think much of any of us; he never moved nor turned his head from the time he went into the church till he came out of it. I wonder what he thought of our minister's sermon? He'll not preach as well hisself, I reckon. Eh, but how ill he looks! Hush!"

The last pronoun referred to Mr. Moreton, who was advancing with Mr. Graves, the churchwarden, a rich man having an especial veneration for his own opinions, and who was now figuratively patting Mr. Moreton on the back.

"You were grand to-day, sir; the trumpet gave no uncertain sound. I hope our smart young man over the way will profit by what he heard."

"You are not referring to Mr. Sinclair?" said Mr. Moreton, in a cold, repellent tone.

"Whom else should I mean? I know a fact or two, having made it my business to inquire about him. Why, Mr. Sinclair is one of those foreign birds that will coo a strange song in our aviary. I could have sworn that you knew it, too, or you would not have spent your strength in warning us to look sharp. These are remarkable days, and we are not yet at their climax."

Mr. Graves had a phraseology of his own; to his own mind it expressed his meaning, and therefore he thought it would do so to others. "Mr. Sinclair asked the clerk a lot of questions yesterday about parish matters, and did not seem satisfied with his answers. I hope it will be long before you leave us, sir, though I know that Mr. Sinclair is going to be instituted, as they call it, to the living. For me, old faces are always the best."

Mr. Moreton murmured a feeble "Thank you" as he left the churchwarden and moved homewards, absorbed in thought. With such a diversity of views as existed between him and Mr. Sinclair, he felt it highly improbable that they could go on well together, even had he been in circumstances to accept willingly the stipend of a curate. Mrs. Moreton's tastes were rather extravagant, nor could he restrain her as much as he wished. He had made a great stand to secure the education of his children and keep his son at college. He had, besides, contrived to pay an insurance to secure a thousand pounds for his family at his death; but that was all, and this had cost him every personal sacrifice he could make. His frail life was all that stood between the objects of his affection and poverty or privation. Often had he fretted against it, and oftener still, turning to his eldest child as his *confidante* and consolation, had he endeavoured to prepare and strengthen her for the rough and difficult path before her.

Mr. Sinclair did not appear in Hillesden again,

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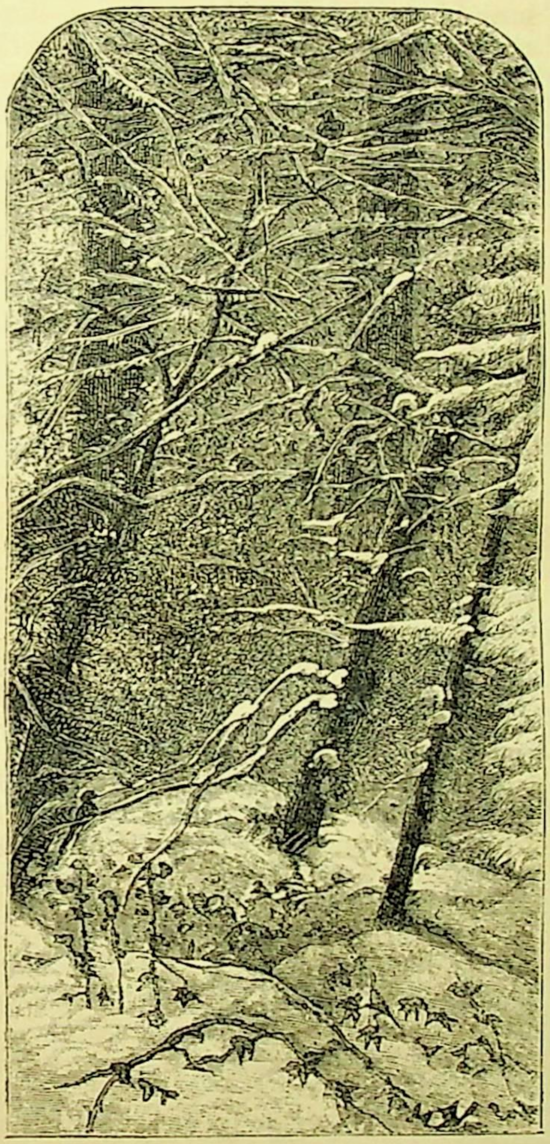
though he sent to inquire after Mr. Moreton the following day in conjunction with the Hamptons. Before the week was out Mr. Moreton received a letter from him stating that he had been instituted to the living, and was going abroad, intending to pass the summer in Switzerland. He also expressed a hope that he might hereafter be able to make arrangements to secure the continuation of Mr. Moreton's services.

"That means that he intends giving you enough to pay Edward's expenses," said Mrs. Moreton, putting her own construction upon the letter. "Now, my dear, never think little of my cleverness again. You owe this consideration to me, and I should not wonder if he allows us to live in the Rectory, too. The proverb says, 'Nothing venture, nothing have.' I am so glad I asked him," and Mrs. Moreton, with great complacency, related the bold request she had made to Mr. Sinclair.

"I am very sorry that you did so," replied her husband, gravely, and with an accent of real disapprobation, though he spoke wearily.

"Sorry! How absurd both you and Mona sometimes are! It is a good thing for us all that now and then I set your opinions on one side, and presume to act for myself."



A Winter Song.

The wild wind sweeps
O'er vale and hill;
Bold robin peeps
Upon the sill.

The rushing river
For once is dumb;
Bare branches shiver—
'Tis winter come.

Slow wakes the morn;
Swift falls the night
In woods forlorn,
On pastures white.

And meadows hoary
With frost and rime,
Replace the glory
Of summer time.

Yet lack we neither warmth nor store;
So does our Maker's care abound.
To prove our gratitude the more
Let kindly deeds shed joy around;
And then shall winter ever be
Crowned with goodwill and charity.

S. E. G.

A GOSSIP ON WIGS

AND THE WIGS OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

I.

THE wigs of the old Abbey! And why not? since perhaps it furnishes the most popular and accessible means of surveying the varied generations of the wig? As in an ancient house—some ancient castle or old hall—walking down the picture-gallery you have, almost at a glance, the wigs, not to mention the various other pieces of head-gear, of many ages, so the old Abbey contains within its sacred enclosures, over the tombs of its statesmen, judges, bishops, archbishops, public characters, and private gentlemen, illustrations of the rise, the growth, the decline, and the fall of the empire of the wig. It is not so in St. Paul's, from whose more modern tombs we almost vainly seek for types of the strange fashion.

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The great fathers of the Church, such as St. Cyprian and St. Ambrose, not to mention St. Bernard, who is in a way and by comparison one of our own times, would have been sorely scandalised at this conservation of wigs. Upon few things were these respectable old fathers more ready to express themselves vehemently than upon all kinds of false hair. We cannot refer to the paragraph, but if our affirmation could be called in question, we should be able to lay our finger upon some pleasant saying of St. Cyprian to the effect that there is more hope for a man who has broken all the Ten Commandments than for one who wears false hair, a statement of opinion which must have been very comfortable to many ears. And Tertullian says, "You were not born with wigs; God did not give them to you; God not giving them, you must necessarily have received them from the devil." Thus, so far from having wigs in the Abbey, the old saints clearly would have packed them away altogether—wigs and wearers.

But man, in all ages, appears to have taken pride in his hirsute appendages; there is something very aristocratic about hair, a statement which will only be contradicted by those who have not much or none; and these, we may suppose, first set the fashion of adorning the bald brow. This remark leads to the very interesting question, what do we mean by the word wig? The most probable etymology derives the word from the French *perruque*. Todd expresses his surprise that Dr. Johnson should have taken no notice of this derivation of periwig. Late in the sixteenth century, peruke was written *perwicke*, as, by T. Churchyard, and in the following, *perewake*, by Fuller; afterwards it became *periwig;* and in modern times was contracted into *wig*. According to Fairholt, the earliest notice of periwigs occurs in the privy purse expenses of Henry VIII, where we find under December, 1529, an entry of twenty shillings "for a *perwyke* for Sexton, the king's fool."

We know that from old times the mass of hair upon the head was a mark of dignity and aristocracy, and we are reminded of the days when a great physician could have got on better without his Latin than without his wig, and lawyers and judges by this extraordinary coronet were elevated to a singular place of reverence and awe. A Somersetshire boy went with his father to the county town to be present at the assizes, and to see the awful judge. When they went in the judge was sitting in the place of judgment, as judges often sit, in a state of perfect and solemn quiet. The lad gazed and admired, but presently the judge moved. "Father! father!" exclaimed the boy, "it's alive! it's alive!" It has been irreverently said that if barrister or judge were to lay aside the wig, he would part with a large amount of the reverence wherewith he is surrounded and hedged in as with "the divinity that doth hedge a king."

Look at those bishops, too, in the Abbey, represented in the persons of Zachary Pearce and John Thomas. Time was, in our boyhood, when we never saw a bishop without his wig, and very uncomfortable it must have been. Ah! the bench of bishops ought, in solemn convocation, to have pronounced some special episcopal blessing upon our old and well-known friend, Sir George Sinclair, for to him they were first indebted for the royal permission to dispense with this more troublesome kind of mitre. It happened in this way. George IV had been frequently appealed to for the issue of some royal and merciful mandate for the discontinuance of the episcopal wig, but he would, on no account, permit it to be given up; with him the bishop was in the wig, imitating in this—pity that he did not imitate in some other matters also—his royal father, George III. When Dr. Randolph kissed hands with that sovereign on his elevation to the bishopric, he dared to present himself before the king without a wig. The good-natured king said to him, "My lord, you have no wig. Don't you mean to wear a wig?" The bishop meekly replied in the negative. Some conversation ensued; but at its close, as he was leaving the royal presence, the king said to him, "You must have a wig!" It is said that Dr. Randolph was not obedient to the royal command. Certainly not until the reign of William IV did the bishops cease to be episcowigians. Sir George Sinclair, whose amiability, scholarship, and courtliness made him the favourite of all society, from the days when he sat on the same form at Harrow with Sir Robert Peel and Lord Byron, to the close of his life, was at the palace at Fulham when the good Dr. Blomfield was its occupant. Sir George was just leaving London, on a visit to his Majesty at Brighton. He asked the bishop whether he could deliver any message from him to the king. The weather was extremely hot, and the bishop jocularly replied, "You may present my duty to his Majesty, and say that at this tropical season I find my episcopal wig a serious encumbrance, and that I wish he would not consider me guilty of a breach of Court etiquette if I were to lay it aside." To amuse the king, in the course of their conversation, Sir George told the story, repeating the message. The good-natured king, however, took it up seriously, and replied, "Tell the bishop he is not to wear a wig on my account. I dislike it as much as he does, and shall be glad to see the whole bench wear their own hair." Dr. Blomfield very gladly took the hint, other bishops followed his example, and thus the episcopal wig was gradually discontinued; not at once, however. Archbishops especially ought to be conservative of sacred and time-honoured usages, and we remember to have seen at a memorable meeting in London, in the reign of Queen Victoria, both Canterbury and York adorned with these discomforts of the times of old.

But our judges have not attained to the happiness of our bishops; no dispensation from the ancient usage has been given to them. Were George III amongst us he might still look complacently upon the judges' bench and the bar, however his sense of propriety might be shocked by the bench of bishops, for he was quite as inexorable concerning the former as we have seen him to be towards the latter. When Eldon was made Chief Justice of the Common Pleas it was customary for the judges to wear powdered bush wigs as part of their ordinary costume. The appendage was not pleasant, and at a much later period the well-known Baron Park's wig earned for him the ordinary designation of "Bushey Park." Lady Eldon liked the peerage very well for her husband, but she did not like the wig. She was very proud of his handsome looks, and it was by her persuasion he begged the king to give him a dispensation from the wig on account of headache. "No, no," said the startled monarch, "I will have no innovations in my time." Eldon urged that the wig itself was an innovation, since the old judges did not wear it. "True," said the king; "you may do as they did, if you like. They wore no wigs; they wore

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their beards." But Eldon appears to have preferred the wig to the beard, so there was no innovation.

But we are travelling on too fast, and are reaching the story of the dissolution before dwelling upon the origin and succession of the dynasty of the wig. As with so many other ridiculous innovations and absurdities of fashion, we seem to be indebted for this also to France. It was in the reign of Charles II that they became efflorescent in this country, although the king was not one of the first to adopt the fashion, which surprised Mr. Pepys, because the king was, as that old gossip expresses it, "mighty grey." Indeed, it is to that curious piece of garrulity, Mr. Samuel Pepys, we are indebted for our descriptions of our first wigs, and the effect they produced upon astonished human nature in those times. When that most odd chronicler mounted his wig for the first time it seems to have been less sensationally efficacious than he expected. He tells us how he went to church "in full buckle and perriwig," and says "it did not prove so strange as I was afraid it would, for I thought that all the church would presently have cast their eyes upon me." It is concerning this wig which made its appearance in church "Lord's Day, November 8th, 1663," that we find a previous entry under "November 3rd." "Home, and by-and-bye comes Chapman, the perriwig-maker; and upon my liking it (the wig), without more ado, I went up, and then he cut off my haire, which went a little to my heart at present to part with it, but it being over, and my perriwig on, I paid him three pounds, and away went he with my own haire to make up another of, and I, by-and-bye, went abroad, after I had caused all my maids to look upon it, and they concluded it do become me, though Jane was mightily troubled for my parting with my own haire, and so was Bessie." Something of the character of the wig of this epoch may be seen in the illustrations (p. 40, Nos. 3 and 9) of Congreve and Sir Cloudesley Shovel.

Pepys has been well called a martinet in dress, and the vain old fellow tells us all about it. How in the course of six years and a half he purchased for himself five periwigs, of which one cost three pounds, another two pounds, and two more four pounds ten, and another, the price of which he does not mention, and which he did not wear for some time because the plague was in Westminster when he bought it, and he wonders, very naturally, "what will be the fashion after the Plague is done as to perriwigs, for nobody will dare to buy any hair for fear of the infection that it had been cut off the heads of the people dead of the Plague." Then we have a choice little bit when, on the 30th of May, 1668, the old dandy congratulates himself on being likely to go for the future much more "spruce" than he used to do, having come to an agreement with his barber to keep his periwig in good order at the rate of twenty shillings a year. If the introduction of the wig were, in general, as great a trouble as it was to this poor little man, it must have been an agitating one among the families of the nation. Thus, he tells us, "At Mr. Jervas', my old barber, I did try two or three borders and perriwigs, meaning to wear one, and yet I have no stomach for it, but that the pains of keeping my hair clean is so great; he trimmed me, and at last I parted; but my mind was almost altered from my first purpose, from the trouble which I foresee will be in wearing them also." His mind was greatly agitated and distressed, but shortly we read that he took poor Mrs. Pepys "to my perriwig-maker's, and there showed my wife the perriwig made for me, and she likes it very well." Perhaps this is enough of wigs from this old chatterbox; we may marvel that any sensible man—which he certainly was—should be guilty of this egregious vanity on paper, deliberately putting it down in writing; but these passages, and many others which we need not quote, show how the wig was establishing itself victoriously in the world.

In the Church, too. South and Barrow (p. 40, Nos. 2 and 11), both contemporary with Pepys, contribute illustrations of the clerical head-gear of the times. Those interested in the history of the wig must refer to the sermons of the great Archbishop Tillotson; he is the first of the clergy represented in a wig; in fact the wig was now dividing the Church, and in quite as vehement a manner as more serious questions had divided it. "I can remember," says Tillotson, in one of his sermons, "since the wearing of the hair below the ears was looked upon as a sin of the first magnitude, and when ministers generally, whatever their text was, did either find, or make occasion to reprove the great sin of long hair, and if they saw any one in the congregation guilty in that kind they would point him out particularly, and let fly at him with great zeal." Prelates in the Church of Rome waged a furious warfare against the practice, and ministers and professors of the Reformed Church in France were equally hostile. A bishop of Toul said that "they were unchristianised who adopted the fashion," and seriously inquired, "Since, as we are called upon to imitate Christ in all things, whether we could recognise a resemblance to Him in a wig?" The city of Bordeaux was in insurrection because the minister of the Reformed Church refused to admit any of his flock in wigs to the sacrament. Thus the agitation in English society was faint compared with the fiery opposition which was waged against the fashion on the Continent.

In the "Relics of Literature" we find Mr. Collett quoting from a Papal bull of Benedict XIII against the wigs of the clergy. The bull bears date December 20th, 1724. Our readers, perhaps, will not thank us for quoting the lengthy and involved Latin, the sum of which, however, was that ten days' imprisonment was to be the punishment of a clergyman for wearing a wig. Surely the hairdressers ought to have been grateful for this bull of the infallible one.

Such, and so serious, were the conflicts, and many far more terrible than those we have mentioned, arising from misjudgment of the words of Paul to the Corinthians: "If a man have long hair it is a shame unto him; if a woman have long hair it is a glory to her." And thus fashion, not content with agitating the peace of the world, disturbed even the repose of the Church, very much reminding us of a story told of Charles V of Germany, when, from an Emperor, he had transformed himself into a monk, in the monastery among the lone mountains of Yuste, where he quite stirred up the poor old friars from their peaceful, monotonous existence, with his premature funeral service, and other follies. One morning, when it was his task, as Brother Carlo, to wake the monks at the hour of matins, one old fellow, whom he shook too violently because he still slept, said to him, "Hast thou not troubled the repose of the world long enough without coming to disturb that of peaceable men who have forsaken it?" Thus, of the fashion of the wig; as we have seen, it not only agitated the bosom of poor little Pepys, but prelates

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WIGS IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

1. Bishop Pearce, 1774.
4. Sidney, Earl Godolphin, 1712.
7. Bishop Thomas, 1793.
10. Right Hon. James Stuart McKenzie, 1800.

2. Dr. Isaac Barrow, 1677.
5. David Garrick, 1779.
8. William Pitt (Earl of Chatham), 1778.
11. Dr Robert South, 1716.

3. William Congreve, 1728.
6. John Wesley, 1791.
9. Sir Cloudesley Shovell, 1707.
12. Lord Mansfield, 1793.

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A PAGE OF WIGS.

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and grave divines were compelled to feel the agitation also.

We need not refer to the perukes of the ages of Henry VIII in our own country, for there is an indication of their presence here then; or of Francis I, Henri Quatre, or Louis XIII of France; more especially as we shall find no illustrations of these periods in Westminster Abbey; but it was in the age of Louis XIV when the wig became imperial. Reader, hast thou ever seen him? *Louis le Magnifique* in all the glory and magnificence of the illustrious Ramilies wig, so named after the great battle before the town of Ramilies, by which, if France lost the whole of the Spanish Netherlands, Europe gained a wig from the vanity of Louis, of whom Mr. Thackeray irreverently speaks, in his "Henry Esmond," as "a little, wrinkled old man, pock-marked, and with a great periwig and red heels." The Ramilies wig soon came to our shores; the reader may see the likeness of it in the engraving of Lord Godolphin (p. 40, No. 4). The Ramilies wig and the Ramilies tie came into fashion at the same time; the wig survived until the reign of George III, the tie, as we know, survives still, an affecting reminiscence of the memory of departed warriors, fashionable courtiers, and great statesmen. But we must not so soon allow our royal friend Louis XIV to slip away from our pages; had we lived in his neighbourhood, he might have commanded us at his pleasure; he being dead we will command him to stay a little while for ours. Lord Lyttelton, in his letters, says: "Louis XIV annexed great dignity to his peruke, which he increased to an enormous size, and made a lion's mane the object of its similitude. That monarch, who daily studied the part of a king, was never seen uncovered but by the barber who shaved him. It was not his practice to exchange his wig for a nightcap till he was enclosed by his curtains, when a page received the former from his hand and delivered it to him in the morning before he undrew them. The figure of the great Bourbon must at times have been truly ridiculous."

But, talking of the ridiculous in wigs, even the ridiculous in Louis XIV was exceeded by the grotesque and unnatural fashion when even children had to yield their young beauty to its innovations. At the beginning of the last, the eighteenth century, little boys went to school in wigs and cocked-hats. Lord Lyttelton refers to the same absurd usage when he says, "Had I lived in the reign of good Queen Anne, my baby face must have been adorned with a full-bottomed periwig as large as that which bedecks the head and shoulders of Mr. Justice Blackstone when he scowls at the unhappy culprit who is arraigned before him."

Passing through galleries of old portraits, like those in such palaces as Versailles, and the Rosenberg in Copenhagen, we see how customary it was to dress children absurdly in the style and fashion of their parents. Miss Agnes Strickland says that "Marie Antoinette was the first person who broke the absurd fashion of dressing infant boys as droll miniatures of their fathers. She attired the unfortunate Dauphin in a simple blue jacket and trousers, for which she was reviled, as if little bag-wigs and tiny cocked-hats, and all the paraphernalia of full dress, had been points of moral obligation. There are noblemen yet in existence," she says, when writing her history, "who can remember, at six years old, joining the juvenile parties given by George III and Queen Charlotte, dressed after the models of their fathers' court costumes, with powdered side-curls, single-breasted coat, knee-buckles, and shoe-buckles."

The full-bottomed wig the reader will see in our illustration of the great Lord Mansfield (p. 40, No. 12), one of the most imposing monuments—one of the most imposing wigs, too—in the Abbey. That same wig, after the remains of the great lawyer had been safely consigned to these illustrious vaults, became the subject of a very odd litigation, of which the interested reader may see an account in the "Times" newspaper for 1823. An action was brought by a Mr. Williams, a barber, against a Mr. Lawrence. Mr. Williams, who had made wigs innumerable for the great celebrities of the day—even for Dr. Johnson—prided himself chiefly upon the fact that he had made Lord Mansfield's full State wig. After the death of the illustrious wearer, the wig came back again, by some means, into the peruquier's possession. Shocking to say, this very wig was graciously lent by the barber to one Lawrence, also one of the legal profession, but an amateur actor. In this wig he proposed to disport himself in the character of Shylock. The plaintiff could not get it back again, and brought the action for its recovery. We write it with tenderness; the wig had, by some calamity, been burnt, and the judge awarded to the plaintiff the sum of £2 as a compensation for the loss of the sacred relic. Such is the romance of Lord Mansfield's wig.

The full-bottomed wig was grand and imposing by its associations, and Mrs. Inchbald, in her "Nature and Art," that most pleasant, although forgotten little story, is guilty of no extravagance when she makes a little boy bow to his uncle's wig as he happens to see it on the peg in his uncle's dressing-room. There was something awful about it; it was of this that Cumberland, the dramatist, wrote, in "The Choleric Man," "Believe me, there is much good sense in old distinctions. When the law lays down its full-bottomed periwig, you will find less wisdom in bald pates than you are aware of." "Wearing a wig," said Sir John Sinclair, "is an excellent practice for the old, the tender, and the studious." "The invention of wigs," says Christopher Blount, "is of so great use, and saves men so much trouble, that it can never be laid aside. It helps to disguise the thief, to make an ill face tolerable, the tolerable handsome, to ease the lazy of trouble, and to make men their vassals if women would but wear them." The difficulty with many of these singular accretions must have been in the necessity for an exactitude of fit, and their exposure to any unexpected accident, as in the case of our friend John Gilpin:

"Away went Gilpin, and away
Went Gilpin's hat and wig;"

but our readers will remember that the first disaster was followed by another, when his friend the Callender

"Came with hat and wig,
A wig that flowed behind,
A hat not much the worse for wear
Each comely in its kind.
He held them up and in his turn
Thus showed his ready wit,
My head is thrice as big as yours,
They therefore needs must fit."

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But again,

> "Away went Gilpin, and away
> Went Gilpin's hat and wig;
> He lost them sooner than at first,
> For why? They were too big."

And stories are not wanting of passionate old gentlemen who gave vent to their wrath by snatching the wig from their heads, and casting it from them. In Roubillac's fine monument of Handel we are reminded of this. The rapt composer is represented without any wig; and the story is told how, being introduced into an orchestra, when at a preconcerted signal every performer played out of tune and time, filling the room with inconceivable discords, Handel snatched his wig from his head, sent it flying along the ceiling, and rushed from the tempest of distracting sounds.

THE AKHUND OF SWAT.*

> "Who, or why, or which, or what
> Is the Akhund of Swat?
> Is he tall, or short, or dark, or fair?
> Does he sit on a stool, or sofa, or chair?
> Or squat? The Akhund of Swat?†

ABDUL Ghafur, the Akhund of Swat, the most notable ascetic of the nineteenth century, was a living reality until January, 1878, when he died at Sydu, a village in the Afghan hills, about a day's journey from the British cantonment of Peshawar.

Amongst the Mohammedans of Afghanistan the Akhund was pre-eminently the man of the age. His sayings and doings are still the themes of interest to thousands of homes where the great problems of life which agitate more educated minds have never gained entrance, nor have excited a moment's notice. What do the wild tribes of Bajour, Bonair, and Kunar know of "Darwin's Theory," or of the "Glasgow Bank failure"? But there is not a man, woman, or child who has not some vital interest in the opinions of the Akhund of Swat; not a village in which his influence was not visibly felt, and not a mosque in which his opinions on theology and law are not still discussed. Many an intelligent Moulvie, or village priest, has been removed from his position because the "Akhund Sahib" had pronounced him a heretic. Many an honest village farmer has come to unutterable grief for having dared to question the infallibility of the Pope of Sydu. And wherever the missionary of the Cross attempted to distribute copies of Christian books, they were either rejected or returned unread, because the "Swat Sahib" had warned the people of such "infidel" publications.

On two occasions have the rulers of Cabul sought his favour and support. Once when he was invited to join the standard of the late Amir Dost Mohammad Khan, and again when Amir Shere Ali, the present ruler of Cabul, compiled, or rather caused to be compiled, a book in support of the Akhund's opinions, and in refutation of those of his opponents. In 1863 the Akhund's aid was sought by the Satana fanatics in a war against the English at Umbeyla, and he remained with the army until the campaign was over, giving them the threefold benefit of his presence, his advice, and his prayers. And only last year the Sultan of Turkey sent an embassy to solicit his prayers in behalf of the waning fortunes of Islam, whilst both Russian and British rulers have watched his movements with considerable interest.

The life of this celebrated man is therefore an interesting study. He was one of those "simple-minded Mohammedan missionaries" whom some English writers delight to honour, and his success in influencing the minds of his fellow-men was so great that it is important to know how he acquired his great reputation.

He was born about the year 1790, in a small shepherd's hamlet within the territory of Swat, of poor and obscure parents, and as soon as he was able to take care of himself he was sent by his father to tend cattle on his native hills; but at the age of sixteen he left his rural occupation and became a pupil in a village mosque, where he learnt the rudiments of reading. In due time he became a student, or *Talib-i-ilm* (a seeker after wisdom), under a learned man in the village of Gujargarri in the Peshawar valley. He soon left this mosque for that of a celebrated Muslim divine in the village of Todheyr. His teacher at Todheyr was then the most noted priest of the day, and one who carefully instructed his pupils in the Koran and the elements of dogmatic theology; but it does not appear that Abdul Ghafur ever drank very deeply at the fountain of wisdom, although he must have acquired some knowledge of the Mohammedan faith. It was whilst he was a student in the mosque at Todheyr that he decided to exchange the mosque for the "Takiya" (hermitage), and to enroll himself as a Dervish of the Qadiria order. Having been initiated into this order by his teacher, Abdul Ghafur turned his back on the world, and took up his abode on the little island of Beyka in the River Indus—which has since been washed away—and for twelve long years did this solitary spot resound with the melancholy cry of the devotee, "Thou art the Guide! Thou art the Truth!" For twelve years did this poor deluded seeker after truth practise the severest austerities. He lived in a small hut made of "Camel's thorn," which left him exposed to the cold chilling blast of winter, and many a lonely night did he pass, drenched to the skin, with no other food than *grass* and the milk of a buffalo.

Here he performed the ceremony of *Zikr*,* according to the rules of his order, whereby he hoped to obtain nearness to God and sanctification of spirit. Sometimes he would sit for hours and shout the word "Allah" (God), first from his left knee, then from his right, and lastly from the top of his head. Sometimes he would sit with his face towards Mecca, with his eyes closed, and cry out, "La," drawing the sound as from his navel up to his left shoulder; then "i-la-ha," drawing the sound from his brain, and lastly, "il-lal-la-hu,"† repeated with redoubled energy from his left side. Sometimes he would recite over and over again, with the help of his rosary, the ninety-nine names of God. Sometimes he would sit in solemn silence and meditate upon a verse of the Koran which would remind him of God's power, omniscience, and majesty. Thus did this poor devotee seek after God, and yet fail to obtain

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* We are indebted for this paper to the Rev. T. P. Hughes, M.R.A.S., C.M.S., Missionary to the Afghans at Peshawar. Swat is a small independent State to the north of the Peshawar valley. It is governed by a number of independent chiefs, and its inhabitants consist of a semi-civilised race of fanatical Mohammedans. It is watered by the River Swat, and is an exceedingly fertile and productive country.

† *Vide* Lear's "Book of Nonsense."

* *Zikr* is the recital of the creed and the ninety names of God, etc., service performed by Dervishes. See "Notes on Mohammedanism." (W. H. Allen & Co.)

† This is the first part of the Mohammedan creed. There is no deity but God, *i.e.*, *la-i-la-ha-il-lal-la-hu*.

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peace to his soul, for the bright beams of gospel light had not shone into that heart, and the book before him spoke not reconciliation through the Cross of Jesus.

After this "devotional life," Abdul Ghafur was compelled by political circumstances—for the Sikhs then ruled the Peshawar valley—to leave his hermitage, and for a time he wandered about the surrounding hills unknown and uncared for. At last he settled down in a retired spot, near the village of Salim-khan, where he rose to notoriety on account of his well-known life of abstinence. Here he attached to himself a number of disciples, who soon spread his fame far and wide. The common people were unanimous in assigning to him the exalted position of a saint (a *Wali*), whilst the learned doctors, unable to stem the tide of popular favour, reluctantly dubbed him an Akhund, or teacher. Nothing succeeds like success. Soon the poor despised ascetic of Beyka was sought of princes. The Sikhs and Afghans were then at war, and that sagacious Afghan ruler, Dost Mohammad Khan, thought it expedient to attach to his army a religious leader whose presence would excite the religious fervour of the hosts of Islam against the infidel Sikhs. The Akhund was invited to join the Afghan standard, and in 1835, having exchanged the rosary for the sword—or perhaps having taken both—Abdul Ghafur set out with a motley group of students and joined the Afghans at the Khybar Pass. But neither the sanctity of his life nor the fervour of his prayers could secure victory, for the Afghans were defeated, and the Akhund fled with his few followers to the Bajour hills. From thence he went to Sydu in Swat, where he resided till his death.

In Swat his reputation gradually increased until he was at last raised to the position of a great religious leader. For a time he had to contend with formidable rivals in the persons of three celebrated scholars and doctors of Islam:—the Mulla of Kotah, Gholam Jilani of Peshawar, and the Akhund of Qasabai in the Khybar. Each of these three worthies were men not only of reputation for sanctity, but for eminent scholarship in Muslim law, and consequently the growing popularity of the Akhund of Swat was often threatened with extinction. But a little skilful management on the part of the great Akhund and his followers enabled them to use that most neutral of national institutions, the Indian Government, as an instrument for the direct suppression of unorthodox opinions. All the Akhund's opponents were charged with Wahhabyism. This excited the attention of Government. A special European officer was appointed to suppress the movement, and at one time not fewer than three hundred persons were placed in the Peshawar jail, who were as innocent of any intention "to war against the Queen" as the unsuspecting European official who thought he was suppressing a rebellion. Most of the leading followers of the Mulla of Kotah, and of Gholam Jilani, who were released from jail (for no charge was made out against them), were placed under the surveillance of the police, and the only way of escape from suspicion was to declare themselves believers in the orthodox Akhund. The Akhund of Qasabai, however, living, as he did, beyond British territory, could not be managed by diplomatic skill, so his rival of Swat hired men to ensure his quietus by the assassin's knife. He was killed whilst in the act of prostration in prayer.

And so the "great teacher" reigned supreme as the guide and director of the hearts of men, and until the very day of his death, January 15th, 1878, crowds of people from all parts of the Mohammedan world came to hear his wisdom and receive the benefit of his prayers. People from Arabia, Turkey, Persia, Hindustan, Afghanistan, and Bokhara, with an occasional Englishman or Russian (in disguise!), partook of his hospitality and obtained his blessing. Oftentimes as many as three or four hundred people visited him in the course of a single day, and there the old man sat in his mosque, day after day, offering prayers for the faithful, uttering denunciations against infidelity and heresy, and deciding questions of law. Every visitor, of course, presented an offering. These offerings were received by one of his attendants, and formed a fund wherewith to feed the crowds of visitors. The unsophisticated were assured that the food for the numerous guests was supplied from heaven!

Although the Akhund no longer practised the strict discipline of his religious order, he was very abstemious in his habits. He ate little, if anything, during the day, and did not take snuff nor smoke. But he had so far yielded to the advance of civilisation as to indulge freely in the use of tea, of which he drank as many as twenty or thirty cups daily.

It is well known that the Arabian Prophet encouraged matrimony both by example and precept: "He who enters upon marriage," said the prophet, "perfects his religion." There is therefore nothing monastic in the life of a Muslim saint, stern asceticism being only a course of preparation for a life of ambition, when abstinence is merely put on by the Muslim priest as a sacerdotal robe for the service of the sanctuary. The Akhund of Swat married soon after he left his solitary dwelling at Beyka, and has left a family of grown-up sons and daughters. But he took another step in the scale of perfection. This weak, feeble old man, shrivelled and blind as he was, and eighty-six years withal, must needs add to his happiness by making another addition to his harem, and only the year before last he was married to a young lady of twenty summers, the daughter of a respectable farmer, who did not scruple to sacrifice the affections of his daughter to his own ambitious designs; for we must not forget to add that the Akhund, although a Dervish, and one who is said to have renounced the world, was a man of considerable wealth, and in the possession of lands and numerous flocks and herds.

At one time there was a disposition on the part of his followers to attribute to him numerous miracles, and although we have never yet met with an eye-witness of these wonders, it is likely that the reputation of at least two miracles said to have been wrought by the Akhund will be transmitted to posterity. They are as follows. A few years ago, in consequence of the increased number of worshippers, instructions were given to a carpenter to enlarge the Akhund's mosque. A large beam was procured for the roof, but when brought into the mosque and measured it was too short by nearly a yard. The Akhund gave instructions for it to be left on the ground for the night. When the carpenter measured the beam in the morning, he found it two yards longer than was required. The beam had elongated itself some three yards during the night under the influence of the miracle-working Akhund! We have never yet met with any one who was present on the

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occasion, but the sceptical reader, if he wishes, may visit Sydu and behold the very beam projecting a yard at each end!

A native of Turkey, having heard of the fame of the great Akhund of Swat, determined to visit so celebrated a saint and obtain his blessing. Before leaving his home the Turk made an agreement with his wife that in case he did not return within a period of three years, she should consider him dead and herself divorced. After a tedious journey by sea and land the devoted pilgrim arrived at Sydu, but not until the three years had nearly elapsed. To reach his home in time to prevent his devoted spouse from marrying another was an impossibility, and nothing could console the sorrow-stricken pilgrim, whose countenance was dejected, and whose heart was breaking with indescribable anguish. He could not eat his evening meal, and the attendants reported the circumstance to the Akhund. The Akhund then sent for the Turk and reproved him for his want for submission to the inevitable laws of fate, and then beat the unfortunate pilgrim with such violence that he fell down in a state of insensibility. When the Turk came to his senses he found himself once more in his house in Constantinople just in time to prevent the second marriage of his disconsolate wife!

A man of the village of Pubbi, within British territory, was convicted of immorality. The English courts were ignored, and the case was submitted to the Akhund. A *fatwah** was issued, the culprit was seized, his face blackened, and, seated on a donkey, he was paraded round the village amidst the shouts of the people and the beating of drums.

About four years ago this orthodox teacher succeeded in raising a doctrinal question, which was worthy of the attention of a Lushington or Phillimore. Indeed, it was just one of those questions which have excited the interest of ecclesiastical parties at home. In the midst of the Khatak hills there is a shrine of a celebrated saint known as the Káka Sahib. The descendants of the celebrated saint are treated with the greatest veneration and respect in all parts of Central Asia, and they have often been employed by Government as spies beyond the British frontier. In accordance with that dogma which asserts that a true Muslim never dies, the descendants of the Káka Sahib saw no necessity for exchanging blessings of a dead saint for the benedictions of a living Akhund. They refused to acknowledge the spiritual leadership of Abdul Ghafur, Akhund of Swat, and thought themselves secure under the protection of their great ancestor. The audacity of these men was not to be tolerated, and so the crafty Akhund sought an occasion of quarrel. The occasion presented itself. In the Mihrab† of a small mosque near the Káka Sahib's shrine his devoted descendants had placed a black stone, which had been valued by the saint, and had consequently become an heirloom of his tribe. For years "the faithful" assembling in this mosque had prostrated themselves towards the stone, without their orthodoxy having been once suspected. No one had ever raised the question whether the Káka Kheyl prostrated themselves towards the Káka's black stone or the black stone at Mecca, or whether the adoration paid to it was *latria*, *dulia*, or *hyperdulia*. This, however, was the question raised by the Akhund, and the descendants of Káka Sahib were charged with idolatry. The Pope of Swat, not being troubled with the intricacies of ecclesiastical courts, sent instructions to another priest to break the stone, and this zealous man, in the true spirit of an iconoclast, took an iron bar and brake it to pieces. Thus the Akhund proved that his power and influence could penetrate even the sacred precincts of the Khatak's sacred shrine.

Such is a brief and imperfect sketch of one whose history does not belong to the "curious myths of the middle ages," but to the living realities of the nineteenth century: a real Mohammedan saint, living in the odour of sanctity, within a day's journey of the civilised life of the British cantonment at Peshawar; a man whose very name has become a household word to thousands!

Like the founder of Islam, the Akhund of Swat commenced his career as a recluse, but when opportunity occurred he exchanged the life of the ascetic for that of an ambitious political and religious leader.

It has been said that the result of an ascetic life is an accumulation of *force*, and that the withdrawal from society of his fellow-men intensifies the individuality of the ascetic; and undoubtedly this was the case with the subject of our present sketch, for whilst there was nothing in the devotional life of the devotee on the island of Beyka to produce mental activity, to draw out the higher affections and the better sentiments of the soul, it all tended to produce that selfishness and love of power which have so marked his subsequent career. Those numerous recitations, those countless rehearsals, and those self-inflicted tortures, all circulated round the false and detestable principle that man, though fallen, can work out by his own unaided strength a title to Divine favour. The utter failure of such exercises to sanctify the soul and give unction to the life, is but too evident in the example before us. Not one single benefit has the Akhund of Swat conferred upon his numerous followers. His whole life was one of self-aggrandisement, all the more repulsive to honest minds because it was carried on under the garb of the Dervish and a professed renunciation of the world.

We do not deny that the ascetic instinct is instinctively connected with the religious instinct; but they are not identical. We believe the Great Master-Teacher drew a very distinct and a very marked line of difference between what is generally understood by the monastic or ascetic life, and the Christian life of abstinence and self-denial. An intimate acquaintance with the false systems of the East, and their boasted ascetism, must convince any candid mind that there is little, if any, parallel between the ascetic life of the Dervish and that "life of Christ," of those who are "kings and priests unto God." The one is a poor sickly flower which draws its life from the malarious atmosphere of earth, the other a strong vigorous plant fostered by the very breath of heaven.

* A *fatwah* is the written decision of a Muslim lawyer or judge.

† A *Mihrab* is the niche in the centre of the wall of a mosque which marks the direction of Mecca.

THE MONEY VALUE OF A MAN.

IN a paper recently read before the Statistical Society, Mr. Giffen, the head of the Statistical Department of the Board of Trade, has stated the value of the capital of the nation to be 8,500 million pounds. He, however, has not attempted to include in his estimate the worth of the human being himself.

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The number of the population has been often reckoned, not its value as part of the actual wealth of the nation. But in the last Report of the Registrar-General, Dr. Farre offers a solution of the problem. We propose to lay before our readers the result at which he arrives, merely premising that a man, in an economic sense, is a being with certain powers which possess inherent worth.

A moment's consideration will show what an important part is played in the structure of the national wealth by those natural and acquired powers of body and mind. They are essentially articles of wealth, and have a distinct economic value. For instance, all wages may be considered to be paid for powers, either innate or acquired, in the human being. The lowest in point of value, because the most plentiful, is, of course, physical power, or mere muscular effort with spade, shovel, or hoe—the kind of labour least elevated above that of the horse or ox. The next is mental power, in other words those faculties of the mind which enable the possessor to manage complicated affairs, to exhibit discretion and judgment, to acquire knowledge and apply it to the needs or culture of society, whether as lawyer, physician, judge, author, or artist. Such powers are not only more rare than mere brute force, but require for their full development a special education and training; and, in consequence, demand and obtain more ample remuneration. The last is moral power, or character, without which, indeed, both physical and mental power lose much of their value. Without moral power, or character, there can be no guarantee that the duties which mind and body are fitted to discharge will be punctually and satisfactorily performed. In order that their labour may command its highest price, the ploughman in the field, the barrister in court, the physician in the sick-room, the judge on the bench, must alike inspire their employer, client, patient, or suitor, with the idea that they possess not merely the physical and intellectual qualifications requisite for their respective tasks, but that the exercise of those qualifications will be invariably associated with a due sense of honour; in other words, that they may be trusted. And such a combination of moral with physical and intellectual qualities distinctly adds, be it remembered, to the *economic* value of the labourer.

These natural and acquired abilities, then, may fairly be regarded as a capital fixed and realised in the person of their possessor. They are transferable. That they are transferred, or sold, in the case of a slave, none can doubt. And what is true of the slave is true also of the free man. The only differences between a slave and a free man in this respect are, as pointed out by Mr. Senior, that the free man *sells himself*, and only for a period, and to a certain extent, while the slave may be sold by others, and absolutely. Again, the personal qualities of the slave are a portion of the wealth of his master; those of the free man, so far as they can be made the subject of exchange, are a part of his own wealth. They perish, indeed, by his death; they may be impaired or destroyed by disease; they may be rendered valueless by any changes in the customs of the country which shall destroy the demand for his services; but, subject to these contingencies, they are wealth, and that of a most valuable kind.

It follows from this mode of regarding the personal qualities of a human being that everything connected with his development—the solicitude and labour of his parents, the cost of rearing, nurturing, clothing, and educating the child, and of fitting him for handicraft, profession, or trade—are simply investments of capital, the return of which will be realised when the skilled human being is able to dispose of his services, his talents, or his thoughts for a definite money value, whether in the shape of wages, salary, fee, or profits. And of course this outgo, or cost of production, increases from infancy to manhood; then the earnings commence, increase until they equal and exceed the outgo, and finally diminish as old age creeps on.

In our estimate, then, of the value, in an economic sense, of the human being, we have to consider his *future earning power*, and the necessary outlay throughout his life to enable him to use that power. Applying these principles first of all to the agricultural labourer, whose wages and the cost of whose maintenance have been for many years the subject of the calculations of statisticians, it is found that the present value of his future annual earnings increases from infancy to the age of twenty-five, when it reaches its maximum. Then as old age advances it declines, until it vanishes altogether. Again, the present value of the cost of maintenance and education—including in the latter term, of course, all the training necessary to learn a handicraft—increases from infancy to manhood, and then diminishes. Deducting the one set of totals from the other, we arrive at the excess of earnings over cost of maintenance; in other words, we obtain the money value of a man, at all ages, reckoning interest at 5 per cent.

From a table of this kind, Dr. Farre finds that so far as the future earnings are concerned, the mean gross value at all ages is £349. But the mean value of the subsistence of the labourer, as child and man, determined by the same method, is about £199. Deducting this sum from £349, there remains £150 as the mean net value of the male population, estimated by the standard of the agricultural labourer. Extending the calculations so as to include females, the £150 is reduced to £110.

Now the population of the United Kingdom amounted in 1876 to rather more than 33 millions. Multiplying this sum by £110, we have 3,640 million pounds as the approximate value of the whole population considered as agricultural labourers. That is to say, these 33 millions of people will, during their lives, earn by their labour and skill a certain sum; they will also consume in sustenance and education a certain other sum, and the present value of the excess of earnings beyond the cost of maintenance is 3,640 million pounds sterling.

So far, then, as to the agricultural labourer. The next point is to extend the calculation to other classes of the community. For this purpose the Registrar-General has recourse to the assessments upon which the income-tax is collected. We may remind our readers that all property and incomes subject to the income-tax are classified into five schedules, distinguished respectively as A, B, C, D, and E. Schedule A deals with the annual value of lands and houses, and represents, in fact, the landlord's tax; B includes the rents arising from the occupation of land, and is the farmer's schedule; C takes cognisance of dividends on public stocks, consols, etc.; D contains the profits arising from trades and professions; while E is concerned with salaries and pensions paid from the national revenues. With schedules A and C, representing respectively the annual value of

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property, whether lands, houses, or government stocks, we have nothing to do, for the simple reason that we are now endeavouring to estimate the annual yield of the human being, and not of his property, but we concentrate our attention upon schedules B, D, and E. Excluding the profits of companies, mines, and works, and making a certain addition for incomes below the taxable limit, it is found that the gross assessment under these schedules amounts to 373 million pounds a year. In other words, the annual value, as represented by the profits they have made, the incomes they have earned, or the salaries they have received, of the farmers, professional men, merchants and traders, civil servants and clerks of all kinds, enumerated in these schedules is 373 million pounds. And this we may be assured is an under-estimate, because it is a notorious fact that while here and there an income may be overrated, many are systematically under-stated, and many escape taxation altogether.

Now, it is clear that from this total must be deducted the cost of the maintenance, or, rather, sustenance, of the various classes enumerated in it, together with the interest on the external capital or plant which has been employed in earning the profits. On these accounts the Registrar-General deducts one-half, thus leaving 186½ million pounds as the actual profit inherent in the army of workers of all kinds, whose incomes are under discussion. This is capitalised at ten years' purchase, thus making the value of these incomes 1,865 million pounds. Necessary deductions have to be made because we have included in this total sum incomes already estimated among the labourers, and the result is to make the value 1,610 million pounds. Adding this sum to the 3,640 million pounds previously obtained, we get a grand total of 5,250 million pounds.

The minimum value, then, of the population of the United Kingdom—men, women, and children—is 5,250 million pounds sterling, or £159 a head.

As we have already mentioned, Mr. Giffen's estimate of the capital of the country, of the lands, houses, machinery, live and dead plant of all kinds, is 8,500 million pounds. It must not be forgotten that a large proportion of this value is derived from the population. The worth of the lands and houses depends directly upon the numbers of the people who occupy them; and the profits of the machinery and of the live and dead plant are mainly due to the skill of the human beings who work them. But besides this, we have the value inherent in the population, which, added to the 8,500 million pounds, gives 13,750 million pounds as the grand result of our national stock-taking.

Let us now apply this valuation to the great movements of the population. During the thirty-nine and a half years, during which we have had a complete and trustworthy system of registration, from the middle of 1837 to the end of 1876, the actual increase to the population, that is, the ascertained excess of births over deaths, was, in round figures, 16 millions. One-half of this total, or eight millions, emigrated. As a rule they loyally "followed the flag," and found a new home in the colonies or in the United States. The other half augmented the ranks of the population at home. Dealing with the latter first, and valuing them at the average value of £159, we find that they constitute an actual addition to the wealth of the nation of 1,212 million pounds.

Now, as to the emigrants. They, be it remembered, are, as a rule, in the prime of life and vigour, and the men far exceed the women in number. Moreover, at the time of their quitting their native homes a considerable proportion of the cost of sustenance has ceased. Allowing for these varied elements, their value may fairly be estimated at £176 per head, so that the worth of this great industrial army was 1,400 million pounds or, on an average, 35 millions a year.

It is obvious that this valuation might be applied to the deaths by disease, to pauperism, and indeed to many other elements of the national life. Enough, however, has been said to illustrate the highly interesting calculation of the Registrar-General, and to open up a fruitful field of inquiry.

Varieties.

Postal Notices.—With reference to newspapers for foreign parts, the following notice has been issued from the General Post-Office:—"A very large number of newspapers posted for foreign parts are daily kept back and sent to the Returned Letter Office in consequence of one or more of the regulations not being complied with. In the great majority of cases these newspapers cannot be returned to the senders, so that not only do they fail to reach the persons for whom they were intended, but the senders themselves are unaware of their having been detained. The most common fault in these cases is an insufficient prepayment of the postage. Some of the newspapers are prepaid a halfpenny only, which is the postage for an inland newspaper, and some, although exceeding four ounces in weight, are prepaid only a penny, the right postage in most cases being a penny for every four ounces, or fraction of that weight, in the case of each separate newspaper. A large proportion of the newspapers are found to be written upon, or to have enclosures, sometimes letters, inserted in them, and not a few are posted beyond eight days from the date of publication. The public are requested, in order to prevent disappointment to themselves, to be careful not only to prepay sufficient postage on the newspapers which they post for foreign parts, but also to comply strictly with all the regulations affecting such newspapers as laid down in the 'British Postal Guide.'" The following notice has been issued on the subject of books for the United States:—"In a communication received from the United States Post-Office in December last, and announced to the public in notice No. 73, 1877, it was stated that a book sent from this country to the United States in the mails was exempt from Customs duty, provided it did not exceed in value one dollar. The Postmaster-General has now been informed by the United States Post-Office that this exemption is not an absolute right, but is altogether subject to the discretion of the collectors of Customs, who are instructed not to permit the delivery of books imported through the mails which are sent by publishers or booksellers in the way of trade, or which, from the quantity or other circumstances are presumably intended for the use of any one other than the person to whom they are addressed, even though such books are of less value than one dollar. It should be understood that no exemption from duty will be allowed except in the case of single copies of books through the post for the use of private persons sent in good faith for that purpose."

Socialism in Berlin.—Hitherto the Prussian Socialists have rarely shown any collective interest in the municipal elections. Now matters appear very different. During the last ten years the numbers of votes given in Berlin for Social Democrats have steadily increased, as follows:—1867, 69; 1871, 1961; 1874, 11,971; 1877, 31,522; 1878, 56,336. According to the suspended "Berliner Freie Presse," 84,000 pamphlets of a Socialistic tendency have been sold in Germany during the past year.

A Clever Colley.—A Scotch Estate agent, writing to the "Agricultural Gazette" on the subject of Highland Crofters, speaks of a very clever colley belonging to an old acquaintance of his, a shepherd called Donald Grant. Grant had 6,000 hill sheep to look after; rather an undertaking for one man, but he had a most able assistant in his colley, Jessica. The writer states that he has known her to go out by herself in a heavy snow, and quietly keep a large flock moving to prevent them getting

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covered, and has seen her pick them out, six at a time, for washing at a river; no more, no less. A boy, who used to have her on Sundays, "told me," he further adds, "that she had far mair sense than her maister." The marvellous sagacity displayed in picking out a particular number of sheep each time is certainly most uncommon.

An Unrescinded Order.—One day I was walking with the Emperor of Russia in the Summer Garden of St. Petersburg, when, coming upon a sentinel in the centre of a lawn, I took the liberty of inquiring why the man was placed there. The Emperor did not know. The adjutant did not know. The sentinel did not know, except that he had been ordered there. The adjutant was then dispatched to ask the officer of the watch, whose reply tallied with the sentinel's—"Ordered." Curiosity awakened, military records were searched, without yielding any satisfactory solution. At last an old serving man was routed out, who remembered hearing his father relate that the Empress Catherine II, one hundred years ago, had found a snowdrop on that particular spot, and given orders to protect it from being plucked. No other device could be thought of than guarding it by a sentinel. The order once issued was left in force for a century.—*Prince Bismarck's Memoirs.*

Sabbath Atmosphere.—To those who toil all the week long the Lord's Day seems fairer and fresher than any other day. A person at Newcastle who had a house to let took an applicant for it to the top of his house, spoke of the distant prospect, and added, "We can see Durham Cathedral on a Sunday." "On a Sunday," said the listener, "and pray why not on a Monday?" "Why," said he, "because on the week-days great furnaces and pits are pouring forth their smoke, and we cannot see so far; indeed, we can scarcely see at all; but when the fires are out our view is wide." Is not this a true symbol of our Sabbath-days when we are in the Spirit? The smoke of the world no more beclouds the heavens, and we see almost up to the golden gates.—*Mr. Spurgeon.*

Electric Light.—If only half of what Mr. Edison says about the electric light be true, it will bring good news to editors, authors, and printers. To an interviewer of the "New York Sun," he said: "We could lay the wires right through the gas pipes, and bring them into the houses. All that will be necessary will be to remove the gas burners and substitute electric burners. The light can be regulated by a screw the same as gas. You may have a bright light or not, just as you wish. You can turn it down or up, just as you please, and can shut it off at any time. No match is needed to light it. You turn the cock, the electric connection is made, the platinum burner catches a proper degree of heat, and there is your light. There is neither blaze nor flame. There is no singing nor flickering. I do not pretend that it will give a much better light than gas, but it will be whiter and steadier than any known light. I do know now that it will be cheaper than gas. It will give no fumes nor smoke. No carbonic acid gas will be thrown off by combustion. It will be a great thing for compositors, engravers, and all forced to work during hot summer nights, for it will throw out hardly any heat. Shades may be used the same as shades upon gaslights, but there will be no real necessity for them. The wind cannot blow it out. There can be no gas explosions, and no one will be suffocated because the electricity is turned on, for it cannot be turned on without lighting the burner. A person may have lamps made with flexible cords, and carry them from one point to another."

President of the Royal Academy.—Sir Frederick Leighton, the new President of the Royal Academy, was born at Scarborough in December, 1830, so that he has nearly completed his 48th year. He spent much of his early life in studying the schools of painting in Germany, Italy, and other foreign countries, making his head-quarters at Florence, Frankfort, Brussels, and Paris. In 1851 he visited Rome, where he finished his first important painting of the Madonna carried in procession through the streets of Florence, which was one of the most generally admired subjects exhibited at the Academy in 1855. This was followed by "The Triumph of Music," in 1856; "Count Paris and Juliet," in 1858; "La Nanna," etc., 1860; "Paolo and Francesca," 1861; "Odalisque" and "The Star of Bethlehem," 1862; and "Dante in Exile," 1864. The latter painting secured his election among the Associates of the Royal Academy, and he was admitted to the full honours of that body in 1868. From the time of his admission to the Royal Academy he has been a constant exhibitor on its walls; and a mere catalogue of the productions of his fertile pencil would be equally long and superfluous. In 1869 he made an expedition to Egypt, where, armed with a letter of introduction from the Prince of Wales to the Khedive, he was enabled to see the inner life of the country with greater freedom, and to make his studies consequently in greater detail, than had previously fallen to the lot of any English artist. Some years ago he notified his intention to bequeath the sketches which he made in Egypt to the distinguished society of which he has been elected President.

Public Thanksgiving.—There are some occurrences which ought never to be forgotten. Such was the abolition of slavery in the United States of America. In a letter of the late Mr. Stoddard, of Boston, a well-known and philanthropic merchant there, written in 1865, the following incident is recorded:—"Here we have stirring times. One week since I sent you accounts of the defeat of Lee by Grant, and the capture of Richmond and Petersburg. And now I send you the surrender of Lee and his whole army to Grant, which virtually ends the Rebellion. Sherman will take care of Johnson and his army, and no other will be raised, and the war will end. In our public exchange news-room yesterday morning was inscribed in large capitals over the books, 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill towards men.' A crowd of subscribers and merchants gathered there; a prayer of thanksgiving was offered, and the words, 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow,' sung to the tune of Old Hundred."

Railway Parcel Stamps.—Most of the railway companies have issued stamps of 4*d.* and 8*d.*, for carriage of parcels of 1 lb. and 2 lb., over the whole of their respective lines.

Harrow School.—A correspondent at Harrow sends some notes which usefully supplement the article on Harrow School in the "Leisure Hour" of November, 1878. The number of boys is 510; of these 60 are home-boarders, *i.e.*, day-boys. The boarding-houses are "large" and "small:" the head master's house, with about 60 boys, the cost being about £120 a-year for each boy; large houses, with about 40 boys, kept by assistant masters, the cost about £150; small houses, with 8 or 9 boys, the cost about £180. The assistant masters succeed by seniority first to a small house and then to a large house.

The age of admission is between 13 and 15, and no boy is admitted after his fifteenth birthday. New boys are placed in the school, on the classical side, by an entrance examination in Greek, Latin, arithmetic, and general knowledge; on the modern side, by an examination in French or German, arithmetic and mathematics. There are 15 classical masters, 4 mathematical, 2 for natural science, and 2 for modern languages on the classical side. The masters vary in age from a hale vigorous septuagenarian to a beardless youth of 23. The modern languages are taught on the classical side by two Frenchmen. On the modern side they are taught by two Fellows of Trinity.

The school hours are from—

7.30 to 9 A.M. 1st school.
11 to 12 or 12 to 1. 2nd school.
3.30 to 4.30. 3rd school.
5.30 to 6.30. 4th school.

All lessons are prepared out of school. There are three half holidays a week, Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday.

Harrow wins a fair share of honours at the Universities, especially when we remember that the boys are, as a rule, the sons of wealthy men, and frequently sent to Harrow for play rather than work. Very recently three old Harrovians were elected to Fellowships at Trinity College, Cambridge, at the same election, an achievement probably without parallel in the annals of any school. And now, while I write, I learn that a boy of 16 has just won a Balliol Scholarship.

The recent school buildings are—

1. The school chapel.
2. The Vaughan Library, built to commemorate the head mastership of Dr. Vaughan. Both by Sir G. Scott.
3. The new speech-room, by Basges, on the model of a Greek theatre, where the great annual gathering takes place in the summer term to hear the school speeches. There are likewise natural science class-rooms, gymnasium, and workshop.

One word about the games, without some notice of which an account of Harrow would be incomplete. The chief are football in winter, cricket in summer. All boys as a rule join in games—the younger boys are obliged to do so. The cricket is watched over with fond parental care by two old Harrovians, who come down every summer term to aid in training the boys for the grand annual contest at Lord's—Harrow *versus* Eton. All honour to the names of Ponsonby and Grimston, very dear to all Harrovians, past and present.

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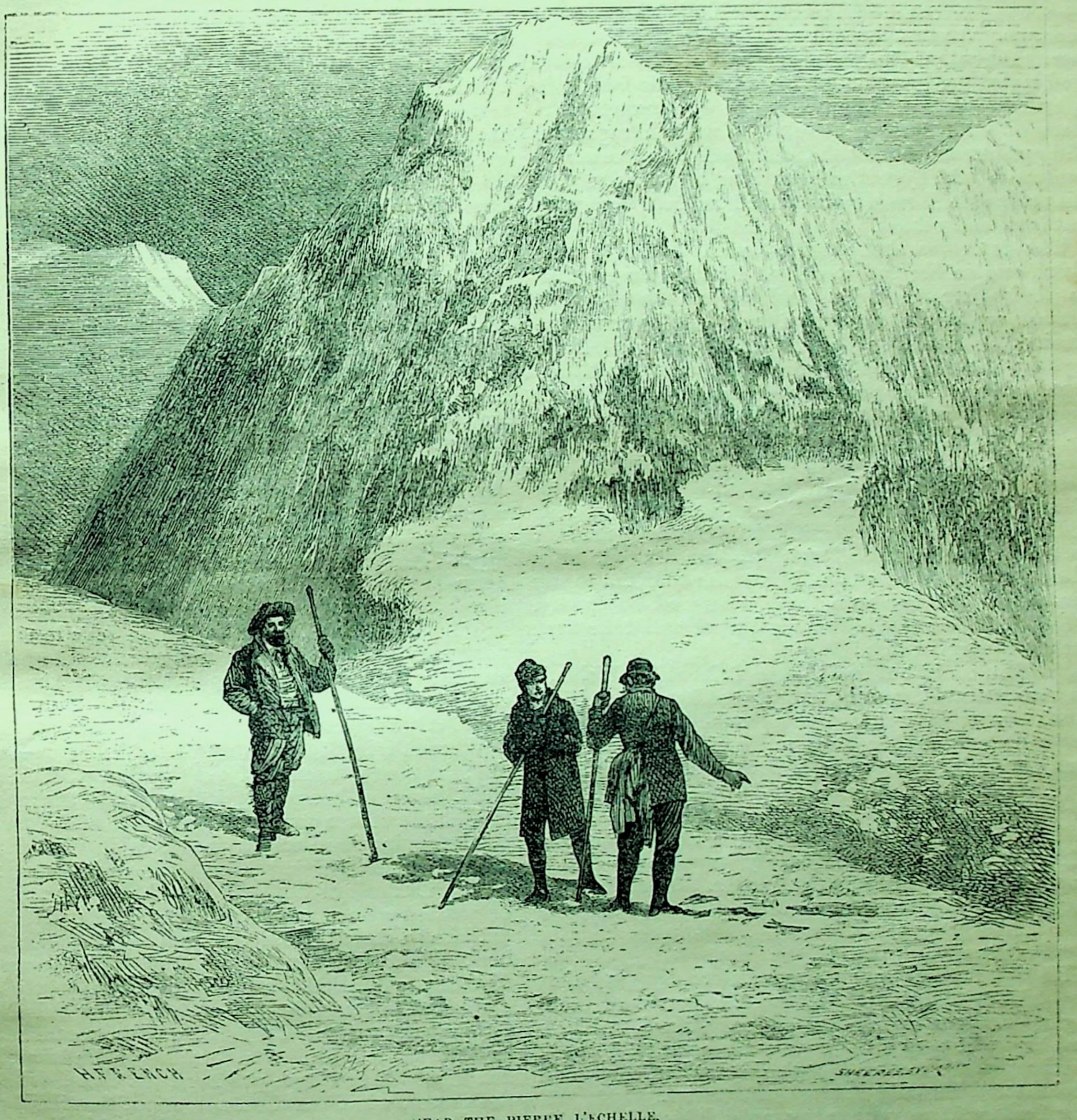
THE LEISURE HOUR.

BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,
AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND.—*Cowper.*



NEAR THE PIERRE L'ECHELLE.

"WAIT A YEAR."

CHAPTER V.

SOON after his second visit to Hillesden, Mr. Sinclair, dissatisfied with the communication received, went to Geneva to plead his cause in person. At the interview Helen remained inexorable. She determined to punish him for deceiving her, as she termed it, and this, not by breaking off the match, but by leaving him doubtful of her intentions. For a whole twelvemonth he was to forego her society, and at the end of that time she would give him a definite answer. Though he protested against her cruelty, he was secretly rejoiced that it was no worse. To lose Helen was to lose more than his love, it was to strip life bare of the promises that made it bright and sunny as it had never been before he knew her. Without her he could not imagine it possible for him now to be happy. Already was it something that the sweet hopes that had

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given such a novel charm, even to ordinary things, might yet be his, though painfully overshadowed by coldness and delay.

"You could hardly do this, Helen, if you loved me," he remonstrated, when she imposed her imperious will.

"If you like better, we will end the engagement now," was her unmoved rejoinder.

That being the possibility he had been dreading all along, he was only too glad to find he had yet power to prevent it by the sacrifice of his personal feelings. At first he did not so very much blame her. Indeed, as she recapitulated the circumstances and stated her grounds for displeasure, depicting in glowing colours the happy life she had expected to pass with him, and contrasted it with her present disappointment, he felt that she had some cause to complain. And yet it grieved him to perceive that his motives had no weight with her, that they were not even understood.

The interview he obtained with difficulty was short, and on her part decisive. Finding every effort to shake her resolution useless, and that cordial intercourse was at present impossible, he was constrained to submit, but pledged himself to return joyfully at the slightest word of encouragement.

"At the end of a year, that is, on the 30th of next June," answered Helen, with perfect coolness.

"Be more reasonable and kind," pleaded Mrs. Lestocq, who, more shrewd and less proud than her daughter, sided with Mr. Sinclair. Though fully alive to Helen's attractions, her knowledge of men perhaps suggested the possibility of straining the bow too far, which was the last thing she desired. But Helen was too conscious of her power to listen to any reasoning but her own, and answered haughtily, "Mr. Sinclair has blighted my life, it will take time for me to forgive him."

"If you could but see things differently, Helen," he remonstrated, gently, really feeling himself so much of a culprit, that if she would have departed but a little from her hard, resentful mood, he was ready to make any concession short of principle to appease her.

"And if you had acted differently," retaliated Helen, "if you had consulted me at least before taking a step so adverse to my happiness—" she stopped, reading her mistake in Mr. Sinclair's eyes.

"Would you not have attempted to dissuade me?" he asked.

"Perhaps; what then?"

He did not answer; he was internally glad that he had not offended in the greater degree of turning a deaf ear to her entreaties. He loved her, and his heart once given could not bear to go back to the joyless, matter-of-fact days when men and books were his only sources of interest.

"I will wait for your better mood, Helen," he said, after a pause. "Perhaps you will recall your decision when you think upon its unkindness. I shall write to you—"

"No, not a line, not a word till the 30th of June."

"And if I infringe these hard conditions—"

"We will put an end to the engagement now if you prefer it," she answered, with every appearance of indifference.

"I will wait," replied Mr. Sinclair. He had so often contemplated the prospect of losing her, and knew so well what that would cost him, that he had no occasion to take further counsel with himself. He was too poor in ties of affection to afford to lose her. And so they parted, coldly, yet not estranged, for he looked forward to the termination of his probation, not with the vivid anticipations he had at first enjoyed, but as to a period when he should settle down without any further anxieties. Naturally tenacious of purpose, Warren Sinclair was a man who rarely let go an idea once conceived, and in that, as in many other respects, was the opposite of his brother, who frequently boasted of having no fancies for which he would do battle twenty-four hours after they were formed.

When Mr. Sinclair left Helen, he made up his mind to resume the habit of travelling. His erratic tastes had hitherto led him chiefly to the East, but there was much to interest him nearer home. A great part of Switzerland was new to him. Among its mountains and valleys he might, he thought, pass his time more agreeably than in England, and also be within reach when Helen should change her ideas. That she would persevere to the end of the time specified he hardly believed. Nothing could have been better for him than the wandering life to which he now betook himself, perhaps no other could have been less advantageous to Helen. Nature is all truth, as well in its sublimities and grandeurs as in its peace and simplicity. Who could wander among the marvels of a great mountain country without being the better for what he saw? Those mysterious operations, lost in a silence that none can break, in a secrecy that no created being can reveal, affect the mind with such a sense of awe and wonder that ordinary subjects lose their importance. Many over which we are accustomed to fret dwindle into insignificance. They appear too short-lived to be worth our sorrow, not of more account in the chronicles of time than an insect's life in comparison with our own. God only we feel to be great, and then we learn that only as circumstances link us closer or distance us from Him, the source of all good, can they assume any real significance.

Warren's institution to the living of Hillesden, though the outcome of the workings of his own mind, had also been what Helen never surmised, the touchstone of her own character, over which he daily pondered in those solitary rambles in which he indulged after leaving Geneva. Why should it be such a fault in her eyes that he could no longer be content with a useless existence? why, above all, did she so shrink from the position he had to offer her? That question he did not care to answer. Nothing could diminish in his eyes the beauty of his betrothed, not even the stiff *hauteur* with which she had received his entreaty for less rigorous treatment; but as days went on he began to reflect upon himself for having yielded so weakly to her attractions. What was the charm, what was the fascination, that had broken up his tranquil life and filled him with disquietude and anxious longings that certainly had no satisfaction in them? Where was the calm good sense which hitherto had been the guide of his actions? Remote from the false glitter that had lately dazzled him, he began to see things rather differently, and to experience a tardy doubt of his own wisdom. To say that he was *désillusioné* would be too much, but he was ruffled and ill at ease, at peace neither with himself nor with others. If Helen persisted in her expressed resolve to hold no communication with him for a year, all his plans must be changed.

Instead of beginning his married life while he had

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leisure to give himself up to domestic enjoyments, he had before him six months without any definite object in view. He could not shorten Mr. Moreton's tenure of the living, for that would be unkind, as well as unusual, and consequently he could not enter upon his work before Christmas. Up to that period the time would drag heavily if he had no particular occupation; afterwards there would be the new sphere of duty, and certain alterations and improvements to make in the Rectory. His thoughts turned again towards the East, and he resolved to go there when tired of Switzerland. He felt that he could now revisit the scenes of sacred story with even greater interest than when he first saw them.

The greatest lover of solitude, says a cynic, requires a companion with whom to laud its beauty. Mr. Sinclair heard with pleasure that his brother Captain Orde intended to join him. However much he might profit by his solitary rambles, he knew the value of fellowship. The mind cannot long remain at its highest pitch any more than the eye can be always satisfied with the majestic. The one requires to descend into ordinary life as the other asks for softer beauty, and often turns with livelier, though less exalted pleasure, from the giant mountains, capped by their eternal snow, to the humbler crags, flushed with the Alpine rose and clad with verdure.

By the time Captain Orde arrived Mr. Sinclair's feelings towards Miss Lestocq had undergone some change. If his regret were essentially undiminished it was so mixed with irritation that though he knew his brother had seen both mother and daughter more recently than himself, he abstained from making any inquiry about them. Cecil was obliged to volunteer his information, which was that Mrs. Lestocq and Helen had left Geneva, and were gone to the Château Prangin, a pension near Nyon, with some friends whom they had known at Cannes.

Captain Orde's intention was to pass a short time with his brother while waiting for some companions with whom he purposed attempting some of the difficult passes, where a little danger gives increased zest, but which were altogether beyond the less vigorous powers of Warren Sinclair. Though when together the latter felt secretly fretted over his own incapability to endure the same fatigue as Cecil, he was, nevertheless, the better for contact with his brother's cheerful character. Differing too much in many important respects to be cordially affectionate, they yet acknowledged and valued what was good in each other. Warren had often paid Cecil's debts, and was more willing to give than Cecil to take; the latter being proud, the elder brother in him revolted at being too dependent upon a younger, besides that, he knew the bulk of his brother's property to be entailed, and had some honest scruples in hampering him by accepting too often his ready money.

"I am neither good nor bad, but I am troubled with a bit of a conscience," he used to say, and was content to enjoy what was, at best, a dangerous respectability. It was not without a sigh of regret that Warren suffered his wishes to be put aside as impracticable and impossible when he desired to make one of Cecil's party.

"You could not do it, Warren; you would be a bore to yourself as well as to us," said Cecil, more bluntly than politely; "it would be manslaughter in me to permit it. What you can do with me alone I am willing to attempt, but when my friends arrive we leave you behind."

As Cecil was not to be persuaded to alter his route nor suffer his brother to accompany him, Warren felt himself obliged to remain alone, and was much annoyed, estimating perhaps too highly the pleasures of adventure, as we are apt to do advantages that we do not possess. And this weakness was fostered every day by the visitors coming and going, bent for the most part on excursions where strength and agility were absolutely necessary. Chamounix, where they now were, owes its world-wide reputation less to the beauty of its situation than to the feats of muscle and endurance it can chronicle; also—and we must add an emphatic alas!—also to the tragic tales it has from time to time to record. Yet ever and ever will the fascination of its wild magnificence continue, luring many to imprudence and some to death.

Cecil Orde was as good as his word. He accompanied his brother to all the regular excursions of the general tourist to green valleys, sunny glades, and through many a dark forest of tall pines leading to the hilltops above, whose irregular outlines cut sharply against the soft grey sky. They crossed the Mer-de-Glace, which was but a child's feat for Cecil; they plucked the blue gentian from the rougher ground of the Jardin, and that was something more. It tried Warren Sinclair's climbing powers to the utmost of prudence.

"Where shall we go?" asked Cecil the last morning of his intended stay at Chamounix. They had started with a guide, and were not agreed in the excursion to be made. One proposed turning in one direction, one in another. "Let us go once more to the Brevent," said Cecil; "the weather is good for walking—not too sunny. We shall have a fine view; the route to Mont Blanc will be clearly distinguished."

Warren consenting, they were about to start, when the guide, by a chance observation, changed their plan, and the colour of a life besides. He spoke of his brother being engaged that afternoon to accompany a party in the ascent of Mont Blanc.

"We might walk in that direction; we should see them when they pass; they must sleep at the Grands Mulets. We can easily go as far as the Pierre Pointue," added Cecil, appealing to the guide.

He consented, and they were soon wending their way over greensward and stony paths, where the pine-trees bared their shaggy roots beside murmuring brooks, roaring torrents, or swampy ground, and all the diversified accidents of the mountain-paths, until they reached the glacier. Whence comes the charm these granite walls of ice exercise upon the beholder—the fascination of the great white masses of snow, swept by a breeze that stirred the pulses to unwonted vigour, and gave to mind and body unusual elasticity! Warren felt new youth stealing through his veins, his blood warmed, his energies kindled. Walk he must, and with a physical ease that surprised him. The gaining of one point only made him more desirous to reach another. From Pierre Pointue they went on to Pierre l'Echelle, the second halting-place, which they reached while the afternoon sun was yet high in the heavens. Cecil did once remonstrate, warning Warren against fatigue to which he was not inured, and laughingly reminded him of the risk of visiting dangerous places with his heir for a companion.

But Warren was obstinate, even when he walked with difficulty. He could afford to laugh at a joke so unlikely to be realised, but he could not bring him-

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self to renounce the fruits of his exertions. They had come too far on the road to turn back at a point so critical, for the interest was increasing at every step; a little farther and it would have the culminating attraction of danger—just a little to the careless and uninitiated.

"It must be a far more tangible danger than the one you suggest that would turn me back from such scenes as are now within my reach," answered Warren. But he soon found that he had miscalculated his strength. On arriving at Pierre l'Echelle he was so exhausted that it was necessary for him to propose a return.

"Right at last," replied Cecil, glad to see his brother reduced to prudence, though only by his physical weakness, but it did not enter his head to accommodate his yet untired powers to the feebler ones of Warren.

They had now reached the most remarkable part of the route leading to the summit. Nothing they had yet passed afforded a hundredth part of the excitement now glowing through his frame as these majestic forms of Nature rose before him. Dark rifts, spanned by bridges of snow, and jagged pinnacles, broke the blue-white surface, while deep abysses, unfathomable to sight or sound, at once attracted and repelled.

Whilst Warren reposed within the châlet Cecil arranged with his guide to go a little farther, finding the fascination too great to resist. "Only a little way I am going. We shall soon be back," he said to his brother, who joined him just as the roping had been effected.

"If it is only a little way, I can go too," said Warren, and notwithstanding every remonstrance from the guide as well as his brother, he persisted in his desire to make acquaintance with the wonders of the ice world, whose mysterious influence he felt for the first time. He was too near them to allow himself to be disappointed for want of spirit and energy to take advantage of a chance never likely to occur again. After some useless delay, finding that all arguments were vain against a resolution based on the "now or never," which was bracing Warren to the imprudent exertion, Cecil was obliged to yield, and this he did with additional reluctance, knowing that his brother's slower pace would materially cripple his own. The old proverb ruled again, and the wilful man had his own way. Warren declared himself sufficiently rested to proceed, and heard, with exemplary patience and dogged tenacity, the objections of his brother and the guide, who strenuously endeavoured to dissuade him. The roping was at length carefully adjusted, and they started; Michel, the guide, first, Captain Orde second, Warren next, and a young mountaineer, whom they had engaged at Pierre Pointue, last. For a short time they walked leisurely, but well. Warren, refreshed and rested at the châlet, did better than they expected, and they got over the ground some hundred yards without any serious difficulty, braced by the clear air and animated by the untold delight of looking round upon one high peak after another. Those trackless fields of snow, so dazzling in their whiteness, almost bewildered the senses. Warren's sensitive spirit was enchanted, and in the huge irregular masses everywhere he could recognise giants guarding the entrance to their secret caves. But soon there came a change; he breathed with difficulty, and the difficulty increased at every step. At the portals of these grand mysteries he was obliged to give in, and consented to return, Cecil promising to join him in a short time. They were scarcely out of sight of the châlet and the newly-trodden snow marking the path by which they came; it seemed impossible to make any mistake. Reluctantly Warren saw his brother depart. They exchanged a few words of mutual caution, and then, roped to his companion between three and four yards apart, Warren began to descend, turning continually to watch Cecil as long as he was in sight. Whilst following with the eye the movements of the almost invisible figures, resembling dark spots moving on the snow, it may be that they unconsciously stepped aside and left the proper path. It could only have been a slight deviation, however, for they saw the traces of their former footsteps, and immediately endeavoured to regain them. The guide went first, and Warren followed over the smooth, glittering surface, which crunched under their feet as they went along, the sharp breeze tending rather to exhilirate than to chill. They had not gone far when a sound of something strange, a wild and fearful cry of human anguish, that once heard could never be forgotten, rung through the air, and Warren had not time to realise that his companion had disappeared when he found himself cast from the solid earth into darkness and despair.

ELECTRIC LIGHTING.

NOTWITHSTANDING the suddenness of its recent development, the electric light is an old and well-known source of illumination. Every electrician during the last fifty years has observed its growing importance, and could have prophesied that it would ultimately become a public illuminator and a rival to gas. There were defects, however, both in the machines used for generating the electricity required, and in the burners, or *wicks*, which under the influence of the electricity yielded the light, and it is only within the last two or three years that these have been practically overcome. The machines of Gramme and of Siemens in England, and of Brush and Wallace-Farmer in America, have now put into our hands an almost perfect means of transforming motive-power into electric currents, and the electric wicks of Jablochkoff, Lontin, Rapieff, Werdermann, Edison, and others, have given us a variety of lamps which fairly launch the electric arc as a successful artificial light of great brilliance and penetrating power.

Certainly it has points of superiority over gas. It is purer in quality, gives off little heat and no pernicious fumes, and requires no matches to light it; but it has yet one failing to be overcome before it can quite drive gas-lighting from the field. It must admit of being economically subdivided into a greater number of small lights. The light itself is beyond comparison with gaslight, but it must admit of being brought into the rooms and lobbies of dwelling-houses before it can supersede gas. The most recent improvements have rendered it admirably adapted for the lighting of streets and large halls or warehouses, but there remains the problem of moderating, while distributing, its illuminating power. It is a problem which all electricians working at the subject—and there are many—are trying to solve. Its solution will certainly seal the fate of the gas companies; but it is a difficult one. Everybody knows how Mr.

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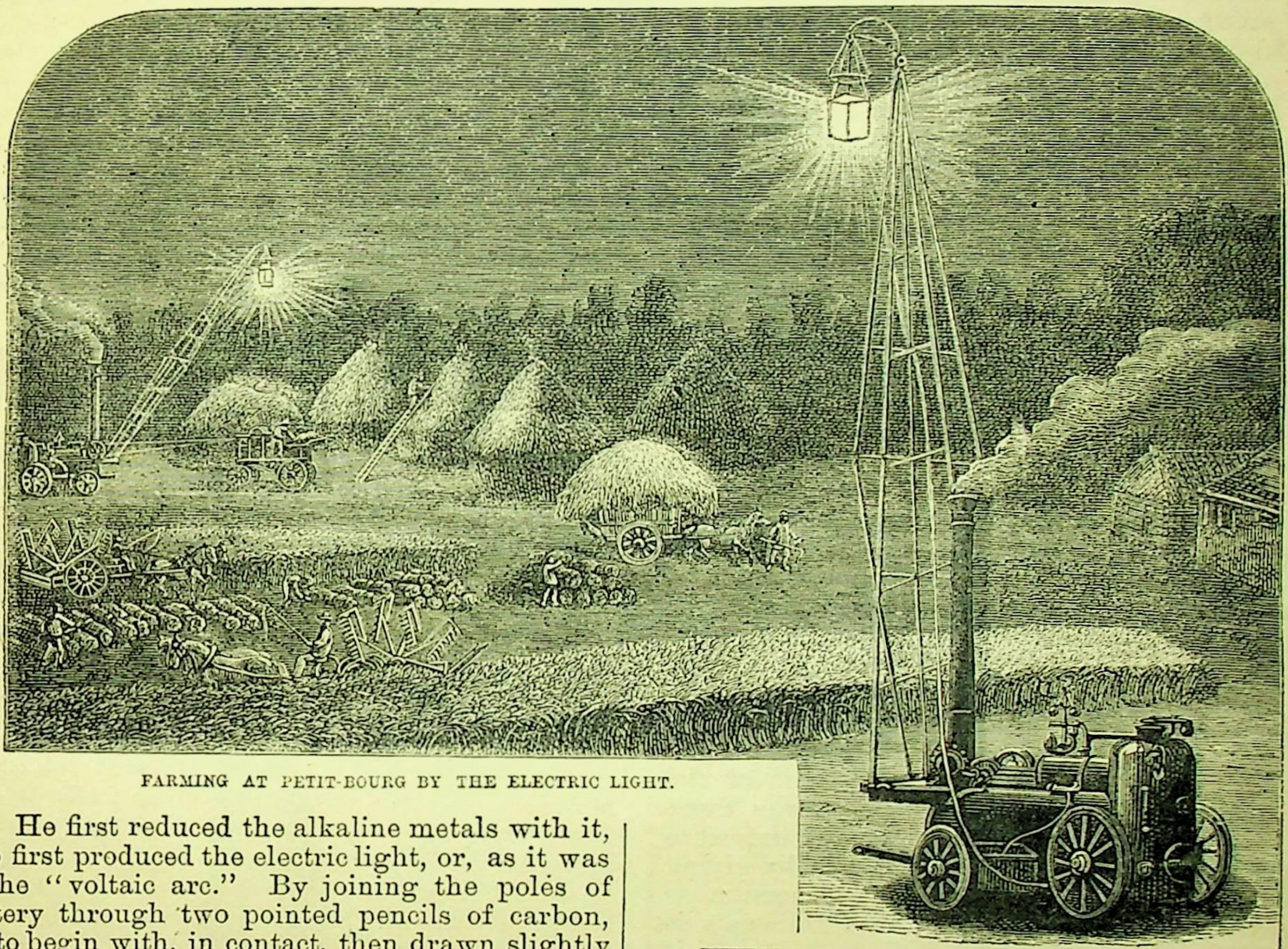
Edison, the famous inventor of the phonograph, on October 4th last year, sent a cable message to Europe announcing that he had solved this problem, and the consequence was a panic in gas shares. The effect was also greatly to stimulate inventors, and the progress of the electric light has been extremely rapid since then, both in Europe and America, but especially in England.

The ordinary electric light was discovered by Sir Humphrey Davy in the early part of this century. Very soon after the discovery of the voltaic cell by the Italian physicist, Volta, the Cornish philosopher had a large battery constructed of two thousand cells, which became in his hands a powerful engine of research. He first reduced the alkaline metals with it, and also first produced the electric light, or, as it was called, the "voltaic arc." By joining the poles of the battery through two pointed pencils of carbon, placed, to begin with, in contact, then drawn slightly apart, the current passed from one carbon to the other, leaping across the intervening space and filling it with an intensely brilliant light of silvery whiteness. It was soon found that there was a transference of carbon particles from the pencil in connection with the "positive" pole of the battery to that in connection with the negative pole, and that the intense white light was due to the incandescence of these carbon particles by the violent energy of the current. With his two thousand cells Davy obtained a luminous arc between the points four inches long, and he soon found that the light was not due to the ordinary burning of the carbon in the air, although this combustion does go on and helps it a little, for the light was just as brilliant in a vacuum, and took place even in water. It proved likewise to be the source of the intensest heat produced on earth. The most refractory substances melted within it or vanished in vapour. Lime and quartz were fused; iron, gold, and silver were volatilised, and platinum burned with brilliant scintillations, when held in the voltaic arc.

The striking resemblance of the electric to the solar light was at once apparent. The extraordinary penetrating power, the deep and distinct shadows which it cast, the iridescent beauty of its source, and the fact that it showed colours almost as pure as at noonday, eminently marked it out for illuminating purposes. But many serious objections to its use were soon found. The necessary batteries were very expensive, and, worse than all, they were of inconstant strength. Besides this, the positive carbon was found to wear down so rapidly by transference of the carbon particles that the distance between the carbon points soon became too great for the current to bridge over, and consequently the arc was liable to flicker and go out. The first of these objections was completely obviated by the great discovery of Faraday, termed magneto-electric induction. The pupil and successor of Davy in the same laboratory thus helped on the development of the electric light. Faraday gave us the means of producing a powerful current without the help of a voltaic battery at all. In November, 1831, he took a stout ring of soft iron, about six inches across, and round one half of it he coiled a length of cotton-covered copper wire, while round the other half he coiled another length of similar wire. On sending a current from a battery through one of these coils, he obtained an instantaneous current in the other, more powerful, but in an opposite direction to the battery current; and on stopping the battery current he obtained in the other coil a powerful return current in the same direction as the battery current. Thus, by sending a weak current through one coil, he generated, or *induced*, as it is called, a momentary but very powerful current in the other. A few days after, Faraday extended his discovery, and generated induced currents in coils of wire by *the mere motion of a magnet* in their neighbourhood. Wrapping the ends of the copper wire of



FARMING AT PETIT-BOURG BY THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.

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one of these coils around two pointed pieces of carbon, and suddenly bringing a magnet near to it, Faraday could distinguish a spark passing between the carbon points at the instant of the magnet's approach. This was the germ of the later electric lights.

Elaborate machines have since been constructed for generating great and constant supplies of electricity by this magneto-electric action. At the South Kensington Loan Exhibition of Scientific Apparatus last year there was visible in one room, not far from each other, the iron ring with the rough coils and carbon points from which Faraday elicited the first tiny spark, and the dazzling modern light from a large Gramme magneto-electric machine worked by a steam-engine—the germ beside its latest outcome. Faraday knew that the tiny spark could be made the means of illuminating lighthouses and great buildings and ships at sea, but he left that to other men. "I have rather," he says, "been desirous of discovering new facts and new relations dependent on magneto-electric induction than of exalting the force of those already obtained, being assured that the latter would find their full development hereafter."

A few months after his discovery, M. Pixii, an instrument maker in Paris, constructed the first magneto-electric machine. It was very simple, and consisted of a magnet rotated in the neighbourhood of a coil. Since then scores of electro-magnetic machines have been invented, the original form being gradually improved by a process of development curious to note, each new form *growing*, as it were, out of the old, until at last they have culminated in the powerful and economical machines of Wilde, Siemens, and Gramme. These machines are usually driven by a small steam-engine of a few horse-power, and part of the energy of rotation is transformed into a continuous current of electricity, capable of supporting the most brilliant electric lights.

But although the invention of magneto-electric machines overcame the difficulty of inconstant and expensive batteries, the second defect—that of the wasting of the carbon points, or *wicks*—was more baffling. Various mechanical lamps were contrived to regulate the distance between the points by giving them a motion towards each other in proportion as one of them was worn away. Of these Dubocq's is the best, and very ingenious it is. The current itself is made to regulate the distance between the points by means of a magnet, so that when the distance gets too great for the current to pass, the points are brought closer, and when they are too close they are drawn farther apart. Instead of these regulators, divers materials were from time to time substituted for carbon as points, or "electrodes," for the arc. Points of platinum, of iridium, of silver, and other solid metals, were tried, but the vivid colours these give to the flame stand in the way of their adoption. A fine stream of fluid mercury, falling on a solid surface of metal or carbon, yielded a superb green light. One rather successful plan was to give the carbons a rotary motion, so that a fresh surface was continually being opposed to a fresh surface. Various methods were invented for preparing the carbons, so as to keep them as pure and steady in burning as possible. Carbons cut from gas retorts, or prepared from wood charcoal, or manufactured from tar, resin, or mineral oil, are found to give the best light. But even the best of these is imperfect as a constant source of light; there is always a certain flickering of the luminous arc as it plays over the wasting points, and a variable intensity of the illumination. Nevertheless it does not seriously interfere with the use of the light as a great illuminating centre, such as a lighthouse or beacon-light, where there are several sets of carbon points and the light is collected by reflectors and sent out in parallel rays through elaborate lenses. The splendid beam which the South Foreland lighthouse sends over the Channel appears as equal and steady as it is brilliant. When, however, we come to lighting on a smaller scale, as in streets and public buildings, the case is different. The management of small carbons is difficult; they give a variable and an undiffused light; and, in addition to this, it is not easy to distribute or divide the current amongst a number of arcs such as would be necessary in the case of street-lamps or the different rooms of a building.

The electric light of M. Lodighin, a Russian engineer, was a great improvement over the ordinary carbon points. Lodighin encloses a single stick of carbon in a hermetically sealed glass vessel full of nitrogen, and sends the current through it. It thereupon glows at a white heat, emitting a steady, soft light, and as there is no oxygen in the vessel, there is no combustion of the carbon, which therefore remains unaltered. The current is supplied by a Gramme's machine. It is designed for the lighting of streets and houses, and, by successive public trials at St. Petersburg, Paris, and London, achieved considerable favour a year or two ago. It has very recently, however, found a more powerful rival in Jablochkoff's electric candle. Like Lodighin, Jablochkoff also procures a steady light without the use of any kind of regulator. The candle consists of the usual pair of carbon points, but instead of being pointed to each other they are placed side by side and separated from each other by a strip or plate of

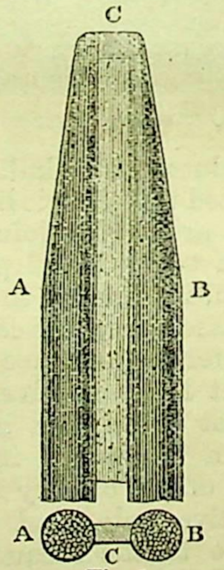

Fig. 1.

kaolin or porcelain clay, thus (fig. 1), where A and B are the carbons, and C the kaolin. The candle stands upright in a socket or candlestick, and the current being sent up the stick A crosses the top of the kaolin C and flows down the stick B. To start the light the current first passes through a strip of conducting composition, C, between the two carbons across the edge of the kaolin. Between A and B is the luminous arc, or candle flame, a brilliant centre emitting a delightfully soft and continuous light. It owes its peculiarly soft diffusiveness to the kaolin, which is heated to whiteness at the tip and melts away like wax at the same rate as the carbons are consumed.

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The edge of a simple plate of kaolin may also be heated by the intermittent current from an induction coil without the use of carbons at all, and a beautiful band of soft white light produced. For large open spaces, such as railway-stations, areas, harbours, public-halls, and thoroughfares, Jablochkoff's candle is very well adapted, and with some improvements the simple kaolin light may yet come to be fitted for domestic use. The great advantage of Jablochkoff's system is that there is a constant and continuous circuit for the current across the luminous kaolin. The variableness of the voltaic arc is thus to a great extent avoided, and no lamp to regulate the distance between the carbon points is required. Electricians are now beginning to see that the electric light of the future is one which will be produced by some substance, metal or rock, which will become luminous on the passage of an electric current *through its mass.* The uncertainty of a break in the current, which holds in the case of the opposed carbon points with the "voltaic arc" of Davy between, will thus be obviated. Both Lodighin and Jablochkoff did good service in departing from the old groove, and providing a *continuous* conducting circuit for the current, Lodighin with his carbon stick in vacuo, and Jablochkoff with his compound candle of carbon and kaolin. These gentlemen have partially succeeded, but their apparatus is still somewhat complicated, and the best solution of the problem of electric lighting will only be attained when the immediate source of light is a single piece of some material inserted in the circuit of the current. This material has, it appears, yet to be discovered.

The electric generator of the current employed by M. Jablochkoff is a Gramme or dynamo-electric machine, which gives rapid alternations of positive and negative currents. A dynamo-electric machine is simply a magneto-electric machine, in which the magnets generating the currents are not bars of steel permanently magnetised, but bars of soft iron made temporarily magnetic by a current of electricity circulating round them. In most dynamo-electric machines this magnetising current is supplied by the working of the machine itself from a trace of permanent magnetism in the bars to begin with, but in the form of Gramme machine used by M. Jablochkoff this current is obtained from a separate Gramme machine of the ordinary kind. Our figure 2 shows the arrangements required for lighting Jablochkoff's electric candle. A is a small Gramme machine of the ordinary kind, which supplies the current necessary to magnetise the electro-magnets of the alternating machine, B. This latter machine generates short positive and negative currents alternately, some 16,000 of them per minute. These currents are led by wires, EE, to the "commutator," C, and from the commutator by other wires, EE, to the lamp. In each lamp there are four separate candles, but only one burns at a time. The current passes up one carbon, traverses the kaolin, and down the other; and if the current were always in one direction, the positive carbon, or that connected to the positive pole of the machine, would be wasted away much faster than the other; but by the device of alternating the currents the carbons are alternately worn away at an equal rate. Each candle only burns one hour and a half, but the commutator serves automatically to turn the current into the next candle the instant that the last has burned sufficiently low. In this way the four candles burn six hours. The dynamo-electric machines, A and B, are of course turned by a belt from any shafting

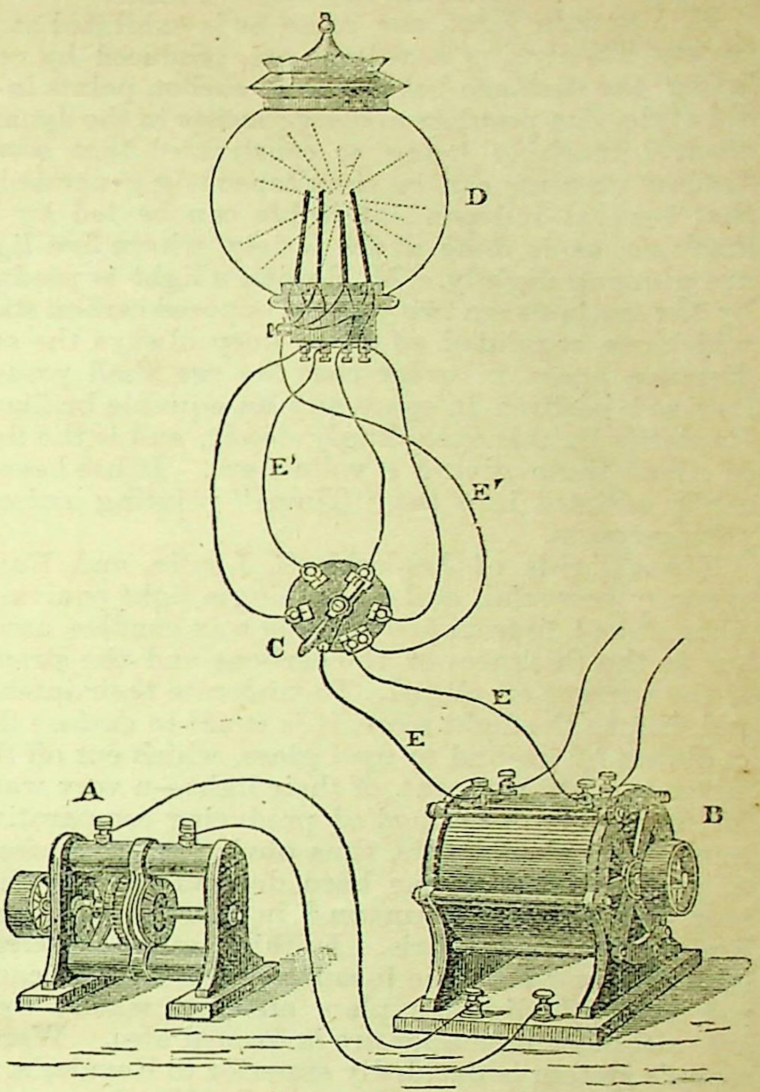

Fig. 2.

driven by steam or other motive-power, such as water-wheels or gas-engines. By a particular arrangement of the interior of the machine, eight, ten, or even sixteen separate lights may be fed from one machine, but the usual number is six.

M. Jablochkoff's light occupies by far the most prominent place of any now before the world. Visitors to Paris during the past summer have seen it at twenty different places in that splendid city, glowing in large opal globes, with a soft, pale radiance like that of the full moon. The chief display, however, is to be seen in the Avenue and Place de l'Opera, where twenty-four splendid lamps illumine the fine new boulevard leading up to the Grand Opera House. The example set last summer by Paris is being followed by other cities. St. Petersburg, Madrid, Copenhagen, and London, are practically taking up the question of electric lighting and trying it on an experimental scale. With our customary energy, now that it has once got a footing amongst us, thanks in great part to the enterprise of Mr. John Hollingshead, of the Gaiety Theatre, in bringing the Lontin electric light from Paris to the Strand, we English are rapidly outstripping the French themselves. Several new lights have been brought to the front, and trials of them take place every other day; ware-rooms, works, and shop-fronts are lit by it; football and polo matches played; the Thames Embankment, the Holborn Viaduct, and Billingsgate Market, among other places, have been publicly lit by one or other system, chiefly Jabloch-

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koff's. Electric lighting companies have been formed, and dozens of patents for electric lighting have been taken out all within the last three months.

M. Lontin's light, the same as is exhibited at the Gaiety Theatre, is a voltaic arc, produced by regulating the distance between two carbon points in the old style. Its peculiar novelty consists in the dynamo-electric machine being so constructed that several distinct currents can be simultaneously generated so that several independent lights can be fed by one machine, as is done at the Gaiety, where five lights are glowing nightly. M. Rapieff's light is produced by the arc between two *pairs* of opposed carbon sticks, which are regulated so as to keep always the same distance apart, in order that the arc shall preserve its fixed position in space and an equable brilliancy. Rapieff's light is exceedingly steady, and is the finest of all of those giving a voltaic arc. It has been recently adopted into the "Times" printing and composing-rooms.

These lights of Jablochkoff, Lontin, and Rapieff are very powerful, and give a single light equivalent, when naked, to from 500 to 1,000 wax candles, according to the thickness of the carbons and the strength of the current employed. To moderate their intensity and diffuse the light more, it is usual to enclose them in globes of ground or opal glass, which cut off from thirty to sixty per cent. of their light—a very wasteful amount. A method of producing comparatively small and naked lights, thus obviating the necessity of wasteful globes, has been devised recently, however, by Mr. Werdermann* in London, and by M. Emile Reynier in Paris. In this method the electric light is formed by the incandescence of a fine carbon rod, as in Lodighin's plan, and not wholly by an arc, although a smaller arc is formed also. Werdermann's system is decidedly superior to Reynier's, and consists in pointing a fine pencil of carbon upright against a block of carbon held over it. The current is passed from the pencil to the block, and about an inch of the point of the pencil is caused to glow with a beautiful, pure, soft, and brilliant light like that of the sun himself. A very small bead of light is also formed in the minute arc between the two carbons; but there is no flickering; the light is quite steady, and all the regulation required is to arrange for the pencil of carbon being pushed up towards the upper carbon as it slowly consumes away. There being little or no arc, the resistance of the carbons to the passage of the current is very slight, and at least ten forty-candle lights may be kept going by a single current from a small 2-horse power Gramme machine of the ordinary type. The carbon pencils last for several months before fresh ones are required, and the intensity of the light can be greatly regulated by their size. Werdermann's light is perhaps the nearest approach yet made to the effectual subdivision and moderation of the electric light for household purposes; but although it will serve excellently well for lighting concert-halls, ware-rooms, and large counting-houses, it will require further development ere it can be introduced into dwelling-houses as gas is at present. Carbon under the electric current sometimes throws off red-hot sparks, and this alone, not to speak of the extra trouble of a more complex lighting arrangement, would, we fear, debar it from use in sitting-rooms, even if the light could be still further reduced in intensity.

* For detailed descriptions of Rapieff's and Werdermann's lights, see the "Electrical Review," for Nov. 1 and 15, 1878.

Mr. Edison has not fully disclosed his plan of general electric illumination, but we have gathered that it consists in forming the wick or luminous source of platinum, rendered incandescent by the current. This is an old idea, and Mr. Edison must have some further devices in view, else his reputed invention is worthless. He is, admittedly, a great inventor, and is now devoting himself so earnestly to the subject, that we need not be much surprised if he should succeed ultimately in doing what he has proposed, namely, to bring the electric light into our homes.

The fundamental difficulty in economically subdividing the electric light is the fact that the intensity of a light produced by a current of electricity is proportional, not to the simple strength of the current, but to the *square* of the strength of the current—that is, a current of twice the strength of another current will yield a light not twice, but four times as intense; and a current three times as strong will yield a light nine times as powerful. Similarly, on dividing a single current giving one light into two light-giving currents, each of half the strength of the original current, the two lights obtained in this way will each be only one-fourth of the original single light; and if the current be divided into three separate streams, three separate lights will be got, but each of them will be, not a third of the original light, as might be supposed, but only one-ninth, and so on. Thus a single electric light of a thousand candle-power would, on subdivision in this way, only give ten lights each of ten candle-power, or a hundred lights of one candle-power. From this we see that while the electric light is eminently suitable for the production of intense lights—and for this purpose it is cheaper than gas, as well as better—for small lights it is not only practically difficult to deal with, but theoretically wasteful. The Jablochkoff system of lighting is the most expensive of all, and is, for London, quite as dear as gas, although it gives a finer light; but the Lontin and Rapieff and Werdermann systems are several times cheaper than gas for equal amounts of light, the Lontin being estimated at six times cheaper—even including the loss caused by employing opal globes. But this comparison is based on the use of a few powerful electric lights, and as we have seen how the intensity of the electric light is diminished by subdivision into separate lamps, we must infer that, according to our present knowledge, the electric light will not be able to compete with gas for household purposes at least for a long time to come. For the larger illuminating purposes of streets, lecture-halls, and ball-rooms; for ships, light-houses, buoys, trains, workshops, and harbours; for agricultural or building operations by night, and many other works, it will soon take the place of gas; but the study, the kitchen, and the drawing-room are likely to remain under existing plans of lighting.

ORANGES.

RIPE fruit, some philosopher has affirmed, is just so much condensed sunshine. We will not scrutinise the statement too closely for fear that, like a great many other very profound utterances of very wise men, it should turn out to be rather a foolish one. The idea is at least a pleasant one, and, with regard to the piles of oranges that brighten up our

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MARSEILLES QUAY AT THE ORANGE SEASON.

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dingy streets all through our dreariest months, not very difficult to accept.

Just when trees are shivering off their last leaves, and fogs begin to grow dense and cold, and our weather generally assumes its wintry gloom and discomfort, shiploads of these cheery-looking little missives pour in upon us, telling of clear blue skies and balmy breezes, and fairy scenes of beauty and fertility—every orange of them looking the veritable embodiment of sunbeams.

Every orange, we have said, but this is not quite correct. Look at these chalk-marks scrawled on the wooden boxes in which the fruit arrives. "'C' stands for singles," explained a good-humoured, rough-and-ready fellow to whom the writer once applied for information in the neighbourhood of Billingsgate—"'C' stands for singles and is the primest, 'C C' for doubles and isn't so good; 'short crosses' is wuss still; 'middlings' is still wusser; and 'long crosses' is the wussest of the lot—regular rotten." Very little sunshine embodied in some of them, to all appearances; and if ever they have a chance of radiating a little cheerfulness, it will probably be when little ones assemble round some breakfast-table, to see the cover removed from a pot of marmalade made of "the finest Seville oranges."

These chalk-marks are scribbled on each chest as it is hauled up from the hold of a vessel moored just below London Bridge, where all the oranges that come into the port of London are unshipped, and conveyed to the warehouses of three fruit-brokers, through whose hands the entire trade passes. Each box is hauled up, subjected to a momentary examination, hastily marked according to the quality of its contents by the agent of the broker to whom the cargo is consigned, and away it goes on the head of some stalwart porter, professional or amateur. Almost anybody with a good thick cranium and a stout pair of legs may take a turn at fruit-porterage when oranges begin to come in. The work is usually very jealously reserved for a limited number of men who are members of a City Company known as the Fellowship Porters—a very ancient body. The professors of this "mystery" were incorporated as early as the reign of Henry II, and were re-incorporated in 1603. They have a hall of their own, and a governor and deputy-governor, and, as we see, very valuable exclusive privileges so long as they choose to hold them exclusively. When the Christmas fruit begins to pour in, however, there is more than enough for all the regular hands to do, and then any enterprising person to whom, as we sometimes see it expressed in advertisements, "salary is not so much an object as active employment," will usually find it easy to get taken on by the warden of the company. Having obtained his sanction, he has only to don a porter's "knot"—one of those huge pads for the head to be seen everywhere in the neighbourhood of Lower Thames Street—and go and put his head down at the proper place, and he will be entrusted with a burden for which, as he passes on shore, he will receive a ticket representing twopence, threepence, or fourpence, according to the nature of his load. At the end of the day these will be cashed, a certain percentage being deducted as the dues of the company, who guarantee the safety of the packages in transit from ship to warehouse. As seen from London Bridge, the continuous streams of white boxes and barrels going forth from the hold of a vessel, threading their way hither and thither among the crowd, across planks, creeping up the face of the quay, and disappearing into the passages and alleys beneath the maze of buildings between Billingsgate Market and the bridge, suggest the idea of so many ants making off with grains of corn. As encountered in Thames Street, however, the similarity is not quite so obvious. A chest of oranges mounted on a stout pair of legs, and stimulated to lively activity by "threepence a turn," constitutes a kind of battering-ram very well calculated to upset any little play of the imagination when encountered by an adventurous explorer into the neighbourhood; and when they come five-and-twenty or so in a string it is easier to fall in with them than to make headway against them. Instead of going down to the vessel, therefore, we will turn, and go with the porters across Thames Street, and climb some of the steep, perilous-looking ladders leading to the different floors in the warehouses in or near Pudding Lane, close under the Monument. It is not altogether a pleasant adventure for a stranger, who happens to know that some of the bearers of those heavy chests may be new to the work. As he climbs the almost perpendicular ladders, and looks up at the soles of several pairs of boots, which he fancies are slipping about, and at several pairs of knees, which seem to be tottering under their burdens, it is evident that the merest trip and there would be a general getting downstairs, terminating in a promiscuous heap of splintered boxes, smashed oranges, old clothes, and broken bones. When we reach the floor to which the cargo is being conveyed, the broker's assistant, standing at the head of the stairs, directs each man in what part of the floor to deposit his burden, according to the chalk-marks it bears. Thus the shipload of fruit is roughly sorted—very roughly indeed it appears to the uninitiated—samples are taken out for display in a room set apart for the purpose, and catalogues are drawn up in readiness for the next sale day, when, at the time appointed, a man perambulates the immediate neighbourhood of the sale-rooms with a small hand-bell summoning buyers to assemble.

We will go into the sale-room presently. A far pleasanter place than that is the sample-room, around which are representatives of all the most delightful regions of the earth, and from which one who has no commercial interest in the fruit finds it easy to wander in imagination away under deep blue skies, through shady groves, and valleys of almost fadeless bloom. Here are figs from Faro, pineapples from the West Indies, grapes from Almeira, cob-nuts from Messina, dates from Bussorah, and oranges which never grow to perfection except where earth is more or less of a paradise—a region of beauty and fragrance, of clear blue skies and flooding sunshine, where bleak winds never blow, cold rains never fall, and where verdure and bloom are perpetual.

We are indebted to many parts of the earth for this popular fruit. Of late years we have imported a good many from America, some we get from Sicily, a good many from Spain and Portugal, while about half our supply, it has been computed, comes from the Azores. The sunny slopes of Southern Spain are everywhere famous in the accounts of travellers, who tell us of snow-capped mountains sheltering valleys of the most enchanting beauty, where picturesque, bandit-looking rustics labour among vast plantations of orange-trees, five-and-twenty or thirty feet high, laden not only with fruit in every stage of

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maturity, but with delicately-perfumed blossoms such as in this country we have tenderly to nurture beneath glass, and can employ for decorative purposes only at weddings or on other equally rare occasions. Nothing, we are assured, can be much more charming than some of the orange-gardens of the valley of the Guadalquiver, among which are the famous grounds said to have been originally planted by the Moors, and which from their time till now have continued to supply that particular kind known everywhere as the Seville orange. This has a decidedly bitter flavour, and is for the most part used for making marmalade or candied orange-peel. But Spain grows the sweet kinds also in great abundance, sending a good many to us, shipping them in as well from her own Mediterranean shores to those of France, through the port of Marseilles, the centre of nine-tenths of the French trade of all kinds with the Mediterranean.

Oranges commence to arrive at Marseilles towards the month of December. Their picturesque unlading merits a special description.

The bell rings for work to begin. The Genoese porteresses (*porteires*) run along planks, which, suspended at one end from the deck of a Spanish felucca, lean on the other upon the stones of the quay, carrying baskets laden with fruits shining in the sun, with that grace and peculiar motion of the body so characteristic of them. Some go, others come with equal rapidity, but not without exchanging a word of jest with each other as they hurry along.

In proportion as the sacks and the baskets on the quay get filled the buyers come, the carts draw up, and the sight-seers stop to look. Then, when the Custom-house has made its first weighings, the shore-men (*hommes du bord*), used to laying hold of three or five oranges in each hand, bend down, and counting the fruit, as with the rapidity of steam-driven machinery, each do their part, satisfying everybody at once.

The oranges exercise an irresistible attraction over the passers-by; the sight is so agreeable, the smell so sweet, and the taste so delicate, that no one can resist the temptation of consuming some on the spot. In Marseilles no one is ever prevented eating an orange on the quay any more than he would be swallowing a dozen mussels.

From all time the commerce in oranges has prospered in Marseilles; it was even more flourishing in former times, when three-fourths of the harvest from the Mediterranean coasts and the Spanish islands found their way to its port. Oranges then were sold at so low a price that the people pitched them at each other's heads as elsewhere they throw snowballs. Bad actors in the Marseilles theatres were sometimes exposed to quite a storm of oranges.

France grows a good many oranges for herself in the sunny provinces of the south, but she has also to import largely, for the fruit is very popular in that country. It has been asserted that in Paris alone three millions of oranges are presented as New Year's gifts every year.

We have incidentally referred to what has often been spoken of as a very peculiar characteristic of the orange-tree—that it bears fruit in various stages of maturity, and blossoms at the same time. As a matter of fact, the orange-tree blooms only once in the year, but when the fruit is not intended for exportation it is allowed to remain on the trees to ripen thoroughly. Last year's fruit will thus often be found hanging, ripe and ruddy, with this year's blossoms, and very frequently long after the most forward of the flowers have given place to young oranges. The common notion that orange-trees bear flowers and fruit all the year round is quite erroneous. Fruit intended for shipment abroad is not allowed to hang on the tree until it is ripe; it is gathered just as it begins to turn yellow into baskets lined with canvas. The gatherers are mostly women, who go about their work with their wicker receptacles strapped on to their backs, the fruit being dextrously thrown over their shoulders into them. When the baskets are full they are emptied into boxes placed here and there under the shade of the trees, and in these boxes they are carried to the "magazine." Here they are sorted by experienced women, and young girls wrap each orange in a slip of paper or a leaf of maize, and pack them in what are known as chests or half-chests, the chests containing one thousand oranges. This is the mode of packing in Spain and Portugal, all exported fruit being dispatched with a good deal of its ripening to do *en voyage*. Oranges with a tinge of emerald green upon them are not unfrequently seen in our streets in the early part of the season; the journey to this country has scarcely been long enough to permit of their ripening fully.

The "sweet St. Michaels" are the best oranges sold to any extent in our market. They are from the island of St. Michael, one of the Azores, which a few years ago sent us, it was computed, not less than £100,000 worth per annum. This sunny island may be considered the favourite haunt of the orange, though it is so exposed to boisterous Atlantic winds that the quintas, or orange gardens, have to be protected by lofty walls and plantations of cedar, birch, and other trees. "Nothing," says Captain Boid, "can exceed the rich, luxuriant appearance of these Hesperian gardens during the principal fruit months —from November to March, that is to say—when the emerald tints of the unripe, and golden hue of the mature fruit, mingle their beauties with the thick dark foliage of the trees and the bright odoriferous blossom which diffuses a sweetness through the surrounding neighbourhood, quite delicious."

As we have already said, the ripe oranges on the trees are those not intended for exportation. The inhabitants of St. Michael live to a very considerable extent on their fruit, which is the principal product of their island. Boid mentions a curious display of epicurism among the upper classes here. He says they eat only that side of the orange which has been most exposed to the sun, and which in fresh fruit is quite as easily distinguishable as in our apples. The trees here are said to be wonderfully prolific. They are propagated from layers bent down and covered with earth, until they throw down a few rootlets, when they are separated from the parent tree and set in small plantations. So delicate is the orange-tree, however, that though the temperature of St. Michael never ranges farther than from about 50 deg. to 75 deg. Fah., these young offsets have to be planted in little hollows some three feet deep, and surrounded by ferns or shrubs, and a pile of the loose pieces of rock with which the soil abounds. Thus protected, they soon make stout young trees, and are then removed to the positions they are destined to occupy permanently. In this genial spot it is said that they will attain a good fruiting condition in seven or eight years, whereas in most European orange-gardens from sixteen to twenty years are

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required for young trees to attain the same stage; and not only do they bear very early, but the crops are sometimes enormous. It is said that a single tree has been known to produce 26,000 oranges when at its prime. This, however, if a fact, is quite exceptional, though it has been asserted on good authority that from 12,000 to 16,000 oranges are not an uncommon crop for a tree in St. Michael. In Spain or Portugal 3,000 or 4,000 are thought to be very satisfactory crops. The St. Michael oranges come into the market packed like the Spanish fruit, in chests and half-chests, containing 1,000 and 500 oranges respectively, and in Pudding Lane, to which we will now return, will realise from 30*s.* to 50*s.* a chest.

The time for the sale to commence is of course announced on the catalogues; but in addition to this, as we have said, the curious custom prevails of sending round a bell-man, who perambulates the streets in the vicinity of the sale-room, vigorously ringing in buyers of all sorts and sizes. There are, of course, large dealers who come to buy considerable quantities of fruit, and many of them have the appearance of well-to-do tradesmen. The majority of those who answer the summons of the sale-room bell, however, are characterised by the croppy head, the "plentiful lack" of shirt-collar, and the rough husky voice of the London costermonger, who comes here in hopes of finding an odd chest or box within his mark when the abler buyers have had their pick. Such as we are, however, we all crowd in and pack ourselves as comfortably as we can into a convenient little sale-room, constructed in the heart of the block of premises lying between Lower Thames Street and Eastcheap one way, and between Botolph Lane and Pudding Lane the other. On one side of the room there is a kind of tribune for the broker and his clerks, and on the other are seats raised one behind the other, after the manner of a lecture-hall. Into those seats we squeeze ourselves—a jovial, good-humoured little throng, a good deal given to Billingsgate "chaff" and rank tobacco, which speedily fills the place with clouds of smoke. This, mingled with the heat of the gas, in a closely-packed room, and the very pronounced odour of corduroys and stale fish, renders a fruit-sale rather a trying experience to a novice. There was a time when matters might have been even more trying. The time was, it is said by those who have been many years in the trade, when rotten fruit and packets of flour were among the difficulties with which a buyer had to contend in securing any lot on which he had set his heart; but that sort of thing has been given up, and beyond a good deal of shouting and uproar, and a propensity to tease a vanquished opponent, there is nothing very remarkable in the proceedings at this auction sale.

This is one of three similar rooms through which, as we have intimated, the London orange trade passes. That trade, it is computed, comprises about a third part of the entire imports of the kingdom. At one time it would have been easy to speak with precision on this subject. There was formerly an import duty of about 1*s.* a hundred on oranges—2*s.* 6*d.* a box was the precise duty, the box being the Sicilian package, containing about 250 oranges—and it was then, of course, easy to obtain precise particulars of the importation by referring to the Customs returns. In 1853 this duty was reduced to 8*d.* a box, and in 1861 it was abolished altogether. Since then the only authoritative figures published with respect to this business have been those in the annual return made to the House of Commons by the Board of Trade, and in this we have lemons included with the oranges. Some idea of the magnitude of this minor item in our imports, however, and of the great rapidity with which it has grown, and still continues to grow, may be gained from this report. In 1858 the oranges and lemons imported into this country amounted to 972,653 bushels, having a value of £525,970. In 1867 imports had risen to 1,453,566 bushels, worth £744,732; and in 1877 the figures stood at 3,533,781 bushels, having a value of £1,549,765.

About a third part of this fruit, it is thought, comes into London, and of that third part somewhere about a quarter is distributed by the costermonger. It is a mistake, we are assured, to suppose that these hardworking members of the community buy only inferior kinds, or fruit in bad condition. They make their money by taking advantage of a temporary glut in the market, sitting patiently on auction days—Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays—ready to pounce on whatever is in excess of the requirements of the upper-class trade.

The days we have mentioned are those on which auctions are invariably held, unless they happen to be Jewish holidays or fast days. Then a change is made, for the Jews are among the most important buyers, and assist very largely in the distribution of the fruit, not only retail, but wholesale. There is a little corner of the world known as Duke's Place, just close to Aldgate Pump, where an immense trade is carried on between the wholesale Jewish dealers and the smaller fry of the trade. To this spot almost all the costermongers of London are in the habit of resorting when they fail to find any opening for their capital in the auction-room. The busiest hours of the week here are the hours of Sunday morning, and it is then that the place is to be seen in all its hubbub and activity. Visitors describe the strange contrast one experiences as, after passing along Fenchurch Street or Leadenhall Street, where shops are all closed, and pedestrians dressed in their best are quietly wending their way to church and chapel, as bells tinkle and chime peacefully up in the bright morning sunshine—the stranger turns abruptly into this crowded, bustling, filthy little nook, and has to push his way, nearly ankle-deep in mud composed mainly of rotten fruit trodden down with maize leaves, into the thickest of the market. The place is not altogether wanting in a certain charm—the glowing piles of oranges, the heaps of shining chestnuts, and masses of luscious grapes lending a brightness and beauty to the dingy little locality which even its dirt and squalor, and the hoarse hubbub, the coarse noisy vulgarity of its *habitués*, cannot altogether neutralise. Oranges may, it is said, be usually bought here cheaper than in any other wholesale market in London; and a difference of threepence a hundred is quite sufficient to attract the costermonger from all parts of the metropolis.

We have almost overrun the space allotted to this article, but there is just one point suggested by our subject to which it may be useful to devote a few lines more, and perhaps we cannot do better than by quoting a paragraph which some years ago was given in the "Times" newspaper as a quotation from a book of travel written by that old story-teller, Sir John Mandeville. He was, he is made to say, once in the parts beyond India "which merge on

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the realm of Prester John," and he fell in with a city in the midst of orange groves. "In that city," says the story, "I abode many days in great ease, and refreshed myself often with those oranges. But now hear a marvel. One morning, as I looked from the lattice of my window, I beheld a woeful wight led through the street, with a great company of folk at his heels, who with one voice shouted out, 'Toko! Toko!' which in their tongue signifieth death. When I, nothing doubting that he had wrought some great wickedness, demanded of the people what evil he had done, they made answer, one and all, 'He is guilty of death, for he hath thrown orange-peel on the pavement and caused our high-priest to fall down and break his leg.' Whereupon, much musing—first on the fitness of the punishment, and next on the great love which these ignorant folk bear towards their archbishops—I followed the crowd to the gallows hill, where I presently saw this great transgressor neatly impaled." The quaint old traveller is made to express his confidence that, should this pleasant fruit ever come to London town—"all unlikely though it be"—the Lord Mayor and Aldermen would be sure to take care that "if any idle apprentice or any of the townsfolk" ate oranges and threw the peeling on the pavement, the offender should be sure to meet with prompt retribution—"not, indeed, by impalement, for that savoureth of Eastern customs; but as our laws, as befits a Christian land, are more merciful than those of the heathen, by pillory for the first offence, and by hanging by the neck for the second. For albeit that the orange is a refreshing fruit, it were absurd and clean against reason and kind that any archbishop, or a chief justice, or even a bishop or a puny baron, should be thrown down and break his bones by reason of the carelessness of such idle orange-eaters."

The passage does not occur in Sir John's travels, and the "Times" paragraph appears to have been only a clever skit by some wag of the day.

But whatever may be the value of the narrative, we quite agree with the opinion that the authorities, not only in London, but in all places that have attained to the dignity of pavement, ought to make it a penal offence to imperil the bones of pedestrians by throwing orange-peel upon it. We would hardly go so far as to hang a person for the second offence, but we would most certainly inflict a fine even for the first.

A GOSSIP ON WIGS

AND THE WIGS OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

II.

THE works of Hogarth constitute a fine collection of wigs. Hogarth lived and worked during the time when the empire of the wig was in the ascendant; and, indeed, our readers learned in the works of the great painter may remember that he satirised the fashion, in his own way, in one piece called "The Five Orders of Periwigs, as they were worn at the late Coronation, Measured Architectonically." The print was intended as a severe satire, and by the advertisement which accompanied it, the great painter seemed to express a prophecy that the absurd practice would speedily suffer a decline. "In about seventeen years will be completed, in six volumes folio, price fifteen guineas, the exact measurements of the periwigs of the ancients, taken from the statues, bustos, and basso-relievos of Athens, Palmira, Balbeck, and Rome. By Modesto-Periwig-meter, from Lagado [our readers will remember Gulliver's Travels]. N.B.—None will be sold but to subscribers. Published as the Act directs, October 15th, 1761." But Hogarth's works, as we have intimated, abound with illustrations of the wig—the wig episcopal or parsonic, the wig legal, the wig aldermanic, and what he calls "the wig composite," or half-natural, and the "Queerinthian," or "Queene de Renard," and many others. It is altogether impossible to do justice to the wigs of Hogarth; enough to say they enter essentially into the history of wigology.

Very early in the fashion bag-wigs came into general use; probably the style which we have seen engaging the affectionate interests of Mr. Pepys was something of this nature. An old writer, in 1737, speaks of the unnatural scantiness of the wig as compared with the bag, which was sometimes of huge dimensions, and so contrived as entirely to cover the ears; upon which this writer remarks, "I should very much doubt whether any of them would be gainers by showing their ears, for 'tis said that Midas, after a certain accident, was the judicious inventor of long wigs." This wig in full form appears to have been discontinued about the reign of George II, but it is quite plain, by the study of English portraits, that it only became attenuated to the more graceful proportions which meet us in some of the latest English portraits of the last century. We are reminded of a humorous description of himself by Cowper, in one of his letters to his cousin, Lady Hesketh: "As for me, I am a very smart youth of my years; I am not, indeed, grown grey so much as I am grown bald. No matter; there was more hair in the world than ever had the honour to belong to me. Accordingly, I have found just enough to curl a little at my ears, and to intertwine with a little of my own that still hangs behind. I appear, if you see me in the afternoon, to have a very decent head-dress, not easily distinguished from my natural growth, which, being worn with a small bag and a black ribbon about my neck, continues to me the charms of my youth, even on the verge of old age." This extract from Cowper shows that it is possible to combine some measure of individuality even with the use of the wig, and that a gentleman, even when yielding himself to that most universal of all vanities—the vanity of the hair—will betray a character which leaves nature, in some measure, to take her own course.

We suppose it will be admitted that the last age of the wig is, after all, the most contemptible in point of fashion—the scratch-wig—the lineal descendant, however, of that which has, for want of any better designation, been called by a writer in the "Quarterly" the George-the-Fourthian Peruke. Lest we should seem irreverent, we may quote this high conservative authority, who speaks of it as "an upstart sham among wigs, hideous, artificial, and gentish looking; its painful little curls haunt us. We scarcely ever see that type now in its full original horror, but bad is the best; it seems at first thought very odd that barbers cannot make a decent imitation of a head of hair." From this descended, we say, the scratch-wig, whose highest ambtiion consists in being like the natural hair; its aim is to make age look youthful, and to give to the baldness of Cicero

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and Cæsar the beauty, if not of flowing locks, the reverse of the prophetic condemnation in the adornment of well-set hair. A lady once inquired of St. Francis de Sales if she might be permitted to wear rouge? He replied, "Some persons might object to it, and others may see no harm in it, but I will take a middle course by allowing you to rouge on one cheek." The modern wig seems "a middle course," as compared with the enormities of other ages to which we have referred.

Distinctive and characteristic wigs must, however, still be in the memory of the older folks of the present generation, especially those whose years half a century since were passed in the neighbourhood of Greenwich Hospital; there how frequently the eye was amused by the spectacle of that object of the pride of our ancient tars, the long-tail, for although "Jack" wore it from his own venerable tresses, of course it was a wig. Not that this fashion was confined to our "hearts of oak," or that it was uniform;

> "There were long-tailed wigs, and short-tailed wigs,
> And wigs with a curly tail."

One well-known naval novelist, Captain Marryat, in his "Poor Jack," a story the scenery of which lies mostly round Greenwich Hospital, introduces a painful episode in which Poor Jack's mother, in a fit of revenge, cuts off in his sleep the long pigtail which was the pride of his father. Great was his grief, as he exclaims, "Well, I never would have thought it, had they told me that you and I would have parted company; many, many, years has it taken you to grow to your present length; often have you been handled; often have you been combed; and often have you been tied; many's the yard of ribbon which you have cost me; I thought we should never have parted on earth, and if so be my sins were forgiven me and I could show a fair log, that I might be permitted to wear you in the world to come; but there you are, parted for all the world like a limb shot off in action, never to be spliced again. What am I to say when I go on board? I shall have a short tale to tell instead of a long tail to show; and the wife of my bosom to do this!"

The custom of the long pigtail here quite surprised the Chinese traveller, Goldsmith's Citizen of the World, when he came to our shores, and he writes down his surprise in his letter to his friend in China: "One would think that some persons had an antipathy to the human form, and were resolved to make a new figure of their own; but let us do them justice, though they sometimes deprive us of a leg, an arm, a head, or some such trifling part of the body, they often as liberally bestow upon us something that we wanted before; many of the English wear tails in their wigs to this very day, as a mark, I suppose, of the antiquity of their families, and perhaps as a symbol of those tails with which they were formerly distinguished by nature." Thus Goldsmith ingeniously finds the symbolism of the pigtail wig in a kind of incipient Darwinism many years before Darwin expounded his theories.

Thus, if we were writing a concise account of the history and physiology of the wig, we should find how various were its phases, and how many the intermediate stages between the vast proportions of its earlier period and the gradual *diminuendo* to which it came. Those to which we first referred were not only enormous, but enormously expensive, some of them costing so much as forty guineas each. If the light-fingered gentry of those old times found it worth their while to prowl about for silk handkerchiefs, we may be sure the stealing of a wig was a more profitable piece of larceny. An ingenious mode was for a thief to carry on his head a sharp boy in a covered basket, who in passing through a crowd would dextrously seize and conceal the most attractive-looking periwig. In fact, we suppose the thing was easily removed, and there is an odd story before us of Peter the Great of Russia, who was at Dantzic in the year 1716. On a State occasion he attended the church, and was placed on an elevated seat by the side of the burgomaster. The burgomaster sitting by him, but a little below him, the eyes of the congregation were, naturally, fixed on the Emperor. He appeared to be listening to the sermon, but, his head growing cold, he stretched forth his hand, very deliberately took the burgomaster's huge, full-bottomed wig, and put it upon his own head. Nor did he attempt to return it until after the service. It must have been an amusing spectacle—perhaps a pair of spectacles. There sat the wigless burgomaster, his venerable bald pate exposed to the subdued laughter of his fellow-citizens. The attendants of the Czar explained afterwards that his Imperial Majesty, being very short of hair, he was accustomed, when at home, in this way very frequently to borrow the head-piece of Prince Menzikoff, or any other nobleman who happened to be within his reach. It seemed an odd proceeding to the good folks at Dantzic. In Russia, had he taken the whim for removing the head as well as the wig, we suppose it would have been equally at his disposal. The humours of the Czar were very capricious, and sometimes far from pleasant.

Did space permit, some attention might be devoted to the sources from whence the great demands which were, perhaps are still, made for human hair were supplied. As in so many other articles, free trade in hair was necessary. In our paper on "Bonnets and Head-dresses" we referred to the very high prices which were paid for a handsome head of hair, and the self-denial some persons exercised in parting with their hair for substantial benefits. Dr. Wynter, in his interesting essay on Human Hair, quotes a passage from Mr. Francis Trollope's "Summer in Brittany," giving a very lively description of the manner in which the young girls of the country bring this singular commodity to the market as regularly as peas or cabbages. Possibly our readers have not seen it, and in that case cannot but be interested with the extract. Describing a fair at Collenée, he says, "What surprised me more than all, by the singularity and novelty of the thing, were the operations of the dealers in hair. In various parts of the motley crowd there were three or four different purchasers of this commodity, who travel the country for the purpose of attending the fairs and buying the tresses of the peasant girls. They have particularly fine hair, and frequently of the greatest abundance. I should have thought that female vanity would have effectually prevented such a traffic as this being carried on to any extent, but there seemed to be no difficulty in finding possessors of beautiful heads of hair perfectly willing to sell. We saw several girls sheared one after the other like sheep, and as many more standing ready for the shears, with their caps in their hands and their long

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hair combed out and hanging down to their waists. Some of the operators were men and some women. By the side of the dealer was placed a large basket, into which every successive crop of hair, tied up into a wisp by itself, was thrown. No doubt the reason of the indifference to their tresses on the part of the fair Bretonnes is to be found in the invariable mode which covers every head, from childhood upwards, with close caps, which entirely prevents any part of the hair from being seen, and, of course, totally conceals the want of it." So that, probably, the removal of the hair was rather a relief to the wearer, but the most affecting part of the story is in the price which these young daughters of Brittany received for their coveted possession. "The money," continues Mr. Trollope, "given for the hair is about twenty sous, or perhaps a gaudy pocket-handerchief." This is probably one of the most innocent sources from whence the wig was, or is, derived.

But if we proceed much further, our paper will become too divergent, and reach the length of the discourse of that worthy pastor of Wernigerode, who, taking for his text the words (Mat. x. 38), "The very hairs of your head are all numbered," found that the consideration of it naturally divided it into three parts. "First," said he, "let us consider our hair, its origin, style, form, and natural circumstances; second, we shall proceed to discuss the question of the right use of hair; and, third, by way of application, we shall advance to the memories, admonitions, warnings, and consolations which have come from human hair, and attempt to discover how it may be used in a Christian way." This was exhaustive, and we dare not attempt to dilate so amply.

We have not felt at liberty at all to touch upon the classical department of our subject, else we might have found illustrations enough, and especially from the Latin poets; and almost all the modern implements connected with the decoration of the head or hair have been found in the ruins of Pompeii. The more ancient mummies of Egypt might also have supplied curious matter about wigs. Nor have we touched upon any of the lessons which meet us in Scripture, either of Samson or of Absalom, "that princely young scoundrel," as one calls him, and of whom old Trap, the Commentator, says, "God made his hair his halter. Those tresses that had formerly hanged loosely, dishevelled on his shoulders, now he hangs by them. He had wont to weigh his hair, and was proud to find it so heavy; now his hair poiseth the weight of his body, and by the head he hanged which had plotted treason against his father, and his pleasant burden became his torment."

We conclude with an amusing incident told by the well-known missionary, John Williams, the "Martyr of Erromanga":—

A few years ago a venerable and esteemed brother missionary came to England, and, being rather bald, some kind friends provided him with a wig. Upon his return to the islands, the chiefs and others went on board to welcome him, and, after the usual salutations, one of them said to the missionary, "You were bald when you left, and now you have a beautiful head of hair. What amazing people the English are; how did they make your hair grow again?" "You simple people," replied the missionary, "how does everything grow? is it not by sowing seed!" They immediately shouted, "Oh, these English people! they sow seed upon a bald man's head to make the hair grow!" One shrewd fellow inquired whether he had brought any of the seed with him! The good missionary carried on the joke for a short time, and then he raised his wig. The revelation of his "original head" of course drew forth a roar of laughter, which was greatly increased when one of the natives shouted to some of his countrymen who were near, "Here, see Mr. —, he has come from England with his head thatched! he has come from England with his head thatched!"

Varieties.

The Duke of St. Albans on Education.—In presenting the prizes in connection with the Nottingham science classes last autumn, the Duke of St. Albans said we must feel proud at the triumphs of our commerce and our industry, which had placed us foremost among the nations of the earth; but he would remind his hearers that Continental nations were prepared at this moment to attack that supremacy. He was astonished the other day to hear one of the leading bankers in the metropolis say that he was able to engage three German clerks for the price of two English ones, and that these Germans were able to speak four languages. He thought the advancement which had been made in educational matters on the Continent was a grave matter for consideration. It was no argument that because genius in this country would show itself in a variety of ways and because we had talent in our midst, schools of art and science were unnecessary. It was more than ever necessary that we should have such machinery. If Englishmen were not furnished with a good elementary education, and if science was not put within their reach, English industry would be beaten out of the field.

Statistics.—Mr. Tallack, secretary of the Howard Association, says: "When at Stockholm I made some inquiry as to the startling statistics, often published, which appeared to prove that city to be one of the most immoral in the world, and was confirmed in my previous decided scepticism on that point by being informed by several authorities that, in various ways, the figures are illusive. Thus, to mention one direction only, all the children of Baptists, Methodists, and other Dissenters, of whom there are a considerable number in Sweden, are returned in the statistics as illegitimate, because their parents are not married with full Lutheran rites, although *de facto* religiously married by their own pastors."

The Young Fronds of the Brake or Bracken (*Pteris aquilina*) excellent Food for Pigs.—On the authority of Mr. James Babbage (the intelligent sub-agent to Sir Walter C. Trevelyan, Bart., at Nettlecombe, his interesting and beautiful seat in Somersetshire) we are able to state that the young fronds of the common bracken have been found excellent food for pigs. He says: "Walking over the estate one day in the spring I saw a man and his family busily employed gathering the young shoots of fern. On inquiry, I found they were intended for their pig. Having expressed a doubt as to the fern possessing any nutritious quality, the man said it was equal to potatoes, and that he would undertake to feed a pig with it alone, and at the end of a month produce the pig in as good condition as another pig that had been fed with potatoes." The way to prepare the fern is to boil, or rather simmer, it for two hours in an iron pot. When cold it forms a strong jelly. Δ.

The Spectroscope and the Transmutation of Metals.—Mr. Norman Lockyer, F.R.S., has made the startling announcement that the sixty-four bodies, which at present stand in our text-books as the simple elements of which all terrestrial matter is composed, are neither more nor less than hydrogen at various degrees of condensation. The spectroscope has been the means employed in the investigations. It will be remembered that this novel analytical instrument was applied with great success by Dr. Janssen and Mr. Lockyer to investigate the constitution of the sun, and that the process was subsequently applied, with remarkable results, to the other celestial bodies, by Dr. Huggins. Strange hieroglyphics were detected in the coloured and streaked bands of light which these bodies yielded in the prism. The present experiments, by which Mr. Lockyer believes he has achieved his latest discovery, seems to have been made with

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terrestrial metals in his own laboratory. In the presence of several eminent scientific men he is reported to have succeeded in effecting the transmutation of at least six of the metals. By a powerful voltaic current, he is said to have volatilised copper within a glass tube, dissolved the deposit in hydro-chloric acid, and then to have shown that the solution contained no longer copper, but calcium. By the same means nickel was converted into cobalt, and calcium into strontium.

The experiments astonished those who witnessed them, and were considered to be conclusive as far as they went. On the other hand, they have been received with incredulity in the scientific world at large. It has been pointed out that the evidence for so great a reversal of existing views is of that exclusively optical character which the spectroscope furnishes, as distinct from that which would result from a directly chemical or physical investigation. Metals which have hitherto yielded separate lines in given places in the spectrum are now compelled by Mr. Lockyer's process to coincide in position, and to yield only one common line. In other words, the refrangibility of the rays of incandescent metals has been shown under certain conditions to be equal instead of diverse, and this common refrangibility of rays is the only indication that the bodies under analysis are identical in their elementary composition. On behalf of Mr. Lockyer, it is pointed out that the results obtained are purely conformable to the laws of spectroscopy, which have never yet been discredited; and that astronomers, physicists, and chemists alike have hitherto agreed in accepting the indications of the spectroscope as to the constitution of solid, fluid, and incandescent bodies. Further, should such testimony be invalidated, of which at present there is no sign, many of the most brilliant of recent expositions as to the nature of the sun and the stars would have to be given up. Should, however, Mr. Lockyer's conclusion be verified, and the sixty-four elements be really reduced to less than the traditional four of earth, air, fire, and water, the past twelvemonth will have been a veritable *annus mirabilis* in the annals of science. The year is already remarkable for the abolition of the permanent gases, as they used to be called, MM. Cailletet and Pictet having recently liquefied almost simultaneously all gases of that description.

Education of Maoris.—A novel competition was held recently at the Portobello School, Otago, New Zealand, between the five best native Maori children attending the native school and an equal number of white children selected from the English school. The subjects for examination were arithmetic, including vulgar and decimal fractions, geography, writing, spelling, and reading. In dictation the native scholars were easily beaten; but in the next subject, arithmetic, they managed to score a total of twenty-two sums correctly rendered out of thirty, against fourteen of the same exercises given to the English children. In geography the competitors were closely matched, the advantage being slightly on the side of the natives. In writing the palm was again given to the Maoris, who were, however, beaten in oral spelling as they had been in dictation. On a review of the whole test, the umpires decided that the marks were equally divided between the two competing classes. This result was not unlooked for by those who have had experience of the aptitude of the native children in acquiring learning.

The Revenue from Drink and Tobacco.—In the year ended March 31, 1878, the Excise and Customs duty from spirits in the United Kingdom was £20,675,928; while the duty on malt produced £7,721,549; on wine, £1,628,295; the Excise duty on sugar used in brewing, £526,208; Excise licences on brewers and maltsters and for the sale of beer, spirits, tobacco, and wine, £1,941,912; and the tobacco duty, £8,006,836. The total revenue from these sources is £40,504,600, to which England contributes £29,726,753; Scotland, £5,569,594; and Ireland, £5,208,253. The estimated population of England on June 30 last was 34,854,397; Scotland, 3,593,929; Ireland, 5,433,640—total 43,881,966.

Jewish Schools.—Mr. Le Page Renouf, one of her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools, stated, in his report last year on schools in the Tower Hamlets, that the largest school in his district, and probably in all England, is the Jews' Free School in Bell Lane, Spitalfields. The average attendance last year was 1,248 boys and 850 girls. At one of his visits he found 2,437 children present—1,452 boys and 985 girls. There are nine certificated masters and six certificated mistresses, six assistant-teachers and thirty-six pupil-teachers. The inspector bears witness to the influence of the school upon so large a number of children, many of whom belong to foreign families, in which the English language is but rarely and most imperfectly spoken, and who are also of migratory habits. The inspector says he finds no school in which so large a proportion of the pupil-teachers, especially of the boys, obtain the grants under Article 19. He is obliged to hold a separate examination for the Jewish pupil-teachers of the district, as they are unable to attend the general examination, which is always held upon a Saturday. He takes occasion to remark that there are limits beyond which religious minorities, like Jews or Roman Catholics, cannot without injustice be compelled to work with the majority. He adds that a large Jewish infants' school is held in Commercial Street, Spitalfields, and that in many visits to this school, private as well as official, he has never seen a little child idle.

Funeral and Mourning Reform.—A Church of England Funeral and Mourning Reform Association has been formed. At the inaugural meeting held at Sheffield during the Congress of last year, the Bishop of Sodor and Man presiding, the following resolution was moved by Earl Nelson and seconded by the Rev. Erskine Clarke, Vicar of Battersea:—"That an association be formed called the Church of England Funeral and Mourning Reform Association, the members of which shall encourage the adoption of such observances only as are consistent with a hope of resurrection to eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord; and discourage feasting and treating on the day of burial, and all useless extravagant expenditure in the coffin and its furniture, on the occasion of the funeral, and in the wearing of mourning; the members adopting the broad ground that funerals should be conducted and mourning worn without the unmeaning pomp, vain ostentation, and dismal pageantry of hatbands, scarves, plumes, mourning coaches, heavy crape trimmings, and the like, which involve unprofitable expenditure, inflict severe hardship upon persons of limited means, and neither mitigate grief nor manifest respect for the dead." It was stated that already many influential clergymen and laymen had joined the association—the Archbishop of York, Earl Fitzwilliam, K.G. (Lord-Lieutenant), Lord Wenlock (Lord-Lieutenant), the Lord Mayor of York, the Earl of Zetland, the Earl of Wharncliffe, Earl Cathcart, the Bishop of Ripon, Lord Pollington, Lord Teignmouth, Lord Middleton, Lord Muncaster, Lord Hawke, the Deans of Ripon and Manchester, Archdeacons Cust, Hey, Watkins, and Blunt, Mr. Beresford Hope, Canon Ryle, the Vicars of Sheffield, Leeds, Hull, Wakefield, nearly all the clergy of the diocese of York, members of Parliament, justices of the peace, naval and military officers, doctors, lawyers, merchants, tradesmen, and working men. Notwithstanding all this array of authority; it will be long before public opinion is "reformed" on this subject. The undertakers are a very powerful "interest," and they have ready allies in popular usage. By a "decent funeral" is meant, in common language, a burial beyond the means and position of the mourning family. Even in thrifty Scotland there is a vulgar prejudice in favour of a dead person being "we'el put awa'," which means buried with needless display and expense.

An American Crack Shot.—Mr. Joseph Partello, a clerk in the War Department at Washington, according to the "New York Herald," accomplished a most marvellous feat. From the statement made by our American contemporary, it appears that during a practice trial at the target ranges of the Columbia Rifle Association last October, Mr. Partello achieved the extraordinary score of 224 out of a possible 225. In other words, he made at the three ranges of 800, 900, and 1,000 yards, 44 out of a maximum of 45 bull's-eyes. The actual record was, first, a string of 15 bull's-eyes at the 800 yards range, which he followed up with 12 bull's-eyes at 900 yards. This made 27 consecutive bull's-eyes. The next shot was a "centre," but the marksman at once recovered his extraordinary skill, finishing the 900 yards range with two bull's-eyes, and completing his record by an unbroken string of 15 bull's-eyes at the 1000 yards. The nearest approach to this wonderful performance was at the walk-over of the American team at Creedmoor, a few days before, for the international trophy, when Sumner attained the then unparalleled score of 221, beating by two points Bruce's score of 219 at the international contest at Creedmoor in 1876. Mr. Partello is, comparatively speaking, a young hand at the rifle, having begun to practise only two years ago. He is about twenty-five years of age, rather under the medium height, and slightly built; he does not weigh much over 9st. 4lb. His tastes have hitherto been of a literary and musical nature, and he acts as organist in a church at Washington. He has been a teetotaler, and recently, to promote the steadiness of his nerves, he gave up smoking.

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[From a Photograph.

AFGHAN WARRIORS FROM THE AFRIDI HILLS.

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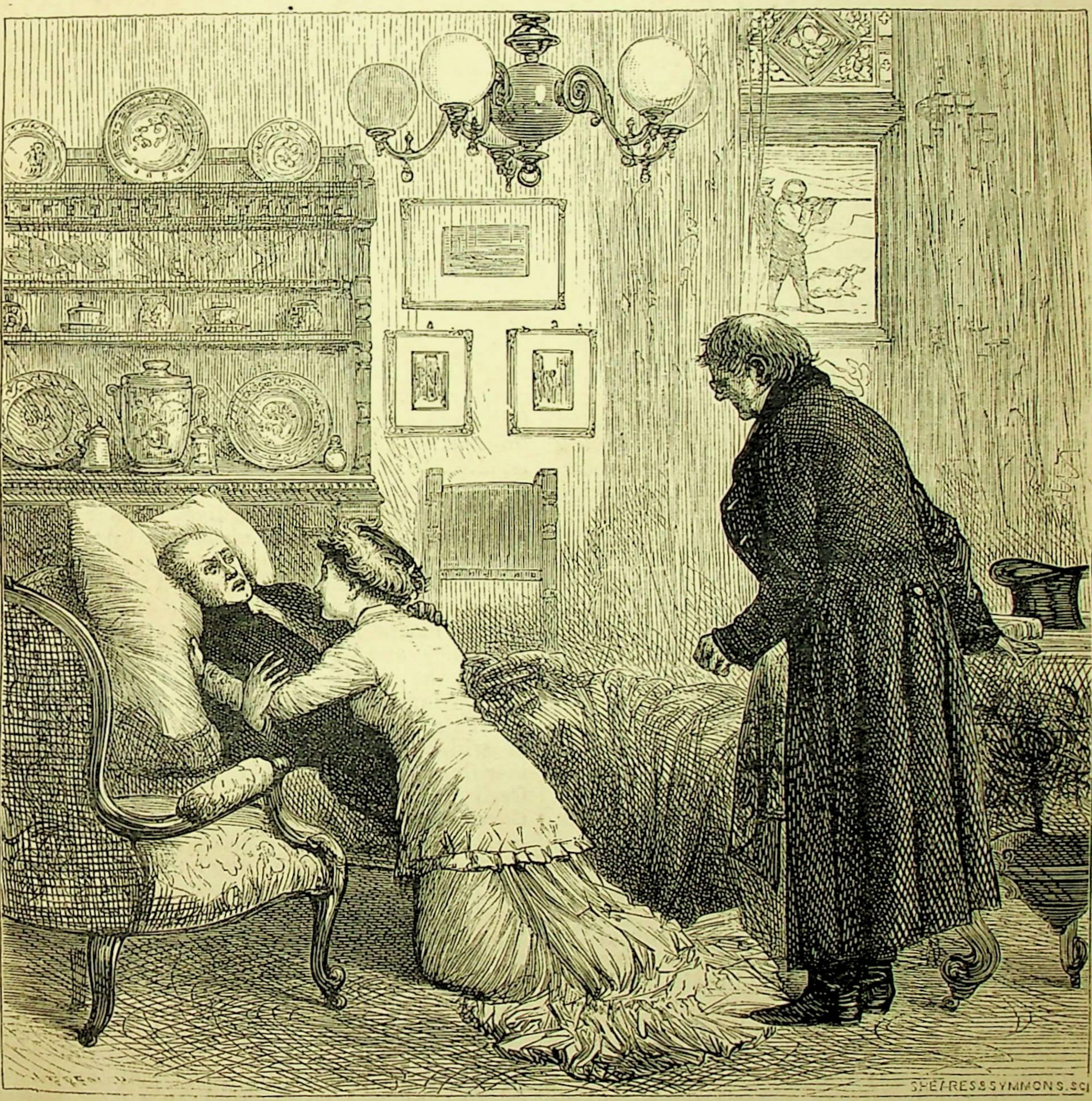
THE LEISURE HOUR.

BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,
AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND.—*Cowper.*



MONA'S ALARM.

"WAIT A YEAR."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A YOUNG WIFE'S STORY."

CHAPTER VI.

WHEN Warren was sufficiently recovered from the sudden shock to understand what had happened, and where he was, he found that his feet rested upon something solid. But this return to consciousness was only another form of anguish, the cry of which, in its first wild utterance, yet rang in his ear, for he was worse than a prisoner, wedged in between walls of ice, from which he could not extricate himself. Stiff, bruised, and cold, conscious of life, but only so far as deepened the horrors of the situation, he could not but shrink with dread, his fears gradually increasing to mental agony by what he discovered. The narrow ledge on which he stood appeared to join two crevasses together, and might be on the point of giving way. Close to him, and on each,

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side, was a gulf, dark and drear, silent and unfathomable. After one glance downwards he resolved to look no more; and yet, against his will, his eye turned that way again and again, cruelly fascinated by those depths of ice and mystery that were yawning to receive him.

When able to think, the first idea was that sooner or later he must lose his footing, and sink down into that terrible darkness. Was not the anxious waiting as bad as the certainty? And next, how painful was the silence—not a sound to be heard—already the stillness of the tomb was around and about him. It oppressed, it overpowered him, dulled his brain, and, by degrees, gained such a mastery over his senses, that, as its leaden weight became more and more heavy, reason partially wavered. The wild and strange, mixing with the real, wrapped him in doubt, wonder, and consternation. It seemed as if he had left the world and had already passed into some weird-land, where all was desolation. Immense white blocks, veined and spotted with blue unearthly tints, were all about and above him, enclosing him in a marble tomb, away from sight or sound of man. It seemed long ago since he had started in the morning sunshine, rejoicing in the pure beauty of earth's verdure, and treading the mountain paths with a vigour and delight he scarcely, if ever, had felt before. It was surely long ago since he had smelt the fresh air, fragrant with the scented pines, or crisp and beautiful as he recollected feeling it when it swept over the fields of unstained snow. He grew colder and colder. A shudder, breaking for a time the stupor into which he was settling, pressed upon him a painful sense of solitude, that seemed gathering more and more about him. What would come between it? There was but one answer—death, and such a death! Glancing again at the abyss below, his thoughts took another direction. Where was his companion? Was he still alive? Was he still hanging on to the rope that yet encircled his own waist? Though Warren had just given himself up for lost, the bare idea of the new danger, rising out of this supposition, swept over him as a fresh wave of misery. The anguish of a new terror laid fast hold of his heart, almost suspending the little action it yet had. One movement, be it ever so slight, and he would be snatched from the frail support that stood between him and destruction—and who should say when that might take place? Like himself, his guide might be for the moment safe, and only stunned. He might be stunned—the phrase repeated itself with pregnant meaning—and when he came to himself he would naturally move, and then—

Warren Sinclair's brain reeled and shrank appalled before the upspringing thought which he would gladly have hidden away from his most secret consciousness. But it had come and stood before him as a thing to be grappled with. For that little spot of support, just now regarded as too frail to give a lengthened chance of keeping body and soul together for a few more moments of a half-frozen existence amid rocks of ice, where the coldness of death already penetrated, and which must close him in with everlasting night before the fast-declining day was gone, he grudged the prolongation of the terrified life that might for a short period throb in that stranger's veins! But perhaps he was already dead. Again Warren Sinclair had to despise himself for the vile egotism that gave a thrill to his benumbed frame at the bare thought of this impediment to his safety being removed. It was but for a moment, and then the better self of the man broke through the mists of a stupefied selfishness, and roused him to the realities and higher possibilities within his reach. The love of life, even in circumstances like these, was strong, but something better and nobler was stronger still. Angry with himself for the baseness that had for an instant tainted the blood, now again creeping healthily back to his heart, he made a desperate effort to gather up some fresh mental energy which might save them both. If this poor man were yet breathing, might not a word from a fellow-sufferer keep him, by breaking, if only for a short space, a silence which had in it more of the horror than of the solemnity of death? Pressing his hands firmly against the rock of ice in front of him, he called feebly and faintly, his husky voice scarcely making a sound; but, bending his head on one side, the better to look down, he found that the rope moved. Now, indeed, he felt that his small chance of safety was all but gone. His feet must slip; one hair's-breadth, and he would glide and glide until he sank into that terrible darkness! Oh, for another half-hour of life! If he could but retain his footing a little longer, there was a possibility of rescue. He remembered, with a feeling almost harrowing, because more compounded of fear than hope, that his hat had fallen off, and might reveal the sad catastrophe to his brother. Enough for the moment that the chance existed. He knew of men having been saved in similar circumstances by the devotion of their guides. These heroic fellows, taking their lives in their hands, were accustomed, by means of niches cut by their hatchets in the ice, to descend the improvised ladder step by step, and had sometimes succeeded in saving a fellow-creature. Cecil would stimulate their exertions by all the means in his power, by all the pleadings of humanity, and by the promise of high rewards. In the weak condition of his mind, Warren was endeavouring to imagine what Cecil might offer, when a fresh and painful fact flashed across him, the one of which Cecil had jestingly reminded him that morning, that his brother was his heir. What if Cecil suffered himself to be tempted? But the thought was too monstrous to be entertained.

Glancing upwards, Warren had sense enough to see the fragile nature of the hope that had begun to stir him in a feeble cloudy manner. The sky, if sky it were, appeared only as a streak, greyer and clearer than the misty blue light surrounding him. Could any one descend into these ghastly depths and expect to come out alive? Cecil might naturally hesitate to risk another life for a chance so small; and who would blame him? Warren's heart quailed and quailed as he tried to argue the point with himself. Cecil was in no wise a bad man as the world counts; he was not unkind; not more mercenary nor selfish than other men; and yet—in an egotism from which he now shrank in horror—he had just forgotten his own duty to a suffering brother. In all this there was nothing consoling, nothing calculated to strengthen the flickering hope that, from its very fragility, was not unmixed with pain.

As the time passed on, Warren's mind, in a whirling chaos of conflicting feelings, made desperate attempts to hold together some threads of reasoning, and then again wandered off into fancies he could not control. Ever and again returned the idea, what if he lost his standing?—which he must do if his com-

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panion moved—and how long could he remain in his present position? Touching the rope, it seemed to him becoming heavier, and dragging downwards.

Too surely an increased numbness was creeping over him; he might soon lose all power over his limbs. He could yet think, but could only guide his thoughts with effort. They were perpetually wandering from prayer to philosophy, and to other unwelcome subjects, which had no real interest now. What was the glacial theory to him? Perhaps much: it might concern his winding-sheet. The movement of glaciers had been calculated, correctly in some instances, as results had proved. After a certain number of years, computed according to certain laws, the bodies of those who had perished in the ice had re-appeared. A guide, lost in 1820, was found more than thirty years afterwards, washed out by the stream at the extremity of the glacier. This man had fallen into a crevasse. How long would it be in his own case before his body was found? Not, probably, in this generation, or, perhaps, when Helen was an old woman with grandchildren skipping about her, and had forgotten him. What would his death cost her? A few tears, that would but enhance her beauty, and he who loved her so well would pass out of her life as if he had never had a part in it. Had he dealt well and fairly by her? Looking back, other thoughts seized him with swift-coming energy. It was right to give his wealth and taste and time to God and His service, but all that was nothing now. Resolutions of this description did well in health, but could not lift nor stir the dark pall hanging before his eyes. His heart cried out for something on which it could stay itself. What had become of his complacent hopes, and the blameless life of which he had fondly dreamt? From earth and earthly things he had no more to hope. The end was come. And now the Saviour, whose name had so often been lightly on the lips, assumed for him a personal reality.

It would be vain to follow him through all the struggle of those awful moments. With wonderful clearness, and almost supernatural calm, as he afterwards related, the whole issues of life seemed, in a brief space, to open before him. With all the life still remaining in him he cried for the mercy never yet denied to the true penitent, taking up the petition again and again whenever his reason was sufficiently unclouded. But in spite of himself his thoughts were continually breaking off to other topics—he could not fix them for any length of time. And presently a sense of fatigue began to overpower him; the scene was perpetually shifting, and he saw things confusedly. In vain he strove to recover the thread of his meditations and prayers—there was ever a mixing and blending of ideas which he could not disentangle. And besides this his eyelids grew heavy, his head sank downwards, and he seemed to have darker glimpses of that ghostly sepulchre below—other and deeper crevasses, with their blue depths descending he knew not whither. After a period of unconsciousness he was roused again, and fancied that something was moving about him. Was it the dead man come to life again, or was it something else? Had he, too, fallen into those unsearchable depths from which he had shrunk in such dismay? He knew not, but only that some living thing was stirring close to him. He heard it, felt it, yet could not speak, nor raise a hand to brush away the noxious creature that was hurting and bruising him. It was dreadful not to be able to see what was happening around him; to know so little and to feel so much. Presently there was a change in his sensations. Where was he? Passing through a region of pale opal, where the rays of gold glinted against a wall of deepest sapphire. Was life indeed over? But why then all this pain and aching in every limb? After a while all movement was over. Fantastic shapes, glistening and white, stood about and around him, and a strong light smote upon his head, rendering him incapable of distinguishing one object from another.

CHAPTER VII.

"ANOTHER victim to Mont Blanc." Mr. Moreton quoted these few words one morning at breakfast from his weekly paper, and was about to read the details aloud when his voice suddenly failed, as he fell back in his chair with the grey hue upon his face that had before so often distressed Mona. Rising, she looked over his shoulder to ascertain what was the matter, and her eye falling upon the paragraph, she became pale also.

"What has happened, Charles? Why don't you speak, Mona?" asked Mrs. Moreton, snatching at the paper, which her daughter, in her agitation, unconsciously held fast. Recovering his voice, Mr. Moreton put them both aside, and with the remark, "An accident to Mr. Sinclair," proceeded to read aloud—

"The Reverend W. Sinclair, accompanied by his brother, was making a partial ascent of Mont Blanc, when at a little distance from Pierre l'Echelle he lost his footing and fell into a crevasse with the guide to whom he was roped. Mr. Sinclair was saved with difficulty, but the guide perished. We learn that the reverend gentleman had just been instituted to a family living, and was about to be married to a lady of great personal attractions. He is now at Chamounix, very ill, and not likely to recover."

"Well, indeed," observed Mrs. Moreton, with effusion, "it seems as if Providence were especially watching over us."

"Over him, you mean," said her husband, in a tone of correction.

"Why, yes, in a certain way. Of course, it would have been a dreadful death, all alone in a crevasse, and I am glad they got the poor man out at last to die in his bed; but I meant that Providence was helping you. We may not have to leave Hillesden after all."

"My dear," ejaculated Mr. Moreton, and this time with an asperity foreign to his character, and rarely directed against his wife, "do not appear to view every event that occurs with reference to yourself. Your nature is kind; do not belie it by such thoughtless observations. I should be grieved for any one so situated, but more especially that such an accident has happened to Mr. Sinclair." No one disputing this opinion, Mr. Moreton went on with his breakfast. "These accidents are becoming very frequent," he observed, after a period of silence. "One realises them more vividly when they happen to one we know. Poor Mr. Sinclair! There were several points of excellence in him."

"Perhaps the living will be given to you," said Mrs. Moreton, persisting in her first idea, and ignoring her husband's lesson.

"Not at all likely, my dear. On the contrary, if we touch the subject at all, it is as well for you to know that Mr. Sinclair's death may prove the most,

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unfortunate event that could befall us. Whoever inherits his property will have the appointment to the living; and the probability is, that it will be given to some personal friend of his, who, feeling no interest in us, would not show the consideration that Mr. Sinclair has done. We should be infinitely worse off than we are now."

This was a new view of the case, and a startling one, completely overthrowing Mrs. Moreton's naive theory of a special Providence acting for the sole benefit of her family. Her mind, true to its centre, quickly seized another point by which she felt personally aggrieved, and that was Mr. Sinclair's imprudence.

"How foolish of the man; with a frame like his, and evidently far from being robust, to attempt the ascent of Mont Blanc. I must call that fool-hardy, a very tempting of Providence. No wonder he fell into a crevasse. Of course that was the most likely thing possible. Any one could have predicted it."

It was characteristic of her to make any action likely to frustrate her wishes a subject for blame.

"I cannot believe that Mr. Sinclair had any such intention," replied Mr. Moreton. "Newspapers often give such incorrect, garbled accounts, that the facts may be wholly different from their statement of them. Suspend your judgment, my dear, until we really know the state of the case, and let us remember our benefactor in our prayers. He probably needs them, and our kindly sympathy also."

"I pity the lady so much," said Mona, softly, her sweet eyes moist with a tender compassion. "How sad it must be for her! and then this publicity of her sorrow—how painful! But I wonder how they get hold of a man's private history?"

"Sir Felix Hampton is likely to know something of the truth," said her father; "I shall call upon him and endeavour to ascertain particulars."

Mr. Moreton carried out his intentions, and heard from Sir Felix that, though shattered and still very ill, Mr. Sinclair was expected to recover. "I shall write to him," said Mr. Moreton. In due time, when he thought Mr. Sinclair likely to be convalescent, he sent him a letter full of kindly feeling, such as an older minister might send to one younger and less experienced in the faith.

As days, and even weeks, passed without bringing any answer, Mr. Sinclair again became the source of small disputings at the Rectory, Mrs. Moreton attacking him from her point of view, and her husband defending him from another; the former pronouncing him ungentlemanlike and disagreeable, and the latter troubled lest his illness should prove more serious than had been represented. A new cause for anxiety preyed upon his mind, his own prospects depending materially on the life which might be slowly ebbing in a distant land.

Mrs. Moreton soon ceased to contemplate any contingency of the kind. Possessing a wonderful faculty for expecting things to happen as she wished, she would often amuse herself by speculating over the sort of person Mrs. Sinclair would be. When in good humour she would talk of their mutual relations in a patronising manner. She intended to do her best to make the lady happy, and spoke as if she herself were always to remain at Hillesden.

And so half the summer passed away without anything fresh or novel to mark it. If the days were colourless, they were tranquil, for the great peace that God showers down on His children, falling gently as the refreshing dew into the heart of the flowers, was there in the minister's breast, and from him radiated to many around him. Pleasant hours they were to Mona, and never to be forgotten, though passing so swiftly at the time and almost unheeded, as many of the most precious often are, though each is laden with a value we only rightly estimate when it is gone for ever. Mr. Moreton loved his home, his family, and his work, which, in spite of his failing health, he did faithfully. Occasionally shadows, not of doubt, but of anxiety, came as a cloud between him and those brighter visions in which he was accustomed to sit down and rest. The future of those he left behind would sometimes loom darkly before his eyes. His time, he knew, was short, and the summons might come at any hour. His chief difficulty was to prepare his family for an event that might be nearer even than he expected without alarming them. On that subject Mrs. Moreton was unapproachable. Not willing to hear any allusion to what she called melancholy subjects, she stopped him at the first word, begging of him to have more feeling for her than to try her nerves so recklessly. To Mona only could he speak of the things that lay nearest his heart, and in her he ever found an attentive auditor. "Remember, my darling, that trials must come to you," he would say, caressing the hand she often stole into his; "and you may one day have to bear them without me to help you. Let them be discipline, not purely affliction. As you regard them so they will be to you."

And Mona drank in his words as treasures to be garnered in her heart of hearts. Accustomed ever since she could recollect to receive her father's instructions with loving reverence, and to consider him the wisest and best of men, she scarcely perceived the increasing solemnity of his counsels and manner. He had often told her to regard his life as peculiarly uncertain, but the lesson was hard to learn, and the fact was only indistinctly realised, and only so far as it seemed a stronger bond between herself and him.

It was one of the warm days of August. A sultry harvest morning had come, with the white mist in the sky that betokens heat, and a weight was in the air, stifling the sweet scent of fruit and flowers that the earth ought to have been offering from her lap. A message came for Mr. Moreton—a sick man at the farther end of Hillesden, supposed to be dying, wanted to see him, and despite sun and sunshine he started on foot to visit him. "I would go in the afternoon, when it will be cooler, if I were you," said Mrs. Moreton, as she stood for a minute in the shade of the porch, just as he was going out. "No time like the present," he answered, with a smile that was always sweet for her. She saw him go down the garden and through the gate with redoubled bitterness in her heart against Mr. Sinclair: first for wishing to take back the living, and next for offering her husband the curacy. "I do believe he will be simple enough to take it," she said to herself, as she watched him out of sight. Mrs. Moreton was in the pitiable state of mind of one who did not really know what she wished for—only that something particularly good might befall them. The hours of her husband's absence wore away, and he did not return, but there was no anxiety at home on that account, as, in the course of his long walk, he might have visited some of the other cottages that lay in the way.

But when the dinner-hour came Mrs. Moreton began to fret over his unpunctual ways, and sent her

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children to the door, one after the other, every two minutes, to see if he were in sight.

"I will give him five minutes more by the clock, and then we will sit down without him," she said. "I wonder he does not recollect how I dislike to have the dinner spoilt."

Mona got up to look for the last time, and, after a longer absence than before, returned, looking pale and agitated. "My father has sent for me; he wants me particularly. I think you and Nita had better begin dinner."

"Your father is getting quite inconsiderate. Not content with his own irregularity at meals, he teaches you to do the same. How can any household be orderly where there is no punctuality?" she asked, with visible ill-humour, but made no attempt to detain Mona. Although she said what she liked, Mrs. Moreton did not often act against her husband's orders.

"I don't think he can help it," answered Mona.

"I don't know that," returned Mrs. Moreton, sharply. "Come, Nita, if they choose to run about at wrong hours, that is no reason why we should not have our dinner comfortably."

Mona stood hesitating for a moment whether to speak or be silent; but when she saw her mother throw her arms round Nita's shoulders with a complacent smile, and draw her towards the dining-room, she went up stairs and put on her hat. Her heart ached, but she was silent. It is one of the anomalies of our nature that such common-place things as eating and drinking go on side by side with the saddest tragedies of life. Her father was ill, and had sent for her. This was the news she had just heard. She knew no particulars, except that he was at Mr. Graves's house. He had asked for her, desirous as ever to save his wife unnecessary pain and anxiety. Why should she frustrate his wishes, and cause grief where he had tried to spare? So, without giving any account of the message, which had fortunately been delivered to her as she stood at the door waiting for his appearance, she left the house, and hurried through the Rectory garden to the road. After walking a few yards, Mr. Graves dashed up to her in his pony-phaeton.

"That is right, Miss Mona. I am glad to see you alone. Your father keeps asking for you, and bids you not to frighten madam. Get in, and we shall be at the Hall quickly. Ho, ho, Mildew and Blossom! Off with you!"

The ponies, thus addressed, laid back their ears, and, being slightly touched with the whip, galloped so fast that Mr. Graves had enough to do without attending to Mona's anxious inquiries, so that she arrived only partially prepared for the scene that awaited her. Springing from the carriage on reaching the house, she went in by herself, Mr. Graves, after the single word "parlour," driving the foaming horses slowly towards the stables. A deadly sickness of heart fell upon her when she entered the room, where she was to find her father. He lay on a sofa, propped up with pillows, breathing with difficulty, and with the dew of suffering upon his face, now grey with a greyer hue than she had ever seen there before. The village doctor was by his side, and some restoratives were on a table close by.

"My Mona, my darling," exclaimed the sick man, making an effort to stretch out his arms to her. "God for ever bless you, my child! He will, He will; I cannot doubt it. Be good to your mother, spare her whenever you can, for life will be so hard for her. She does not know how to bear sorrow. I have always tried to shield her from it. Tell her that the same Hand that strikes can heal, and that He makes all things work together for good to those who love Him. He is all-powerful, and will do far better for her than I could. Don't be unhappy, my darling," he continued, as Mona's tears fell upon his face, whilst she pressed kiss after kiss upon his brow, in a passion of grief, for her young heart was smitten with sore anguish. At the sight of this prostrate life, her own seemed ebbing away.

"Don't grieve so much, my precious child; be strong for me. I look to you to break the news to your mother, and to help her when the end comes; but that is not yet, I am better now. Mr. Graves will presently send me home, and I shall be able to bid Clara and Nita 'good-bye.' You will keep up for their sakes, and for mine too, my darling. You will give me the joy of seeing that my Mona knows how to accept God's will without murmuring. Oh, it is sweet, very sweet to have no will but His; knowing that it is the best for us." Then, laying his hand tenderly upon her head, he whispered softly, "You will never forget your father, Mona; you will follow him; it may be through some sorrow, but it will be to the land where sorrow is unknown. My dear child," he added, after a pause, kissing the tearful face that touched his own—for though Mona restrained the sobs that choked her throat, she could not help shedding the bitter tears of a heavy grief—"there are no tears in heaven. God Himself wipes them away."

As the doctor now returned to separate them, having, at Mr. Moreton's request, left them a little while together, they were obliged to obey his orders. He prescribed half an hour's complete rest, and then Mr. Moreton, if better, was to be taken home. The sick man acquiesced, and, loosening his hold of Mona after another tender embrace, lay quiet on his pillows, too anxious to see his beloved ones again to make any resistance. After giving a promise neither to stir nor speak, Mona was permitted to remain in the room, and took her seat by the window, whence she looked out upon a stiffly-planted avenue leading to the high road, the pleasure-grounds, such as they were, being situated at the side and the back of the house.

Pomona Hall, as the eccentric owner named it, was a large red-brick building, solidly built, with no claim to elegance, but containing those pleasant accessories of an easy life we modestly style comforts. Mr. Graves was a rich man, who had made his fortune as a market gardener, slightly vulgar, and very good-natured when not offended. His gardens, the chief delight of his life, were highly cultivated, it being still the ruling passion to produce better fruit than could be found at any other man's table. Flowers he secretly despised, or classed them among the weak things that were best suited to women; and when in a complimentary mood he was more inclined to draw his comparisons from the kitchen-garden than the more brilliant parterre. For him the lily had no elegance, the rose no charms. The former was a poor, sickly plant, occupying a space that might be better filled, and the latter a lady's plaything, of no value compared to a fine hautboy or a well-grown pine-apple. He was a busy man, too, in the parish, presuming a little on his wealth; but he liked the Moreton family, held the plate after a charity sermon, first dropping in his guinea as what he termed "a

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churchwarden's duty," and often sent "madam," as he called Mrs. Moreton, presents of the finest fruit in his garden.

The hot sun burned against the brick wall near the window at which Mona sat, looking down the deserted avenue, but she would not stir lest she should awake her father, who appeared to be dozing. All was still; no one came or went, the doctor having requested that his patient might be left quite quiet, and on no account be disturbed before his return. A sound broke the stillness at last.

"Did you speak, father?" asked Mona, going immediately to his side. "God for ever bless you—bless you all!" he said, slowly, without unclosing his eyes.

"Amen!" said Mona, softly, to herself, thinking that her father was talking in his sleep. Not to break the slumber so necessary for his restoration, she quietly went back to her seat and shook her finger at Mr. Graves to enjoin silence, as he was about to inquire after Mr. Moreton from outside the window, intimating by signs that he was asleep. And so the time passed in a slow agony of hope. When the doctor came into the room after the lapse of an hour, she started up eagerly. "My father has not stirred, and has only spoken once since you left us, and that was in his sleep," she observed, in a low whisper. The doctor gave one glance at the recumbent figure on the sofa, and then cast a look of unmistakable compassion upon Mona.

"It is not true, it is not true; for pity's sake speak, and say it is not true!" cried Mona, her heart almost standing still with the sudden agony that look called up. "Oh my father, my father!"

With a choking sob she threw herself on the silent figure, which would never more give utterance to the words of love that had been her best portion of life's good things. But it was true. "The silver cord was already loosed, and the wheel was broken at the cistern." Mr. Moreton had gone to his eternal rest, and must have departed soon after Mona heard him speak—a blessing on his lips. He died calmly and peacefully. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from *henceforth*."

IN PURSUIT OF THE SIKHS AND AFGHANS.

BY A MEDICAL OFFICER OF THE COMPANY'S SERVICE.

I.

IT may interest others besides old Indians to hear some personal recollections of the last great Sikh War, when the boundary of the British dominion was first carried to the Afghan frontier.

The Punjab campaign, with the heavy fighting at Chilianwalla, and the crowning victory of Goojerat, had thrown such a number of severely wounded friends and foes into the field hospital that the youngest medical officer had become practically a somewhat experienced military surgeon.

The ordeal had been severe, and proud were my friend and I when we were told that we had been selected to proceed with the field hospital which was to accompany Sir Walter Gilbert's flying column in pursuit of the retreating army of Sikhs and Afghans.

A few hours' notice saw us off by forced marches to pick up the second brigade, which had started a day or two before. It was not an easy matter, however, to bid good-bye to the dear friends we had made in the field hospital of the Punjab army. Nowhere, indeed, are the bonds of sworn friendship more closely drawn than in those hours of trial when during a campaign you see men facing common dangers with the unselfishness of the truly brave, forgetting to think of themselves. No conventionalities then hide the sterling character of the Christian gentleman, and there is no chance of your being mistaken as to his real character.

Such men we had to bid good-bye to, alas! never to meet some of them again; for India is a wide word, and the exigencies of the service, or climate, part men often by more than a thousand miles, or never suffer them to meet at all.

We caught up the force before it reached the Jhelum river, and saw for the first time regiments of Horse and Foot crossing a deep river by a dangerous ford. Some cavalry soldiers of the first brigade had been swept away by the current while they sought to cross at a narrower part of the stream. Care was now taken, therefore, to select a really fordable place, and the course of the ford proved to be a zigzag, which the engineer officers carefully staked off to show the way. For safety, the men were ordered to wade in lines, each holding his neighbour's hand. At first it was not very deep, and the men were in great spirits, but as the water reached to about their armpits they were very quiet, and went forward slowly in wavy lines. This was particularly noticeable in the Sepoys, who had stripped to the work, and did not seem to enjoy the business. The Europeans took more kindly to the wading, and kept on their underclothing, knowing they were to have a change on the other side. The clothing, arms, and ammunition were passed over in boats, so we who had no occasion to go with the men through the half mile of cold water direct from the snowy sides of the Cashmere hills, were kindly allowed elephants to cross on. The general belief in camp was that we forded the Jhelum at probably the same place as Alexander the Great had crossed with his Greeks, or Yunanees, as they are called by the Punjabees and other Eastern nations. The weather was perfect for our living in tents. We were all in good spirits, as who is not who has passed with triumph through a season of trial? The enemy was retreating before us, and we scarcely expected to have much, if any, fighting, and were quite happy in the prospect of camp life for weeks to come.

No clouds darkened our horizon but one, the fear lest the Sikhs should deal harshly by a lady, the late Lady George Lawrence, her husband and child, and some officers that they were carrying off with them in their flight. After crossing the river, we rode down to see the town of Jhelum, but were sorely disappointed in its miserable appearance when we got inside, for from the opposite bank it looked so desirable a town. An old fakeer, who had stood, they said, for some ten years in a hovel on the river bank doing penance for his sins, must have laughed at us while we gave him a backshish. We felt that though we pitied the man we were imposing on him in treating him as if we believed in his pretensions. From the roof of the hut he had a board swung in front of him, on which he bent his arms and body to help him to continue for a time erect like, while he received the alms of devotees.

At the time we were there the road was a broad track, beaten hard by the tramp of innumerable

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mules and horses, and the weight of the soft foot of the heavy camel. Few and far between was the wheel carriage met with, so no made road was thought of.

How changed is all this now. Jhelum is the north-western terminus of a great railway system stretching to Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay. It is from this point, however, that all our troops still start on their march to the frontier. But now they travel by one of the best made roads in the world, the work of Lord Napier of Magdala.

We then marched over a plain to the foot of some low hills, which we entered, and encamped under the once famous and now picturesque almost ruin of the fort of Rhotas. It was the first hill, if it could be called a hill, that we had climbed, after marching about 700 miles, and pleasant it was to wander about and look at the strange but most homelike scene we had met with in India. One feature of the place was, however, strikingly new to us, viz., a well, which for its peculiarity was called a bhowlie. It appeared as you approached it to be an ordinary well, but on looking down you saw an opening in the side of it, close to the water's edge. This we found was the foot of a flight of steps, which began at an entrance many yards off at one side, and by which you could readily walk down a gently sloping staircase to the water. The pleasant coolness of such a shaded descent to the cool waters of the well must be an uncommon refreshment to a sun-heated, thirsty traveller.

On we went next day, for there was no halting, as we had to keep within a couple of marches of the first brigade of our division, which was commanded by Sir Walter Gilbert, perhaps the hardest rider and best horseman in India. True, he could not get infantry to go at the pace he liked to ride at, nor could camels, carrying food for his troops, go quickly along, but he was not the man to let the grass grow under his feet.

The day was cloudy, and a little rain fell, but it was very welcome as it made it so easy for the troops to march quickly and easily along. In ordinary marching in India, the greater part of the road is usually covered before sunrise, but in the face of the enemy no such luxury as starting at three o'clock in the morning is allowable. Shortly after sunrise, as we were marching quickly along, an incident occurred that suddenly loosened the bands of discipline along the whole line of march, and led to the desertion of their posts by many officers of every grade. No stratagem of the enemy could have succeeded better in throwing the force into confusion and possible rout than this unexpected occurrence. Our road led along the tortuous, narrow bed of a dry stream that winds its way through the broken and hill country known as the "Buckrala Pass." Emerging from between two hills, the almost naked dusky figure of a stout Punjabee was observed descending a narrow footpath and coming down on our road. He was seen to be stooping under a heavy sack which he carried on his shoulders. All eyes were fixed on him, for none of his race had ventured as yet to approach our column. On stepping down into the road he made signs that he wished to speak to the nearest officer. He went up to him, and presently down went the sack on the ground. Other officers went up, and presently one was seen struggling with the mouth of the sack to open it. The man had been told to give the sack to the first officer he met, its contents were *overland letters for the brigade.* No postmaster had been appointed to receive them, and they were emptied out on the ground. The news spread along the line, and old officers and young came, each seeking for his letter from home, the one cup of comfort most eagerly longed for and thankfully received by the excited Englishman in the East. The peculiar limpness of the overland letter, with lines of writing showing through, told what the happy receiver had got to read, and the quiet thoughtfulness of his abstracted manner for some time after its perusal showed how the soldier's thoughts and heart were thousands of miles away, revelling in the memories of a quiet English home. Soon every man was in his place again, and that night we encamped in a little open space where the bed of the stream stretched up to the left into a small amphitheatre. About twelve o'clock at night the camp was suddenly aroused by the bursting of one of those grand thunderstorms which are seen in all their majesty only in the hilly tracts of the tropics. The brightness of the electric light as it flashed with quick strokes lighted the tent through its cotton walls, while the continuous thunder-roll was broken only by the repeated crashes that accompanied each burst of fresh light. It passed quickly, but the memory of it has lasted vividly now some thirty years.

Next day was Sunday, and a glorious morning it was after the air had been cleared by the storm of the preceding night. It was no day of rest for us; we marched as usual, and reached our camping-ground early in the day. Our halting-place was still in the bed of the mountain stream, and surrounded by hills. On reaching the ground, the men not on duty piled arms, and took off their accoutrements and coats to pitch the tents more readily and comfortably. Making over my horse to the *syce* (groom), I wandered out of camp, and went up a hill-side alone, to have some quiet Sabbath moments to myself. I had not gone far when a bugle in the camp sounded "the assembly," which echoed with startling clearness through the hills. On looking down, the scene in camp was exciting; the men were rushing with all speed to their arms, and the camp-followers racing to their place in the rear. It was no time or place to stand looking on; I had to race down the hill and across the plain to camp. Just as I reached it the men were falling out again and going back to the work of pitching the tents or crowding forward to the road. The cause of all this commotion was by this time understood: the pickets had reported the coming in sight of a body of armed men descending the pass, but the winding character of the defile prevented our men knowing the exact strength. As a hostile descent on the camp in such a disadvantageous position was not under our circumstances an unexpected event, and as the strange troops were close by, the men had been ordered at once to fall in. Some officers were sent out to see what was meant, when it was discovered that the supposed enemy were irregular horse, Pathans, from beyond the Indus. They were "Nicholson's men," and were the honoured escort of Mrs. Lawrence (Lady George Lawrence), her child, and English servant. We heard from their leader the good news that she had been sent the day before, with her husband, into Gilbert's camp as a peace-offering, and to intercede for a cessation of hostilities and pardon for the past. We learnt also that the

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Sikhs were laying down their arms, and that the war was over. On hearing that the lady, whose safety was so deep an anxiety on all our hearts, was passing, I ran down to the road and got on an eminence close to which she rode past on an elephant. So interested was I in seeing her, that I forgot till she was past to raise my hat to her, but on coming to myself threw it as high as I could and thanked God she was safe.

That was a happy hour and day in camp; the last day, virtually, to us, of the anxious campaign. A day of rest and peace, a day on which to thank God for national and personal mercies.

Next morning we started again, following the advance of the other brigade. When we had gone on a few miles a sight greeted us that told its own tale. A few stalwart Sikhs, straggling in threes and fours, came stalking along on both sides of the column with all the bearing of soldiers, and looking at us with the manly looks of brave men. They were the first of a long string of our disbanded enemies. In the scanty clothing of the country you could see the muscular forms of these fine fellows. All wore beards more or less long and full; very many were grizzly, telling of service extending back to the good old time of Runjeet Sing, when the "Khalsa" had reached the acme of its glory. We could not help contrasting the physique of these grand specimens of men with that of our Hindustani Sepoy. The Sikhs were stouter fellows far, though not much taller, and had a more military bearing with less swagger than the less robust soldier from "Oudh." All day long these men passed silently along, no one addressing them, nor did they speak. No feeling of enmity towards them ruffled us, but respect for their trouble on our part, and soldierly dislike of defeat on theirs, kept us and them apart. What added to the strangeness of the meeting was that besides the postman we had seen neither man nor beast before on this great highway to India from Central Asia. All traffic had been scared from the road and its vicinity for months, and especially during the retreat of the hungry Sikh army followed by our advance. Marching on, we came to the Schwan river about eight o'clock in the morning, and there met a strange sight. In the dry portion of its bed lay the accoutrements of the remains (upwards of 3,000 in number) of the Sikh army that had followed its leaders from the fatal field of Goojerat. Gilbert's force had come up on them drawn up at this point, for the Sikh found he could retreat no farther, as he had no friends beyond this. The Hindoo world ceases and the Mohammedan world begins about this point and stretches away without interruption into Afghanistan, and onwards till it meets the Christians on the western borders of Turkey.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Fisherman's Orphans.

Down on the old stone steps,
  Worn by the wash of the waves—
    A rough and rugged seat enough,
  Whose base the water laves,
Whispering tales of distant sails,
  And of the deep sea caves—

The fisherman's boy and girl
  Look over the gleaming bay;
One cloud is scudding with the breeze
  To dim the gladsome day;
Its shadow lies in their young eyes,
  They have no heart to pray.

The boats are all at sea;
  How merrily they go!
O it were brave to ride awhile
  Where yonder ripples glow,
Purple and green their varied sheen,
  Capped daintily with snow.

The boats are all at sea;
  Nay, all at sea save one,
That on the shore lies high and dry,
  And idle in the sun;
And father's boat would be afloat,
  But father's work is done.

His honest heart is still;
  Her tawny sail is slack;
Another and a stranger hand
  Must guide her on her track.
Yet every day the children say,
  "Will father soon be back?"

And every day they come,
  Taking fresh heart of grace,
And patient stand, or sit them down,
  Upon the landing place;
They used to meet him here, and greet
  So joyfully his face.

The fisherman's boy and girl
  Look over the gleaming bay;
The fisherman's soul has gone to God,—
  No father on earth have they.
Father on high, be ever nigh,
  To guard their lonely way!

S. E. G.

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THE FISHERMAN'S ORPHANS.

Davidson Knowles.

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ENGLISH PROVINCIAL DIALECTS.

THE English language, as taught in schools and printed in books, has now attained to a recognised "dictionary" standard. But in various parts of the kingdom there remain certain local or provincial forms and modes of speech, rarely written or printed, but in almost universal popular use. To these dialects we invite the attention of those of our readers who may not have much considered the matter. They are an interesting study, not only as relating to the language, but as associated with the history and life of the English people.

The ordinary Englishman knows nothing, or next to nothing, of these English dialects. To him "Lancashire dialect" or "Sussex dialect" means absolutely less than "Ionic" or "Doric," and he is wholly unable to say what are some of the main points of difference between the dialect of North Lincolnshire and that of West Somerset, or between the dialect of East Yorkshire and that of Herefordshire. Of course, at this time of day, most people are aware in a dim sort of way that provincial dialects are not altogether masses of rude, deteriorated, *bad* English; they are aware that provincial English is for the most part simply *old* English of some kind, and that the forms of speech used by the poor ignorant rustic of to-day are very much the same as those of their forefathers, learned and lay alike.

The present writer has the pleasure of knowing a fair number of highly educated gentlemen, some of them scholars of very high rank, and yet out of all this number there are scarcely two who take an interest in the work of a society like "The English Dialect Society," or who even acknowledge or fully understand the *use* of such investigations as that society undertakes and encourages.

And so it comes to pass that whilst we may meet dozens of persons "doing" a single district of our island, we shall hardly find one who takes the faintest interest in the English spoken there. No; one will be botanising, another will have eyes for nothing but entomological specimens, whilst a third will be altogether intent on rocks and fossils; not one will have thought of taking pocket-book and pencil, and making notes of the words and forms of speech, the grammar, pronunciation, and so forth, of the people he meets with.

Perhaps after all the reason may not be far to seek. It is not so many years since the present general study of the English language began, that is, the study of its origin, history, and gradual development. But now, book after book—by Latham, Trench, Morris, Skeat, Marsh, Earle, Whitney, Furnival, Ellis, and many more; Society after Society—Early English Text, Chaucer, Shakespeare—all prove how much greater interest is being taken in the study of language in general, and of our own in particular. And one result of the study of old and mediæval English has been to point out the utility of an investigation of our dialect forms; and the feeling is spreading even amongst those who have no pretensions to profound scholarship, but only to a moderate amount of education and intelligence. And this is proved by the fact that the English Dialect Society, though it has been in existence only three or four years, already numbers about 350 members and some scores of actual workers, and has put forth a considerable number of interesting and valuable volumes.*

Amongst these volumes are eight or ten of original glossaries. To the philologer these volumes will no doubt be of very great value, but it is a great mistake to think that it is to philologers alone that they will be interesting. On the contrary, every fairly educated, thoughtful, and intelligent reader would find in them much to interest and charm, and not a little even to amuse, in the curious old-world words to be met with, in the odd superstitions and fancies connected with many of them, in the curious, and possibly to many, uncouth systems of pronunciation, in the quaint saws and proverbs used amongst the peasantry. It is with the view of inducing, if possible, even a small number of readers to examine such volumes, that the few gleanings which follow have been put on paper.

Taking up a volume at random from the eight or ten alluded to above, it turns out to be the first volume of the "Whitby Glossary." Perhaps the first thing that would strike most readers would be the astonishing number of terms relating to ghosts and ghouls, witches and warlocks, and such like ugly beings, in respect of which it is probable that the Whitby dialect is peculiarly rich. And no wonder, when we consider the lonely and (in former times) remote situation of the district, its history which reaches far back into the dim ages of early Christianity in this island, its far-famed old abbey with its St. Hilda, Caedmon, and the legends connected therewith, and its numberless traditions. There are at least fifty words under one letter (B) alone which have some connection with the Whitby superstitions. Some of these are mere varieties and compounds, a few root-words; but still the number of "ghostly" phrases is large. Thus we observe that "boh," "boggle," play an important part, as they by composition with other terms help to form no small portion of the whole fifty. "Boh" is a sudden exclamation made for the purpose of startling any one near, whilst "boggle" or "bogie" is a general term for a hobgoblin. From the former word we get such compounds as "boh-ghost," "boh-man," "boh-fellow," "boh-thing," etc., all which explain themselves; from the latter we have "boggle-beck," a haunted stream; "boggle-chased," pursued by a hobgoblin; "boggle-fits," nervous apprehensions; "boggle-gloor," the glare of the "boggle" or "barguest;" "boggle-room," a haunted room. "Barguests" (or "boh-ghosts") also hold an important part amongst childish fears. The derivation of the word is given as Anglo-Saxon *burh*, a fortified place,

* It is well to note and collect local words and phrases, but the mere collector should be slow in pronouncing any words or phrases to be peculiar to a district. Many old words are heard in widely-separated regions. A large proportion of the words are merely diverse in spelling and pronunciation. The Dialect Society will make our shelves groan if it only multiplies lists of local words without discrimination or comparison with those of other districts. A well-informed and judicious sub-committee might usefully overhaul each list or glossary before publication.—ED.

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and *gast*, a ghost, so that the literal meaning is *castle-spectre*. Some, on the other hand, consider it as simply *bier-ghost*.

Under many a word where we should expect nothing of the kind we find accounts of various superstitious beliefs and practices. Under "bee-skep," a bee-hive, we are told that at the funeral of a country bee-owner a bit of everything pertaining to his funeral repast must be given to the bees, otherwise they will die, a belief shared in by others besides the people of Whitby. "Bisslings" is the first milk of a newly-calven cow, and it is the usual thing to give some of this milk as a present to a neighbour to make "bissling-pudding," but the recipient must on no account rinse out the vessel in which the present is sent, or the death of the young calf will certainly quickly follow. The fairies of the district are said to mangle their clothes with the "bittle and pin," that is, with a heavy wooden battledore and roller, and it is said that the strokes of the "bittle" can be heard even a mile off. The common belief that a plentiful crop of blackberries (called here "bummels" or "bummelkites") denotes the coming of a hard winter is, of course, not wanting to Whitby, but there is this further, that "bummels" are not to be eaten after Michaelmas, as by that time "the devil has waved his club over the bush." The elder-tree is here called the "bur-tree," and it is considered a mark of extreme degradation to be crowned with elder, as it is said that Judas Iscariot hanged himself on this tree.

Turning to another dialect—that of Holderness, in East Yorkshire—we can hardly fail to be struck with the large number of words relating to beating, fighting, and otherwise acting in an offensive and assaulting manner. How it should come to pass that the Holderness peasant, who is certainly not more quarrelsome than his neighbours, should have such a profusion of disagreeable nouns and verbs the present writer cannot say, but the fact remains all the same. As to verbs, a Holderness man may "bang," "bazzock," "bray," "bullyrag," "cobble," "cloot," "dhrub," "dooas," "feeat," "feyt," "hezzle," "knaup," "leeace," "leather," "loundher," "lug," "nail," "pause," "scamp," "scrag," "scuff," "skelp," "slug," "snape," "sooal," "switch," or "wallop" his neighbour. And yet, as we have hinted, the Holderness man is essentially a peaceful character, and it is to be feared that many another district (especially in the north of England) could at least equal Holderness in the number of its terms of the bellicose kind.

The provincial names of common animals and plants are a study of themselves. What would the ordinary Englishman make of "attercop," "cleckin," "cleg," "con," "cowshut," "frosk"? Yet they are (or were) good Yorkshire for spider, young chicken, horsefly, squirrel, wild-pigeon, frog, respectively. "Brock" means two different things in different parts of the country. In one district it is the name for the badger, in another it means the cuckoo-spit (*cicada spumata*). In either case the phrase, "He sweats like a brock," is common and applicable. "Spinner," a spider, tells its own tale, and is much nearer the original term than the word spider itself. "Tommy Taylor" is the East Yorkshire term for the well-known daddy-longlegs of other districts. In the Hull district a "hog" is not a pig but a sheep; and there is an old well-worn story of a famous midland pig-dealer, who, seeing by an advertisement in a Hull newspaper he chanced to come across that there was to be a great sale of "hogs" in that town on a certain day, travelled some hundred miles or so to be present. His disgust on finding that there was not one pig amongst the whole lot may be imagined. Of the names of some of the commoner animals, it may suffice to give a very few out of the large number which could be instanced. We have "cushy-coo," a cow (common to North and East Yorkshire generally); "tommy-parsey," stickleback; "oosen," oxen; "cockawny," cockchafer (Mid-Yorkshire); "biddy," chicken; "moddy," calf; "covey," pigeon; "buard," gnat; "rezzil," a weasel; "wintail," a hare (Holderness); "tup," a ram; "wye," a female calf (Yorkshire generally); "bubs," unfledged birds; "bees," flies; "ask," a lizard or newt; "clubtail," a stoat; "coach-horse," a dragon-fly; "hagworm," snake (Lincolnshire); "alp," a bullfinch; "barrow-hog," male swine; "bullheads" or "bull-jones," tadpoles; "dunnock," a hedge-sparrow (Lancashire); "flappers," young wild ducks; "joy," a jay; "Mus Reynolds," a fox (Sussex).

The names of plants are even more numerous, and, in many cases, more curious and interesting, and certainly many of them are very expressive. The common pansy (*viola tricolor*) is called in Sussex by the pleasant title, "jump-up-and-kiss-me." On the other hand, the stinging-nettle is branded with the name, "naughty-man's-plaything." The well-known *arum maculatum* of our hedges and ditches seems in the northern counties to be almost universally called by one of three names—"bulls and coos," "lords and ladies," "coos and cawves" (cows and calves). The ones with a lighter-coloured spadix are called coos, ladies, or cawves, as the case may be, whilst the plants with a dark spadix are always called lords or bulls (or, in some places, coos). The "bur-tree" has been already mentioned. We will select but a few names of common members of the vegetable kingdom: "boneflower," daisy; "brown-leeming," hazel-nut; "blegs," blackberries (West Riding); "selly," "saugh," or "sauf," willow; "seeaves," rushes; "yak," oak; "scallions," leeks (Whitby); "lads' love and lasses' delight," southernwood; "runch," wild mustard (*sinapis arvensis*, the "ketlock" of other parts of Yorkshire, the "pulling" of which causes such trouble to school managers and teachers, and all who are interested in keeping children regularly at school; both in Holderness); "fooalfoot" and "cleats," coltsfoot; "madge," one of the buttercup tribe (Mid Yorks); "dead tongue," water hemlock; "churn," daffodil; "bulloe," wild plum (Lancashire). In East Yorks the mealy-looking flowers of the hemlock are called "bad-man-wotmeeal"—that is, devil's oatmeal. The pretty shaking or trembling grass so well known to all country children seems at Whitby to have three distinct appellations—"trimmling jockies," "doddering dickies," "quaker grass." It is believed to be obnoxious to mice, and a bunch is often kept on the mantelpiece. A Whitby youth recognises in "seeave-whalops," the warty excrescences of the hedge-brier, a charm against flogging; and in connection with the flogging question it may be noted that the belief seems to be almost universal amongst northern village schoolboys that an onion rubbed on the palm of the hand will prevent any stinging from a caning on that part, just as a horsehair stretched across the same quarter will invariably split the cane!

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The present writer has often thought how much it is to be regretted that court English has lost, or, if it never had them, does not adopt, some of the very expressive terms, especially epithets, to be found in provincial dialects. What word, for instance, can express the nice shade of the northern "dowly"? It means dreary, lonesome, weird, haunted, in one of its phases, as "This owd house is varry *dowly*;" whilst another set of meanings would be melancholy, depressed, ill, and, in fact, generally unsatisfactory, as, "There's nobbut varry dowly deed i' that hoose"—that is, that household is ill, in unusually depressed circumstances, or what not. All the above, and much more, may be meant by dowly, but not one of the given words is at all an equivalent. Again, who has not felt the want of an adjective to express orderliness, fitness, propriety, etc.? in short, what we are obliged to get at either by a multiplication of adjectives, or by a clumsy periphrasis, or by borrowing from a foreign language; thus we get *apropos, comme il faut, en règle*, and the like. This seems a pity, when we have nearer home an adjective which expresses exactly what we want without periphrase or lengthening out of any kind. The Holderness "heppen" is the word, the exact shade of which no single word known to literary English carries. A Holderness labourer will push more into the middle of the fire a stick or log which is in danger of falling out with the remark, "There, that leeaks *heppener*." With the same remark will his wife put back into its place a chimneypiece ornament which has got pushed a hairbreadth from its quarters. The boy who sweeps the paving-stones in front of the house—the "cawsey" in local parlance—on Saturday does it with the intention of making things "heppen" for Sunday. Again, it is anything but "heppen" to indulge in self-praise. Truly we might all adopt "heppen" with great advantage. "Canny," so well known to almost everybody who can read, needs no explanation as to its general meaning, but it is to be remarked that it is only the Scot or North of England man who can grasp the full extent and delicate shades of meaning it possesses. It is to be noted that this epithet is sometimes given to places, as "Canny Yatton," dear little Ayton, in North Yorkshire. What an expressive verb the common Yorkshire "to dow" may be can only be understood by those who are well acquainted with some dialect in which the word is used. To get on well, to thrive, to be of avail, to benefit, to be good for, to be of use, to be right and proper—all these, and perhaps more, can be expressed by the short "dow." "He neither dees nor dows" (he neither dies nor gets well) has been so often quoted that it is in a fair way of becoming known to a much larger circle than hitherto. "What's that lass of oors efther?" (what is that servant of ours doing?) a farmer may ask, and the good wife will perhaps reply, "Ah don't knaw, but Ah doot it's nowt at *dows*," meaning, "I am afraid it is nothing good, or likely to benefit herself or anybody else."

One might go on to any length with expressive words, but we must just mention how expressive some of the provincial *compounds* are—perfect metaphors in themselves, many of them. Look at the Holderness "hing-lug," literally, hang-ear. Originally applied to a lean, over-worked, spiritless horse, it has come to be applied to individuals of the *genus homo* as well. "Gnash-gab" is an appropriate enough term for a man harsh and snappish in his way of talking, and so is "sooar-booans" (sore bones) for the same kind of man. "Slape-sides" (slippery sides) tells forcibly enough of a sleek, slippery, wily rascal. "Slither-pooak" (slide-sack), one who does his work in as bad and slipshod a way as possible, and who lets all he possibly can "slide," as the Americans would say; "bunch-clot" (kick-clod), a farm-labourer, a lout; "pap-mooth," a mother's pet, a grown-up baby, with many more, are all expressive enough.

Most provincial dialects are singularly full of similes, some of which are extremely good. "As brant as a pissmire" (as cool, sturdy, and independent as an ant) is by no means wanting in force. Who that has watched ants when their hillock has been suddenly overturned, and has seen the collected, self-reliant manner in which they seize each his grub—or whatever the little white particles may be—and marches off with it—who, I say, who has observed all this, can fail to appreciate the force of the simile, "As brant as a pissmire"? "As bare as a but" (unfledged bird) is Lincolnshire; "As grue, or grew, (sullen, grim-looking) as thunder" come from Whitby. We must conclude with a few words anent some of the old saws and proverbs current amongst our rustics. Some of these old sayings are remarkably wise, quaint, and pointed. "A bad hedge is better than neea beild" (no shelter) is at least equal to the ordinary "Half a loaf is better than no bread," if, indeed, it be not superior. "Better rue sell as rue keep"—that is, rather sell with a fair offer than in the long run overstand your market—is from the same district (Whitby) as the preceding one. "I've swallowed the kirk, but I can't swallow the steeple"—that is, I have put up with a good deal, but there is a limit to my forbearance; this capital phrase is from Mid Yorks, and it would be difficult to beat it. "Yan (one) can't awlas (always) guess eggs when yan sees shells" is the Holderness version of "All is not gold that glitters."

The following may be given in conclusion as samples of the many quaint and forcible metaphorical phrases to be found amongst our dialect speakers:—"Stall a toadoot," tire out even a toad (Mid Yorks); "Steck him to t' bonny side o' t' deer" (Whitby), literally, fasten him to the pretty side of the door, which "pretty" side is the *outside*, because that is the one generally painted or grained, so that the whole phrase is a rustic euphemism for "Turn him out;" "He trails a light harrow," he drags a light load, equivalent to, he has no wife or other "encumbrances."

R. S.

HOW MR. JOSEPH POTTER LOST HIS SILVER SPOONS.

I.

In one of those many pleasant suburban homes, within a short railroad journey to the City of London, lived Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Roland. Bushey Bank—the name had been a happy inspiration of its owner when, ten years ago, he prepared it for his bride—was a model of English comfort and neatness. There were no children to disturb the orderly arrangement of house and garden. Over the kitchen presided a treasure of a servant in the shape of a middle-aged and somewhat snappish domestic, who, having advertised for a quiet place, "where the family was

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small and the work light," had found each desideratum in her present situation.

Eliza scrubbed, polished, and dusted; her mistress worked antimacassars, sofa-cushions, footstools, kept the vases filled with fresh flowers, the windows adorned with hangings of delicate muslin or warmer drapery, according to the season; and their united labours had a very agreeable result.

Mr. Roland's hobby was the garden. A man came every day from a neighbouring nursery to attend to it, and in the long, light evenings it was the master's chief delight, on his return from business, to pace up and down the walks, admiring his budding roses or his bed of blooming geraniums, or to stray into a side slip devoted to fruit and vegetables and see how his gooseberries were getting on, and count the nectarines nestling against the wall At such times Mrs. Roland would ensconce herself with her work in a tiny summer-house, where, when his perambulations brought him that way, she could hear the news of the day, and enliven the proceedings with a little chat. Occasionally, when the weather was very warm, she would order tea—Mr. Roland generally dined in town—to be set in the rustic temple. Being well-roofed, and daily swept and garnished, there was no danger of snails or caterpillars, or any such unpleasant intruders. And this she had done on a certain June evening, when the following conversation took place.

Mr. Roland, I should premise, had just offered for his wife's inspection a small morocco case containing a dozen silver dessert-spoons, which was intended as a present to her brother and his sister, young people who had further cemented the union already existing between their respective families by a recent marriage.

"They look very pretty," said Mrs. Roland. "I am sure Joseph and Lizzie will be pleased. And now we'll send them as soon as possible, for we are sadly behind. They must begin to think we don't intend to give them anything."

"Write 'Better late than never' on the top," lazily recommended Ralph. "Or rather," he continued, "don't trouble yourself at all about it, my dear, they quite understood we meant to wait a bit and see what would be most useful to them. We were wise, you see, since cream-jugs and fish-knives rained in persistently, and nobody thought of presenting them with anything so common as spoons. However, now, as you say, the sooner they have them the better. Shall we send, or will you take them to Lizzie yourself?"

"Higgins has sent word I cannot have the waggonette just now, he has let it for a week. And as for going by train, however Joseph may appreciate the long walk from the station to their house, I don't, this dusty weather. No; I'll tell you how we'll manage," said Mrs. Roland: "Joseph will most likely walk over one morning this week, and go up to town with you; we will give him the case, and he can take it home in the evening."

Mr. Roland's tongue said nothing, but apparently his eyes did, for his wife, consulting them, asked, with some asperity, "why that would not do?"

"My dear girl, if it pleases you I am satisfied; I was merely thinking that Joe is sometimes—not to put too fine a point on it, you know, Millie—a little heedless."

"Now, Ralph, I suppose you fancy he would lose or forget the spoons?"

Mr. Roland owned there were things which would surprise him more, but in spite of his mild way of putting it, Mrs. Roland looked aggrieved, and actually drank half a cup of tea without speaking. "I do consider you are hard upon Joseph," she said, at last; "you must think Lizzie has thrown herself away on such a thoughtless fellow. And yet, Ralph, you know he is really very clever, and if he is a little absent-minded and forgetful, why, that shows it all the more," concluded Mrs. Roland, who, womanly in all things, was essentially feminine in her logic.

Mr. Roland, aware of his wife's fondness for her only brother, and much too kind-hearted to give her pain, reiterated his assertion that the arrangement, if satisfactory to her, was equally so to him, and then, by way of giving a pleasanter turn to the conversation, he said, "We must begin to think about getting that victoria, Millie, and you will be independent of Higgins and his waggonette, and able to drive over to Lizzie as often as you like."

"In six months," began Mrs. Roland, smiling.

"In six days, if you will, my dear little wife!"

"But it is only a year and a half since uncle died. I don't understand."

"Listen, then, most prudent and conscientious of matrons! My uncle left an annuity of a hundred pounds to Richard Grantley's wife, if the trustees, executors, and so forth, could discover the whereabouts of that amiable lady within—"

"Two years of his death," interposed Millie, and her little impatient gesture seemed to say, "Why tell me all these details that I know perfectly well?"

"Nothing of the sort, Mrs. Roland," returned her husband, with mock gravity. "And allow me to remind you, my dear, that it is considered rude in polite society to interrupt a person when speaking."

"Ralph, I am certain you told me two years."

"For once, I must contradict you point blank. I never said so."

"It is considered rude, I believe, in polite society to contradict. But, Ralph, be serious, or you will only end by bewildering me. What is it you mean?"

"Simply, that in the event of Mrs. Grantley's non-appearance the money was to be mine—not in two years, as you supposed, but in one. When, on returning from the funeral, I found some busybody had misinformed you on that point, I kept my own counsel, because I did not suppose we should ever possess the annuity, and, therefore, the more remote you thought our chance the better. Besides, I inwardly resolved to give the unknown legatee six months' grace, and then if our advertisement met no response, we could enjoy the little windfall with a clear conscience."

"I would willingly have waited also, Ralph," said Millie, reproachfully.

"I don't doubt it, dear, for one moment. My only object was to save you a little anxiety. You know your victoria—it shall be a victoria, eh, Millie?—was hanging in the balance."

"You are always kind," Mrs. Roland answered, with a look of penitence; "and you have certainly given me a very pleasant surprise. Indeed, I am so much pleased, that I begin to suspect my disappointment would have been greater than I thought if we had not obtained your uncle's legacy. It will be charming to have a carriage this summer. You don't repent your promise about it, do you, Ralph?"

"Not at all. You shall have the prettiest little turn-

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out we can get. Hulloa! here's Eliza coming. Thinks it high time she had the reversion of the teapot, evidently. I'll take a turn and a whiff in the shrubbery while she clears away."

He sauntered down the path, giving a kindly word to the staid servant as he passed, and Mrs. Roland, fixing her eyes on the wall where the nectarines grew—the wall of the hitherto empty stable and coachhouse—fell straightway into a pleasant reverie, and enjoyed, in anticipation, the delights of driving in a carriage of her own.

II.

Two or three mornings later, Mr. Potter—the Joseph of the preceding conversation—did walk over, as Mrs. Roland had predicted, making his appearance in that lady's cosy breakfast-room just in time for a cup of coffee before he accompanied his brother-in-law to town.

The newly-married couple had taken a pretty little house four or five miles from Bushey Bank, their own station being farther down the line. But Mr. Potter was of a studious and romantic turn; the walk a charming one, through shady winding roads that made the vicinage of the great city a thing difficult to realise; and he averred it did him good, which was, no doubt, correct, though his sister declared she could not believe in the efficacy of a constitutional taken at a snail's pace, with a book at the end of one's nose. This being her figurative manner of alluding to his near sight. However, it was his way, and Mrs. Millie, albeit she occasionally mildly bantered him herself, would have been very indignant if any one else had ventured to ridicule his small peculiarities, and privately considered her sister-in-law Lizzie a perfect lynx for seeing, as she did, Joseph's good qualities, and a very fortunate woman into the bargain to have engaged his affections in return.

She did not forget to seize the opportunity of transmitting her present, and while the gentlemen adjourned to the hall for their hats, she ran upstairs for the spoons.

Joseph admired and criticised (favourably, of course) to her heart's content, and was sure Lizzie would be equally delighted. Then Millie, with her own hands, deposited the case at the very bottom of his most capacious pocket, dislodging, in order to do so, a small volume of poetry, a pocket-book, and a bulky manuscript, which articles being replaced, gave it every prospect of remaining undisturbed until evening.

"Don't forget to give it to Lizzie, with our kindest love," was her parting injunction at the gate, where she stood for a few minutes, watching them reach the angle in the road, where Ralph always turned to wave his last good-bye.

"That is the sort of walk to do him good," she thought, seeing the student step out pretty briskly to keep up with Mr. Roland, who walked as though he meant it. Joseph's book was always instinctively kept out of sight when in company with that active gentleman. He, to tell truth, regarded his relative's taste for literature a little contemptuously, and was apt to be sceptical as to the great results his wife expected therefrom, and to opine that Potter would do far better to stick to business than to take to scribbling; for Joseph, timid and retiring in most things, actually ventured to think that he might vacate the stool he held in a certain office near Blackfriars Bridge, and launch upon the great sea of authorship.

"Good morning, Joe," cried Roland, as he jumped out at Farringdon. And then, like Millie, with a caution born of experience, he popped his head into the carriage to repeat, "I say, old fellow, don't forget the spoons."

"No, no!" replied Joseph, whose fingers, already closing on his beloved book, immediately relaxed at this unlooked-for reappearance. "No, no! it isn't likely. I value your gift too much, I assure you."

Mr. Roland nodded his appreciation of this speech, and hurried off, turning out of the station, and plunging into the hurrying stream of business life.

Mr. Joseph Potter, emerging from his compartment at Ludgate Hill, and wending his way down Bridge Street at a much steadier pace, may be more correctly described as borne on the current, since certainly, if circumstances had not combined to launch him in the whirl and bustle of City life, his natural inclinations would not have carried him day after day to the dingy office, and the high stool in the right-hand corner, whereon he presently sat and pored over prosy papers and bewildering figures.

At five Mr. Potter closed his desk for the day, and turned his back upon the office with the pleasant conviction that Lizzy would soon be putting on her bonnet to come and meet him, and bear him company home through the lanes. Thinking of Lizzie, he naturally recalled the gift of the morning, anticipated the pleasure it would give her, and felt in his coat pocket to know if it were safe. Yes; there it was. But to carry the treasure in an outer pocket was perhaps hardly wise. So, acting on the impulse of the moment, and in an unusual fit of prudence, he took it in his hand. Unlucky Joseph!

Arrived at Ludgate Hill, with ten minutes to spare, his thoughts reverted to the manuscript before mentioned. How pleasant it would be to add some pages to it in their quiet parlour, with Lizzy sitting at work by his side, mute as a mouse, and fearful lest the very notes of her pet canary, so sweet and soft as they were, should disturb him. He felt he could write to-night. Why, even here in the noisy station, spite of discordant sounds, unlovely sights, even here a sudden inspiration flashed across him. Hastily drawing forth book and pencil, he dropped on a seat to catch the fugitive idea. The train steamed in. Only two lines, but they were the two over which he had hitherto vainly cudgelled his brain. Write them he must.

"This way Southgate," cried the guard.

"Any more for Southgate?" bellowed a porter.

Our hero, his book still open, scrambled into the nearest carriage, intending to complete his notes there.

"Where is the parcel, my dear?" asked a stout lady opposite, of her little girl. The chance question brought the poet's mind to things of earth. He started, turned his eye, "in a fine frenzy rolling," to the slowly-receding platform. Where was the parcel—*his* parcel? "Here! hi! porter! let me out, I say!"

The stout lady screamed, and seized him by the coat-tails; the other passengers exchanged glances of consternation; this mild-looking young man was perhaps a lunatic. And the train rolled tranquilly on, bearing away Mr. Joseph Potter in a state of the greatest vexation, and leaving poor Mrs. Roland's precious spoons exposed and unguarded on the corner of a seat in Ludgate Hill station.

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III.

That evening, while Mr. and Mrs. Roland were in their garden, he, as usual, enjoying his cigar, she netting away on her accustomed seat in the summer-house, Eliza came across the lawn and announced that a young lady, "wishing to see mistress," was in the dining-room. Eliza did not know her, nor would she give her name, alleging that she was a stranger, who would not detain the lady long. Having said this much, the middle-aged servant hurried back, her cap-strings flying jauntily in the evening breeze, to keep watch and ward over the mysterious arrival until Mrs. Roland should follow and ascertain her business.

"Who can it be?" murmured Millie, as she shook out the folds of her dress, and hastily passed a plump hand over her shining braids.

"Some begging affair, probably," suggested Ralph, sinking carelessly into her lounging chair.

"Don't be a great while gone, Mil! I haven't told you my adventures in Long Acre yet."

"I shall soon be back," she answered; and passed out of the sunshine into the house.

The visitor was a tall girl, slight and delicate. "A lady, too," Mrs. Roland mentally decided, though the same quick glance that led her to this conclusion took in also the worn jacket, the cheap straw hat, and carefully-mended gloves of the visitor. But her idea found confirmation in the manner, at once modest and self-possessed; the unconstrained bow with which she was greeted; and the low, refined voice, which addressed her without hesitation or embarrassment.

"Am I speaking to Mrs. Roland?"

"Yes," said Millie, "that is my name."

"May I ask if you have lost anything to-day—anything of value?"

This time the answer came with a look of perplexity. "I am not aware that I have lost anything."

"You may possibly have entrusted some property to another, and be unaware if it reached its destination?"

"The spoons!" cried Millie. "Surely it is not the spoons. Oh, Joseph!"

"I am certainly speaking of spoons," returned the young lady, smiling. "If you will kindly describe—"

"In a morocco case—dessert—a dozen of them."

"There they are, madam," tendering the well-known packet, "and I am very happy to be able to restore them." She rose and moved to the door.

"No, no! You must not go like that," cried Mrs. Roland, warmly. "Pray sit down and let me give you a glass of wine and a biscuit, or some fruit, while you tell me how my spoons found their way, fortunately for me, into your hands."

So saying, Millie bustled about between the sideboard and the table, on hospitable thoughts intent; rang the bell, and would have bidden Eliza summon her master, but the stranger begged she might see no one else, and yielding to this wish, Mrs. Roland merely requested her servant to gather a leaf of strawberries, and meantime diligently plied the visitor with questions.

She heard in return how the said visitor had found the case on the platform at Ludgate Hill; how she had discovered its whilom owner by means of a note inside, headed by the address of the sender, but containing no clue, beyond the "My dearest Lizzie" with which it commenced, to the intended recipient; how she had lost no time in coming to restore the lost treasure; and how her own home was at Islington with her widowed mother.

All this Millie heard, anxiously debating with herself how she could best repay this obligation. She did not like to offer money, though money to all appearance was a thing needed.

"We must send her a present," she thought, and added aloud, "Well, as I said before, I am exceedingly obliged to you for the trouble you have taken, Miss—Miss—I beg pardon, I do not know your name."

"Broughton—Eleanor Broughton."

"If, Miss Broughton, there is anything we can do for you in return, I am sure my husband and myself will be pleased."

"Thank you," said the girl, gently and gratefully; "there is nothing, unless—"

"Unless what, my dear?"

"I teach drawing," answered Miss Broughton, colouring slightly; "and if at any time you should know of pupils, those I have would recommend me. I was returning from a school when I picked up your case."

She did not add how tired and fagged she had been with her day's work, but Mrs. Roland partly guessed it, because she already looked the better for rest and refreshment. She could not, however, be prevailed on to stay longer; her mother, she feared, would be anxious; but accepted the strawberries with so much pleasure, that Mrs. Roland wished Eliza had gathered twice as many. "Give my compliments to Mrs. Broughton," she said, "and tell her I hope she will enjoy them."

"Mrs. Broughton? Oh, you mean my mother," replied Eleanor, smiling. "Her name is Grantley. These beautiful, freshly-gathered strawberries will be the greatest treat to her. Good evening, madam, and thank you very much."

Varieties.

Sir Daniel Macnee on Art.—At the last distribution of prizes at the Edinburgh School of Art, Sir Daniel Macnee, President of the Royal Scottish Academy, gave some useful hints to students. "I think a picture, either telling a tale of history, or presenting some observant composition of every-day life, or soaring into the higher regions of poetic thought—any original composition showing there is something in you—is of more significance than the mere painting of a study, however well, in the Life School. Study in the Life School is but a small part in the study of the school of life. I do not mean to disparage the importance of the Life School, but to impress upon you that it should be only one part of the study of an artist in preparing himself for greater works. Constant study of the nude may affect a whole school. I heard a very wise man say of the last French Exhibition, that most of the pictures, whatever the subject, reminded him of the Life School—painted with wondrous life-like reality, but such as made you feel more astonished at the reality than you felt improved by the teaching. . . . . I spoke last year of avoiding dashing cleverness, and uncertain mysterious nonsense. Amateurs and their friends are fond of this sort of thing, and call their works suggestions—suggestions which it would puzzle them to carry out, or even define. When an artist is master of his art, he may suggest what he likes, because we have faith in his knowledge, and believe what he indicates; but he who has not studied, and has never gone beyond suggestions—what faith can we have in him? He won't make us believe that his

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poverty is riches. I remember a picture by a young artist that was exhibited in the rooms of the Academy a good many years ago. It was hung upon the line, and on the retouching-day it was a source of great wonder to everyone. It was a dashing and mysterious picture; nobody knew what it meant, and the supposition was started that it was the work of some elderly artist, who had gone a little wrong in his mind. There must, it was thought, be something in it, and there was a certain amount of respect paid to it on that account; but the moment it became known that it was painted by a man who had never exhibited before, there was a universal shout of 'Out with it!' and it was ultimately skied. A friend of the painter thought it suggested something fine; but the other artist said, 'Well, to an imaginative man like yourself, any dirt upon a wall may suggest a picture, but it is not a picture. A rotten egg thrown upon a wall, you may say, is a fine sunset by Turner, but it is only a stain.' A gentleman showed me a picture lately by a French artist, and said, 'Is not there something wonderfully fine in that?' Seeing it at the end of the room, I said, 'Yes; what is it?' 'Oh,' said he, 'it is a wonderful piece of colour.' I went near and saw this wonderful piece of colour; but I could see nothing else. I said, 'What is the picture? is it flowers?' He said, 'No, I think it is figures.' And so we began to look into the picture, and did discover something like legs and arms in it; as to the heads, they might be anything. After a little while my friend said, 'I don't know; I have been looking at that with intense admiration; it is wonderfully suggestive; and I think now, when I look at it, there is a glorious light in the centre, and all falls away to darkness towards the outside. I think it is the Nativity, painted after the manner of Correggio.' I suggested the possibility of its having been a picture perhaps at one time; but that it had been left upon a chair, and somebody had sat down upon it. I would advise all of you, in producing pictures, not to leave them in that mysterious state that your friends are all puzzled to know whether they mean anything; in which case it is pretty certain that you don't know yourself. These things are resorted to only by men who have not devoted much time to the study of their art. They cannot express what they think, or they have simply a dreamy thought, and they scratch in something in an uncertain way which their friends are apt to believe in. They may describe this to their friends as a suggestion meaning something or other; but if the whole world cannot see that there is something like an intention, I think the work had better have been left undone."

Lord Shaftesbury.—"It would be difficult," said the late Lord Teignmouth, of the then Lord Ashley, "to conceive a public man, eminently qualified though he was for the transaction of business, less disposed to submit to the trammels of subordinate official routine. Already a far wider and less frequented field of enterprise had opened on his view, and as he realised its growing expansiveness, he was ready bravely to endure and triumphantly to overcome the opposition, scorn, and obloquy to which his early philanthropic effort exposed him. The prestige which he derived from his exalted social position no doubt materially promoted his success, especially as he consecrated to the loftiest purposes any advantages accruing to him."

Hard Times.—Besides the usual marks of commercial depression, signs of hard times increase and multiply. First to suffer were the vendors of needless though pleasant luxuries. Next came the job-masters, the lessors of horses and carriages in the metropolis, who found half their stock thrown upon their hands all at once. Then there was a scarcity of commissions among artists. Now we hear that the number of bills of sale sent to the Queen's Bench offices for registration continues to increase, proving the pressure upon the middle class householders. In the closing weeks of 1878 the number was nearly double that of the corresponding weeks of 1875, having steadily increased in the intervening years.

The Transvaal.—Potchefstroom, the principal town in the south of the new British colony in South Africa, is rapidly increasing in size and importance under British rule. New houses are springing up in all directions, notwithstanding the "hard times," which are as common a source of complaint in South Africa as in England. The town is described as superior in the comfort of its habitations and in its general appearance to the capital, Pretoria, and a considerable rivalry exists between the two towns. Many of the buildings in Potchefstroom are substantial, and show some signs of architectural taste in their erection. The Blaaubank goldfields, situated some sixty miles to the north of the town, are attracting considerable attention, and many prospectors are passing through the town. Besides gold, other minerals, such as silver, lead, copper, cobalt, and plumbago, are known to exist in profusion almost from one end of the Transvaal to the other. The immigration of miners is recommended by some of the inhabitants as a means of quieting the rebellious tendencies of the Kaffirs, as it is argued that a number of determined men scattered in groups through the country, to whom native labour would be valuable, and who require to live at peace with their black neighbours, would have a beneficial influence on the condition of the country.

How to select Eggs for Sitting.—In a recently published Number of the "Transactions of the Natural History Society of Northumberland and Durham," Dr. Embleton, in an interesting paper on Eggs, makes the following important statement. He says: "My nephew, Mr. H. C. Embleton, informs me that if you hold the round end of an egg to a lighted candle in a dark room you will observe the air-cavity to be sometimes exactly at the end, and sometimes on one side of the end. Those eggs that have the air-cavity at the end are female, and those with the air-cavity on the side are male eggs. I gathered this information from the 'Journal of Horticulture' about two years ago. We always act on this information in selecting our eggs for sitting, and seldom find it to fail."

Railway Parcel Stamps.—The stamps of 4d. and 8d. for parcels are available for 2lb. and 4lb. (not 1lb. and 2lb., as stated on page 48).

Charles Kingsley's Wife.—Those who are acquainted with the "Journal and Letters of Henry Martyn," the Indian missionary, will not have forgotten how tenderly attached he was to a Cornish lady, of good family and of devoted piety, who lived with her widowed mother at Gurlyn, near Marazion, and his letters to whom constitute a great feature in the volume. That lady's name, as the "Journal" discloses, was Lydia Grenfell. Her brother, Mr. Pascoe Grenfell, M.P., many years afterwards, had four daughters married to four men of high distinction: one to Mr. Carr-Glyn, M.P. for Kendal, created Baron Wolverton; one to the Rev. Lord Sydney Godolphin Osborne, the S.G.O. of the "Times;" one to Charles Kingsley; and one to James Anthony Froude. Such a group of marriages in one family has seldom been known. The family must have been one of singular nobleness to produce four mates for four such husbands. The first married of the four became Mrs. Carr-Glyn in 1825. The second became Mrs. Sydney Godolphin Osborne in 1834. It was to the youngest of the train—Fanny Grenfell—that Charles Kingsley was introduced at the village of Checkendon, in Oxfordshire, in the summer of 1839, his father, with his wife and family, occupying at the time the little parsonage for a two months' turn of "duty." "On the 6th of July," says Mrs. Kingsley, "Charles and his future wife met for the first time." "That was my real wedding day," he said, some fifteen years afterwards.—*Dr. Rigg, in Wesleyan Methodist Magazine.*

Schwann, the Founder of Modern Histology.—A festival was last year held in the city of Liége to celebrate the fortieth year of the professorship of Theodore Schwann, the author of the cell theory, which many regard as the foundation of modern histology.

Turkish Misrule.—The correspondent of the "Times" at Kaiserieh wrote:—"In one of the villages there was a large granary of corn belonging to the Government. As is well known, it receives the tithes in kind. The corn thus obtained is stored in granaries. The local government then writes to the Porte to ask what is to be done about it. It will sell for so much, or can be carried to Constantinople by requisitioned labour. The Government refuses both of these proposals. The price offered is too low, and the transport is otherwise needed. The corn will therefore remain in the granaries, but as the vilayet thus retains the corn it must pay for it. The Government therefore fixes a value on it, draws bills for the amount, and discounts them at Constantinople, giving the discounter an order to recover his money at the capital of the vilayet. After this it would be supposed that the corn would belong to the people who had bought and paid for it. Not so; the corn cannot be touched, and there it lies, rotting or being eaten up by rats in the Government granaries. I am told that there are granaries the stores of corn in which date back beyond the famine of 1874-5, but which the Government would not allow to be used at that time, when the English public were sending thousands of pounds to help to keep alive the starving population. It is, however, certain, that of the sum of £20,000 which the Sultan ostentatiously ordered to be given from his private purse, not one farthing reached the famine district. His Majesty was at that time occupied in building a mosque, estimated to cost £1,000,000, at the back of his palace of Dolma-Baghtché."

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THE LEISURE HOUR.

BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,
AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND.—*Cowper.*

CONVALESCENT.

"WAIT A YEAR."

CHAPTER VIII.

WHEN Mr. Sinclair's deliverers succeeded in bringing him out of the crevasse he was all but lifeless. That glimpse of a golden light pouring over the irregular points of ice and rock which met his bewildered eye when his faculties were too benumbed to understand his situation, was the last moment of partial consciousness. But he was not dead; the guides said he would recover. Happily the accident occurred near the spot where help could be procured. As Warren had conjectured, the fallen hat attracted attention, the beaten, broken snow told the tale to the experienced Michel, whose heroism, in addition to that of the two others, who were advancing with another party, did the rest. Mr. Sinclair was rescued from his perilous position before the pulses of life had gone down too low to be revived. He was speedily conveyed to the châlet, where all

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PRICE ONE PENNY.

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the means available were used to restore him, and as soon as it could be done with safety, he was conveyed to his hotel. A long illness ensued, a severe brain fever, in which the tortured mind lived its past sufferings over again. It was piteous to hear his wild wanderings, to see him shrink and cower in mental agony before terrors which no longer existed.

Sometimes he was wandering with Helen beside noisy torrents, where the water, brawling and foaming, leaped from rock to rock, or the fragrant thyme grew around the châlets, rough and shabby, that were scattered over the broken plain, and he would call upon her to join him in admiring the alternating lights and shadows. At others he was with her on the blue transparent slopes, amid the peaks and domes and snowy spires that were glistening in a variety of fanciful shapes, and reproaching her for coldness to the magnificence of nature. But all this cerebral agitation at length subsided, leaving him in a state of great weakness, from which it was feared he would not recover.

One afternoon, on awakening from a long refreshing sleep, the rustling of a dress caught his ear. "Helen, my dear Helen!" he exclaimed, attempting to put back the curtain screening him from the light, "I am glad you are come to me; I have had such bad dreams about you, but they will all go away now."

"It is not Helen, it is I," said Mrs. Lestocq, leaning forward, almost glad that it was not her daughter who was looking at that emaciated face, where the large eyes, once so soft and fine, had lost their sweetness, and looked out of their cavernous depths with harsh and startling brightness. His hair too had lost its rich brown colour, and was taking a greyish hue. Illness had altered the whole expression of his face, exaggerating its features, and leaving few traces of that intellectual nobleness of outline which had constituted its chief beauty.

"Captain Orde wrote and told us what had happened," said Mrs. Lestocq, compelled by Mr. Sinclair's earnest look to explain her daughter's absence, "but Helen was not with me; she had gone to Vienna with the Millers."

"But has not Helen been here?—I have seen her often—she sat by me sometimes—she never cared about the scenery," he made answer, in a bewildered, hesitating tone. Mrs. Lestocq would have been glad to leave him in doubt, but when, after a pause, he put the question direct, "Has she not been here at all?" she was obliged to reply, "I came as soon as I heard from your brother, and wrote to Helen, but she may not yet have received my letter. You know I told you she was away. Most probably the Millers had left Vienna before my letter arrived. They were going further, to Pesth and other places; she cannot know of your illness; she will hear of it and of your recovery at the same time, and will be spared the anxiety that we have had."

"How long have I been ill?" asked Mr. Sinclair after an interval of silence.

"About three weeks, or a little more."

He turned his face away from Mrs. Lestocq and tried to think over what she had been saying, but he was much too weak to argue himself or test the arguments of others; nor could he reckon either time or distance accurately. "I can't make it out," he said, languidly, after one or two fruitless attempts to put the pieces of information together, folding his hands in a resigned manner. "I cannot understand, but I can wait; it will come right, I dare say."

And he waited quietly, without complaining or making any further allusion to Helen. Day after day passed, bringing a little more strength and life and power to the invalid, but no news of Helen.

"Here is something at last," said Cecil Orde, as he gave Mrs. Lestocq a letter, brought to them while they sat at dinner at the *table d'hôte* in the Hôtel d'Angleterre.

It had been re-directed from the Prangin, and therefore did not hold out much hope of her being acquainted with the recent tragedy. It was a long letter, dated from some out-of-the-way place in Hungary, which Mrs. Lestocq read in the intervals between the courses, and imparted some of the contents to Cecil, the noise of newly-arrived tourists questioning their neighbours, and old ones recounting the day's exploits, mixed with the cries for *garçons*, covering the discussion of the most confidential affairs.

"Then she has not yet heard of Warren's illness?" said Cecil, endeavouring to select something eatable from a dish that had already been offered to more than half-a-dozen eager appetites.

"No—yes," said Mrs. Lestocq, shaking her head at the untempting dish, and returning to the perusal of her missive. "Yes, as I thought; she received my three letters at the same time, and supposes that, as Warren is so much better, I have returned to the Prangin. Poor Helen! I am glad she has been spared anxiety."

Cecil did not make any response for some seconds. When he did speak it was to observe that he supposed Helen did not contemplate making any change in her conditions with Warren.

"As he is getting well again she does not see any occasion for doing so," returned Mrs. Lestocq, colouring and looking down at her letter to avoid Cecil's eye, which she never could meet when he was in one of his scrutinising moods.

"I understand. Now, Mrs. Lestocq, if you will speak candidly to me I will give you a piece of advice which may be of service both to you and Helen. You wish for this marriage to take place, do you not? It will add to the comfort of your life in different ways?"

"I wish it, certainly. What mother would not be glad to have such a son-in-law as Mr. Sinclair?" she answered, readily, yet wishing Cecil would not treat the subject so brusquely.

"Then pack up and go away to-morrow. Don't let Warren know you have heard from Helen; don't let him even suspect that your letters have yet reached her. Go without seeing him, if you like, but let there be no chance of his questioning you. You might deceive Warren, perhaps, if you tried, but you had better not. If you want Helen to be Warren's wife go away before he is able to reason more clearly. By letter the danger will be less. You can find some rag of business to call you away, and I will set your maternal anxieties at rest by promising to remain with my brother as long as he wants me."

Though Cecil could not refrain from touching Mrs. Lestocq with the scalpel of his cynicism, he seriously intended to give her good counsel. He was more than willing to have Helen for his sister-in-law, and foresaw many pleasant hours for himself when the new relationship should be established. But he thought her prospects might be endangered if Mrs. Lestocq's presence gave Warren any further oppor-

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tunity of gathering more information respecting her daughter's travels and doings. Cecil was not a man of endurance, and judged Warren by himself.

In acting according to the recommendation made her, Mrs. Lestocq played her part very well. Either Mr. Sinclair was unwilling to occupy her time or did not find her society sufficiently congenial to ask her to prolong her stay. She went away, and Cecil remained on, more to give his company than his assistance, for Warren's old servant rendered all other aid superfluous. At last Cecil went, the long-talked-of tour took place, and Warren seemed to gain strength all the faster for being left alone. He rather enjoyed the solitude which permitted him to think freely. A great revolution was going on in his mind, not only the hinges on which it turned, but the very foundations of principles he before considered solid were changed or changing. One morning, on returning from a short crawl round and about his hotel, where the unemployed guides looked wistfully at every able tourist, and pityingly on him, he found a letter with a black border lying on his table; it was from Mr. Graves, announcing the death of Mr. Moreton. "And I am spared—rescued from the very jaws of death," he said to himself. "Well, he was more ready than I. If I can only walk a little in his steps!"

That last thought reminded him that it was now his place to fill the vacant living as soon as his health allowed, meanwhile he must request the churchwardens to provide a substitute. A letter to that effect was soon dispatched, as well as another to the widow, with such words of condolence as a bereavement so sad permitted, adding also a hope, kindly expressed, that Mrs. Moreton would remain at the Rectory as long as was convenient to her.

When Mr. Sinclair was well enough to leave Chamounix for a warmer situation, the general disturbance of books and papers attendant upon packing brought to light a letter which had arrived at the time he was insensible, and had been put out of the way and forgotten. It was the one written by Mr. Moreton. Impressed now with a seal so solemn, Mr. Sinclair read it with an interest independent of its contents. It was doubly sacred, a bond between two worlds, being the message of a dying man to one only just returning from the confines of another life. "I hope he knew how ill I was," he thought, examining the date with much concern.

"He could not suppose I should have neglected to answer such a letter as this;" and then, after pondering over the almost paternal advice, and secretly praying that he might follow it in meekness and wisdom, he registered in his own heart a promise that he would befriend the widow and her children whenever it lay in his power, for the husband and father's sake.

Occasionally he heard from Mrs. Lestocq. It was about the middle of autumn when she was joined by her daughter, and Mr. Sinclair was then on his way to England, to take possession of the hated living of Hillesden, which, to Helen's perverse views, signified indifference to her wishes and a disregard of her happiness. This deep-rooted idea may account for her suffering her mother's pen to be the sole medium by which her regret for his accident, and her congratulations on his recovery, were conveyed. To do Mrs. Lestocq justice, they were as deep and warm as language, not too exaggerated to be true, could make them.

CHAPTER IX.

When the head is removed, the members suffer. Nowhere is this truism more keenly felt than in the family of a clergyman, which is too often precipitated at his decease from comfort to poverty. This was now the position of the Moretons. They had some acquaintances in the neighbourhood, but few, if any, friends—a retired life having been the natural consequence of Mr. Moreton's indifferent health. And these, having done their social duty by calls and letters of condolence, fell back and left the afflicted mourners to struggle with their misery as best they could. Edward came home, there being now no chance of his completing his University education. Mrs. Moreton bewailed the fact in a limp, unreasoning manner, and thought that the ways of Providence were very hard. He grieved himself, and so did Mona; yet sometimes, in the cool twilight, after an anxious day, brother and sister sat together weaving the web of the future, where hope as a golden thread ran through the warp. Assisted by Mr. Graves, Edward did his best to look into their affairs and settle them for his mother's comfort. There was not much for them, but they thought they could manage to eke out a small income, and supplement it among themselves. Mr. Graves procured Mona lessons twice a week in two of the principal farmers' families in the parish, and, by his interest, obtained for Edward a situation as usher in the grammar-school of the neighbouring town of Corneford. He was more really anxious to befriend the Moretons than any one else, but not being a gentleman by birth, he was deficient in many of the finer sympathies, and often wounded where he meant to serve. Edward's wish to look out for something better after Christmas did not please him; he thought the young man ought to stay somewhere near home and take care of his mother, nor did he approve of his desire to return some day to college, and would have been more satisfied to see him take up with an honest trade rather than hanker after a tutorship, which he considered an unproductive employment, or "barren stock," as he characteristically expressed himself. However, to do him justice, he was a serviceable friend, though sometimes too ostentatious in his patronage.

In the first days of her bereavement Mrs. Moreton was inconsolable. She would bear no word of condolence nor of reason, and continually irritated Mona's grief by reproaches because, through her silence on that eventful day when sent for to see her dying father, she had been deprived of the one consolation she chiefly desired, that of seeing her husband once more. And Mona's best defence, "I did it in obedience to his wishes; he always charged me to spare you; nor did I then know how ill he was," never mitigated the bitterness of these upbraidings.

Again and again was the painful scene repeated until the young girl, in her great compassion for a sorrow she also shared, learned to accept the blame without remonstrance. Another trial for Mona rose out of the weakness of Mrs. Moreton's character, which threatened to destroy the peace of mind that might yet have sweetened her lot from duties conscientiously performed. At an early age she had taken the burdens of others upon herself; they seemed her natural portion, and brought their reward in the trust and happiness she inspired. Something was now changed. Although in equal request, when

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anything was to be done she could not please her mother, they differed on so many points—unhappily on those where Mona thought she was most faithfully following her father's wishes. Often had she to seek her room, fretted and distressed, there to weigh the delicate point so puzzling to the young—the difficulty of ascertaining, when duties clash or are confused, where one ends and the other begins. The struggle told upon her all the more that it was secret; she grew graver and more sad, another offence in Mrs. Moreton's eyes, who could not bear to see dull countenances about her. Poor Mona's came too often under that description, it being only when Edward's sanguine temperament predicted his future success and return to college that Mona's sweet face regained its smile and a little of its former serenity.

Mr. Moreton had been dead nearly five weeks when Mr. Graves heard from Mr. Sinclair that he was well enough to undertake duty, and should be in Hillesden the following week.

Mrs. Moreton was still at the Rectory, and distressed her children by protesting that she had no intention of leaving it before seeing Mr. Sinclair. He had requested her to consult her own convenience about moving, and it did not suit her to do so at present.

"I have something in view which concerns him as much as ourselves," she said; "it is necessary that I should discuss my plans with him."

Neither direct questioning nor hazarded conjectures would induce her to say a word calculated to throw any light upon her intentions, so that Mona was left in a nervous uncertainty with more fear to harass than trust to reassure her. That Mrs. Moreton did not wish to leave the village where she had lived so long, and where her husband's memory enlisted so much sympathy in her behalf, was not surprising, but that she should persist in remaining at the Rectory, now that Mr. Sinclair was coming to take possession of the living, seemed to Mona a want of delicacy and propriety. Supported by Edward, she entreated and argued, but all in vain. Nor were they more successful when demonstrating arithmetically the impossibility of their continuing to maintain so large a house with so slender a purse. She put them aside as foolish children who did not know how to make their own way in the world, and laughed softly to herself at her superior wisdom. But when they came to speak of a cottage which, advised by Mr. Graves, they had taken some pains to secure, her pretty face reddened with displeasure, while she declared that nothing should ever induce her to make her home in such a wretched place as that.

"It is only fit for poor people, and you are willing to let your mother live there. What unkind children!" she exclaimed, raising her handkerchief to her eyes.

"But mamma, dear, we are poor, and cannot afford a better house. The small sum we receive from the insurance office, added to what poor papa was able to leave, will only produce £70 a year," observed Mona, patiently going over the same ground for about the twentieth time. "We shall nowhere find so pleasant a little place for so low a rent, and Mr. Payne will make it nice and snug. Edward will help a little by-and-by when he receives his salary, and you know I have begun to give lessons which bring in fifteen shillings a week. If Nita could find something to do we could live comfortably, at least we should have the necessaries of life."

"How can you talk so foolishly," exclaimed Mrs. Moreton, exasperated to hear her daughter make the best of what was left, when she could only bewail what was lost; "and to call that living comfortably, why it is barely vegetating!"

"My dear mother, what can we do better?" expostulated Mona.

"Leave that to me. You cannot be expected to see so far into the future as I do. I can tell you nothing of my plans until I have seen Mr. Sinclair," and Mrs. Moreton closed her lips tightly together as if afraid of her secret escaping.

As the removal from the Rectory must take place before long, Edward and Mona, advised by Mr. Graves, decided to leave the negotiation respecting the cottage where it was. Mr. Payne was to put it in order, and Mrs. Moreton would ultimately occupy it.

The day came when the new rector was expected at Hillesden. It was Saturday, the last day of September; he was to be inducted into the living and take the duty on the morrow. Letters had passed between him and the churchwardens, but no change had occurred in the Moreton family, except that Edward had left them for Corneford. Mrs. Moreton was still the mistress of the Rectory, and living, as Mona well knew, beyond her means. Her anxiety for his arrival would have been amusing had it not, to Mona's practical turn of mind, foreboded something disagreeable. As the hours passed without giving the looked-for token, Mrs. Moreton fretted and wondered every now and then, enjoining silence that she might hear the church bell announce his induction. When the evening came, and he gave no sign of his presence, she began to weary herself with efforts to account for his absence, and to supply his place. "Perhaps he is ill again. How will Mr. Graves find a substitute at an hour's notice? How thoughtless of Mr. Sinclair! Some people have no consideration for others."

"I think Mr. Sinclair is not one of those," remarked Mona. "You know he forbade any bell-ringing or token of rejoicing on his account. That, surely, was in consideration for you."

"True," replied Mrs. Moreton, a little mollified.

"He also requested to have rooms taken for him at the inn, when he might reasonably have expected to find a bed here. Is it not indecorous to let Mr. Sinclair go to the village inn, when he ought to be in his own house?" asked Mona, hoping to make her mother feel the impropriety of continuing at the Rectory.

"My dear, I have offered to receive him through Mr. Graves," said Mrs. Moreton, with unruffled complacency, "and he has not accepted my kindness."

In her own estimation she had done the right thing, and was astonished at her daughter having any doubts about it. "Did he not expressly state that he wished me to remain as long as I pleased, and not to put myself to inconvenience? It would be very inconvenient for me to move."

"But, mother dear, we have retained possession for some time," remonstrated Mona, who thought that such phrases ought to be taken with limitations. "It is now more than five weeks—" Her voice faltered. The great sorrow had in no wise healed, though she rarely indulged it before her mother, who, on such occasions, usually blamed her for thinking more of herself than of her, and did so now.

"Don't bring back my grief so unnecessarily,"

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she interrupted, putting her handkerchief to her eyes, and recommencing her bitter lamentations over her widowhood.

Having been happy so many years, the contrast between past and present was often too hard for her. She declared herself to be more ill-used than other widows, eulogising her husband as she had never done in his lifetime, and reproached her daughter for not entering more into her feelings.

"What can I do for you, mother, dear?" said Mona, patiently bearing the unmerited reproof, and endeavouring to kiss away her mother's tears, feeling all the time a chilling despair creep over her at the recollection that this wayward parent was a special charge from her father. That little question was a harrowing one.

Mrs. Moreton was one of those who have no scruples in shaping events to suit their own interests, taking it for granted, when she did think of others, that what suited her must infallibly suit them. As far as was in her power she would make life easy for herself, and naïvely wondered if any one saw in that a ground for disapprobation. She was determined not to leave the Rectory at present. The way by which she contemplated securing her object would have been original had it not been so completely in accordance with her character as to be only one trait out of many. Mr. Sinclair's position afforded her the opportunity of gratifying her wishes. Bachelor and partial invalid as he was, she concluded that it might add considerably to his comfort to be taken care of in a motherly way, as well as to be freed from the petty annoyances of housekeeping, generally very distasteful to a man. He would be glad, she argued, to have some one responsible for his welfare. This office she was willing to undertake, and had already made up her mind how to dispose of her daughters. Mona should be a governess and go out into the world, but Nita might remain at the Rectory, her youth and Mr. Sinclair's engagement removing, in her opinion, every shade of impropriety from the arrangement. With a disposition to seize quickly every point in her own favour, she would easily have adapted her plans to other circumstances had Mr. Sinclair been without any previous attachment. As it was, she was satisfied with the proposition contemplated. It was pleasant and feasible, comprising also so many mutual advantages that she never doubted its acceptance, and awaited his arrival with considerable eagerness.

"Mr. Sinclair will not come to-night; it is getting late. There will be no service to-morrow. What would your dear father say if he knew it?" remarked Mrs. Moreton, drying her tears, as she fixed her eyes on the clock now marking nine.

Passing from her personal grief to the deprivation likely to be in store for the parish, she found plenty to talk about till bedtime. Since Mr. Moreton's death Nita had shared her mother's room and was her principal companion. Mona had one to herself, and was often glad to be alone. Added to the void in her heart was a growing fear that daily assumed greater strength. Her affection for her father entailed a duty more and more difficult to perform. He had laid upon her an obligation she could not avoid, and yet, was not the fulfilment of it likely to estrange her mother? To caress and tend with patient love was not all; she knew she was expected to shield, to protect, and, if not to direct, at least to persuade when hard questions arose in their daily life. She was to stand between that mother and everything that might hurt or vex her, and how could this be done without wounding susceptibilities generally morbid and a judgment often weak? To sacrifice her own comfort day after day would be easy, were it only that; but Mrs. Moreton would have no opposition made to any idea emanating from herself. The determination to refuse the cottage was now troubling her. If they suffered that chance to be lost, where were they to find another abode so comfortable on the whole and so suited to their little income? It was impossible to continue in Mr. Sinclair's house now that he was ready to take it. Why did not her mother see the absolute unfitness of such a prospect? The trial that had rent their hearts must necessarily change their home, the one fact was as irremediable as the other. Why could not her mother see things as they were, instead of wilfully shutting her eyes and acting as if their circumstances were unaltered? What would be thought of them? Mona threw up the window for the fresh air to cool her fevered cheek which grew hot and red, though no eye saw her embarrassment. The fragrant flowers and dewy scent of the evening did nothing to allay her pain. She too would be sorry to leave the home endeared by such tender recollections, but painful as that must be, it would be as nothing compared to the mortification of knowing that the whole parish wondered at their remaining on now that the rector was coming. Besides, what could be done? They could not stay there for ever, and what would Mr. Sinclair think of this continued encroachment upon his kindness? And if the cottage should be taken by some one else, what are we to do? Musing over the vexations attending such a contingency, she stood abstractedly gazing into the star-lit heavens, communing with herself, hoping one minute that she was wrong and took too serious a view of things, and the next earnestly wishing that Mr. Sinclair's return might be delayed, so that there would be more chance of inducing Mrs. Moreton to change her residence. "But what can I do?" sighed Mona, feeling herself both responsible and helpless and very sad. The sorrow connected with her bereavement was soft and gentle, mellowing the heart, but these perpetual annoyances seemed to crush and wither it. Any hope she had of gaining time by Mr. Sinclair's deferred arrival was soon extinguished. Clear and loud through the stillness of the evening the church-bell suddenly clanged and boomed, the echoes floating sweetly in the air to tell the news. The lateness of the hour permitted only one explanation. It must be Mr. Sinclair giving the accustomed sign of induction, that by which he took possession of the temporalities of Hillesden. He would be at his post to-morrow, and her father's place would be vacant only in their sorrowful household.

LEGAL ANECDOTES.

RECOLLECTIONS OF BARON PARKE.

THE late Baron Parke (afterwards Lord Wensleydale) was, and still is, regarded as one of the most learned and distinguished lawyers who ever filled the position of a judge. His great power of legal argument was, it is true, at times marred by his fondness for minute technical distinctions, but his astonishing industry, and regard for the *exact-*

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truth, in all that came before him, extorted the praise of every lawyer, although perhaps not quite so much appreciated by the outer world.

Baron Parke was what is termed a "Black Letter" lawyer, and very seldom, in writing the judgment of his court (a duty continually imposed upon him), would rely on the correctness of any modern report. He would search for the principle involved in the case in older authorities, until, perhaps, reaching the trials in the "Year Books," some three centuries old, written in black letter and Norman French, they would fail to satisfy him, and officials would be employed to hunt up the original "Rolls" of the court, at the Tower and elsewhere, from which he would find that an error had crept into the ancient reports and run through all succeeding ones, only to be corrected after many ages by his own luminous judgment.

The reader may form an idea of the Baron's intense regard for legal *minutiæ*, sometimes irreverently called "hair splitting," from the following two anecdotes. An attorney made an application before the Baron, when sitting one day at chambers, under the provisions of the Common Law Procedure Act, for a landlord to recover possession of certain premises which had been vacated by the tenant. It was necessary that the affidavit used should, amongst other things, state that half a year's rent of the premises was owing. Glancing his eye over the document, the judge indignantly threw it back, exclaiming, "How dare you ask me to give an order, sir, on imperfect materials?" "My lord, I thought the affidavit was in due form." "It is not, sir; where is the averment that half a year's rent is owing?" "Here, my lord, 'and this deponent maketh oath and saith that there is now owing to him £75, being three-quarters of a year's rent,' etc." "And do you suppose, sir," said the Baron, with great severity, "do you, as an attorney of this court, suppose that I sit here as a mathematician, to assume that half a year's rent is included in three-quarters? there can be no such legal deduction, and the affidavit must be amended."

Our other instance is still more amusing. The late Justice Hayes, pleading when Serjeant Hayes, at Warwick, told the jury that the speech of his "learned friend" on the opposite side had nothing whatever to do with the case before them, and reminded him of a little anecdote. A tourist stayed one night at a humble inn, and walking out early the next morning, asked a countryman he met the name of the town. "Stony Stratford," replied the labourer. "Ah!" replied his interrogator, "you may well call it 'Stony Stratford,' for I was never so much troubled with fleas as I was last night in my life." "Brother Hayes," interrupted Baron Parke, who sat as judge, "pray be correct, sir; it was *bugs*, 'I never was so much troubled with bugs in my life.'" "I think, my lord, it was fleas," said Hayes, in his most winning manner. "No, brother, it was bugs; I'm *certain* it was bugs; pray be correct, it's the very essence of all law and justice." "Well, gentlemen," said Hayes, with a twinkle in his eyes, "the case is not reported; I bow to my lord, his correctness is unimpeachable; the answer was, 'I was never more troubled with fleas or bugs'—I beg his lordship's pardon—'bugs or fleas, than I was last night,' and the bugs or fleas had as little to do with the name 'Stony Stratford' as my learned friend's speech had to do with his case."

A remarkable criminal case was once tried before Baron Parke, in which his ruling and sentence were at the time considered extremely hard and severe; upon re-argument before the fifteen judges in London his law was held to be sound, and has remained as a text in succeeding cases.

The prisoner purchased at an auction an old bureau, and finding it rather too long for a recess in which he wished to fit it, got a carpenter to cut off a portion of the moulding at one end. While this was doing, a secret drawer flew open and disclosed one hundred guineas, which had been hidden there; the carpenter claimed half, as the finder of the coin; this was refused, and a single guinea given him, the purchaser taking the rest of the money and appropriating it to his own use. The carpenter blazed abroad the story, the heir-at-law of the deceased owner of the bureau claimed the money, and being refused, gave the purchaser into custody for stealing his property. The case was tried at the Liverpool Assizes before Baron Parke, who told the jury that the prisoner only bought the bureau, and that that only was intended to be sold, that the money was still *legally* in the custody of the man who placed it there, or of his heirs-at-law, and that if they believed the fact that the prisoner took the money from the bureau, and spent it, that was larceny in the eye of the law. The jury had no alternative but to find a verdict of guilty, and the judge sentenced the prisoner to three months' imprisonment with hard labour.

With all his peculiarities, however, Baron Parke was a most wonderful judge. He sat on the bench for twenty-eight years, and during the whole of that long period never left a single cause a *remanet* from one Assize to another. His method of trying *all* the business on circuit was a very simple one; he adapted the time he sat in court to the length of the cause-list before him, hence there was no sitting of "ten to four" or "ten to five," as at the present day, but when once seated it was utterly impossible for the most ingenious mind to prophesy when he would rise. At the trial of Tawell for murder at Aylesbury in March, 1845, the court sat at eight a.m., and did not rise till four a.m. the next morning.

On the South Wales Spring Circuit, 1850, at Brecon, the energies of the Baron were still more severely taxed. The cause-list was unexpectedly heavy, and the time limited for the trials altogether insufficient for any judge but himself. The cases were, however, all duly tried, for the court sat thus: Monday, 9 a.m. to 11 p.m.; Tuesday, 8.30 a.m. to 11 p.m.; Wednesday, 8 a.m. to 1 a.m. *the next morning*, when the judge retired to rest, starting in a carriage and four on a forty-five miles' posting journey to Presteign, the next Assize town, at 6.30 the same morning! At this time the learned judge was over seventy years of age. "I never," said an old servant of his to the writer—"I never go into the Baron's bedroom, however early in the morning, but he is reading in bed; and I never leave him, however late at night, but he is reading in his chair!"

As with many other great judges, law was all in all to Baron Parke. "I wonder," said a lady to him shortly before his death, "that with your great mind, Baron, you have never written anything." "Written anything!" was the astonished answer, "why, my dear madam, I have written the judgments in the volumes of 'Measom and Welsby,' and they will remain long after the perishable literature of the present time has passed away.'"

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IN PURSUIT OF THE SIKHS AND AFGHANS.

II.

IT must have been a saddening sight, though a relief, on that 12th of March, 1849, to see these old soldiers crowding across the shallow waters of the Schwan, stripping off their accoutrements, and laying down the trusted tulwars and muskets with which they had fought so bravely on the Sutlege, Jhelum, and Chenab rivers. It was a great prize, no doubt, which they saw before them; had they conquered the British, not only would they have remained masters of the Punjab, but all India would have been at their feet. One fine old white-bearded Sikh as he laid down his sword salaamed profoundly to it and said, "*Aj Runjeet Sing ke Raj zuroor murgya*" ("To-day Runjeet Sing's royal reign has surely died out"). A few miles farther on we came to a park of Sikh artillery, left standing in a field on the roadside, with only a few men looking after them. This absence of almost any military precaution as to the safety of these guns, the greatest trophies of modern battles, told more forcibly than anything else the belief of our general in the total collapse of all Sikh military opposition. Rawul Pindee was our next halting-place, but we little knew what a favourite station it was so soon to become. On leaving it we came in the early morning to an open country, at one end of which was a plain covered with a purple flower. Our medical chief, an enthusiastic Scotchman, wondered with the rest of us what it could be. Somebody suggested it was heather in bloom, a reasonable-like thought, as we were in such a cold climate. The bare hint was enough to set us off; our horses were immediately put into their best racing pace, and in five minutes we were in the midst of it, and *undeceived*. Everybody then said they were sure before we started that it was not, it could not be, heather; but the disappointed look on some of the Scotch faces made it difficult to believe that the dear old heather-bell was not present in their thoughts a few minutes before. On we marched, halting at Hussen Abdal, and tried to remember Moore's "Lallah Rookh" as we visited the tomb and the sacred tank with the tame fish in it. Next day, wading the Hurro river, we entered on the great plain which leads up to the Abba Sein (Father of Rivers), the grand old Indus, the great north-western boundary of India. There we met a cavalry officer from the general, with orders.

The Afghan cavalry, who had so shamelessly been the first to bolt from the field of battle at Goojerat, and dishearten their unnatural allies the Sikhs, had made a stand at the bridge at Attock. They meant us to understand that they intended to resume possession of Peshawur, the ancient capital of Afghanistan wrested from them by Runjeet Sing. Gilbert when at Hussen Abdal heard that they meant to burn the bridge of boats over the Indus at Attock.

Fearing they would carry out their threat and thus hinder his crossing, he took the cavalry and a troop of horse-artillery and galloped on to Attock. Better mounted than the men, he and a few staff officers rode on a-head; and, to the astonishment of the Afghan horse, appeared on the Indian side of the bridge. They did not expect him there for a few days, but they had begun their work, and had four boats on fire. A sight of Gilbert scared the fellows who were at work, and off they went. The Afghans assembled on the opposite shore, to look as if they meant to dispute the passage. Gilbert sent to hasten the guns up. They quickly came, unlimbered, got into action immediately, and quickly persuaded the Afghan horse to leave off their vain hope of stopping him. It was a great geographical and historical joy, so to speak, looking on the great Indus, where we arrived a day or two after. We could see the gorge some miles off on our right, through which it issues, a great river from its mountain home. The mystery of its source, its course which no map can yet truly tell, and the fabled stories of wonder that attach to it, its golden sands and ice-cold water, and though last not least the sight of the hills of Afghanistan on its frontier shore, filled us with the joy of travellers. We seemed to forget our military situation in the presence of this grand scene. From the rocks about Attock you see the river flowing slowly along in several broad channels enjoying itself in the freedom of the plain, on which it has entered for the first time. There it is fordable for elephants in the cold season when it is low, and there Runjeet Sing crossed his army when he first entered the Peshawur valley.

Below where we stood the river again narrowed into a channel some 200 yards wide and very deep. At times the stream rushes past in eddying currents, sometimes rising into wavelets which make the crossing dangerous. When the summer heats melt the Himalayan snows the river rises here fifty feet above its cold weather level, and then no bridge of boats can stand its tremendous force. No native ventures to cross the terrible flood, even in the cold weather when it is small, unless aided by a "mussack," or inflated goat's skin. Tradition had it, however, that an old woman, buoyed up by her clothes, got safely over. A young Scotchman hearing of its being considered a dangerous unattempted thing, determined to try it. He took the precaution of having a man on a "mussack" near him, and started to swim across. The eddies would, the natives said, suck him under, but he passed them all and was fully two-thirds across when a sudden fear seized him. He called to the "mussack" man for help, as he found himself, he said, in hot water. The man answered him quickly, "No fear, sahib, it's only the Cabul water you have got into." The fact is the Cabul river enters the Indus about half a mile above Attock, and not being fed by melting snows all the year round, its waters are comparatively warm, and the two rivers run parallel for some distance in the same channel before uniting.

Next day we crossed the river, but had to go warily, as the Sikh bridge was far from strong. No elephants are allowed to cross these bridges of boats. They, however, swim with great ease, and it is amusing to watch them. They are so accustomed to be able to wade most rivers that they usually feel for the bottom. The effect of this on the *mahout* (driver),

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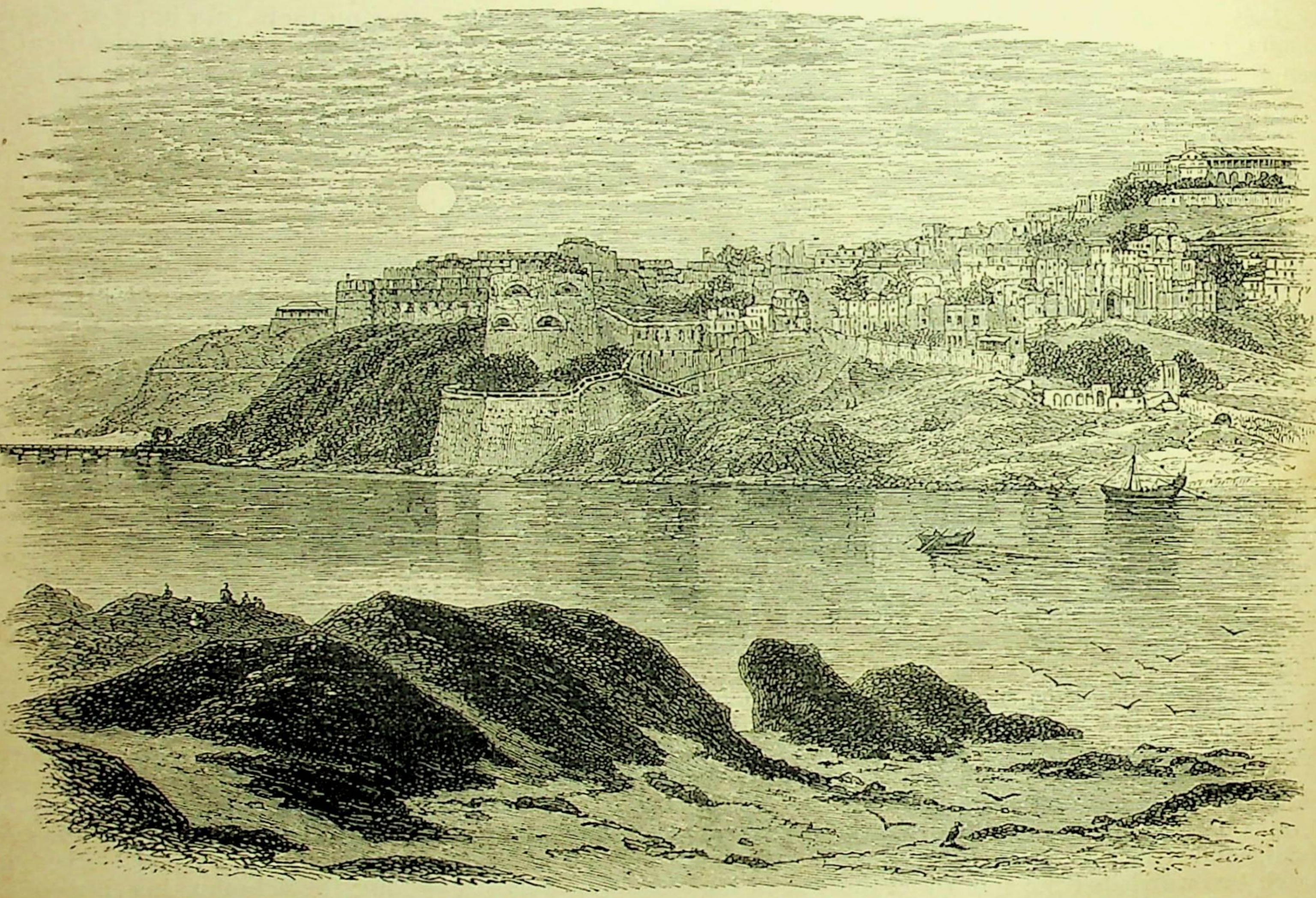
who is secured by a rope to his elephant, is distressing. I saw an elephant swimming along beautifully, his head and trunk well out of the water, and his driver sitting on his neck, when suddenly the beast began to sink down. The mahout objected in very forcible terms, using his iron driving-rod liberally, and shouting abuse at the top of his voice. Down as the elephant went, the man had to get on his feet and stand on the beast's head. Farther down he (the elephant) went, till the top of his trunk—his breathing nostril only—was out of the water. The man climbed up by it, but could with difficulty keep his head above the water. The suspense was of short and made the road to Peshawur unsafe for small parties of travellers along the first thirty or forty miles from Attock. At the other end of the Geedur Gully hills runs the Cabul river, across which highwaymen from the Eusufzai country used to come and take their share in plundering the weak or unprotected merchant or traveller. On emerging from the pass, the grand valley of Peshawur begins to open out, and though bare and uncultivated at first, it soon becomes more interesting. Villages are seen with cultivation about them, resting on the Cabul river, which runs through the centre of the valley from west to east. It is more like a home river than



ATTOCK.

duration. The elephant, finding no rest for the sole of his foot, came to the surface. The man resumed his seat, and was borne safely to the bank.

On we marched into the Peshawur valley, through the Geedur Gully Pass—jackal's lane or throat—a winding, narrow road, some miles long through dwarfed hills. They were big enough, however, to hide any number of highwaymen, and had the reputation of being the scene of many a robbery and murder during the Sikh occupation of Peshawur and before. A disagreeable feature met frequently along it was little piles of stones by the roadside. These marked the spots where murdered bodies had been found. What rendered the place so convenient for dark deeds was that these low hills formed the end of a spur of higher hills that come down from the Khuttack hills, which form the southern boundary of the Peshawur valley. These Khuttack gentlemen were practised hands at highway robbery, any met with in the plains of India, and had a cheery, active look. Instead of flowing smoothly and mightily along a huge bed of sand, it rattles over stony rapids occasionally, and does not seem lazy and oppressed with heat as Indian rivers appear to be.

The brigade in front of us had pushed on to Peshawur, and we now heard that the Afghans had retreated rapidly on that city, and had staid just long enough to take time to burn the military cantonment of the Sikhs. It had been built near to the west side of the city, between it and the Khyber. The Afghans by this act declared their belief in the complete overthrow of the power of these their old enemies and late friends. On entering their old hills they thus left behind them, in tongues of fire, their last message to Hindoo and Feringhee Kafirs (unbelievers), that they wished to have no further friendly intercourse with either one or other of them. Safe within their hills, they thought they might defy

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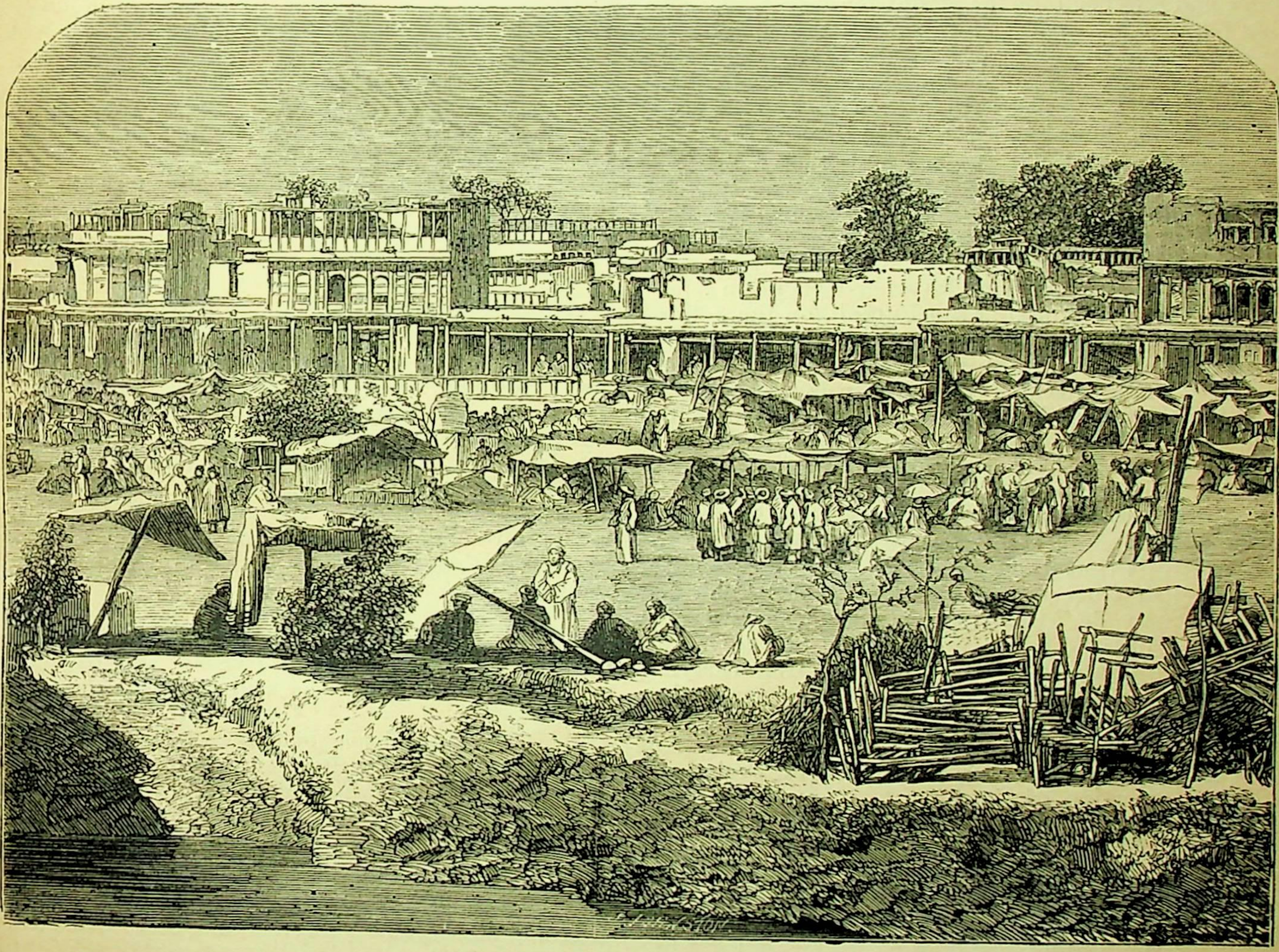
them all, and be safe from all friendly or hostile communications with races from whom they had received nothing very pleasant and much that was wrong.

We continued our march to Peshawur, and entered the city with all the curiosity of the traveller, for its people and characteristics are widely different from those of the cities of India. Here we met the Central India men, and could fancy ourselves back in Cairo rather than in the far East. The large-turbaned head, handsome face and fair complexion of the men, which sometimes a ruddy tinge lightened up, told of a quantities to travellers and people generally, and the number of butchers' shops in the best parts of the town, told us we were no longer in the country where the cow is looked on as sacred, and where a strange superstition withholds from killing any animal (save man). The houses, too, are constructed differently, and all the brick walls are built with wooden supports, which must enhance their expense and limit their endurance. There is, however, a needs be in this, for the city is so frequently visited by earthquakes that it would be yearly in ruins but for this



THE MARKET-PLACE AT PESHAWUR.

less tropical and more invigorating climate than we had farther south. The resolute appearance of the fine men, with their big turbans and warm clothing, told us we were mingling with a people who needed to protect their brains, like ourselves, from summer heat, and who required warm clothing to shelter them from winter cold. There was a marked difference, too, in the style of address of the people, and a pleasure-giving frankness in their conversation. The laying out of the town in large squares, and the nature of the goods sold in the bazaars, was a nearer approach to Egyptian or European style and merchandise than what we were accustomed to. The prominence given to "Kobab" shops, where prepared meats are sold in building arrangement. Much more that was interesting arrested our attention, and made us wish to get another chance of seeing the city again, but one thing truth compels me to confess, and that is, that a fine fresh piece of cheese lying on a clean board in a wholesome-looking milk-shop had particularly attracted our attention. Two of us marked the characteristics of the locality where the shop was, and on our arrival in camp outside the city, sent a servant with ready money to acquire the cheese. Our table at the time was not crowded with luxuries, and the commissariat bread, our main stay, was often very sour and always gritty. Our usual simple campaigning dinner was that day scantily partaken of, as the

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new Peshawur course was coming. The beautifully white round cheese was put on the table, and liberal helps were given to each. Alas! our feast was all in anticipation, for the cheese was so cruelly "singed" that it sickened us to taste it. The disappointment ended in its removal from the table, and in the demanded return of the unfinished portions of dinner that had been sent away from the table.

Our hopes of frequently revisiting the interesting city were dashed by an order for the whole force to march still forward to Jumrood, the lately memorable advanced post from which General Sir Neville Chamberlain's embassy was turned back. Here we lay encamped, staring at the mouth of the Khyber Pass and Khyber hills for about ten days. Day by day fresh rumours kept the camp lively enough, for our friends in India sent up all sorts of contradictory rumours as to our destination. An advance to Cabul was in the air one day; Jellalabad was to be occupied on another; we were to retire beyond the Indus on another; and the last and most distasteful of all was the canard that we were to stop where we were at Jumrood, and build a cantonment in that treeless, grassless, desolate plain.

This state of uncertainty did not last very long, for up came an order from the Governor-General in Council (Dalhousie), annexing the Punjab, on the 30th of March, 1849. It was read out at a grand parade of the army, held that morning for the purpose of hearing it. Strong, decided, and terse was its language. Its stirring tones thrilled through the hearts of the soldiers, who were thus fully satisfied with the splendid result of all their endurance and efforts to serve their Queen and country. A royal salute, fired by the light artillery in camp, was answered by the big guns in the citadel of Peshawur, which told the Afghan hills that they were to be the boundary of the English Government of India. They told, too, in "accents rude," that a Christian Queen now ruled over the Punjab, and would allow no one to hinder the messengers of the Cross of Christ from carrying their glad news to this the farthest corner of her Majesty's Indian Empire. Immediately after this orders came for our camp to be retired to the site of the old Sikh cantonment near the city of Peshawur, and for a portion of the force to return to Lahore. There being no more fighting expected on a grand scale, the field hospital was ordered to return down country too, and its officers were distributed among the different regiments appointed to garrison the Punjab. Such were some of the pleasant closing scenes of the Punjab campaign. We could not but be glad at having no professional work, as that meant no fighting. We were free, therefore, to enjoy life in camp, which with fine weather, fine fellows, and a merciful ending, made up some of the happiest days of a lifetime.

THE ORIGIN OF LIFE.

In the records of the future historian the rapid development of the natural sciences must inevitably be chronicled as one especial characteristic of the latter half of the nineteenth century. But, in spite of this marvellous intellectual progress, some of the successive steps of which it has been our privilege to witness, it must nevertheless be admitted that the old problem of the "origin of life," when considered from philosophic grounds alone, still remains an insolvable mystery. For materialists, whilst aptly demonstrating that the animal body is surely the product of molecular force, are yet compelled to avow their inability to reply to the questions:—Whence came primæval matter? What divided it into molecules, and caused them to assume organic forms? They are also at a loss to explain the phenomenon of the first appearance of life on our planet, unless, indeed, Sir William Thompson's suggestion, that the primordial germ was derived from the *débris* of another world, be regarded as serious—a supposition, however, which would merely remove the inquiry a step further back, whence it would naturally recommence *de novo*.

To speculative philosophers, therefore, the theory of the spontaneous generation of the lowest forms of life has always appealed with an almost irresistible force, for to them it is as the plot of ground, or fulcrum to Archimedes—the standpoint whence to start their world. First promulgated by Aristotle, and subsequently, after the lapse of many centuries, adopted almost literally by the French naturalist Lamarck, as the necessary basis of his views of the progressive development of life from the lower to the higher forms, this seductive hypothesis, agreeing equally with old cosmogonies and new theories, rests absolutely unsupported by facts. For the results of all those extended surveys of the ocean by the dredge and the sounding apparatus, which have revealed the wonders of a before unknown world, have failed to prove the spontaneous generation of life in the depths of the sea, while the most elaborate experiments in the laboratory have been alike fatal to the hypothesis that it has ever been developed without some pre-existent germ.

But, before glancing at the most recent attempts to bridge over the gulf between the living and the lifeless, it may be desirable to consider the attributes and constitution of life as represented in the lower forms.

For the convenience of classification, all natural objects are grouped either in the mineral, the vegetable, or the animal kingdoms, while all living organisms are placed in the vegetable or the animal worlds; but it is often no easy matter, and, indeed, in some cases, apparently impossible, to determine to which of the two great divisions some of the lower forms of life are to be referred. Some zoologists have therefore proposed the formation of an intermediate kingdom (the *regnum protisticum*) for the reception of organisms of such doubtful characters. Thus, recent researches have shown that plants cannot be separated from animals either on chemical or microscopical grounds. The existence of sensitive plants (the Mimosæ), which, while capable of feeling, are yet, like the jelly-fishes and some other animals, devoid of almost all traces of a nervous system, removes a distinction formerly considered as conclusive. Outward form, modes of growth and reproduction, no longer serve to guide, for many animals, as the zoophytes, are rooted like plants, while some plants are free. The zoophytes, moreover, are first reproduced by a process of budding, and the common fresh-water hydra can be multiplied by cuttings from the parent form, and is therefore propagated like slips. Vegetables were formerly believed to be nourished solely by inorganic substances; but

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as many plants are now known to absorb animal matter, and, like the insect-capturing "Venus's fly-trap," are carnivorous in their habits, the nature of their food no longer serves as a distinction.

In the most lowly organised group of the animal kingdom are comprised numberless minute animals, many of which are invisible to the naked eye. These *protozoans*, or "first animals," are composed of an almost structureless jelly-like substance called "sarcode," or "protoplasm," resembling the white of an egg, and consisting mainly of albumen, or an allied substance. This "sarcode" is contractile, moving at the will of the animal, and in many instances this contractibility is the sole evidence of life. For some protozoans are simply masses of living jelly, and are destitute of a permanent mouth, of digestive organs, and of all traces of a nervous system. Other forms secrete delicately-constructed chambered shells, which were at one time erroneously classed with the nautiloid mollusca, but are now proved to have been inhabited by animals consisting of masses of nearly formless protoplasm, resembling in all essential characters those which are devoid of a shelly envelope, a striking instance of the instability of systems of classification based on external characters alone. Many of the shells are perforated by apertures, or *foramina*, whence the class name of *Foraminifera* is derived, and through these minute openings the sarcode is protruded in filamentary root-like processes, and the necessary nourishment obtained.*

The Foraminifera can apparently sustain life under variable conditions of temperature and depth; they occur in shallow water, and have also been dredged from a depth of three miles. Floating in innumerable quantities in the existing oceans, and occurring over wide areas, their shells at death accumulate at the bottom, which serves as the burial-ground of countless bygone generations, and form the extensive deposits known as the "globigerina-ooze." The life history of this curious group of organisms is most interesting, for the type is a very ancient one, and if the famous Eozoönal limestone of the Laurentian period be regarded as of organic origin, the Foraminifera were among the first representatives of life in the primæval oceans. They range through all the geological series, formed masses of limestone of Silurian, Carboniferous, and Jurassic age, were the main agents in the deposition of the chalk, and occur in the Tertiary limestones of the Alps, the Pyrenees, the Carpathians, and the Himalayas, where their presence indicates the comparatively recent date at which those mountain chains were upheaved.

With the Protozoans are also classed the Sponges, and the Infusoria, including those minute organisms which appear in vegetable and animal infusions, where their development still forms the subject of debate. Some authors, as Bastian, Pouchet, and Le Pasteur, maintain that they are spontaneously developed; others, like Drysdale, Tyndall, etc., that they are in all cases derived from pre-existent germs, which either remain undestroyed by the excessive temperature to which the infusions are subjected, or obtaining access to them from the atmosphere under favourable conditions, speedily attain maturity and multiply in kind. But the results of Professor Tyndall's recent elaborate experiments in the rarefied atmosphere of the higher Alpine altitudes, prove conclusively that all sterile infusions remain absolutely devoid of every trace of life when exposed in a perfectly pure air, and that they become fertilised only in an atmosphere already impregnated with the invisible germs.

While, therefore, it is evident that many of the lower plants cannot be distinguished from the lower animals, and that life in its earliest development in the lowest organised animals is of a very simple type, the connection, which according to some authorities links the *mineral* to the animal world, is not supported by facts. Many attempts have been made to bridge over the gulf between the organic and the inorganic, but hitherto without success, as the history of the Bathybius testifies.

Now the history of the Bathybius is merely the chronicle of an error; but as in this case many important deductions were based on the existence of an organism which was subsequently proved never to have existed at all, a brief recapitulation of the chief points in its history may not be uninteresting, more especially as they have an important bearing on some of the most debated scientific questions of the day.

The name of Bathybius was originally employed by Professor Huxley to describe "certain masses of protoplasmic matter" constituting a new phase of living beings "which had been dredged from a depth of 650 fathoms in the North Atlantic Ocean." The announcement of the discovery of this lowly organised type of organisms was made at the meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science in 1868, and papers on the subject appeared in the "Quarterly Journal of Microscopical Science" and in the Proceedings of the Royal Society in the same year. At a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society of London in 1870, Professor Huxley, in the course of the discussion on a paper by Captain Sherard Osborn, R.N., "On the Bed of the Atlantic and Indian Oceans," again referred to Bathybius in the following words. "The Bathybius formed a living scum or film on the sea-bed extending over thousands upon thousands of square miles; evidence of its existence had been found throughout the whole North and South Atlantic, and wherever the Indian Ocean had been surveyed, so that probably it forms one continuous scum of *living matter* girding the whole surface of the earth." Alluding to the biological difficulty of the existence of life in the dark abysses of the ocean, he continued—"There was a large group of organisms belonging to the group of fungi which did not need light at all. He saw nothing to prevent organisms of a low character from developing themselves in any quantity at the bottom of the sea."

Professor Huxley's description of this deep-sea "urschleim," or primitive slime, was based on a small quantity of mud which had been preserved in spirits for nearly eleven years, but his observations were speedily confirmed by Professor Haeckel, of Jena, who published descriptions of specimens he had also obtained. Professor Wyville Thompson, moreover, referring to a subsequent dredging of a large quantity of mud off the Faroe Isles during the governmental dredging expedition in H.M.S. Lightning, stated that "the mud was actually alive; it stuck together in lumps, as if there were white of egg mixed with it, and the glairy mass proved under the microscope to be *living sarcode*." He considered this

* Foraminifera with cilia protruded are figured in Sir Wyville Thompson's "Voyage of the Challenger," vol. i., p. 214.

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widely distributed "gelatinous matter to be capable of a certain amount of movement, and there could be no doubt that it manifested the phenomena of a very simple form of life." His colleague, Dr. W. B. Carpenter, believed "that the whole mass of this mud was penetrated by a living organism of a type even lower, because less definite, than that of the Sponges, or Rhizopods" (*Foraminifera*), and added, what has since proved to be a rather unfortunate remark, "The discovery of this indefinite plasmodium, covering a wide area of the existing sea-bottom, should afford remarkable confirmation—to such, at least, as still think confirmation necessary—of the organic origin of the serpentine limestone of the Laurentian formation. For if Bathybius, like the testaceous Rhizopods, could form for itself a shelly envelope, that envelope would closely resemble Eozoön. Further, as Professor Huxley has proved the existence of Bathybius through a great range, not merely of depth, but of temperature, I cannot but think it probable that it has existed continuously in the deep seas of all geological epochs."

The conclusions so positively announced of the existence of this new form of life were hastily accepted by the majority of leading biologists. Dr. G. C. Wallich, of the Indian Army, however, whose varied contributions to our knowledge of the life history of the organisms of the deep sea seem to have been scarcely sufficiently recognised, always denied, on physiological grounds, the justice of the theories of its organic nature, and, in 1869, courageously maintained that the "'so-called Bathybius' was *the effete product instead of the source* of any of the vital forces which are already in operation in the sea-bed, . . . and that its alleged existence was wholly illusory"—a view which subsequently proved to be correct.

For, after ten years of almost uncontroverted acceptance, this "shapeless coat of living slime" was found during the cruise of the Challenger to have no existence whatever. Material from the sea-bed was subjected to a rigid examination, but no trace of the Bathybius was discoverable. In 1875 Professor Wyville Thompson wrote to Professor Huxley informing him of the fact, and in a letter published in "Nature" (August, 1875), the inorganic nature was at once admitted by its original discoverer. Thus the jelly-like organism believed to be an all-pervading organic covering of the sea-bottom was found to be without motion, and therefore devoid of the attributes of life, and the deceptive appearances of vitality proved, on chemical analysis, to have been caused by the strong alcohol in which the earliest specimens had been so long preserved. For when spirit of wine was added to the fresh specimens of mud brought up from the bottom, they assumed a very mobile and jelly-like aspect, and a "coagulated mucus" was produced exactly resembling the descriptions of the Bathybius, which it was perfectly evident was destitute of motion, and consisted merely of sulphate of lime precipitated in a flocculent state by the action of the alcohol on the sea-water pervading the mud.

In thus recalling attention to this failure to substantiate the truth of an alleged discovery, we are far from desirous of insisting upon the fact that several eminent scientists were mistaken in their assumptions, for truly *humanum est errare*. But at the same time it is obvious that the history of the Bathybius appears to warrant the conclusion that advanced biologists were somewhat too eager in their welcome of this "independent and widely-distributed plasmodium," omitting to subject its claims to be ranked as a living organism to that rigorous investigation, the sole basis of all permanent scientific progress.

It is further fairly questionable, if the difficulty of distinguishing the living from the lifeless in the existing period be sufficient to baffle scientists of acknowledged standing, whether similar definitions are to be regarded as absolutely conclusive when applied to fossil specimens derived from the most ancient rocks. The history of the Bathybius has, therefore, a special bearing on that of the Eozoön, that primal organism of the Laurentian period, the subject of so prolonged a controversy. First described as a mineral structure, its organic nature was subsequently maintained by Dr. Dawson, Dr. Carpenter, Professor Rupert Jones, and others, who regard it as a Foraminifera of the highest type. These views were, however, ably contested by Professors King and Rowney, who consider it to be merely produced by chemical agency, an opinion afterwards shared by Professor Schultze, and the debate has very recently received a further stimulus from the conversion of Professor Karl Mobius, who, originally a believer in its organic nature, feels compelled, after renewed investigations, to affirm that it is inorganic, and belongs to the mineral and not to the animal world.

With the disappearance of the Bathybius from the list of living beings, the hope that mineral matter may become like that we call organic, and finally organised and of definite form, once more vanishes. While the statements so constantly enunciated by Professor Haeckel, that "the primitive life organisms were formed chemically by spontaneous generation at the bottom of the sea, like saline crystals in water," may be viewed as merely dogmatic assertions, without logical basis and incapable of proof.

Dr. Virchow, in his remarkable discourse on "The Freedom of Science in the Modern State,"* thus dismisses the theory of the spontaneous generation of life. "The doctrine has now again been taken up in connection with Darwinism, and I cannot deny that there is a sort of strong temptation to adopt the ultimate conclusion of the evolution theory, and after setting forth the whole series of living forms from the lowest *protista* to the highest human organism, to proceed to link on this long series to the inorganic world. . . . Whoever recalls to mind the lamentable failure of all the attempts made very recently to discover a decided support for the *generatio æquivoca* in the lower forms of transition from the inorganic to the organic world, will feel it doubly serious to demand that this theory, so utterly discredited, should be in any way accepted as the basis of all our views of life."—("Times," Jan. 29, 1879.)

Thus it seems evident that the creed of the materialist rests on unstable foundations, for the dictum that "life originates from matter" is no nearer proof to-day than when in long-past ages it first perplexed the minds of men. There is obviously, therefore, speaking on scientific grounds alone, no rational necessity for embracing the gloomy and egotistical tenets of materialism, the disastrous effects of which we can already perceive overshadowing the political atmosphere of Germany, the source of anxiety and distrust in the present, and possibly of national weakness in the future.

A. C.

* See the "Leisure Hour" for May, 1878.

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HOW MR. JOSEPH POTTER LOST HIS SILVER SPOONS.

CHAPTER IV.

WHEN Mr. Roland heard the story, which was not, by-the-by, until he re-entered the house, tired of waiting for the fulfilment of Millie's promise to return to him quickly, he chuckled long and heartily, as he could afford to do under the circumstances, at the thought of Joseph's discomfiture when he missed the spoons, and attributed his wife's unusual preoccupation and silence to a slight fit of annoyance at his mirth. For once, however, he told her she really must forgive him for indulging in a good laugh at their unlucky relative. He affirmed, moreover, it might be a useful lesson to that heedless individual, and that he (Ralph) should like to hear what sort of a story he would make of it.

To this end he resolved to look in at Blackfriars the following morning, and after enjoying a little fun at Joseph's expense, to produce the spoons, and soothe the loser's ruffled feelings and wounded dignity by again confiding them to his care.

Mr. Potter, it may be remarked, had been very much ruffled by the untoward incident. It was doubly mortifying to have lost the case, after the special and repeated injunctions he had received respecting it. He had frantically left the train at the first opportunity (to the intense relief of the stout lady and her fellow-passengers), and had returned by the next to Ludgate, in the forlorn hope of hearing something of the packet he remembered having left on the seat. He had gone home to find his Lizzie in a fever of fright and expectation at his non-appearance before; and finally, he had felt so provoked at his own carelessness that he had rashly made up his mind to say nothing about it, but to get another set as near like the one lost as could be made from his description, to keep out of the way of the Rolands until that was accomplished, and to hope that his misfortune and his manœuvre would alike remain unknown.

He was destined to discover that in small things, as in great, it is best to be open and above board; for this artful little arrangement neatly landed him in the trap laid by his mischief-loving brother-in-law, who, to his consternation, stepped briskly into the office the very next day.

"Good morning, Joe," said he. "Thought I'd give you a look in as I was in the way."

"How unlucky, to be sure," inwardly commented the ungrateful recipient of this favour, but he only answered demurely, "Good morning, Ralph; Millie quite well?"

"Very well, thank you."

An awkward pause, at least it seemed so to the conscious Joseph, who wildly revolved all sorts of subjects in his mind without being able to fix on the safest. No matter, the blow came.

"And how," said Mr. Roland, with oppressive cheerfulness, "did Lizzie like the spoons?"

It is awkward carrying on conversation when one is busily searching among papers. Mr. Potter's head was temporarily hidden by the lid of his desk, but he was understood to reply that "she could not fail to like them."

"Ah, glad of that. Well, Mill and I thought we would come over and have a bit of supper with you to-night if it suits, as we refused Lizzie last week. What do you say?"

Mr. Potter did not know what to say, so he confined his remarks to an awkward "Certainly," and his feeble attempt to conjure up the proper look of pleasure completely upset Ralph's last remnant of gravity.

"It's no use, Joe," he exclaimed, laughing, "you're a bad hand at saying what you don't mean. It doesn't suit you, and you don't want us."

"I assure you," began Joseph, distressed at the implication on his hospitality, "I am always heartily glad to see you."

"But on the present occasion you would be still more heartily glad to see these!" And Mr. Roland produced the unlucky case, and laid it before his astonished companion. Whereupon ensued mutual explanations.

Mr. Potter, measuring his obligation by his relief, was particularly anxious that the finder of his property should be well rewarded, and gave Ralph a message for his wife to the effect that she was to be sure and manage it as she thought best, or if this would be troubling her, to give him the finder's address, and he would see to it himself.

"Poor Mill, I hope she will have got over her vexation by this time. I mustn't laugh at Joe any more," mused Mr. Roland, on his way home, for, to be candid, the fit of preoccupation and silence, satisfactorily accounted for at first, had proved by no means so transitory as previous experience warranted him to expect. That morning at breakfast he could not but notice that Mrs. Roland's brow was still clouded, her thoughts elsewhere.

"If I believed it possible she could sulk, I should say she was doing it," had been Ralph's conclusion, repented as soon as conceived, for was not Millie the sweetest-tempered woman in the world? No, it was anything but that. A headache, a toothache, a passing feeling of depression.

He entered the house. No pleasant face, no cheerful voice welcomed him as usual. In the dining-room Eliza was methodically clearing the table, and, in answer to his question, replied briefly that "mistress was out."

Mr. Roland regarded his prim domestic with some surprise. He had two reasons for it. In the first place, his wife's absence from home at that time was unusual; in the second, Eliza's voice, always a trifle grave and severe, was now so plainly indicative of hidden indignation and smothered wrath. Her small black eyes sparkled so irefully, a certain vibration of the head and shoulders bespoke such inward excitement, which found vent in a sudden and spiteful descent on sundry microscopic crumbs miraculously espied on the carpet, that he began to wonder whether any evil influence in the air had bewitched his womankind, and taken possession of their peaceful abode.

"Your mistress will be home, I suppose, to tea?" He made the suggestion meekly, and as carelessly as possible. There was a certain slight redness about the before-mentioned black eyes that showed they could do something more than sparkle. With masculine terror of a scene, he noted this alarming symptom, and endeavoured, by a conciliatory and collected manner, to counteract it.

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"I cannot say, sir, I'm sure. Mistress generally tells me when she'll be back, but she didn't say a word to-day—leastways, on that point." The last with increased vibration and emphasis.

"It is no consequence," said Mr. Roland, so calmly that Eliza, recognising her inability to rouse his curiosity or excite his sympathy, instantly resolved to do without either, and say her say notwithstanding.

It was a very vehement speech for her. Sorry she was, and sorry she should ever be, to leave; but come to it she must, and go through it she would, sooner than put up with all she had that day. What with being told that this wasn't dusted properly; that the best bedroom fire-irons were going to rack and ruin; that the steps, the pride of her heart, might look better; and the pudding was spoiled—she scarcely knew whether she was on her head or her heels; for to give satisfaction had been her aim, and cruelly was she hurt to find she didn't. So sudden, too! It was a regular thunder-clap the way mistress had turned round on her, and snapped her up, and found fault. "Nothing, I give you my word, sir, has gone right this livelong day!" concluded Eliza, and stood bridling and bristling, but evidently relieved by the outburst.

Mr. Roland, on whom it had acted something like a shower-bath, took breath when the infliction was over, and bravely maintained his composure. He simply said, "My good Eliza, I am extremely sorry to hear you are uncomfortable; no one would regret your leaving us more than myself; but these affairs you must really settle with your mistress."

Eliza being disposed of, Mr. Roland betook himself to the garden, anxiously listening for the scroop of the gate that should announce Millie's return.

At last she came. Yes, there was surely some malignant genius about the house—some uncanny force abroad; else why did Mrs. Roland, instead of doffing her outdoor gear, and meeting him with freshly smoothed tresses and her own merry greeting, come straight into the garden, her bonnet still on, her face flushed, her manner unquiet? Why did she enter the summer-house without speaking, and sink so listlessly into her favourite chair? Why, above all, did she open the proceedings with such a deep-drawn sigh, that the beaded fringe on her mantle positively rustled in sympathy? Ralph could not tell. But having successfully staved off one "scene," he had recourse to his former tactics. Biding his time, he quietly ignored for the present what he failed to understand. "Had she a pleasant walk?"

The answer came with deliberation and emphasis. "She certainly had not."

"The fact is, Mill, you are tired, and want your tea," said Mr. Roland, making a move towards the house.

Mrs. Roland stopped him with an intimation that the very mention of tea was an aggravation just now. She "wanted to talk to him."

"With pleasure, my dear," returned Ralph, resigning himself to fate and the opposite chair. "What about?"

"Well, Joseph for one thing."

Ralph laughed, in spite of himself: "Poor old fellow! he took it all in very good part; and upon my word, Mill, I was not down upon him so hard as you would have been yourself. Let him off very mildly, I assure you."

"Then you ought not!" roundly and unexpectedly asserted Mrs. Roland. "You ought to have given him a good lecture for his carelessness."

Ralph concealed his astonishment under his unlooked for rebuff as best he could, and scenting danger in that quarter, dashed off into a subject which could not fail, he thought, to throw oil on the troubled waters.

"By-the-by, I popped in again at Spring and Lacker's to-day, and fancy I saw about the right thing for us. You must run up with me and have a look."

"A victoria?" said Millie, faintly.

"Yes, a little beauty; light and elegant-looking, lined with purple and painted dark blue, picked out with white."

"Ralph, I wish you had not seen it. I wish we had never thought of having one. I believe I wish there was no such thing as a victoria." With which lucid and consistent statement, the little woman drew forth her handkerchief, and tears, real burning tears, fell from her matronly eyes.

"Millie—my dear Mill!" exclaimed Ralph, really alarmed. "What is the matter? are you ill?"

Mrs. Roland cried quietly on for some minutes. Having thus relieved her feelings, she wiped her eyes, and announced herself better. "And now, Ralph," she said, "don't think me very silly and childish for giving way like this, one never knows how hard a disappointment may be to bear until it is experienced, and when we seemed certain of your uncle's annuity it is so tantalising to lose it."

"What are you talking about, Millie? The annuity? We can't lose that, it is ours now by right."

"Yes; but, Ralph"—here came one more sob—"I have found Mrs. Grantley."

"What!" cried Ralph, surprised out of his politeness; "you don't mean that?"

"And she is very, very poor, I am afraid."

A dead silence succeeded.

"And how on earth," said he, presently, "did you hunt her up?"

"It was all through Joseph," she explained. "The young lady who found the spoons was a Miss Broughton, but she happened, just as she was leaving, to tell me her mother's name was Grantley. I haven't had an hour's peace since, for one minute I thought I ought to find out if she were the same person mentioned in uncle's will, the next I persuaded myself there was no occasion to do so, and my best plan was to let the matter drop. And though I could not forget the girl's pale face, and how sadly she told me her mother was an invalid, I almost—let me own it frankly—made up my mind to this. But somehow or other I felt so cross" (here her auditor involuntarily smiled, thinking of Eliza's experience), "and so low-spirited, and so wretched, that this afternoon I suddenly resolved to go and ascertain the truth. And the truth is that this is *the* Mrs. Grantley beyond all question. You may remember we understood Richard Grantley married a widow; since his death, and until quite lately, she and her daughter have been living in Jersey, where the girl was a governess. A change in the family obliged her to give up her situation, and they were advised to come to London, a step Mrs. Grantley much regrets. She says they find they cannot live so cheaply here. She is a very ladylike woman, but so ill! And oh, Ralph! I surprised them at dinner, and it made my heart ache to see how pinched they were, I could notice it in many ways."

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"I suppose you told them of their connection with us?"

"On the contrary, they are still ignorant of the good fortune they so narrowly missed. I would tell them nothing without first consulting you."

"Doubting what my wishes and course would be under the circumstances?" asked Mr. Roland, bending forward, and looking straight into Millie's face with a mixture of curiosity and affection.

"Doubting nothing, dear Ralph. I knew all along—and perhaps the knowledge accounts for my reticence at first—that you would not hesitate an instant to do whatever is honourable and right. Help me to be generous and unselfish as you are."

The malign influence, the evil genius, had surely passed away; vanishing perhaps with yon dark cloud lightly scudding before the evening breeze. Husband and wife clasped loving hands. Soft breeze and mellow western light, breathing of sweet tranquillity and peace, were once again in unison with their hearts.

The Rolands do not keep their carriage yet. Millie's victoria is still a thing of the future. Not the far-distant future, however, according to present prospects, for business thrives, and Ralph is reported to be a prosperous man. The treasure of a servant remains with them, and would break her heart at the thought of leaving. She and her mistress have rubbed along as smoothly as ever since that one uncomfortable day, which Eliza has been known to cite as an instance of the extraordinary and capricious effect of a sultry atmosphere on the nerves of even the best tempered people.

Mrs. Grantley and Miss Broughton live in a rustic cottage near Bushey Bank. They have no longer any reason to regret Jersey.

Eleanor has no lack of pupils, and their modest annuity seems to them a mine of wealth. It may easily be conceived with what warm and cordial feelings their friendly neighbours are regarded by mother and daughter.

On certain red-letter days they and the Potters and the Rolands dine together; and Mr. Joseph, who has forsaken his dusty office, and already hived much golden honey from the flowery fields of literature, is, at such times, rather apt to recall the adventure which led to their acquaintance; an adventure which, while it would undoubtedly have been in many families a source of direct discord and confusion, has proved to them the seed of generous deeds and kindly sympathy—the first link in a chain of affection and good fellowship which binds the little circle. And nobody knows but Mr. Roland that to one of their number the famous case of spoons was, for a few restless hours, closely allied with a case of conscience.

Varieties.

Bismarck on Stock Exchange Speculation.—A diplomatist's forecast of coming events is very imperfect. Even if an event does fall out as he anticipated, its effect upon the Exchange is frequently retarded by other circumstances. In no case can the date of the reaction upon the Bourse be calculated with certainty. Of course it makes a difference if a man stoops so low as to create an alarm to make quotations fall. The Frenchman G. used to indulge in these dishonourable transactions. He has doubled his fortune. One may almost affirm war was made for the purpose. The French Comte M. (full name given in the original), it is said, also speculated, not indeed for himself, but with his mistress's fortune. The thing beginning to ooze out, he died under very suspicious circumstances. If a Minister of Foreign Affairs wished to profit by his position in this way, he must get officious subordinates at the various Legations to accompany official political telegrams with despatches upon the state of the money market. Political telegrams having priority, some twenty or thirty minutes are gained for turning them to account on 'Change. A fast running Jew might do the business in the interval. If report speaks true, there are those who have acted in this way. From £200 to £2,000 may be realised per day. After a couple of years it comes up to a pretty sum. However, my sons shall have no cause to blush for their father. If necessary they may get rich in some other way.

Freedom of the City.—Correspondents are perpetually putting questions to us as to the manner in which the Freedom of the City may be obtained. In reply, we print the following particulars: It may be obtained—1st. By servitude, being bound to a Freeman according to the custom of the City, and serving duly and truly at least seven years. 2nd. By patrimony: that is, being the son or daughter (unmarried or a widow) of a Freeman born after the admission of the father. 3rd. Gift of the City, or honorary Freedom. 4th. By redemption or purchase, viz.:—Persons on the Parliamentary register of voters for the City are admitted upon their application to the Chamberlain (either with or without the interference of a company), and without the usual presentation to the Court for an order. Persons not on the Parliamentary register for the City, but who are £10 householders, and rated to the police and other rates, upon producing a certificate (on their application to the Chamberlain) from the beadle or other authority of the Ward that they are so rated, are admitted (with or without the interference of a company) upon the Chamberlain presenting their names to the Court, and obtaining an order for their admission. Persons who are neither on the register nor are rated nor resident in the City are admitted by order of the Court of Aldermen, if free of one of the Livery Companies. All the foregoing pay 5s. on their admission. All other persons are admitted by order of the Court of Common Council, on payment of £2 11s. 8d. The sons of aliens born in England, etc., are now admitted the same as natural-born subjects. All the fees for freedoms are carried to the credit of the Freemen's Orphan School.—*City Press.*

Science and Knowledge.—Some recent writers of the materialistic school have used the word science solely with reference to the knowledge of the material world; as if the world of mind did not also belong to science and philosophy. "The use of the word 'scientia,'" says Mr. Ruskin, "as if it differed from 'knowledge,' is a modern barbarism, enhanced usually by the assumption that the knowledge of the difference between acids and alkalis is a more respectable one than that of the difference between vice and virtue."

Cruelty to Animals.—The law journals lately reported the proceedings in a suit for the administration of the estate of the late Dr. Fraser, of Hampstead, who left a large amount of property to be distributed among various charities. One clause of the will was to this effect (we quote from the "Times"), "that he had previously left £10,000 to the Senatus Academicus of the University of Edinburgh, for the purpose of founding certain bursaries connected with the medical profession, but having learnt that the horrible and atrocious practice prevailed there of performing unspeakably cruel operations and experiments on living animals, he now by his will cancelled the bequest, and desired to benefit the Scottish Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals to a similar extent, since he could not reconcile it with his feelings to encourage, however remotely, the barbarous practice of vivisection."

Russia and England.—Professor Monier Williams, in a recent lecture on Afghanistan before the University of Oxford, after describing that country, thus spoke of Russia:—"Already, according to Professor Vámbery, has Russia pushed her frontier to a point within 400 miles of our territory. Already she occupies the Upper Oxus, the lower course of which she is said to have just changed to its old bed, and made to flow into the Caspian Sea, so as to enable her ships to navigate its waters almost to the very borders of Afghanistan. Already she is creeping onwards from the south shore of the Caspian, intent on occupying Herat, and ultimately absorbing Persia. For let us

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not forget," said the Professor, in conclusion, "that Russia is a semi-Oriental, if not a semi-barbarous Power. Her system assimilates itself far more readily than ours to the present condition of the Asiatic mind. It is not over just, it is not over pure, it is not over virtuous, yet it brings with it the manifest advantages of organised government and security of property. Hence Russia's advance is often welcomed in Asia as a boon where ours is deprecated as a grievance. And let us not be blind: Russia is advancing. True, she has not yet permanently occupied Khiva and Bokhara, yet the Khans of those places are as much under her thumb as the protected States of India are under ours. Russian troops have already occupied Samarcand, and will soon be pushed to Merv and Balkh. Once at Merv, it will be easy for them to march on Herat through the pass formed by the Heri-rud river. Once at Balkh, it will be easy for them to enter Cabul by the Bamian Pass. Do we wonder that the voices of masterly activity are found at present to prevail? Reams of paper may still be wasted on attempts to solve the Central Asiatic question, but one point must stand out sharp above the confusion of conflicting views, one stubborn fact must always be faced by every statesman who dreams of the final adjustment of scientific frontiers—namely, that nothing can prevent Afghanistan and Persia from crumbling to pieces between the advancing forces of two gigantic empires like England and Russia. As soon might you expect two bushels of loose grain to withstand the pressure of two massive millstones. The whole question really resolves itself into one simple problem. Are we to occupy Afghanistan, and to meet Russia at the Hindu Kush on the one side, and then, advancing into Persia from the Persian Gulf on the other, draw a line from the Caspian to a point north of Herat, and say, 'Thus far shalt thou go and no farther,' or are we to stop for ever at Jellalabad, Quetta, or perhaps Candahar? Without attempting an answer to this question, we may be allowed to express our fears that it will be found impossible to apply the laws of social morality as between man and man, and even the laws of political and international morality as between nation and nation, to two mighty empires, each gravitating towards the other with irresistible force, and each intensely conscious that self-preservation depends on progress." Professor Monier Williams expresses what is the too general tone of thought about Russia. If conflict is the inevitable result of contact, it is a sad prospect for the world's progress. It does not need the military insight of Baron Jomini to announce the speedy contact of Russia and the British empire. But why need this contact lead to war any more than the contact of the two great empires of Russia and Germany?

New River Shares.—At the Auction Mart lately, Messrs. Fox and Bousfield offered to auction freehold estates in the New River Company, comprising two-fifths of a king's share, one-eighth of an adventurer's share, and thirty-one £100 shares (paid up). The adventurer's share realised at the rate of nearly £91,000 per share; the king's share at the rate of £88,200 per share; and the £100 shares sold at an average price of £310 per share.

"The World is my Parish."—Dean Stanley, referring to this memorable saying of John Wesley, remarked that a good motto also is, "My parish is my world." And there is no doubt that he who sticks to his own field, and tills it best, does best for the field of the world.

Turner's Snowstorm.—Mr. Ruskin, in his "Notes on the Turner Collection at Marlborough House, 1856-7," told the following anecdote:—"In the year 1842 he (Turner) exhibited a picture in the Academy, thus described in the catalogue—'Snowstorm—Steamboat off a harbour mouth making signals and going by the lead. The author was in this storm the night the Ariel left Harwich.' This picture was described by some of the critics of the day as a mass of 'soapsuds and whitewash.' Turner was passing the evening at my father's house on the day this criticism came out, and after dinner, sitting in his arm-chair by the fire, I heard him muttering low to himself at intervals, 'Soapsuds and whitewash,' again and again and again. At last I went to him, asking why he minded what they said? Then he burst out, 'Soapsuds and whitewash! What would they have? I wonder what they think the sea's like. I wish they had been in it.'"

Wine-testing by Photography.—It is stated that photography is now used as a help to wine-testing; a few drops being applied to a cardboard, and photographs taken of the stain, a practised eye can, with the microscope, tell the condition of the bulk of the wine. Even without the minute examination of chemical and physical appearances by the microscope, the eye is often a surer guide than the palate in testing wine. The dealers of the Bordeaux, for instance, in busy seasons have so many articles to sample that their sense of taste soon loses its sensibility, and the palate refuses to serve them, but the eye will preserve its delicate discriminating power unimpaired for days and days together.

Metchnikoff's "Japan."—An important work, by M. Léon Metchnikoff, "L'Empire Japonais," is being published at Geneva. The work is divided into four parts—the land, the people, its history, and its present condition; it contains illustrations, mostly drawn by the author himself, as well as a map of Japan, on which the orthography of the Japanese names appears correct for the first time. Former authors often reproduced the names according to the defective pronunciation of the coolies of Yokohama, so that the Japanese themselves sometimes could not guess the names given on our maps. M. Metchnikoff reproduces correctly the idiom of Kioto, which is the Tuscany of Japan. Few Europeans have so thorough knowledge of the language and the life of the Japanese.

Skins used for Ladies' Cloaks.—When looking in the shop windows I have often wondered what skins are used for lining ladies' cloaks. These fur-lined cloaks just now are very abundant and fashionable. My friend, Mr. Keilich, furrier, tells me that the skins used for this purpose are of various kinds. The commonest of all is white rabbits'; these are not English, but imported from Lissa, in Poland, where they are dressed by the furriers, and manufactured into linings for cloaks. It is not certain whether these skins are from wild or tame rabbits. As many thousand skins are annually used, it is very probable that they are domestic rabbits, bred for the purpose. Besides rabbit skins, many cloaks are lined with what are called "squirrel bellies." These are literally bellies of squirrels. These animals are skinned in a peculiar manner, so as to make the most of the fur. The squirrels used for this purpose are of various kinds and prices. The most expensive squirrel is the Siberian squirrel. The general colour of this is blue; some light blue, some dark blue. The dark blue are the most valuable, particularly if it is void of the red stripe down the back. These squirrels are killed by thousands in Siberia; they are mostly shot with a small bullet. Those from Sweden and Norway are caught in traps—probably pitfalls baited with food; they are also intercepted when in the act of migrating. The Swedish squirrels are very large. Some of the squirrel skins are of a red colour; these are the same squirrel in the summer dress. Squirrels are also imported in large numbers, especially from Kasan, in Russia, but they are rather inferior to other sorts. There are various modes of dressing squirrel skins. The Russian skins are pickled in salt, and in consequence are apt to feel damp in wet weather. They do very well in Russia, as the weather there is always dry. In this country the skins are dressed with butter or lard, and it is a very remarkable thing that the Russian furriers cannot use butter-dressed skins because in Russia the skins thus prepared become quite hard in very cold weather. For years past the trade of dressing squirrel-skins has had its head-quarters in Saxony, principally at the town of Weissenfels. Leipsig is celebrated for its fur market, especially at Easter, when the great fair takes place. From Leipsig furs are sent to China, Russia, Turkey, Greece, etc.—in fact, all over the world. Large numbers of common wild rabbit skins and silver greys are exported from England for use in Russia. Cats are largely cultivated in Holland, especially for their skins. The fur of the Dutch cat is very long and soft as compared to the English cat, the fur of which is hard and wiry. There is some secrecy as to how the cats in Holland are fed; it is possible that they are fed on fish. The best Dutch cats are black. A good skin of jet-black colour is worth half-a-guinea. The Dutch cat-killers have a most peculiar and clever way of killing their cats. It is a fallacy to suppose that cats are skinned alive. In the first place, to skin a cat when alive would be utterly impossible; and, secondly, it does not make any difference in the quality of the skin. The origin of the fallacy is probably that a cat is easier skinned immediately after death than if allowed to become rigid. It is very remarkable how fashions set by English ladies influence wild and tame animals even in the most distant parts of the world. I am very glad the ladies have made cats fashionable, as at last some use is found for these animals, which, being untaxed, are so abundant that any night, and in any weather, cats—many of them half-starved—swarm in the London streets, and the poorer the neighbourhood the more abundant are the cats.—*Frank Buckland, in "Land and Water."*

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THE LEISURE HOUR.

BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,
AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND.—*Cowper.*

NEW TRIALS FOR MONA.

"WAIT A YEAR."

CHAPTER X.

LITTLE HILLESDEN welcomed the new rector with a mixture of curiosity and solemnity. The bells gave forth a short, quick peal in the early morning, and as the news of his arrival spread, the villagers lounged in greater numbers than usual about the churchyard. Not only was the memory of their late minister too fresh to permit them to welcome cordially his successor, but some adverse influence had been at work, and impressions to his disadvantage had crept into the village mind. His accident and subsequent illness had done something towards softening the prejudices of a few, but the greater part of his parishioners were prepossessed against him, and flocked to church more to criticise than to be edified. Expectation was at its height when Mr. Sinclair, in his white robes, passed from the vestry to the reading-desk, the greater number assembled

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rising from their seats, curious to behold a man who had but recently escaped a death so terrible. He looked like other men, except to one who saw at a glance that his hair was tinged with grey, and his face thinner and paler than before. Mrs. Moreton was not present. After hesitating whether to appear in church or not, fearing one minute to disgrace herself by publicly breaking down, and the next to fail in the duty of being found in her place, she finally resolved to stay at home and await a visit from Mr. Sinclair.

There was nothing in the service either to confirm or remove the prevailing impression respecting the new rector. He had a fine voice and a clear enunciation. He read himself in, and gave two short sermons after the Articles, which he divided between the morning and afternoon, ending with a distinct declaration of his belief in and adherence to them. The sermons were nothing remarkable, referring chiefly to the new relations in which they stood, except a graceful recognition of the virtues of his predecessor and a well-expressed desire to tread in his steps.

"I fear he is not much of a minister," observed Mr. Graves, sententiously, joining the two girls as they left the church on their way home.

"I do not see that at all; I only see that you are harsh and premature in your conclusion," answered Mona, sharply.

"Hoity toity, Miss Mona! what is the matter with you?" said Mr. Graves, looking surprised and not over-pleased.

"I beg your pardon," she returned, in a meeker tone; "I did not intend to speak so hastily. The semblance of injustice in others seems to be making me unjust myself."

She held out her hand to the churchwarden with the dignity of former days, forgetting how far their relative situations were reversed until reminded of it by the condescension of his manner.

"You were really sharp," said Nita, when Mr. Graves had left them.

"I am sorry for that. Though I do not like Mr. Graves, I never wish to be rude to him."

"Why do you not like him?" asked Nita; "he is so kind, always doing something for mamma or for us. He is the only friend we have."

"Perhaps it is because he is always doing something—what Edward calls meddling—that I do not like him. And yet he procured me my lessons and Edward his situation, although he does not approve of his being a tutor. I hope I shall not grow ungrateful, but some things are hard to bear."

Yet Mona was a brave girl at heart. Nerved by her father's well-remembered counsels, and braced by the principles he had instilled, she did not shrink from the new tasks before her; on the contrary, she esteemed it a cause for thankfulness that she was able to add to her mother's income by the exercise of her talents. Edward, her only support in difficulties, was too far off to be of much use, even had his character fitted him for the office of a counsellor. Keenly disappointed, and without his sister's strength of character to sustain him, he lived in a perpetual struggle with himself. At first he hoped Mr. Graves would have advanced the money to complete his University career. That not being the case, he next turned his thoughts to a tutorship, and was not a little disgusted at sinking into an usher at a small school in a provincial town. He was glad to carry his complaints to Mona when he had the opportunity, but was really little capable of alleviating hers. He could not submit; his temper, tastes, and ardent temperament unfitted him for the monotonous drudgery to which he felt himself condemned. Perhaps the sturdy manliness which overcomes obstacles was wanting. He repined when it would have been better to acquiesce; but he was young, and not inured to hardship. Often, when the boys were in the playground, he would wander away and cast himself face downward, shedding bitter tears as their juvenile voices, resonant of glee, frolic, and happiness, reminded him of the shadows that had fallen on his early life, once as bright and careless as theirs.

The following afternoon, as Mrs. Moreton expected, Mr. Sinclair came to pay his visit. As soon as he was at the Rectory gate she hurried to her room to put on her best cap and make such alterations in her dress as she deemed necessary for producing a favourable impression. She was one whose nerves never suffered from self-depreciation. From her point of view, the offer to remain at the Rectory as long as Mr. Sinclair was a bachelor contained mutual advantages. The happy house she had made for her husband she would endeavour to continue for him—at all events there would be order and taste, and no waste, which must inevitably be the case if Mr. Sinclair were in the hands of servants alone. There is no doubt that Mrs. Moreton thought more of her own interest than that of the rector's. In condescending to be his housekeeper, she enjoyed her own home a little longer; time was gained, and that being proverbially productive, her childish imagination anticipated some unknown good to spring from it. Mr. Moreton had loved his books, his work, and his study, but his affection for her and his children had often drawn him into their society. That a man not having any similar magnets to attract him should prefer solitude to company, careless arrangements to a well-ordered household, to lead the life of a bookworm instead of that of a social gentleman, did not seem at all probable. Though willing to be the principal gainer by the proposition she was about to make, she fully intended Mr. Sinclair to benefit also.

When he entered the Rectory drawing-room Mona and Nita only were there. The former received him with some embarrassment, Nita with curiosity. In closer proximity than in the church, and by the clearer light from the windows, the change in his appearance since the day he first came to the Rectory was more striking. He was aged and broken; there was a deeper melancholy in his eye, and he appeared absent as well as serious, as if his thoughts were even yet more familiar with the solemnity of that awful past than with the realities of the present. When he came into the room the girls were engaged in some piece of needlework, which they put down and did their best to enter into conversation, but with indifferent success on the part of Mona. The uncertainty respecting her mother's plans made her manner constrained and awkward. Every time Mr. Sinclair opened his lips she feared he was going to ask her about them, and at every turn of his head that he was looking for some signs of removal. And yet it was but little relief when Mrs. Moreton entered, looking very handsome in her weeds. Her hands, almost as white as the broad weepers on her wrists, were unfolding a fine cambric handkerchief, which at the sight of her visitor she applied to her eyes. To pose in her grief as an interesting widow had been her

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intention, but not to break down. Yet nature was stronger than art, and when she saw her husband's successor in the parish actually standing in her presence, she lost her self-control, and forgot that cheerfulness ought to figure in the prospect she offered. Giving him her hand without speaking, she sank into a chair and sobbed bitterly.

Mr. Sinclair was not equal to the occasion. Prepared for some ebullition of feeling, he had a few sentences ready for use, but under this violent outburst he was helpless, and could only look distressed and doubtful as to what was required of him. Happily, Mona came to the rescue, and after a time, by her gentle words and caressing ways, restored Mrs. Moreton to outward tranquillity.

"We have both had severe trials since last we met," observed Mr. Sinclair, sitting down beside the widow and speaking in a calm, low voice, that was very soothing. "Let us remember that they do not spring out of the dust, but are sent for a destined aim and end."

"For you, perhaps, they may work for good, but not for me," replied Mrs. Moreton, fretfully. "Oh, not for me; my life and that of my children is overcast for ever."

Instinctively he looked at the two girls; Nita was crying in sympathy with her mother, but about Mona was a mournful placidity, very sweet and very pathetic, which seemed to have accepted her portion of life's sorrows without a murmur. The expression of her face went beyond resignation; it was acquiescence so touching that pity would have been lost in esteem had it not been for the wistful pathos in her eyes whenever they rested on her mother. Fascinated, in spite of himself, by the gentle womanliness of the girl, his compassion for Mrs. Moreton insensibly diminished. With such a treasure in her home, her hearth could not be so desolate, unless she willed to have it so.

"I wish I could do something for them," he thought, remembering the promise he had made in his heart to repay Mr. Moreton's silent influence by kindness to his family. In his present circumstances that promise could only be performed in favour of the widow, and, unhappily, every five minutes as it passed made her less and less interesting. But even for her, what could he do? He was almost a stranger, and her rambling talk did not tend to enlighten him. The way would be plainer by-and-by; he thought so, hoped so, little dreaming of the demand about to be made upon his benevolence.

"I shall be glad to see you when you are at leisure to pay me another visit; on particular business, next time," observed Mrs. Moreton, with a smile intended to be very persuasive.

"I shall wait upon you with pleasure," he replied, with ready courtesy. "Not to-morrow, for I have several engagements already made; the next day I have to go to town, but the day after I shall not fail." He spoke with a gracious kindness, and left Mrs. Moreton under the impression that he would respond to her influence when the time came for her to exercise it.

All the way home Mr. Sinclair was suggesting to himself different subjects on which Mrs. Moreton might possibly wish to consult him. United to the desire to be useful was also a fear as to what might be asked of him. Though hoping it would prove something he could do, he was not without certain misgivings derived from the insight he already had into the weak, undisciplined character of the lady he had just left. Perhaps she wished to remain longer at the Rectory—but how long? He had seen no signs of the derangement previous to removal in the little household; everything was in its place, and in as prim order as he imagined it possible to be. What if she wished him to take the furniture off her hands? That he would readily do, glad enough to find an occasion for his money to assist without offending. Meanwhile Mrs. Moreton was so satisfied with Mr. Sinclair's visit, the kindness of his manner, and the interest he evinced for her family, that she rushed into precipitate action.

"Go to Mr. Payne and say that we do not want his cottage," she said to Mona, the following morning. "I am not going to have him for my landlord."

"But the cottage is virtually taken," said Mona, aghast at all that was implied in her mother's command. "Edward and I, advised by Mr. Graves, spoke about it to Mr. Payne last week. If we let this go there is no other house that will do for you; that is, not one that would suit our slender purse."

"Do as I bid you, Mona. I know best what we ought to do. Since when have you become the judge of my actions?" she continued, harshly, observing the look of disappointment upon her daughter's face. "And by what do my children support their disobedience? Not by your poor dear father's teaching; he always told you to respect and love your mother. Am I to have no influence over you now that he is not here to maintain my authority? Oh, Mona, Mona, you, his dear good child, as he always called you, I did not think you would ever grow callous to my feelings, and seek to frustrate my wishes as you do." And Mrs. Moreton having worked herself into a belief of all this filial ill-usage, burst into a passionate flood of tears.

Though not given to foolish weeping, Mona could not command her feelings, not from sympathy, but from a sense of injustice and helplessness. Since the hour of their bereavement she had striven to keep faith with the dead, and make her surviving parent as happy as circumstances would permit. Mr. Moreton had been so accustomed to regard his wife as one to be shielded from everything painful, and to inculcate the same solicitude upon his children, that he had entirely overlooked the anomalous position he was creating for both parent and child, one which was now bearing bitter fruit for Mona. The routine of life is subject to so many modifications, that the best human foresight must sometimes fail, as Mr. Moreton's had done in this particular instance. Formerly Mrs. Moreton regarded Mona as her principal support; now she most frequently set her aside either to take her own way, or to put Nita in her sister's place. Often Mona had the mortification of finding that her entrance into the room had the effect of interrupting their conversation as if she were a stranger, or that there was something to conceal. And yet the young girl wanted with all her heart to be kind and faithful to her trust, and duly practised every act of self-denial in her power in order to augment her mother's comforts, knowing also that, though unconsulted and unheeded, she would be held responsible if anything went wrong.

In all its bitterness, Mona felt the character of her trial. It was impossible to retain her mother's kindness and act as reason dictated was best for the family. She must make her choice, submit to see

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mistakes continually made, or else to irritation and distrust. Her heart smarted at being so bitterly misunderstood, but did not hesitate; it could not be left to a dreary void. Come what might, the family bond, the sole possession remaining to them, should not be broken. Henceforth she must yield to her mother's wishes, and, drifting in the wake of a weaker judgment than her own, give her attention to remedy rather than to suggest.

The fruit of her present resolution was to undertake the commission to Mr. Payne.

CHAPTER XI.

Slowly Mona bent her footsteps towards the village the following morning, her head full of surmisings respecting her mother's projects. How long were they to remain at the Rectory? The sight of Mr. Sinclair coming out of Mr. Payne's shop, just as she was about to enter it upon her disagreeable errand, flushed her face and gave a nervousness to her manner that could not escape observation, which was increased by Mr. Sinclair's first remark.

"I have just had the pleasure of hearing that Mrs. Moreton is thinking of settling herself in Hillesden," he said, as he shook hands. "She is right to remain among her old friends; new ones cannot expect to enjoy her confidence without some little probation first."

"We have few friends," returned Mona. "My father's uncertain health prevented our visiting in the neighbourhood."

"I alluded to a nearer circle; our little village, for instance. Mr. Payne tells me that you are going to reside in a cottage near the Common belonging to him. He is quite proud of his tenant, and I shall be pleased to retain you among my parishioners."

Mona could only blush deeper, and feel foolish. It was obvious that Mr. Sinclair was expecting their early departure from the Rectory. What would he think of them? Fearful of being questioned, she cast a wistful look into the doorway, and Mr. Sinclair, perceiving that his presence was embarrassing, made room for her to pass, and wishing her "good morning," stepped out into the open air. Left alone, Mona, with some latent uneasiness, asked to speak to Mr. Payne in private, and was ushered into a small back parlour with much form and ceremony. Mr. Payne made his appearance almost immediately, having hurriedly rolled his apron on one side as a mark of respect. Mona executed her commission as gently as she could; but no sooner was the object of her visit made known, than she found a humiliating change in his manner. Hitherto polite and deferential, he now became rough and rude, blustering and scolding without measuring his words. Poor Mona's heart sank within her, and her face crimsoned more and more with pain and annoyance, when Mr. Payne, yielding to his anger, charged them with dishonourably taking advantage of his good feeling towards them. Degrading as was the accusation, she felt there was a shadow of truth in it, and that she was so far defenceless that, if she could not propitiate him by her distress, she must bear his abuse.

"I am very sorry," she repeated again and again; "my brother and I acted for the best; we thought my mother would like the cottage."

"You should have found that out before you spoke to me," answered Mr. Payne, increasingly exasperated because he had no redress. No papers had passed between the parties, such precaution not being the custom in Hillesden. "Who is to pay me my expenses?" continued the irritated man. "I shall be £5 out of pocket at the very least, and where is the justice of that?" he asked, angrily, striking the table near which Mona stood with a force that made her start.

"We will repay you," she said, unable to bear his reproaches any longer, and moving towards the door. She remembered that she was leaving him only to encounter her mother's displeasure for promising this reimbursement without her concurrence. And Mrs. Moreton, not having been provoked by these coarse reflections upon her integrity, would make no allowance for her daughter's prompt rejoinder.

"Well, I must say it is very unhandsome treatment; what I did not expect," vociferated the tradesman, not a whit mollified by the promise which would take about seven weeks of Mona's lessons to fulfil. "I never pressed for money, nor even sent in my bills till they were asked for. I could not have thought it possible to be treated so by gentlefolks as *is* gentlefolks," he said aloud, and with cutting emphasis, giving a last ebullition to his wrath at the door, whither he had accompanied his victim.

Wounded and humiliated she bent her head to hide her annoyance, and hurried forward without replying, glad to have completed, in any way, her painful task. A familiar voice suddenly accosted her, and looking up, she found herself in the midst of a group of men standing on the green plot in front of the shop.

"Well, Miss Mona, what is the matter? You could not look more scared if you had been caught stealing apples," said Mr. Graves, whose phraseology generally savoured of his former occupation. With him was the other churchwarden, Mr. Gorts, to whose children Mona gave lessons. Already smarting from her interview with Mr. Payne, she, for the first time, realised her new position in its social bearings. She was no longer the rector's daughter, to be approached with deference or politeness by the parishioners, but one of themselves, or more likely regarded as an inferior by the well-to-do who had money in their pocket. The jocularity of one, the rudeness of another, and the outspoken admiration of a third, all of which she was powerless to resent, gave her a bitter foretaste of the future. But there was no help for it, or only such as she would find in exercising her own self-respect.

As Mona expected, on reaching home she had to encounter her mother's displeasure for promising to repay Mr. Payne his outlay of five pounds. "We did not ask for the repairs; we have no right to pay them," argued Mrs. Moreton, and she harped upon Mona's foolishness until the approach of Mr. Sinclair's visit turned her thoughts into another channel.

The time fixed was Saturday afternoon. Mrs. Moreton having desired her children not to appear at the interview, Mona resolved to take that opportunity of seeing her brother, with whom, as well as with herself, it would be a half-holiday. Edward was the only person with whom she could discuss the family troubles or her own grievances, and she wanted to tell him of their failure with regard to the cottage. All means of conveyance being out of her power, she had no alternative but to walk, and started early, after a

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hurried mid-day meal. The distance, five miles, might have been lessened by a few short cuts through meadow-land, but the path was only slightly trodden; the dew hung heavy on the grass, and might injure her craped dress, and money was too scarce to replace it. The high road, if longer, was dry. It would be comparatively easy to preserve herself from dust, and here and there some friendly trees interposed a few yards of shade between her and the autumn sun, more exhausting this sultry day than the drier heat of summer. Before she had gone half way she was inclined to turn back, fatigue and lassitude were gaining upon her, but her heart was heavy. She longed for a glimpse of Edward's kind, handsome face, and some one with whom to talk over her mother's intentions. If she would not live in the cottage, where would she live, and what were her designs upon Mr. Sinclair? Upon this latter point she failed to elicit any real sympathy from her brother, who nevertheless endeavoured to soothe her after his own fashion.

"Don't fret about that," he said, a little amused at the idea of an attack upon the rector. "You and I have enough to bear in doing our own work. If mother will make a fool of herself we cannot help it, and if she can get anything out of Mr. Sinclair, let her. You had better see what can be done with Nita; she must go on the treadmill as well as ourselves." But he could only talk of the hardness of his own lot. His present situation was unendurable; he meant to leave it at Christmas, and look out for something better.

"Mr. Sinclair might be of use to me," he said, quietly, as if it were the most natural proceeding to apply to him for assistance. "He must have a larger circle of acquaintance than any one else we know. I shall go over to Hillesden some Saturday and call upon him."

"We have no claim upon Mr. Sinclair," returned Mona, humiliated to see how easily both her mother and brother were disposed to have recourse to the good offices of an almost stranger.

"Yes, we have a claim," rejoined Edward, composedly. "The claim of human brotherhood. We are poor and he is rich; we are unfortunate and he is fortunate."

"I doubt if any one would admit such socialistic sentiments, except a very few who might profit by them, and those of a class to which you would never seriously wish to belong. Why should you ask a favour of Mr. Sinclair?"

"Why should I not? Is he cross and crabbed? Deformed people sometimes are."

"But he is not deformed," said Mona, surprised, and even wounded, at her brother's remark. She could almost have resented it. "Something like it," persisted Edward, "and rather sickly, too, I hear."

"His health has suffered," answered Mona, unwilling to admit more, involuntarily yielding to the prejudice that physical weakness is detractive to a man's merit. "No one could call him deformed," she went on, speaking emphatically and warmly; "on the contrary, his bearing is more truly gentlemanlike than that of any one I know."

"That is saying a great deal, sister mine," answered the young man, drawing himself up to his full height of five feet eleven, and passing his fingers through his light brown hair in an airy complacent way that incensed Mona against him for the first time in her life. "When we call every one good-looking, real good looks will pass unheeded."

"But Mr. Sinclair is more than good-looking, he has a noble face, and of no ordinary type," replied Mona, hotly.

"Then he must be good, which will be all the better for me." Mona stretched out her hand for her bonnet, which she had laid on the table.

"Going so soon, and I have so much to say?" But Mona could not wait, the afternoon was wearing away; she was tired and saddened too. From Edward she had not received either the comfort or the counsel she had expected. He was too much impressed with his own troubles to be of much use in hers. The halo that an affectionate sister sees round an only brother was broken. She had gained nothing by her long walk but extreme fatigue. Yet Edward was good in his way; he caressed her, was very kind and tender, and accompanied her homeward, supporting her with solicitude until a good chance enabled him to transfer her to another. It being market-day, several vehicles were on the road, but unfortunately those who occupied them were strangers, and Mona would not permit her brother to apply to them.

"I can walk, I am not yet at the end of my strength," she said, with a languid smile, as Edward expressed his disappointment at not seeing any one he knew. But presently a fresh sound of wheels was heard.

"Ah! Marshall, you are the very man," exclaimed Edward, stopping a spruce farmer's gig, notwithstanding Mona's opposition. "My sister has walked from Hillesden to Corneford, and is too tired to return on foot, I am sure you will drive her home."

To judge by the light that leaped into the young farmer's eyes, and the deep colour that instantly stained his swarthy cheek, Edward had conferred a favour instead of asking one; and he smiled to himself, as, heedless of her whispered remonstrance, he lifted Mona to the side of her rustic admirer.

"She might do worse," Edward said to himself, as he turned back, whistling a few bars of a popular air. "A good home and plenty of money is not a bad bargain for a penniless girl. No such chance for me; young fellows of my stamp don't make their fortune by marriage."

Meanwhile Mr. Marshall, rendered shy by the excess of his joy at having a *tête-à-tête* with Miss Mona, as she was called in the parish, could scarcely find words to express himself, and, from sheer nervousness, outraged the laws of grammar and ill-treated the Queen's English in a manner not usual with him. Except for a few provincialisms he could speak fairly well at a vestry meeting or upon any occasion when he had men for his audience, but the sweet face beside him, the gentle voice answering his remarks, and feigning, with ready tact, neither to hear his blunders nor perceive his admiration, deprived him of all self-possession. Wishing to appear a gentleman, he was aware that he was speaking like a clown, and was inwardly enraged that he could do nothing to secure the favour of his beautiful companion, while every minute, so precious now, was passing, never perhaps to return.

On arriving at the village, Mona expressed a wish to walk to the Rectory, but Mr. Marshall would not hear of it. If he could not speak to the purpose he would not lose his chance five minutes sooner than he was obliged.

As they reached the Rectory gate Mr. Sinclair was coming down the steps from the front door, and

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stopped at their approach. He was fresh from his interview with Mrs. Moreton. One glance at his face was sufficient to show Mona that it had not been a pleasant one. But the serious look gave place to a smile when she hastened to explain how she came to be in her present situation.

"By your leave, sir," said the young farmer, pulling Mr. Sinclair aside with little ceremony, as, having thrown down the reins, he sprang to the ground, eagerly claiming his right to assist his fair charge to alight.

Thus repulsed, Mr. Sinclair stepped back, while Mona, in her eagerness to dispense with the proffered assistance, stumbled, and would have fallen, had it not been for the stalwart farmer, who caught her in his arms, and vexed her still more by the elaborate care with which he set her on her feet. Having thanked and shaken hands, Mona was in hopes that Mr. Marshall would see the propriety of leaving her, but he did not, and she found herself obliged to renew her thanks, if she would not stand and look foolish. This second course of expressed obligation loosened his tongue, making him more eloquent at the last moment than he had been throughout the drive home.

"Don't speak of it, it is nothing, nothing," he said, drinking in her words with extreme delight, and terribly loth to leave the enchanted ground on which he stood. "Remember, Miss Mona, that at any time when you wish to see your brother I can contrive it if you will only let me know. Snapper will be glad of a run, and besides that, I go to Corneford market every Saturday. So you see it is no trouble to me, only a pleasure," he added, with the rustic politeness that often ignores conferring an obligation.

"You are very good," returned Mona, "and I thank you very much, but I hope my brother will come to me the next time we meet."

There certainly seemed no more to say, yet Mr. Marshall lingered. Perhaps, like many a shy man, he did not know how to take himself away, or he did not like to precede his rector. To Mona's disappointment he waited until Mr. Sinclair set him the example, rather reluctantly, she thought, and then he mounted to his seat and followed him.

"Something is wrong," thought Mona, watching them wistfully as they went through the gate, and with a sigh over her helplessness to put right the entangled network of her mother's making, she entered the house.

AUTOMATA.

BY JOHN NEVIL MASKELYNE.

II.

IN the year 1688 the French General De Gennes, who fought against the English at St. Christopher, made a mechanical peacock that strutted about as is the habit of that vain bird. The tail, which opened, was of the most exquisite workmanship, and the colours were all wonderfully true to nature. It is also said to have picked up its food from the ground *and digested it!* I shall speak again on the subject of automatic digestion when mentioning a later example of phenomenal birds.

When Louis XIV was a child, many pieces of mechanism were made for him. In the "Memoires de l'Académie des Sciences" for 1729, there is an account of one by Père Trouchet, which took the form of a pantomimic opera in five acts. There was a change of scene for each act, and a great number of characters conveyed some idea of the action of the piece. The figures were extremely small, the whole machine being only 16½ inches broad, 13½ high, and 1¼ thick. The diminutive and ingenious work of Father Trouchet was probably nothing more than a moving picture, such as we see at the Crystal Palace, set going by dropping a coin into the box.

Another clock-work toy, invented for the budding monarch by M. Camus, was a small chariot with two horses attached. A coachman sat in front, a lady within, and a footman and page stood behind. When this machine was set in motion, Jehu cracked his whip, the "tits" pranced, galloped, and wheeled round at the end of the table, drawing up opposite the boy-king's chair; here "Jeames" and "Buttons" alighted, the latter opening the carriage-door for Madame, who stepped out with a petition, which she presented to the youth. Then, curtseying lowly, my lady returned to the vehicle. The "tiger" mounted behind, the coachman smacked his whip once more, and off went the thoroughbreds at a trot; while Monsieur Pluche, after running by the coach for a few paces, resumed his place at the back! Such is the elaborate description of a very simple toy; but it omits one important particular—that the chariot moved upon a specially-constructed mechanical table. Similar effects have since been introduced into the "shows" at English country fairs; and were we to view the original specimen of M. Camus's invention now, we might find it below the level of the Lowther Arcade by many degrees.

A great stride in advance of all this was made by Jacques de Vaucanson, of Grenoble, inventor of the endless chain still bearing his name. He was of a noble family, and member of the Royal Academy of Sciences. His mechanical genius was great, and its application varied. Some of his inventions brought him into trouble—as similar ingenuity did our own Arkwright—for Vaucanson was pelted with stones by the ignorant silk-weavers of Lyons for an improvement which he made upon a loom. For Marmontel's "Cleopatra" Vaucanson made an asp that created a thrilling effect upon the audience by fixing itself with a hiss (the sudden release of a spring, doubtless) upon the bosom of the actress who sustained the *rôle* of the Queen. The tragedy itself can scarcely be said to have scored a success, for upon the first night of its production a critic joined in the sibilant noise of the mechanical reptile, being, he said, "entirely of the asp's opinion." A greater achievement than the asp was Vaucanson's automaton duck, which was an advance upon De Gennes's peacock. The duck was of the life-size; it swam, dived, ruffled its feathers (which were those of a real duck placed upon wire ribs), quacked, drank, muddled the water with its bill, ate, and went through a process of digestion, it was said, "upon the principle of solution." Even Vaucanson himself spread the report that such was the case; and in a letter to the Abbé D. F—— he described the interesting phenomenon: "In this duck," he says, "will be noticed the mechanism of the viscera, intended to perform the functions of eating, drinking, and digesting. The action of all parts is exactly imitated." Vaucanson, despite his ability, was thus unable to resist the temptation to exaggerate his triumph; for Robert Houdin, who subsequently repaired the duck, reported very simple

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contrivances as having given plausibility to the digesting part of the mystery.

Vaucanson's other noted performances were a flute-player, constructed in 1730—suggested to him by the celebrated statue in the Tuileries—and an android that manipulated a shepherd's pipe with the left hand and beat a tabor with the right. These, with the duck, were shown at Paris in 1738. In the same year their author published a pamphlet, describing what he considered his *chef d'œuvre*, entitled, "Le Mécanisme du Flûteur Automate," and in this again we notice similar exaggeration to that in his letter just quoted. Thus he intimates that the figure actually produced the flute-like sounds by air passing between its lips, whereas this was only an illusion, the music proceeding from reeds placed within the body. Part of Vaucanson's description is absolutely correct, but there is much of fiction in it. He describes the flute-player as capable of performing twelve airs upon the German flute. It was five and a-half feet high, and seated upon a rock set on a square pedestal four and a-half feet from the base and three and a-half feet broad. Air entered the body by three pipes, conveyed into them by nine pairs of bellows, three above and six below, which were worked by a steel axis turned by clock-work. The tubes passed into three reservoirs in the trunk of the figure, where they united and ascended to the throat. In the mouth was a moveable tongue, which regulated the quantity of air to be admitted to the lips. The fingers, lips, and tongue derived their movements from a steel cylinder, turned by clock-work. It was divided into fifteen equal parts, and by pegs pressing upon the ends of fifteen separate levers the other extremities ascended. Seven levers worked the fingers, having chains fixed to their extremities, which caused them to ascend or descend as their opposite ends were pressed down, and so opened or stopped the holes in the flute. Three levers regulated the ingress of air, opening and shutting by means of valves, and producing *piano* and *forte* passages. Four levers governed the mechanism of the lips, one opening them to give the air a free passage, one contracted them, one drew them backward, and the other pushed them forward. The lips were projected upon that part of the flute which receives the air, and the fifteenth lever directed the movements of the tongue so as to open or shut this aperture. The due succession of motions by the machine was secured by the extremity of the axis of the cylinder terminating on the right side by an endless screw of twelve threads about one-eighth of an inch apart. Above this screw was a piece of copper, and in it a steel pivot, which, falling in between the threads of the screw, obliged the cylinder to follow the threads, and so it was continually pushed to one side. Hence, if a lever was moved by a peg placed on the cylinder in any one revolution, it could not be moved by the same peg in the succeeding revolution, for it had then been moved one-eighth of an inch beyond it by the lateral motion of the cylinder. So, by an artificial disposition of these pegs upon the cylinder, and the successive elevation and depression of the levers, the figure exhibited the motions of a flute-player. This automatic flautist and the flageolet-player subsequently came into the possession of Professor Bayreuss, of Helmstadt. In 1752 Du Moulin, a silversmith, travelled in Germany with similar musical figures; he eventually found his way with them into Russia, and died at Moscow in 1765.

M. Le Droz, of La Chaux de Fonds, in the province of Neufchatel, made a clock which he presented to the King of Spain. In this a sheep bleated, and a dog, watching a basket of fruit, snarled and barked if any one attempted to touch that which it guarded. The bleating of the sheep would be at regular intervals; but the barking must have been managed so that the weight of the person who advanced towards the dog pressed upon a spring which would set the machinery in motion, and it would only cease when the intruder retired. Le Droz, senior, also made a variety of androids with very natural motions. One of these was the figure of a child which dipped its pen in ink and wrote a word in French. It has been said that the automaton wrote anything dictated to it, but this is scarcely credible, as the son of Le Droz, whom I shall have occasion to name hereafter, produced a writing figure (presumably an improvement upon the elder artist's work) which was capable of performing certain set movements and none other. It is improbable that he should have gone back from his father's point of excellence, especially as the son appears to have been a more remarkable mechanical genius than was the elder Le Droz.

LEGAL ANECDOTES.

III.

MISSIVES BETWEEN BENCH AND BAR.

During long and tedious trials the Bench and Bar have often been wont to relieve the tedium between themselves by scribbling remarks on paper and passing them across the court. We have in our possession many of these notes, and have seen many others. Some are sufficiently amusing.

Baron Gurney fancied that Mr. A——, Q.C., did not look as well as he should do whilst pleading before him. A piece of paper, passed down from the good-natured judge, was returned, and passed a second time from the Bench. Here are the verbatim contents:—

"Dear A.,—What on earth is the matter with you?—Yours, J. G."

"Dear Judge,—*Bile*.—Yours, G. A."

"Dear A.,—Take two Cockles'.—Yours, J. G."

Again, Baron Alderson was engaged on a tedious "pedigree case." A hiatus in the evidence occurred, which was attempted to be bridged over by the production of a rubbing from an old tombstone, inscribed with the words, "George Hill, born ——, died ——, aged 11 years." This would have been very material could it have been proved that this George Hill was the son of one John Hill, but nothing was said of such parentage. Alderson returned the rubbing, and with it a strip of paper, now before us, addressed to the leading counsel:—

"Dear ——,—Pray, don't waste time by tendering such rubbish. Stick up your tombstone again, and to prevent the little wretch troubling a court again, put on it,—

> 'This baby, whom death did so quickly dispose of,
> Had *no* father or mother as any one knows of.'

"Yours, E. H. A."

The practice of passing notes about in this way extends to the very highest courts of the kingdom. When the great case of Gorham *v.* The Bishop of Exeter was being decided in 1850, it was noticed that

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a piece of foolscap made its way from one member of the Privy Council to another, and that four or five of the "Lords" made a memorandum upon it. It was doubtless imagined that the solemn and learned judges at the table conveyed to one another legal dicta of great value and importance. On the rising of the court the writer accidentally came across the paper, crumpled upon the floor. Each verse was written by a separate member of the Council, and bearing in mind that their opinions varied between High and Low Church, and that the question being discussed was of baptismal regeneration, the contents are interesting and amusing. We need hardly remind the reader that the last stanza relates to the enormous *costs* incurred in the proceedings.

PLAINTIFF.

A. Baptized, a baby
Becomes *sine labe.*
As the Act makes it,
So the Church takes it.

DEFENDANT.

B. Unless he be fit,
We very much doubt it,
And never a bit
Is it valid without it!

COURT.

C. Bishop and Vicar,
Why do you bicker,
Each with his brother?
Since both are right,
Or one is quite
As wrong as the other!

JUDGMENT.

D. Bishop non-suited,
Priest unrefuted,
Be instituted.

COSTS.

E. Deliberative,
Pondering well,
Each take a shell,
And the lawyers the native!

What will Archdeacon Denison say when he reads this? The most solemn affairs of the Church made the jest of Erastian lawyers!

Two eminent Queen's Counsel, a year or two since, had been entertained on a Saturday evening at the table of the hospitable and witty Baron ——. With the wine, "shop" began to be talked, and legal argument and dispute waxed fast and furious, until, in the end, language of not altogether a polite character passed from one to another. On the Monday morning, just before the Court sat, said Q.C. A. to his convive of the preceding Saturday night, "I say, have you apologised to Baron —— for what you called him on Saturday night?" Q.C. B., "No; what *did* I call him?" "Why you said he was a big fool and no lawyer!" "Did I? Well, we had both, I fear, taken a good deal too much, and he won't take any notice of it." Said A., "I don't know, *I* should drop him a line if I were you." The note was written, and passed up to the Bench.

"Dear Baron,—That fellow A., who always keeps three glasses behind his friends to remind them of their sins afterwards, tells me that on Saturday night, stimulated by your capital port, I called you a fool! I can scarcely believe it, and have no recollection of it. If I *did* so transgress, need I say how sincerely I apologise, and how admiringly I am

"Your faithful servant,

"B."

The Baron looked at the note, reflected, smiled, and then scribbled the following, which was handed to Q.C. B.:—

"Dear B.,—Your note immensely relieves me! All yesterday the word 'fool' was floating in my sensorium! I thought in my haste I had called *you* one. I am delighted it was the other way.

"Ever yours,

"——"

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES.

SHEPHERDS' DOGS.

THE late Mr. Jesse, in a lecture at Brighton, told the following anecdotes about shepherds' dogs.

In Cumberland there are very extensive and high hills, on which numerous flocks of sheep depasture, and which at a distance look like little white specks. A shepherd will stand at the bottom of one of these hills, and send his dog up in the evening to collect his flock. This the dog will do by selecting the sheep from the different flocks, and bring them down to his master, there being seldom one missing. Should there, however, happen to be one, the dog is sent back, and never fails to return with the proper sheep. I have watched this proceeding, and it has always appeared to me most wonderful that, in a flock consisting probably of some hundreds, mixed with several others, a poor dog should be able to distinguish each one of his master's sheep. A caress on the head, or a kind word, seem sufficient to repay him for all his trouble. He will return at night to his master's cottage, wet and tired, and coil himself up before a fire, probably, of a few sticks, and be ready to renew his toil the next day.

These sheepdogs have a wonderful degree of intelligence. When I had a small farm I was in the habit of having two hundred sheep sent me from the Cheviot Hills, some two hundred and fifty miles from my farm in Surrey. On asking the shepherd who brought them the first year how he had got on, he said he had but a young dog, and found much difficulty by the sheep taking wrong turnings, going up lanes and bye-roads. The next year I asked him the same question. He told me that he had been accompanied by the same dog, who recollected all the false turnings the sheep had made the year before, and had gone before them and kept them in the proper road, so that he had no difficulty with them. Here was recollection, intellect, and a certain degree of reason as well as instinct.

The Highland shepherds are firmly convinced that their dogs perfectly understand what is said. Indeed, Hogg, the celebrated Ettrick Shepherd, related to me one or two instances in proof of this, which, I am sorry to say, I have forgotten; but you shall hear another. A Highland shepherd, speaking to a gentleman, said, accidentally, "I'm thinking the coo (cow) is in the corn." His dog immediately rose, passed out of the house, and climbing to the top of a pigsty, which commanded a view of the corn-field, satisfied himself that the cow was not there, and

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ANXIOUS TIMES.

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returned to the house. In order to try the dog, he said, "'Deed, sir, the coo 's in the taturs." Again the dog went out, made his own observations, and again returned. A third trial was then made, which showed that there was no occasion for the dog's services. He returned and went under the bed, sulky, growling, and dissatisfied, evidently disgusted at having been made a fool of.

A shepherd was in the habit of taking his little son with him, a boy of three or four years of age, when he was going to attend his sheep. He left him one day on the slope of a hill, while he went to some distance. On his return, he looked and hunted for the lad in every direction, but at last went back, late at night, to his cottage, and told his wife of their loss. While they were sitting together, miserable and disconsolate, they heard a scratching at the door. On its being opened, the shepherd's dog came in, which had not before been missed, and by his significant actions, by pulling the shepherd's coat and looking earnestly at him, induced him to follow the animal with his lantern, and was led by him to some rocks, into which the boy is supposed to have slipped, and thus the life of the child was saved.

In the "Leisure Hour" for 1874, page 135, an article on shepherds' dogs appeared, containing many remarkable anecdotes, including the best of those told by James Hogg, of Ettrick. The Rev. F. O. Morris quotes* the following from the "Dumfries Courier":—

"The farm of Airdrie, parish of Kirkbean, which contains a variety of soil, has been for some time in the possession of Mr. R. A. Oswald, of Auchincrieve. The present has been a most disastrous lambing season, and although Kirkbean is a wild waste parish, even there the loss of stock has been very great. For a number of weeks the careful shepherds have been as much exposed as his Majesty's mail-guards when the country is blockaded, feeding weak ewes, and picking up deserted lambs, which they carry to their masters' or their own homes, where they are nursed as carefully as orphan children. A hound noticed what was going forward, and, though fourteen months had elapsed since she has had pups, strange to say, she has already been the means of succouring and saving more than sixty woolly nurslings that might otherwise have perished. Night and day she may be seen lying on sheepskins before the kitchen fire with half a dozen lambs around her, distinguishing the weakest from such as are somewhat stronger, and devoting to them the most assiduous attention. Repeatedly when some of the invalids have got a little round, they have been conveyed to the hillside with the view of mothering them, and very often, when left free, she has not only sought out her former nurslings, but carried them home again with the greatest care, although the distance is more than a mile. After the servants have gathered to rest, Mr. McCracken, while reading in the parlour, sometimes lights his candle and visits the kitchen, to see how his woolly family, with their hairy nurse, are getting on. The lambs, when they see the light, are painfully affected, bleat piteously, and run about the floor, but their guardian soon puts everything to rights by poking them gently with her nose back to their former position. Although a more remarkable circumstance has rarely, if ever, fallen under our notice, and though some may affect incredulity, there are witnesses whose testimony prove it to be true to the letter."

* "Dogs and their Doings." By the Rev. F. O. Morris, B.A., Rector of Nunburnholme. One of the many pleasant books on natural history produced at the instance of Mr. Smithies, of the "British Workman," and published by Partridge & Co.

UTOPIAN EXPERIMENTS AND SOCIAL PIONEERINGS.

BY THE REV. M. KAUFMANN, M.A., AUTHOR OF "SOCIALISM: ITS NATURE, ITS DANGERS, AND ITS REMEDIES CONSIDERED."

II.—MEDIÆVAL COMMUNISM.

IN the former paper we have spoken of the tendencies of the Christian System in favour of social equality and of the community of goods among the early Christians as the result of the first outburst of religious enthusiasm. We shall now proceed to show how from time to time, with every new revival of religious feeling, similar tendencies prevailed, and similar attempts were made to reintroduce communistic institutions, as supposed to be in keeping with the spirit of primitive Christianity.

During the first four centuries we find the fathers of the Church cast a regretful glance upon the custom of the Apostolic age, when "they had all things in common." Thus, St. Chrysostom exclaims, with a sigh, "If we ourselves adopted in our own day this mode of life, the result would be an immense addition of happiness to rich and poor alike; both would have an equal share of advantage." St. Basil, and Gregory of Nyassa, give expression to similar sentiments, whilst St. Ambrose utters those memorable words, which have been re-echoed so often since by social enthusiasts: "Nature has given all things in common to all men. Nature has established a common right, and it is usurpation which has produced a private claim."

At the same time it has to be noted that with these expressions in patristic literature, there are others equally strong in favour of the rights of property, and nowhere do we find any encouragement of revolutionary schemes for a violent reconstruction of society on purely communistic principles, such as are put forward by modern Socialists.

There were heretical sects, too, at a very early period of Church history who, under the pretext of reforming the common faith, wished to establish Communism as the true basis of social life on Christian principles. Such were the Nicholaitans, the Carpocratians, and the Pelagians, who all looked back to the Communism of the early Christians as the golden age of the Church.

The most decided tendency in this direction, however, manifests itself in the communistic establishments of the monastic orders, and among the so-called heretics of the mediæval revival which preceded the Reformation.

Thus, within the pale of the Romish Church, we have the monks and religious orders, and partly within and partly without it we have the apostolical sectaries, or imitators of apostolic simplicity—the Beghards, Fraticelli, the Cathari, and Brothers of the Common Lot, all more or less practising Communism on religious grounds, and as a protest against the abuses of private property, which was by them denominated, "that accursed vice of propriety."

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It would be out of place to give here a full and exhaustive account of all of these. We must content ourselves with a rapid sketch of religious communities of the monks before and during, and that of the religious brotherhoods towards the close of, the middle ages. Noting the state of society in which they took their rise, we have to show what influence they exercised at the time, for good and for evil, and to draw attention to those economic or rather anti-economic principles in the systems which prevent their serving as models of communistic societies in the present day.

Both in the East and West, among the followers of Buddha and Pythagoras, as well as the disciples of Christ, there have been men at all times who, either influenced by religious ardour or love of contemplative ease, have sought refuge in retreats and secluded hermitages, away from the "haunts of men and the vices of society." Thus we read of early monastic establishments in Egypt attached to the Christian faith. Here is a description of their mode of life. The brothers were dressed in long linen tunics, with a woollen girdle, a cloak, and over it a sheepskin. They sometimes went about barefooted, sometimes wore a kind of sandal. Their food was bread and water, their only luxuries, rarely and sparingly indulged in, were oil and salt, olives and figs. They ate in perfect silence, each decury by itself. Every monk had his separate cell, the furniture of which consisted of a mat of palm-leaves and a bundle of papyrus, which served as a pillow by night and a seat by day. They spent night and day in religious orisons, or listened in silence to the reading of the Word. Men of rank and education left their luxurious palaces for these simple abodes in the howling wilderness. They voluntarily left their estates and worldly prospects to seek peace for their souls, and immunity from temptation, in monastic seclusion. Like the first Christians of Jerusalem, they resigned the use of the property of their temporal possessions, established regular communities of the same sex, and a similar disposition, and assumed the names of Hermits, Monks, and Anchorets, expressive of their lonely retreat in a natural or artificial desert.*

When the Roman Republic was crumbling to pieces by reason of private vice and public corruption, the "Christian Republic" recently founded in the midst of the dying empire preserved it from immediate ruin. So, too, when Roman society, by its selfishness and extravagant luxury, hastened on its own dissolution, the "Republics of Monachism" introduced the counteracting principles of frugality and self-denial, and so laid the foundation of a new form of society in the midst of social disorganisation.

At a later stage, when the incursion of the barbarians laid waste the fertile lands of sunny Italy, in the midst of desolation and destruction by hordes of northern savages, the monasteries became the shelter of the weak, and their inmates the civilisers of these wild children of the forests.

Thus they formed the nucleus of a new European society, and became colonisers in unknown wilds, or in lands rendered desolate by the fire and sword of the ruthless invaders. The monastic principle of administration was that of common rights in an age when rights were disregarded. Surrounded by "ruined cities, stopped watercourses, cultivated land falling back into marsh and desert—a soil too often saturated with human corpses,"† the monks reared their common habitations, and established new social bonds for the reconstruction of society in an inchoate condition. They became the teachers of a new "social science," on the principles of Divine justice, when all around was injustice and selfish spoliation of the weak by the strong. The monasteries were the refuges whither "flocked the poor, the crippled, the orphan, and the widow—all, in fact, who could not fight for themselves*—and maintained in an age of remorseless violence the principles of Christian pity and compassion.

These Christian settlements, abbeys, or monasteries, were so many industrial centres, in which every man endeavoured to contribute his share to the best of his ability for the common welfare. They did what Fourier and Louis Blanc demand in their schemes—they threw their talents and powers into the common stock. They engaged in farming, gardening, carpentering, even writing, doctoring, teaching in the schools, or preaching to the heathen round on the associatory principle.† Whilst the outer world presented a ghastly spectacle of violence, fraud, injustice, cruelty, lustful ambition, and a merciless subjection of the weak by the strong, the monks presented before the world the spectacle of a society united by a common bond, sharing equal rights and duties, where the strong came to the succour of the weak, and kind forbearance and tender charity formed the rule of daily life.

Further on, during the period of Feudalism, when liberty became almost extinct, and every baron became absolute within his own domain, with powers unchecked, and a warlike spirit prevailed, unmoved by the softer emotions of pity and brotherly love, when the government of Europe was left to local tyrants, whose narrow sphere of unbearable sovereignty "straightened the yoke of the serfs, constrained the free intercourse of the people, perpetuated their ignorance and dependence, and checked their social improvement," the monastery, with its republican government and constitutional laws, served as a model and an ideal of social combination, of a confraternity governed by a Christian rule in a lawless age, of an association voluntarily united for a common end. The monasteries were extending their beneficent rule to the municipalities which were slowly gathering round them, and these presently grew into cities which were destined to break the yoke of feudal bondage. "Men talk of democracy," says C. Kingsley, in the work already referred to; "those old monasteries were the most democratic institutions the world had ever till then seen."

Thus the moral government of ecclesiastical communities seemed the triumph for the reign of law and order over the rude predatory disposition of the feudal lords; and when the World in its "pilgrim's progress" had reached the slough of despond in the tenth century, and became subject to absolute and unmitigated despotism, the Church of the day encouraged popular association for the vindication of the common rights of all, and could point to the associating spirit of the monasteries as an example of strength by means of corporate union.

The rise of the middle-class, and with it that of commercial enterprise, were the result, and corporate rights and liberties followed. Thus the principles of

* Milman, "History of Christianity," vol. iii. pp. 208-10. Gibbon, "Decline and Fall," chap. xxvii.

† Charles Kingsley, "The Roman and the Teuton," p. 156.

* *Ibid.*, p. 213.

† *Ibid.*, p. 233. Those who wish to obtain a tolerably correct view of the age and the social influences of Monachism at the time should read the volume alluded to, especially pp. 154-244, and compare Guizot's "History of Civilisation in Europe," 4th and 6th Lessons.

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association, co-operation, and a fair division of labour and enjoyment, fraternal love, and devotion to the common good, lawful obedience under free institutions, and a spirit of beneficence towards those without—in fact the leading principles of all Utopias—found some realisation in these monastic institutions before the dawn of modern civilisation. Monachism gave "a wholesome stimulus to the enervated race" of Romans, it presented a spectacle of social cohesion in a disorganised state of society during the dark ages, and in making manual labour, hitherto despised, the basis of European life, it promoted the rise of the artisan and middle-class, and the triumph of civic liberty over feudal oppression.

What were the causes of success in these monastic establishments? Was it Communism pure and simple as they practised it? We answer, No! For without the acts of heroism and self-denial of these religious Communists; without the rule of celibacy, which prevented an undue increase of numbers; without the existence of a larger outer world, which to a certain extent ministered to the wants of these recluses, their societies, admirably as they were framed and governed, could not have stood the test of time. They succeeded as "extra-social" communities who separated from the world, whose constitution, therefore, cannot serve as a pattern to the world at large, which is not ready to subject itself to the austerities of the cloister, and to abstain from the material enjoyments of life, which formed the leading principles of Monachism. Their later history, moreover, holds out no encouragement to modern Communists, who point to their constitution as a pattern to modern society. When no longer satisfied with the monotony of their daily round of duties, they yielded to the enticing temptations of dull idleness; when the monks, who had begun as beggars, by the votive offerings of their ignorant admirers, ended as princes in wealth, when the rules of abstinence and frugal simplicity were broken or disregarded, opulence led to corruption, fanaticism undermined the principle of brotherly love, the monasteries themselves became the scenes of rapacity and lust, and the sanctities of a common brotherhood were polluted by the wicked conduct of many of its members.

The salt had lost its savour, the Church became secularised, the pious fervour of the monks no longer sustained them in their war against the sensuous brutality of the age—they became themselves the victims of the social exigencies of the times. The ages of asceticism and wholesome restraint (which our modern Communists do not desire to be revived) were followed by a dark period of ecclesiastical corruption, and in vain noble spirits like St. Francis and St. Dominic tried to stem its torrent by unfurling the "Magna Charta of evangelical poverty."

The depravity of the Church, and the luxury of the hierarchy, called forth an "inundation of heresy," and the rise of a number of sects, who agitated for a return to the simple life of the Apostolic age. At the same time, attempts were made to break through the hard crust of feudalism by several popular movements among the grovelling multitudes of serfs and the rebellious burghers of free cities, who made the eleventh century "a century of insurrection." There was mutiny in the very camp of the Papacy. The *Fratricelli* as a separatist branch of the Franciscan Order in Italy and Spain; the "Brothers of the Free Spirit," a body accused of Pantheistic and Communistic tendencies in Germany and Flanders; the Beghards and Beguinæ, who led a common life, and practised charity among the people around them, all these protested against the accumulation of wealth in the Church, and denied the rights of possessing private property. They began by being social and ended in being religious dissenters, or, as in the case of the Beguins, were "tolerated, though, indeed, never actually countenanced, by Rome."

These "paltry brotherlets" were more or less related to the *Cathari*, the Puritans of the middle ages, among whom the "perfect" renounced all personal property, professing to follow the Saviour and His Apostles in poverty, and declaiming against the wealth and secularity of the clergy,* while some, like the early Christians, had all things in common.†

They had numerous followers of the laity. The tesserantes or weavers of the South of France, and the "poor men of Lyons," joined the "poor of the Lord" in the same complaints against the wanton despotism of the feudal lords and the degeneracy of the Church. The secret working of discontent in the depth of society made itself felt, and threatened a violent disruption in the Church and in the world. A powerful fraternising spirit united the religious sextories, who formed a sort of *international society* of devout purists in the principal countries of Europe, and preached the doctrines of Christian Socialism, whilst they practised Communism in its various forms. Interdicts, curses, and active persecution followed to stamp out spiritual and social heresies, but only served to spread the defamed doctrines and to enlist the sympathy of the populace in favour of the dissentients, and thus to bring about an inundation of heresy in different directions, and to precipitate the outbreak of a series of social insurrections from the twelfth century to the Reformation.

Among the numerous sects of that day those two which stand out prominently above the rest are the Brothers of the Common Lot, or the Brothers of the Common Life in Germany and the Low Countries, on the one hand, and the Apostolici under Sagarelli and Fra Dolcino in Italy, on the other hand, to whose interesting history and communistic institutions we must now direct the reader's attention.

"Dear master," said the younger Florentius, vicar of Deventer, one day to Gerhard the revered preceptor of Thomas Kempis, "what harm would it do were I and these clerks, who are here copying, to put our weekly earnings into a *common fund* and live together?"

"Well, then," says the master, after a short parley, during which he pointed out the difficulty of the undertaking to his ardent disciple, "in God's name, commence, I will be your advocate, and fully defend you against all who rise up against you." Thus was formed the Society of the Common Lot, who presently grew into an extensive confederation—*a union of brethren* on the apostolic pattern. Their object was by this establishment to extend the usefulness of practical Christianity by the simplicity of their common life, their rigorous code of morality, and a higher spiritual tone of devotion.

They sought to obtain their object by means of propagating religious knowledge in their schools, and the dissemination of sacred literature copied by the brethren. To provide for their common subsistence without disturbing a purely brotherly re-

* Robertson, "History of Christian Church," vol. v. p. 324.
† Milman, "Latin Christianity," vol. v. p. 402. Third Edition.

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lationship among themselves,* they introduced the principle of *a community of goods.* "Modest subordination," says Thomas à Kempis, "passed among the brethren, from the highest to the lowest, for the first of virtues, and made their earthly house a paradise." The rectors were regarded as the fathers of the institution, the members were their obedient sons. Their mode of life was as follows:—About twenty of them lived together in a domicile, possessing a common fund, and taking their food at a common table. Some were priests, some clerics, some laymen. Reception into the society was rendered difficult, and novices underwent a rigorous season of probation. The candidate admitted had to resign his patrimony for the common use. The customary dress was of a sombre colour, and a cowl covered the tonsured head of the brethren as in the case of monks, although more freedom was allowed respecting uniformity of attire than in the monasteries. The division of time for labour and devotional exercises was most methodical. Some were engaged in literary labours, others in manual work, but interchange of duties took place for the sake of variety and cordial co-operation, as suggested centuries later by Fourier, whilst the government of the whole was partly hierarchical and partly technical, as suggested at a later period in Campanella's "City of the Sun."

Female societies were formed in imitation of the confraternities, and established a community of women occupied in manual labour, as sewing and weaving, in devotional exercises, and the instruction of female children, by means of which they became instrumental in spreading the principle of the society among families generally.

These institutions, notwithstanding conflicts and obstacles which impeded their progress, spread rapidly, and increased in importance and prosperity, and enjoyed popular favour. When they had fulfilled their mission they passed away without a struggle. Having supplied a need during the period preceding the Reformation, as an educational agency before the revival of learning, as a co-operative society for transcribing books before the discovery of the art of printing, as a social community "resting on the foundation of apostolical antiquity" at a time when social relations had become most unsatisfactory and social morality had sunk to its lowest ebb, they stood out against the background of a dark age like "a peak gilded with the first morning rays in the dawn which precedes the Reformation."

When that great event had come, these societies passed away to make room for others more adapted for the times. The success of their Utopian experiment, as far as it went, proves the possibility of active co-operation on communistic principles, if accompanied by the affectionate association of mind and heart, actuated by the highest motives of morality, the spirit of pietism and self-surrender. The application of such principles to the Utopian schemes of most modern Communists, who make material enjoyment and self-indulgence, irrespective of moral considerations, the *summum bonum* of existence, is, therefore, out of the question, although as an encouragement to co-operative association, resting on an ethical basis, these social pioneerings of a past age are of great importance. They teach us that the development and success of co-operative association depends on the evolution of a higher motive power manifesting itself in acts of self-denial, strength of character, and brotherly love among all classes of society.

From the flat lowlands of the north we turn to the sunny south, to follow a similar social experiment beyond the Alps and Apennines, on the soil of Italy and in the Piedmontese mountains.

The Apostolicals of Italy, as headed by Sagarelli and Fra Dolcino, were as different from the Brethren of the Common Lot as the fiery temperament of southern nations differs from the cold reserve and calm self-control of the north.

On the Potesta's seat in the market-place of Parma you see a comparatively young man, dressed in a white flowing robe, with white long hair flowing down his shoulders, his thick beard falling over his chest. Round his waist he wears the cord of the Franciscan friars, but he does not belong to that order. He has just sold his small property. He flings the purchase-money, contained in a small leathern purse, down from the place where he is sitting among a crowd of scrambling boys, to show his contempt for the sordid dross, and to begin his career as a strict follower of the Apostles. This man is Gerard Sagarelli, "the patriarch and protomartyr" of Lombard Puritans, the founder of a new mendicant brotherhood who call themselves the Apostles. Loud and shrill is his preaching in the streets of Parma. He is despised at first, or pitied by the lookers-on, but his earnest appeals and hysterical exhortations produce at last an effect upon the populace. He becomes the head of an undisciplined though organised sect—a union of brethren, not held together by any vow, rule, or law, but actuated solely by the free spirit of love and a total renunciation of earthly interests. For nearly twenty years the society was allowed to spread without being molested. At last Sagarelli, after a short respite of confinement, when every attempt to turn him aside from his heretical opinions had failed, although by some he was supposed to abjure his errors, he fell a victim of the Dominican inquisition, and his party was crushed. A successor is found, more powerful in intellectual capacity and will, in Fra Dolcino of Novara, who becomes the leader of a larger and more formidable society of religious Communists, whose history has been called the most striking episode in the long sad chronicle of mediæval heresy. A cloud of obscurity and mystery hangs over the earlier life of Fra Dolcino. He is said to have sprung from a noble family, and to have distinguished himself in his studies by quickness of parts and diligence. We find him active as an anti-sacerdotalist in the districts of the Tyrol, denouncing the luxury of the clergy, and recommending a community of goods, before his assumption of the leadership of the sect on the death of Sagarelli. His powerful eloquence made a deep impression on the souls of men, who clung to him with a stern, enduring fanaticism; his tact in organisation and military skill enabled him to hold out long against his powerful enemies, who persecuted him as they had done his predecessor before him. We are not here concerned with his religious tenets and apocalyptic predictions concerning the golden age of true Apostolic perfection, which he declared had been lately inaugurated by his predecessor Sagarelli. We must confine ourselves to his social views, and the manner he tried to give them effect.

His aim was a restoration of primitive simplicity

* Ullman, "Reformers before the Reformation," vol. ii., p. 71, *et seq.*

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of life, and hence he instituted Communism among his followers. But this Communism was nothing else but a universal renunciation of property, a strict equality of distribution. Utter expropriation and self-extinction was the guiding principle of the Dolcinists. Many persons of quality left their estates and joined the society, as well as many of the common people. The peasantry, goaded to madness by feudal exaction, swelled its ranks, oppressed vassals, citizens of the towns, all priests and friars in rebellion against Rome, "took refuge from want, degradation, and tyranny," in a society which made it its boastful claim to have separated from a "Church, carnal, overburdened with possessions, overflowing with wealth, polluted with wickedness," and which proposed to establish "one, spiritual, frugal, without uncleanness, admirable for its virtue, with poverty for its raiment." *

Their enemies accused them of heinous tenets and hideous morals, which, however, deserve only slight credit.† One thing is certain, that they from the highest motives discarded the sweets of life, and chose privation through every stage of hardship and suffering. Through every degree of horrid starvation, against ruthless enemies, under the dire inclemencies of nature, they had to fight their way to the crown of martyrdom.

The sect of the Apostles grew and throve, not only without trespassing upon or coveting their neighbours' goods, but binding itself to the renunciation of their own.‡

They shared the common fate of heretics, they were hunted to death; an internecine war, carried on with all the savage cruelty of the time, was waged between Dolcino and his Papal opponents, which ended in his utter defeat, after he had held out with remarkable fortitude on the bleak inhospitable crags of Monte Calvo and Mount Zerbal. The sufferings and privations of Dolcino and his followers in these inaccessible rocks, covered with ice and snow, called forth the admiring sympathy of Dante, commemorated in these lines.

> "This warning thou
> Bear to Dolcino : bid him, if he wish not
> Here soon to follow me, that with good store
> Of food he arm him, lest imprisoning snows
> Yield him a victim to Novara's power ;
> No easy conquest else."

When famine and the sword had reduced his band of followers, and the besieged were worn down to thin feeble skeletons, groping about for food among the corpses of their fallen comrades, Mount Zerbal was stormed, a thousand were massacred, drowned in their flight in the rivers, or burned. Dolcino was made prisoner, refused to recant, and after horrible torments, which he bore with heroic firmness, his body was committed to the flames.

Dolcino's influence, however, was felt long afterwards among the Cathari of Italy and the Waldenses in the Piedmontese valleys, although the sect of the Apostolicals, for a time at least, had been extinguished in blood, and its leader perished on the stake.

"In Dolcino," to use the words of Neander, "we see the climax of that ascetical view of Christian charity, according to which it should manifest itself, not in the appropriation of all earthly means for the advancement of God's kingdom, but in the renunciation of every earthly advantage ; not in the conciliation and subordination of the *inequalities of condition flowing out of human relations, and necessary to the various development of man's nature, but in the total abnegation of those differences.* In opposition to the worldliness of the Church, he proposed an entire estrangement from the world by *a fraternal association of love*, in which all should be united together under a voluntary bond, independent of constraint and law, and with the repudiation of all property and all inequalities of condition." *

The same Church historian points out that the cause of his failure was Dolcino's error in overlooking "the great gulf betwixt his purpose and its accomplishments, that gradual equalisation by the spread of Christian principles, and not immediate realisation, was to be expected, that its final accomplishment depends on the growth of a moral spirit and temper in this direction, conterminous with the process of historical development of society, that it was not to be brought about by the hasty 'externalisation and secularisation of a thing that was to be seized ideally and spiritually.' "†

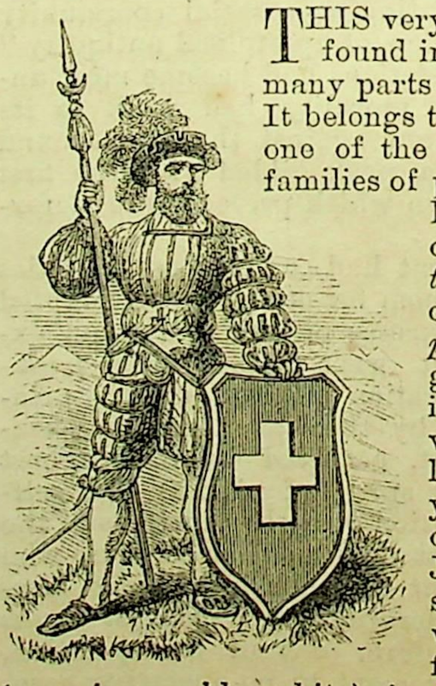
In plainer words, the practical influence of Christianity must work through existing forms of social life, not by isolation from them. Monastic life, even if it could exist without the evils inseparable from it, is against the spirit and teaching of the gospel.

A similar error underlies all the proposals of modern Socialists for the immediate reconstruction of society. Modern science and civilised moderation will prevent the recurrence of enormities of a less advanced age. May the social miscalculations and economic errors of the past serve as a warning for the future, and a millennium of failures from the fourth to the fourteenth century, in the endeavours to establish pure Communism in societies unripe for its reception, convey the lesson of patience to would-be revolutionisers, and the lesson of hope to the earnest reformers of society.

* Milman, "Latin Christianity," vol. vii. p. 371-381, *et passim*.
† c.f. L. Mariotti, "Memoir of Fra Dolcino and his Times," p. 208, who defends them against the charge of immoral tendencies and sexual promiscuity.
‡ *Ibid.*, p. 302.

* Neander, "Church History," vol. viii. pp. 460, 461.
† *Ibid.*, p. 467.

THE EDELWEISS.



THIS very popular little plant is found in exposed situations on many parts of the Alps of Europe. It belongs to the order *Compósitæ*, one of the largest of the natural families of plants. Formerly it was known under the name of *Gnaphàlium Leontopòdium*, but now it is called *Leontopòdium*‡ *alpinum*. It is a perennial, growing from six to eight inches high, with oblong, very woolly-looking leaves, and pale greenish yellow, rather conspicuous flowers, produced in June in a crowded head surrounded by a star-like whorl of densely woolly floral leaves. *Edelweiss* (meaning nobly white) is the German name for this interesting plant, which is so eagerly sought

‡ From *leon*, a lion, and *pous*, a foot, the heads of flowers having been fancifully likened to a lion's foot.

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after by most Alpine travellers, who are anxious to obtain specimens, that its entire disappearance in some districts will only be a question of time. Season after season we hear that measures are being taken by the anxious Swiss against the threatened extinction of the *Edelweiss.* Thus, so far as Obwalden is concerned, the authorities of that canton have forbidden the uprooting of the plant (not the plucking of the flowers) under a penalty of fifty francs for each offence. All tourists of culture are, or at any rate should be, quite as anxious as the Swiss themselves can be that this unique plant should be allowed to live on to future generations, and afford delight to botanists and climbers yet unborn. Some of the foreign Alpine clubs have done what they could to put a stop to the present reckless and culpable waste of the *Edelweiss.* It is said that the members of the Austrian Alpine Club issued a bye-law, a year or two ago, against the custom of wearing a sprig of the fluffy *Leontopòdium* in the hat.

The communes of the Upper Engadine have now taken the flower under the protection of their local civil law, and the sale of the plant in a fresh and living condition is prohibited under the penalty of five francs for the first offence. The proposal was started by the Kurverein, an association which seeks to make life agreeable to the thousands of health-seekers and pleasure-seekers who, during the summer and autumn, sojourn at St. Moritz, Pontresino, Samaden, and the other villages of which the famous waters of St. Moritz are the centre. The proposal was unanimously accepted by the senators of these venerable little republics of the Grey League. It appears that the worst persecutors of the plant are the Italians, those picturesque Bergamo herdsmen and herdboys who come up from the southern side of the Alps at the beginning of the season, and remain on the mountains with their flocks until the first snow falls. They pluck up the plants mercilessly by the roots, and they will run beside a carriage for half a mile, entreating the occupants to purchase a bunch, lowering the price of it at every few yards, until they succeed in their object. With the exception of the Alpine rose (*Rhododendron ferrugineum*), scarcely any other mountain flower is so popular among foreign visitors, and so dear to the native heart, as the *Edelweiss.* Auerbach and others have sung its praises. In some cantons it is called the "bridal flower."

In the Grisons it is the custom for a young man on his betrothal to scale the heights, and bring his *fiancée* a bunch of *Edelweiss* of his own winning. These flowers are preserved, and worn by the young girl on her bridal day. A local legend has been thus rendered into verse by Ella Sharpe Youngs:—

THE BRIDAL FLOWER.

"Farewell! up the steep, o'er the crevasse I go,
To win from the glacier its blossom of snow;
Through many a danger, through many a toil,
Ere I greet thee, beloved, with my well-gotten spoil!

"Farewell! See the sun to midheaven is springing;
The young birds are weary with flight and with singing;
The mountain is rugged, and wild is the track,
But this eve, with my guerdon, shall welcome me back!

"Farewell! but, oh! why does thy young cheek grow pale,
Since the breezes are wooing it still from the vale?
Through thy tresses of gold the next sunset shall cast
Its hues on the buds I have won from the blast.

"Farewell! and how long will appear the dull hours,
Until I can bear thee the cold nuptial flowers?
But, oh! as I spring up the drear mountain side,
I know that my step will be watched by my bride!"

"Oh, stay!" and her eyes are upraised to his own,
While their glance is as fixed and as rigid as stone!
"While my love or my warning with thee can prevail,
I adjure thee attempt not yon glaciers to scale.

"Think'st thou that this spirit will ever forget
That thy life for the blossoms with fear was beset?
They may fade on my bosom, their bloom may decline,
Ere they thrill to a kiss or a love-smile of mine!

"Oh! tempt not the mountain, my visions are true,
And they bid me refuse thee this transient adieu;
If thou peril thy life—oh! then with thee I go,
And love pleads with the strongest, thou dar'st not say 'No!'"

She is folded so close in a ling'ring embrace;
One gaze in her blue eyes, a kiss on her face,
And he speeds up the hillside as light as the deer,
While the maiden's fair brow is all shrouded with fear!

Eve lingers on the Alpine height,
Then slowly deepens into night.
The maiden's watch is drear and long;
She hears no footstep on the hill,
And but the tones of the silver rill
Which stir the evening air with song!
But, oh! the steps her vigils wait,
Where are they lingering so late?
No sound is on the mountain steeps;
No echoes float above the plain;
And shedding some large drops of pain,
The maiden still her vigil keeps
Till midnight sheds its soft repose,
Above the cold eternal snows;
She watches all in vain!

And morning finds her waiting still,
Beside the whisp'ring mountain rill,
As though she sought that bright prelude
To break the utter solitude!
And now her weary, mournful eyes
Scan the stern pathway once again;
And her strained vision now decries
A dark and slowly-moving train.
Nearer, and yet more near it moves,
And she, transfixed, awaits it there.
She fears to stir the boding air,
Yet fain would meet the form she loves!
"Oh, Alwin!" and her voice is low,
"Hast thou, then, kept me watching so
To learn if I could bear to wait
Thy footstep if it came so late?"
And, gath'ring strength, on agile feet
She flies, her lover's gaze to meet.
But, horror! can her sight be dim,
That still form—sees she really him?
With pale hands, folded on his breast,
They slowly bear him home to rest.
From out the deathless snows and ice
His fingers clasp the Edelweiss,
As though he prized them more than all,
And sought to spare them in his fall.

She forward leans, and leaves a kiss
Upon his brow so marble pale;

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Her bright hair, like a shining veil,
Folds round them as she stoops for this ;
And, gath'ring from his hold so tight
The fatal buds, she to her breast
Enfolds with care each blossom white ;
And bids them bear him on to rest !

Time speeds, and from the hamlet small
It slowly winds that mourning train ;
Two biers are borne in silent pain,
Out where the night winds fall !
And in one grave they side by side
Are laid, the fair and gentle bride
And her young lover. Not in vain,
With him, she said, that she would go,
And that he dared not answer "No !"

We hope that this tragic tale is widely known among the mountain swains and damsels, and that it may help to save the *Edelweiss* from becoming an extinct plant.

Varieties.

IRREGULAR INDIAN CORPS.—In the days when appointments to Irregular regiments were deemed the prizes of the Indian Army, men were selected who possessed only those qualifications which it was deemed essential for every Irregular officer to possess. Men with good physique, hardy constitutions, thorough sportsmen, yet not averse from regimental work, with an aptitude for languages, and a cheery disposition—these were the officers who made the Irregular system. Settling down on the Punjab border as into a new home, they identified themselves with their men—with Pathans, Sikhs, Dogras, and Punjabi Mohammedans alike. They studied the idiosyncrasies of the various races, the dialects of the different tribes, and were well acquainted with the village feuds and clan disturbances. The British officer's house was open at all times to his men, who would love to come in, and, sitting down on the floor, would enter into a homely chat with the Sahib. Thus there were few officers who did not know every man in their regiments by name, and, more than that, knew their character and disposition thoroughly. Since the Mutiny, however, all this has been changed. Every regiment is an Irregular regiment, and every officer, however unfitted he may be, is thrust into a position for which a few years ago few were considered eligible. More than this, a regiment is no longer looked upon as a home, the British officers are shifted from one to another, and it is the exception, not the rule, that a man passes his service in his original corps.—*Indian Correspondent of the "Times."*

GERANIUM FLOWERS IN WINTER.—There is perhaps no plant better suited for prolonged flowering during the winter months than the geranium, if handled in the following manner : Procure young plants of the varieties you wish, about the middle of May. Put them in four-inch pots, this being the best to keep them in for the next four months. Use well-decayed sod, adding about one-third cow manure. Mix thoroughly together, but do not make too fine, as the geranium delights in rather a rough compost. Place about four inches of ashes under the pots. This will have the effect of keeping worms and other insects out of the pots. Keep them on the dry side, as you do not want to encourage growth. Should any flowers appear, pinch them off, also the leading shoots, to keep them in shape. Towards the end of September repot them in six-inch pots, that is, six inches in diameter, in the compost recommended above. They will now commence to grow freely. About the tenth of October put them in their winter quarters, selecting the window where they will get the most sun and light. Plants treated in this manner will flower the whole winter.—*Toronto Globe.*

COOKERY SCHOOLS.—Mr. J. C. Buckmaster gives some useful hints on economic cookery. "A good dinner to a number of poor persons ought not to exceed 5d. or 6d. each, and the bones, pieces of bread, and vegetables left from the dinner, instead of being wasted, should be made into a soup for the next day's dinner, and in this way two dinners could often be given for little more than the cost of one. I am frequently told that poor persons dislike soups, but the hardest lump of meat must be made into a soup before it can fulfil the purposes of a food. What we eat is more a matter of custom than necessity ; our wealth has made us the greatest meat-eating nation, because meat is the most expensive food. A generation must pass away before we can teach persons that living comfortably is often more a matter of knowledge than money. Poverty need not prevent skill and forethought. My chief reasons for insisting on early practical instruction in cookery in girls' schools is—that before they grow up full of whims, and fancies, and prejudices, they should be early familiarised with the most economic methods of preparing such things as haricot beans, peas, lentils, onions, macaroni, maize, porridge, skim milk, bread made almost entirely from meal, cow heel, heads, and pieces of meat called inferior, which the butcher in many places has great difficulty in selling ; these, and many other things, can be turned into savoury, nourishing food by a knowledge of cookery, and a sovereign given towards teaching girls will often do more permanent good than two given towards feeding them. If cookery schools were in operation in our large towns, they might render great service in mitigating the present distress. Every teacher of cookery must be familiar with dozens of recipes for cheap, nourishing soups and stews, and this is often the only way of using materials which would otherwise be wasted, and if these materials have any value as a food, the stomach must have the benefit, because everything is eaten up."

FOUCHÉ, DUC D'OTRANTO.—Armand Fouché, son of the notorious Joseph Fouché, one of the French regicides, and Minister of Police under Napoleon, died recently at Stockholm. Armand Fouché was in the Swedish army, and formerly aide-de-camp to Bernadotte, Charles XIV of Sweden. The title of Otranto is now borne by a younger brother in Paris.

SAUCE FOR THE GANDER.—Whilst Lord Stratford de Redcliffe was ambassador at Constantinople, one of the secretaries had an audience with the Sheikh-ul-Islam, who, at the moment of his visitor's entrance, was engaged in the performance of his *namaz*. The secretary sat down while the devotee finished his prayers, which were ended by an invocation to Allah to forgive a suppliant true believer the sin of holding direct intercourse with a Giaour. His conscience thus relieved, the old mufti rose from his knees and smilingly welcomed his guest. But this guest, who was a great original, in his turn begged permission to perform his devotions. He gravely went through an Arabic formula, and ended by begging Allah to forgive a good Christian the crime of visiting "a faithless dog of an infidel." The astonished mufti was nettled, but with true Oriental imperturbability he bore the insult.

JURY TRIALS.—Mr. Justice Miller, before the New York State Association, thus expressed himself on the value of jury trials :—"If a cultivated Oriental were told for the first time that a nation, which claims to be in advance of all others in its love of justice, and its methods of enforcing it, required as one of its fundamental principles of jurisprudence that every controversy between individuals, and every charge of crime against an offender, should be submitted to twelve men without learning in the law, often without any other learning, and that neither party to the contest could prevail until all the twelve men were of one opinion in his favour, he would certainly be amazed at the proposition. Nor have the European nations differed much with him in their estimate of trial by jury. It has been well understood, and has received the careful consideration of continental jurists for a great many years, without being adopted by any of them, in the form that we have it from England. Many attempts have been made to introduce it in some modified shape, but I think it safe to say that it has not, in its essential Anglo-Saxon feature, met the approval of any people except those of that race. In the days when kings exercised arbitrary power, the jury was, among the sturdy, liberty-loving Englishmen, a valuable barrier against oppression by the crown. But in this country, where the people are sovereign, the jury is but too often the mere reflection of popular impulse, and the safety of an innocent man is more frequently found to depend on the firmness of the judge than the impartiality of the jury. Still it is probably wise that no man shall be convicted of an infamous crime until twelve fair-minded men are convinced of his guilt. I am also forced to admit, however, that even in civil cases my experience as a judge has been much more favourable to jury trials than it was as a practitioner. And I am bound to say that an intelligent and unprejudiced jury, when such can be obtained, who are instructed in the law with such clearness, precision, and brevity as will present their duty in bold relief, are rarely mistaken in regard to facts which they are called upon to find."

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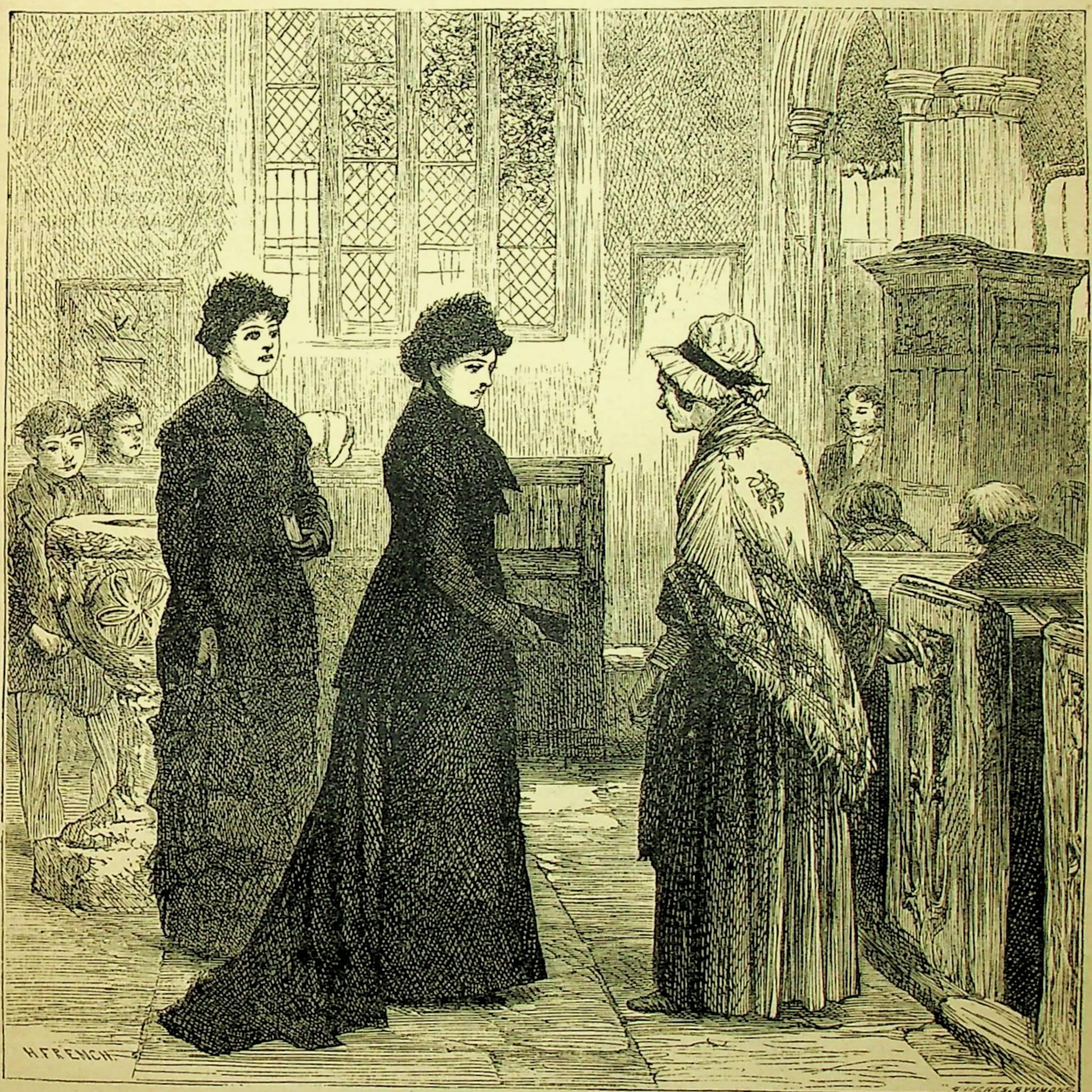
THE LEISURE HOUR.

BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,
AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND.—*Cowper.*



AT CHURCH AGAIN.

"WAIT A YEAR."

CHAPTER XII.

WITH the weariness of bodily fatigue, not improved by her fears, Mona turned into the pretty sitting-room, where she expected to find her mother. Mrs. Moreton sat forward on the sofa, leaning her head upon her hand; a couple of paces off was a vacant chair, in all probability recently occupied by Mr. Sinclair. At the opening of the door Mrs. Moreton quickly looked up, and bursting into a fit of sobs, received her daughter with an attack upon her late guest, as violent and full of invective as her passion would allow her to make it. He was unkind, unfeeling; he was not a gentleman; he was a hypocrite; he was ungrateful; he had deceived her husband, who thought so well of him; he was not a man of truth, his promises meant nothing. And then came the summing-up of his delinquencies, pronounced with passionate rapidity.

No. 1417.—FEBRUARY 22, 1879.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

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he was quite unfit to be the Rector of Hillesden. Confounded by such a list of faults in one whom, in her heart, she esteemed, Mona could only look from her mother to her sister in anxious surprise. Nita sat silent at the other end of the room and looked puzzled, with her face white and scared and her eyes red, as if she had been crying.

"I have been insulted, deliberately insulted," sobbed out Mrs. Moreton. "Oh, children, had your poor dear father been here to protect me—" and again she broke forth into another fit of violent weeping.

Overcome by fatigue, and the shock of this unexpected vehemence, Mona crept to her mother's side and silently wound her arms around her, her nerves being too weak to bear the new strain put upon them. "Will you not tell me what has happened?" she asked, gently, when a little recovered. "There must be some mistake. You have misunderstood Mr. Sinclair. He is incapable of insulting any one, and least of all a lady in sorrow. What is it, mother dear?"

"I feel insulted," answered Mrs. Moreton, changing her phraseology, which only made her daughter's heart sink the lower, believing as she did that this was a mood and notion that no argument could reach.

"May Nita tell me?" she said, as Mrs. Moreton continued sobbing without making an effort to overcome her feelings. "I have no doubt there is a mistake, and that we shall be able to put it all right again."

"It can never be put right again. It is one of those insults that cannot be effaced, a wound for ever," she answered, in a solemn tone. "I meant so kindly by him, and he has thrown my kindness in my face. I cannot overlook ingratitude."

Ingratitude! The word sounded strange to Mona in such a sense. To her ideas the gratitude should be on their side. If her mother would not allow it to be an obligation to have been left in undisturbed possession of the Rectory for so many weeks, she could not see that anything had been done to reverse their respective positions, and give her a claim upon Mr. Sinclair.

"Yes, ingratitude, it is ingratitude; I mean what I say," continued Mrs. Moreton, reading surprise on Mona's speaking countenance. "He shall have his house to himself, this Rectory we have made so pretty, though it will break my heart to leave it. But what will he care? I will leave it at once and for ever, and will never enter it again. He shall have the pleasure and the shame too of turning the widow and orphans out of doors—and he, so rich, the proprietor of that beautiful abbey, and with plenty of money besides!"

"Does not the bishop compel an incumbent to reside in his parsonage?" said Mona, better instructed in ecclesiastical matters than her mother, and trying indirectly to infuse a little rationality into a mind so difficult of approach.

"I don't believe that any bishop would oblige him to turn away the widow and orphan," replied Mrs. Moreton, who, having adopted a phrase that pleased her ear, was disposed to use it on all telling occasions; nor would she accept a fact, however well supported, if it militated against her prevailing idea.

"And I thought so well of him, that he would be so pleased to gratify me," she added, with a naïvete that gave Mona a slight clue to the misunderstanding. Her mother had obviously asked something that Mr. Sinclair could not grant, perhaps to stay on at the Rectory for an unlimited time.

"We could not keep him out of his own house," observed Mona, speaking at a venture.

"But to turn us out! Is that kind? is that chivalrous? is that a Christian man's conduct to the widow and orphan? Is it not his highest praise to visit them in their affliction?" she asked, wrathfully, relapsing into a state of angry excitement.

"But you will not suffer yourself to be turned out, we will go out of our own accord," answered Mona, diplomatically catching at this prospect of a new impression. "That will be more dignified."

"You are right, we will take the cottage for three months to begin with. Go at once and secure it. What a pity you gave it up!" rejoined Mrs. Moreton, in the same fretful tone.

"Mr. Payne will not now have any claim to the five pounds you so injudiciously promised him, what I never would have done. Tell him we want immediate possession. Go at once, and I will write to Mr. Sinclair."

For Mona there was both good and bad in this sudden decision. She could not but rejoice at getting her mother away from the Rectory, but the manner in which Mrs. Moreton might communicate her intentions, while under the influence of displeasure, strong enough to make her take the step she so disliked only two days ago, gave her no little uneasiness. Gladly would she have undertaken that task rather than the one assigned her, hoping that she might have been able to execute it in a manner that would retain the friendship now so likely to be jeopardised, if not entirely lost.

"Shall I write to Mr. Sinclair?" she asked, with an assumption of carelessness.

"No, my dear, I shall do that myself."

"Then I will write to Mr. Payne," she answered, going to the writing-table.

"You had better see him. Go at once, my dear. Don't lose time."

"I am so tired, that I could not bear any conversation with him, and he is sure to ask so many questions. I will write a few lines in your name, and Nita can leave it at the door."

"I would rather you did, my dear," replied Mrs. Moreton, yielding to an instinctive confidence in her eldest daughter for all matters of business, without reading in her white drawn face the necessity for rest and quiet it expressed. She heard that Edward was well and would come and see them, without any other remark than to express a peevish hope that he would feel a proper indignation at Mr. Sinclair's conduct, but had no thought for the length of the walk Mona had just taken. As little did she realise her weariness when, on returning home after leaving the note at Mr. Payne's, she pleaded headache and went to bed.

"I hope you are not going to be foolish and give way to fancies; we cannot afford to have you setting up to be delicate. You used to be strong and go about with your father. I cannot see why you should not do as much for me," said Mrs. Moreton, discontentedly, as her daughter wished her "good night."

"I am only tired, I shall be quite well to-morrow," answered Mona. But Mona had miscalculated. When morning came she felt too ill to rise. Her head fell heavily on the pillow and her temples ached

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with a throbbing pain. Thinking that her recovery would be more speedy if she remained in bed all day, she resolved to make the experiment; but on hearing that Mrs. Moreton did not intend to go to church, her nerves not allowing her to form one of Mr. Sinclair's congregation, after what she had gone through, Mona changed her mind. Fearing that her mother's absence might be imputed to personal feeling, she wished to show that she at least had no part in it. So she got up and went with Nita, choosing a very short way through the fields, walking wearily, and frequently letting her heavy black dress slip from her grasp to sweep the dewdrops from the turf as she passed.

"You will ruin your crape," said Nita.

"Shall I?" answered Mona, weakly, making an ineffectual attempt to gather it up.

Struck by her unnatural appearance, Nita requested her to return, but she would not, and went on like one in a dream, through the churchyard, up the aisle, to her usual place, noticing no one, and only half-conscious of what she was doing.

No one could look at her without being struck with the pallor and rigidity of her face, yet she went through the service, mechanically at least, standing, sitting, and kneeling as others did. Towards the middle of the sermon the congregation were disturbed by a moan, followed by a scuffling noise, as of people moving from their pews, and Mr. Sinclair paused. Mona Moreton had fainted, and was carried into the vestry by some one near, accompanied by Nita and a couple of bustling housewives, intent upon encompassing her with their womanly aid. Water was easily procured, and freely poured upon her brow and hands, to the further detriment of her crape, which had already suffered from the grass, while a smelling-bottle upon the table was appropriated to her use.

"Take me home," she whispered, eagerly, as soon as her scattered senses were sufficiently restored to understand where she was, distressed at having made herself an object of remark. She looked all the whiter for the contrast between herself and her sable garb. Not a bit of colour was in her cheeks, upon which the long dark lashes rested as her eyes continually closed after repeated efforts to open them. Her bonnet had been taken off, and so carelessly as to disarrange her rich brown hair, which, having been plentifully besprinkled with water, hung dank and dishevelled about her. When Mr. Sinclair entered, Nita was endeavouring to gather it up. He approached at once, without waiting to remove his canonicals, and answered the appealing anxious look Mona cast upon him by lifting her hand, which was hanging helpless and inert over the arm of the chair.

"Miss Moreton, I am sorry for this," he said, with the quick, tender sympathy that seemed his especial characteristic. "You walked too far yesterday. I heard of your expedition. You must not do so again. But resolutions, however wise, are not of much use when the mischief is done, are they?"

As he thus accounted for her illness, speaking as if nothing had occurred to disturb his friendly relations with the family, and with a quietude of manner strangely contrasted with the passionate vituperation of Mrs. Moreton, Mona's colour stole back into her face as she looked at him, and deepened until its reflection reached Mr. Sinclair's also.

"You will not be so imprudent again," he said, and there was gentle kindness in his voice, and a wistful earnestness in his eyes, like one deprecating blame.

"Mamma has misunderstood him. It is quite impossible for Mr. Sinclair to have been unkind to her," thought Mona. "I wish I knew the truth."

"Whose is this?" she asked, regarding with surprise the scent-bottle some one had put into her hand.

"Yours, if it is of the smallest service. Pray keep it; it is of no use to me," answered Mr. Sinclair, in a tone of entreaty. In making this trifling object over to her so unceremoniously he entirely forgot its history. The scent-bottle had belonged to Helen Lestocq, and was one day sportively taken from her, as being too ordinary for her use, and replaced by a double one, far handsomer and more costly, with shining golden tops.

"I will take you home, Miss Mona," said Mr. Graves, bustling into the vestry. "I have sent for my phaeton; it will be here directly."

"I am so near home that I think I can walk," returned Mona, making an effort to rise.

"No such thing," said Mr. Graves, imperatively. Looking upon himself as the family protector, he considered that he had a right to be obeyed.

"You must not even try," observed Mr. Sinclair, all that was arbitrary in the words being neutralised by the gentleness of the tone. And Mona submitted, sitting by her sister patiently and silently until the carriage arrived, those who came to her help having one by one retired as soon as she was better, feeling awkward and out of place in the vestry.

"May I call to-morrow to see how you are?" asked Mr. Sinclair, as he led her down the aisle to the front door, where Mr. Graves was already waiting with his phaeton, thus adding yet more to her surprise at so great a difference between his bearing and that of her mother. What could be the explanation? Had she been dreaming? No, Mrs. Moreton's tears and passionate lamentations were facts, however inexplicable, and the taking of the cottage was, she hoped, a fact also. There was little use consulting with Nita on the subject. All the information to be obtained from her was that she entered the room just as Mr. Sinclair was leaving it, and heard Mrs. Moreton say, with a short forced laugh, and with an accent of displeasure, accompanied by a formal reverence, "Of course it is not for me to contradict what you are pleased to say." Though this was but meagre intelligence, it was enough to give Mona another sleepless night.

CHAPTER XIII.

Mona's fainting fit proved the beginning of a sharp illness. When Mr. Sinclair called to inquire after her the following day she was much worse, and unable to leave her bed, which she was compelled to keep for more than a week. By the time she began to take notice of what was passing around her, several changes had occurred of which she was ignorant. Mrs. Moreton and Nita had taken possession of the cottage, whither such furniture as they required had been transported. But Mona still occupied her own room in the Rectory, tended by a favourite maid, the doctor having prohibited her removal.

One morning, awaking with more life in her veins than usual, she raised her head and looked about her. Jeannet was working beside her pillow.

"What are you doing there, Jeannet?" she said, drawing back the curtain with her thin and wasted hand. "Have I been really ill?"

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"Why, yes, Miss Mona, I should say you have."

"And mamma was so grieved about my crape," returned Mona, going back to the last distinct impression her mind received before it lost its equilibrium. "Is it entirely spoilt? I remember now the dress was so heavy I could not hold it up. I heard her lamenting over it."

Jeannet pointed to some sable drapery hanging up before her, saying, "It was in a bad condition, but I have cleaned and turned the crape, and you will be able to wear it again very well;" an assurance that seemed to free her young lady from anxiety, for she uttered a hearty "Thank you," and then lay quiet, with a tranquil expression upon her brow.

Presently she spoke again. "Where is mamma?"

"Oh, she will be here in a few minutes."

"Has anything particular happened?" she asked, after appearing to revolve Jeannet's answer in her mind.

"I can't say as it has. Your mamma, you know, can't afford to keep us servants any longer, so she has taken cook's niece to be with her, and cook has got another place, and I"—Jeannet cleared her voice and went on speaking with some hesitation—"and I, Miss Mona, am engaged to be Mr. Sinclair's housemaid."

"And when do you go to him?"

"Go to him!" repeated Jeannet, looking at first bewildered; but speedily recovering herself, she said, "I am here, Miss Mona; I am to stay with him altogether. I am his servant now."

Mona did not understand her—events had thickened too fast since her illness commenced for her present weak comprehension.

Remarking the look of pained perplexity, Jeannet explained further. "Mr. Graves settled all the business for missis, when he knew her wishes, and helped her to carry them out after she had written to Mr. Sinclair. The day after you were taken ill she wrote to him to say that she was going to leave the Rectory immediately, and then sent for Mr. Graves. There was a great deal of talking and consulting between them when he came, and then Mr. Graves sent for cook and me, and told us that your mamma was going to live at the cottage, and we were to leave. She would have taken you with her, but Doctor Clarke said you must not be moved, and he went to Mr. Sinclair and told him so. I went too, and offered myself as housemaid, thinking he must want one, and he took me directly. He asked a great many questions about you and your illness, and said that I was to remain and take care of you, and to be particular to obey the doctor's orders in everything. He seems a very good, kind gentleman."

When Jeannet had finished her revelations, Mona remained silent for a time, during which her brain was gathering together these different pieces of information. "Is mamma gone to the cottage?" she asked, when her mind had mastered the intelligence just imparted.

"Yes, she has been there a few days."

"Then am I Mr. Sinclair's guest?" she inquired, with a little spot of pale pink upon her cheek.

"His guest! Well, I don't know. He has never come to the house himself since missis left it, but he sends every day to inquire after you. I receive all my instructions from Mrs. Moreton.

"But whose servant are you? who pays your wages?" asked Mona, recovering her practical character.

"Mr. Sinclair engaged me from the day your mamma left the house, which is a week ago."

"Are there any other servants besides you?"

"Only cook, who is to stay as long as you are here, because Mr. Sinclair thinks she will help me to take care of you better than a stranger would."

Mona turned her face to the wall. A great mist swam before her eyes, as a thrill of gratitude mixed with pain stirred her heart. She sighed to be left alone. When Jeannet brought her some beef-tea half an hour later she found her lying where she had left her, but the pillow was wet with tears. Nita entered, and was surprised to find her sister in tears.

"Why do you cry, Mona?" asked Nita, who entered the room unexpectedly. "Jeannet tells me you are much better. Mamma will be here soon, and will be so vexed to see you fretting. You are better, dear, really better, and will soon come to us. Oh, Mona! it is so dull at the cottage, and we are so unhappy there," she broke forth with candour, forgetting that this was not offering any cheering prospect to the invalid. "Everything goes wrong, we want you to keep all straight. Mamma is cross, and always railing against Mr. Sinclair for turning us out of the house, but we could not live there always, you know."

"He did not turn us out," answered Mona, impatiently. "Of course, as clergyman of the parish, he must live in the Rectory."

"But I believe mamma offered to remain and be his housekeeper, or something of the sort, and he declined, and then mamma was angry, and wrote a letter to say that she would leave immediately, something not very polite, I think. Mr. Sinclair begged of her to stay until you had recovered, but she would not, and meant to take you away too, only Dr. Clarke interfered and would not allow it to be done. It was all so disagreeable, and Mr. Sinclair was so hurt," said Nita, looking at her sister for comfort in her perplexity. A little moan proceeded from the sick girl in answer. Her enfeebled brain did not know how to deal with all this, and yet she felt as if the greater portion of responsibility rested on her shoulders.

"I hear from Jeannet that you are much better, my child. You will soon come to us," said Mrs. Moreton, coming in cheerfully. She missed the helpful ways of her eldest daughter, although usually resenting her advice.

"Doctor Clarke will be here presently, and will tell me how soon you can be moved. Ah! here he is. Now, doctor, your patient is much better; may we take her away to morrow or the next day? She shall be moved very carefully; you understand that we do not wish to be beholden to Mr. Sinclair's hospitality longer than is absolutely necessary." She spoke in a lofty tone, and threw into her features as much hauteur as she could make them express.

"Tut, tut! Mrs. Moreton," broke forth the doctor, unceremoniously. "We are not accustomed to mount our stilts in this village. My lamented friend taught us to be kindly-affectioned one to another. What does that mean, eh? why that our young lady here is not to be in a hurry, but to have everything that's good for her. So, you are better, my dear? that is well, but let me see how much better. Ah, still agitated; depressed too," he added, after feeling her pulse and looking into her face.

"May she be moved the day after to-morrow?" inquired Mrs. Moreton.

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"No; nor the day after that. I will tell you when it may be done without risk."

"This prolonged obligation is unpleasant to me," said Mrs. Moreton, quite unaware of her inconsistency.

"Lay the obligation on your daughter, and say no more about it," he answered, bluntly, not very tolerant of the lady's fancies at any time, and less so than ever now that he had been especially charged by Mr. Sinclair not to let his patient be taken away until he judged it desirable.

Dr. Clarke was a quick, sharp little man, who would tell the truth and speak his mind without giving any thought to foolish susceptibilities; but he was also clever as well as kind, and too discreet to betray any confidence reposed in him.

When the day came that Mona was allowed to leave, Mr. Graves sent his hooded phaeton to convey her to the cottage, which was situated about a mile from the Rectory, at the other end of the village. Pillows shawls, and coverlets, furnished by both houses, were in abundance. For one hitherto accustomed to take care of others, so much solicitude was oppressive, but it pleased Mrs. Moreton that the last link to her old home should be severed with some *éclat*, and, in consequence, messengers had been passing between the two houses all day. All the parish knew at what hour Miss Mona was to leave. Early in the afternoon Nita came to accompany her sister, charged by her mother to act with proper dignity should Mr. Sinclair have the bad taste to enter the house before Mona left it. And Mrs. Moreton was not altogether wrong in her surmises. Just as the phaeton stopped at the Rectory Mr. Sinclair hurriedly went up the steps, through the open door into the passage, as Jeannet was passing with some wraps on her arm.

"I was afraid I was too late, but Miss Moreton is not yet gone. Where is she?"

"In the study, with Miss Nita." As he appeared in the doorway the pale face of the invalid flushed, and Nita looked troubled and awkward.

"I have been detained, or I should have been here before, and am glad to have this opportunity of seeing for myself how you are," said Mr. Sinclair, looking down upon her with a kind expression as he took her wasted hand, and then continued, in a tone of regret, while his eyes expressed a certain sense of amusement: "Having had the misfortune to offend Mrs. Moreton, quite unintentionally, believe me, I should hardly like to present myself at her house without permission. I will hope that if you cannot vanquish her prejudice against me you will not share it. Let me acknowledge—repay I never can—the deep debt I owe your father, by being of some use to his family."

Mona did not reply; she felt too depressed by her mother's conduct to know exactly what to say, and dropped her head, unconscious how her humble attitude added a sweeter charm to her beauty.

Before she could recover herself, Nita returned with Jeannet to say that all was ready.

"My poor mother is often quick to speak," stammered Mona, colouring deeply, and suddenly remembering that the offence to Mr. Sinclair, whatever it was, had been given in writing, which is something more deliberate than spoken words. "But you can forgive, Mr. Sinclair?" continued she, raising her eyes with a look of entreaty. "My mother must be sorry for having spoken or written hastily when she thinks calmly."

"One never bears malice towards a lady," he answered, gravely, without contesting her inference, quickly adding with a smile, that took away half the reproach the words contained, "but the sex *are* trying sometimes."

They had now reached the carriage. He lifted her into it, and Nita and Jeannet arranged the cushions and covered her up with wraps.

"Don't talk to her, Miss Nita, and keep the parasol before her face that she may not feel too much air," said Jeannet, as they drove off.

Mr. Sinclair watched them depart, and then re-entered the house. It was his own at last, but it must be owned that the fact gave him no pleasure, except the feeling that all further business transactions with Mrs. Moreton were at an end. His first act was to wander listlessly from one to the other of the uncomfortable and partially furnished rooms. A good deal of furniture had been removed and then returned, being found too large for the cottage, and had not been put back in its place, but heaped together promiscuously in corners, Mr. Graves having persuaded him to purchase what was not wanted.

"Don't let him think he is doing us a favour. I can accept no favour from Mr. Sinclair," the widow had said when the proposition was made to her. "But if he would like the furniture, he may have it," she continued, condescendingly.

Mr. Graves had heard her with a twinkle in his eye, and executed the commission in his own fashion. He had the goods valued, and then requested Mr. Sinclair to take them off the lady's hands, which he did without hesitation.

"Mrs. Moreton is very much obliged to you," Mr. Graves had said as he folded up the cheque received, "but the east wind is blowing in that quarter just now, and I fear it will not be easy to get her to say so. The fairest fruit is the most easily injured, and her good husband spoilt her a little. But that was a smart idea of hers to become your housekeeper!"

But it was not of the dreary aspect of the rooms he was thinking as he stood against the open window of his future study that sunny afternoon when Mona had left it, but of Helen Lestocq. There was no self-glorification in the man, though he was unfavourably contrasting her conduct towards him with his own to a comparative stranger, and the conclusion he came to was, that either she was essentially cold-hearted or personally indifferent to him, without womanly sympathies, or selfishly resentful. The thought was treason against love, but he could not help it. Miss Moreton's illness had touched him; he had just seen her depart for her humble home, with a pang of regret that he could do so little for her, and Helen, his betrothed, had heard of his illness, a far more serious one, and had been content to send a message through her mother. Not a line, not a word directly from herself. He had not been able to refrain from thinking slightingly of Mrs. Moreton, but he was now compelled to feel that there was more bitterness in anger than in contempt. He marvelled at his patience, and resented it against himself as a weakness to be deprecated. When a man is obliged to judge his own actions unfavourably, it goes ill with the individual who forces the mortifying conviction upon him. Never had Helen Lestocq been so nearly estimated by him at her proper value as now.

While standing on his desolate hearth, his eye glanced over the stretch of lawn pasture land

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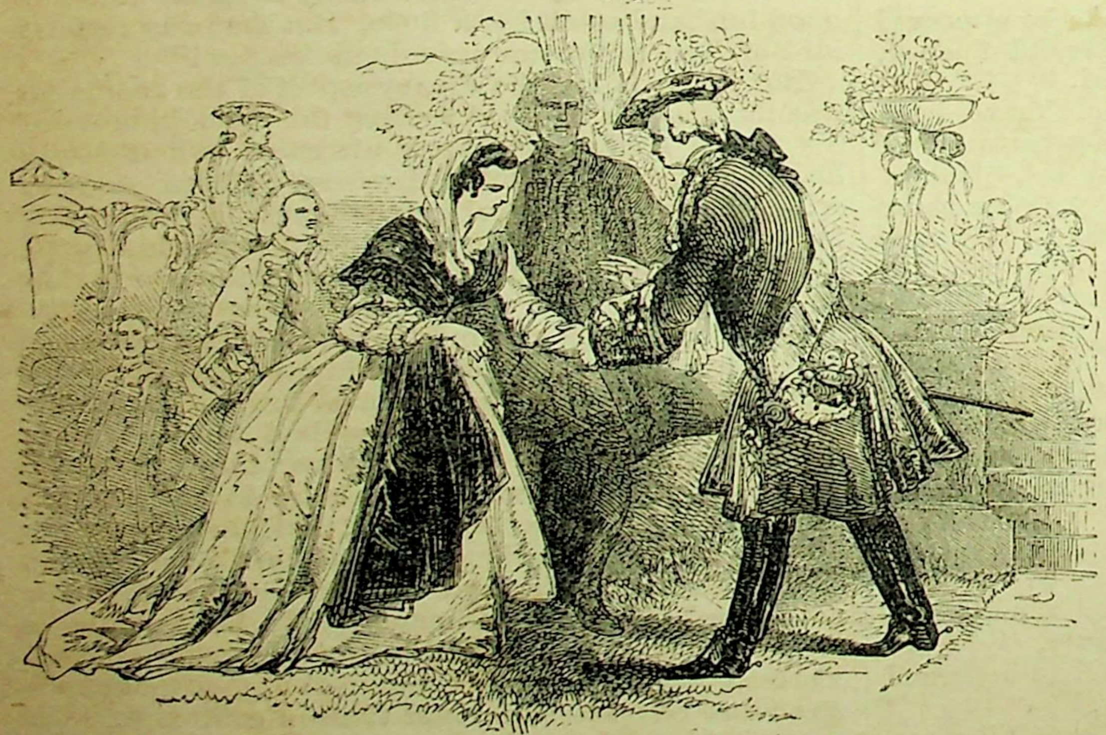
and tinted foliage, warm in the sunshine, to the purpling shadows of the large trees that marked the commencement of the Abbey grounds. "She might accommodate herself to a residence there," he thought, and then looking round on the ill-arranged rooms he smiled grimly. No outlay could alter the fact that this was the parsonage house; it might be modernised, improved, enlarged even, but the name and quiet characteristic must remain. "She must take the life I offer her; I have no other to give; she must break with the world or with me," he said aloud. And this last possibility did not bring with it the same pain as before, nor did the sunlight threaten to fade out of the coming years as it would have done a short time ago. He could look the alternative of being rejected in the face, and half smiled over the delusion of supposing that only one phase of life could be a happy one. Away from Helen his resolution rose to sternness. He determined to write and say that the marriage must take place at Christmas. It was now the beginning of October; for three months he had submitted to her caprices, and was now resolved to do so no longer. In his new-born resentment he forgot two things, first, that there would be no time to make the alterations contemplated for the reception of his beautiful wife, and, secondly, that he had admitted her assumption of having been wronged by the totally different character of the position originally offered from the one she was now to occupy, and for which she had no vocation.

"WHEN GEORGE THE THIRD WAS KING."

CHAPTER II.—IN THE OLD PALACE OF KEW.



RECEIVING THE PRINCESS AT ST. JAMES'S.

WHEN the illustrious lady, destined to be the mother of a line of illustrious princes, and the grandmother of our own beloved queen, came in sight of the gloomy old towers of St. James's Palace, somewhat more distinctly realising all the unknown future which was before her, a tremor passed over her, and she burst into tears. The Duchess of Hamilton, better known as the beautiful Elizabeth Gunning, attempted to smile away her fears. "You may laugh," said the princess. "You have been married twice, but to me it is no joke." The king was waiting at the palace to receive her, and by the side of the bright and the really handsome young man, the old Duke of Grafton, said then to have been the very ugliest man in the British Empire. The duke she mistook for her future husband, and to him she attempted, in compliance with etiquette, to kneel, when the king caught her in his arms and bore her away into the palace, embracing her and charming away her confusion; so she found herself in the arms of a really handsome young man instead of those of the grim black duke. A fortnight after the coronation took place; it was the inauguration of a new era in English history. The blaze of pomp and splendour was for that day unusual in its magnificence. Our eyes, accustomed, by our superior attainments in art and science, to gorgeous scenes and spectacles, might regard it as tawdry, but it was not so thought of then, and the great Hall of William Rufus—the colossal banqueting-room of the old Norman kings—was vested in the enchantment of thousands of glittering lamps.

Looking down from one of the galleries was a singular personage, who would have thrown the whole assembly into consternation had his presence there been known. This was no other than Charles Edward Stuart! The statement seems incredible, but it is a scarcely doubted fact. In a disguised habit, with his face half-concealed, he is said to have watched the brilliant scene. A nobleman said to him, "Your Royal Highness is the last of all mortals I should have expected to see here." "It was curiosity which led me," said the prince; "but I assure you, that the person who is the object of all this pomp and magnificence is the person I envy least." Whether we doubt the story or not, we cannot doubt that if he said this he mistook his own emotions, or was willing to play off the affectation of a great indifference little consistent with the wild efforts of Preston Pans and Falkirk. If he inherited the superstition of his race, and knew that in that very hall and festivity some of the brightest jewels fell from the crown, his memory would perhaps recur to some of the traditions of almost similar circumstances in his own family for consolation. The old verses of the time say:—

"When first, portentous, it was known,
Great George had jostled from his crown
The brightest diamond there,
The omen-mongers, one and all,
Foretold some mischief must befall,
Some loss beyond compare.

Some fear this gem is Hanover,
While others wish indeed it were;
Each strives the nail to hit!
One guesses that, another this,
All mighty noise, yet all amiss,
For, ah! who thought of Pitt?"

When in 1782 the British crown was despoiled of its proudest appanage, the North American

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colonies, there were many persons who called to mind the warning portent of 1761. David Hume, referring to the rumoured presence of Charles Stuart at the coronation, says in a letter to Sir John Pringle: "What if the Pretender had taken up Dymock's gauntlet?" Sir Walter Scott, in his notes to "Redgauntlet," apologises for what might seem an improbability in the fiction—the rushing in of his heroine into Westminster Hall during the coronation banquet to pick up the champion's gauntlet, and leaving in its place the gage of battle—by saying that this was understood really to have happened—that an unknown female really stepped from the crowd and lifted the pledge. He says, however, "the story is probably one of the numerous fictions calculated to keep up the spirits of a sinking faction." But another story, less apocryphal, tells how George III informed one of his chief ministers that the Pretender was in London. The alarmed minister instantly talked of warrants and measures to secure him. The king said, "No; since I have found him out, leave me alone to deal with him!" "And what is your Majesty's purpose?" "To leave the young man to himself," said George III; "and when he tires himself he will go back again."

Horace Walpole was at the coronation, and gives the likenesses of the guests in his own graphic and cynical style. In such a pressure it was inevitable that there should be blunders, errors, and omissions; and when the king complained of these to the Deputy Earl-Marshal, the Earl of Effingham, "It is true, sir," the earl replied, with a singular blundering humility, "that there has been some neglect, but I have taken care that the next coronation shall be regulated in the exactest manner possible." The king was not offended by the remark—as, indeed, no sensible man could be—but he insisted on the earl's repeating it several times for his own amusement and that of others of the Court. "The next coronation!" Was there one person, however young, of all those gorgeous crowds who survived to gaze upon the next?

The happiest earlier days of George the Third were principally passed with his family in the old palace of Kew. Even from the first years of his reign his was a sadly troubled life. There were troubles surrounding him in connection with great political affairs, to the notice of which the purpose of these papers forbids us especially to refer. There were troubles also arising out of the collateral members of his own family, not only at home, but in the sad story of his sister, Caroline Matilda, Queen of Denmark. In the first years of his married life, also, distressing illnesses alarmed the country for him; yet, as we attempt to give a glimpse of the royal household, there is much to charm the mind, and few kings have appeared in their home so admirable and amiable. Before her thirtieth year, the queen had given birth to no fewer than ten children.

After the death of the Princess of Wales in 1772, the house at Kew became for a long time the Royal residence, and Mr. Jesse has left us a very sweet and interesting account of the old house which witnessed the earlier joys and sorrows of George III. It has now entirely passed away. The present writer well remembers it as an old ivy-clothed mansion, but Mr. Jesse had not only seen it, but had opportunities of wandering before its gate, through its forsaken apartments, when it was in the same condition as in the days when the simple monarch spent there his summer hours, or when the old Queen Charlotte died within its walls. There Mr. Jesse saw the rooms where the princes and princesses were born, and where, as children, they slept, before the evil days came, each in its little bed with the white dimity curtains, in the plain and simply furnished room. There he saw the easy arm-chair in which Queen Charlotte died, and the old harpsichord which had once belonged to Handel, of whom the king always spoke as "that great master," whom he revered and loved so much, and whose instrument he—no mere amateur proficient—was so fond of touching. There was the walking-stick of the king, his accustomed chair, his backgammon-board, on which he had his occasional game with his equerries. There was the little room into which the king was accustomed to retire to offer up his prayers, and in which Mr. Jesse saw the private prayer-book of George III, and in the prayer which is used during the session of Parliament the king, with his own hand, had obliterated the words, "Our most religious and gracious king," and written instead, "a most miserable sinner."

There was another little room, the library of the king, with which Mr. Jesse associated a simple and pleasing story, which came to be well known throughout the palace. The king was one day sitting alone when, the fire getting low, he summoned the page in waiting, and desired him to fetch some coals. The attendant, instead of promptly obeying the king's commands, rang the bell for the footman, whose province it was to perform this menial office, and who happened to be a man advanced in years. The king's rebuke was very characteristic. He desired the attendant to conduct him to the place where the coals were kept. He took up the scuttle and carried it himself to the library; then handing the scuttle to the page, he said, "Never in so slight a service ask an old man to do what you are so much better able to do yourself!" The little acts of the king are very interesting, and an incident like this certainly exhibits the character of the monarch in a very pleasing light.

Until the closing years of the reign of William IV all the rooms retained their character untouched, and now, although the former house has gone, the spot is replete with associations. Amidst the gardens the wanderer may still re-create the times when the father of George III inhabited the old house, or the earlier period, when the glades and walks were haunted by the steps of celebrated men and women of past generations—Bolingbroke, Pope, Chesterfield, and Wyndham. It was amidst these gardens that Bute instilled into the mind of George III those dangerous ideas of government which, no doubt, afterwards proved injurious to his own character as a king, and detrimental to the well-being of the country. Here, we have seen, he was residing when he received the intelligence that his grandfather was dead, and that he was a king. Here, in a short time, he came to reside with his queen, and here she was often seen watering her plants or feeding her favourite animals. Amidst these gardens all those children sported and played in the younger years of innocence and happiness; and it was in this place that George III was prostrated through a long period of insanity. Thus some of the very happiest hours of his life, and some of the very darkest, are associated with those bright

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gardens spread round the site of the old house at Kew.

There was always a morbid vein in the king's mind, nor can we much wonder that it should be so. It is almost the fatality of eminent public station, and especially the station of a king, even where it is not the creation of brooding, anxious thought, and care. Almost all the cheerfulness he knew grew out of his religious habits and feelings. There was very little in his personal life, or in his acquaintance with affairs, to give to him cheerful views of life, the world, or things in general. His religious nature was sustained, not by words, but by the living convictions

THE OLD PALACE AT KEW.

of his heart, and is well illustrated by a letter, written so early as 1773, to his friend—the friend also of the Countess of Huntingdon—the pious and amiable Lord Dartmouth. "I return," he says, "the letter you communicated some time since to me. It contains very many cheerful lessons to a young man, but I could have wished that the author had put before his young friend the only true incentive to a rectitude of conduct—I mean the belief in a Supreme Being, and that we are to be rewarded or punished agreeably to the life we lead. If the first of all duties—that to God—is not known, I fear that nothing can be expected; and as to the fashionable word *honour*, that will never alone guide a man further than to pursue appearances. I will not add more, for I know that I am writing to a true believer, to one who shows by his actions that he is not governed by the greatest of tyrants, Fashion!" There are many instances in the king's life which present the same aspect of character. For instance, the rebuke he administered, immediately on his accession to the throne, to an eminent Church dignitary, who, in the course of his sermon, had ventured on some expressions of royal adulation. At the close of the service the king desired that he might never hear the like again, reminding the preacher that "Divine service was for the praise of God and not the praise of kings." On his coronation he absolutely refused to bow to precedent by wearing the crown on his head when he partook of the sacrament. Many years after, when the Earl of Chesterfield inquired if on the installation of Knights of the Garter it would be requisite for newly-created knights to receive the sacrament, the king exclaimed, "No, my lord, no! The Holy Sacrament is not to be profaned by our Gothic institutions. Even at my coronation I was very unwilling to take it, but they told me it was indispensable, so I took off the bauble from my head before I approached the altar."

To turn to the king's life at home from his life with his ministers, is like turning from a turbulent city to a sequestered village—it was a life of simple innocence, if not always of ease. Mr. Thackeray, in his lecture on George III—full as it is of kindly feeling to the king—evidently indulges a fair share of contempt for the repose and quiet of his life. "King George's household," he says, "was the model of an English gentleman's household—it was early, it was kindly, it was charitable, it was frugal, it was orderly, it must have been *stupid* to a degree which I shudder now to contemplate—the queen playing on the spinnet, the king reading to her a paper out of the 'Spectator,' or, perhaps, one of Ogden's sermons. Oh, Arcadia! what a life it must have been! At the same hour of night the king kissed his daughters' jolly cheeks, the princesses kissed their mother's hand; or the king and his family walked on Windsor slopes, the king holding his darling little Princess Amelia by the hand; a quieter household, a more prosaic life than this of Kew or Windsor, cannot be imagined; rain or shine, the king rode every day for hours—poked his face into hundreds of cottages round about, and showed his shovel hat and Windsor uniform to farmers, to pig-boys, to old women making apple-dumplings. He used to give a guinea sometimes, and sometimes feel in his pockets and find he had no money; and would often ask a man a hundred questions about the number of his family, about his oats and beans, and the rent he paid for his house." We are unable to see with Mr. Thackeray that there was anything unkingly or undignified in all this; and several of the stories Mr. Thackeray has travestied we will venture to tell in another fashion, and with more justice, deriving them from the same authority from whence, apparently, the great social cynic gathered them.

The king and queen always rose at six o'clock in the morning, and spent the first two hours of the day in a manner which they called "their own." At eight the children all trooped in from their respective apartments, to breakfast with their parents, unless an exception were made for the very little ones; and after nine, while the eldest were engaged in their tasks, the little ones were with their nurses in Richmond Park. In the afternoon or evening, while the queen worked, the king read to her. It seems rather an idyllic existence, this royal life at Kew—very simple. The king and queen were very abstemious, the king more especially so, and upon system and principle, as he was determined to save himself, if possible, from the obesity characteristic of his family; hence, when Mrs. Delany complimented him upon his remarkable forbearance, "No, no," he said, "it is no virtue; I only prefer eating plain

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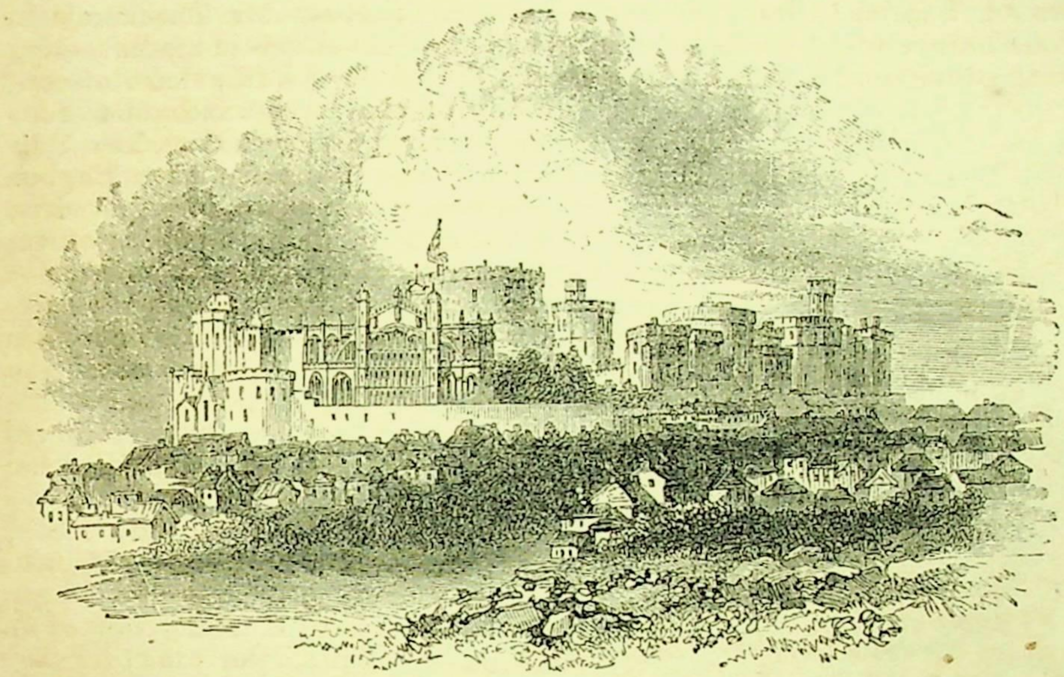
and little, to growing diseased and infirm." The character of the king, regarded from most points of view, seems admirable and estimable. He had a very high sense of honour, and a most conscientious appreciation of his duty to his principles and his position; hence, he even sometimes appeared intolerant with other men who swerved from what seemed to him to be the strict line in personal rectitude or behaviour. His own household was



WINDSOR CASTLE IN THE TIME OF GEORGE III.

ordered upon even the plainest principles of purity and piety. What a singular letter was the following to address to Dr. Cornwallis, the Archbishop of Canterbury, upon the occasion of his hearing of unseemly dissipation in the palace of the archbishop:—

"My good Lord Prelate,—I could not delay giving you the notification of the grief and concern with which I was affected at receiving authentic information that *routs* have made their way into your palace; at the same time I must signify to you my sentiments on the subject, which hold those levities and vain dissipations as utterly inexpedient, if not unlawful, to pass in a residence for many centuries devoted to divine studies, religious retirement, and the extensive exercise of charity and benevolence. I add, in a place where so many of your predecessors have led their lives in such sanctity as has thrown lustre on the pure religion they professed and adorned. From the dissatisfaction with which you must perceive I behold these improprieties, not to speak in harsher terms, and on still more pious principles, I trust you will suppress them immediately, so that I may not have occasion to show any further mark of my displeasure, or to interpose in a different manner. May God take your grace under His Almighty protection.

I remain, My Lord Primate,

Your gracious friend,

G. R."

Some of the anecdotes mentioned of the king are very whimsical and humorous, and some equally pathetic. Mr. Thackeray thinks, as we have seen, they betoken great want of dignity. Dr. Johnson thought the manners and behaviour of the king so perfect in their dignified affability, that he supposed Charles II or Louis XIV could not have worn their royalty with more admirable grace. The king, however, scarcely remembered that it was necessary to preserve the manners suitable for distinguished literary men or *levées* when he "poked his head," to use Mr. Thackeray's expression, into country farms or the cottages of the poor. Riding in the neighbourhood of Windsor in the year 1779, he was overtaken by a violent storm of rain. He was separated, as was often the case, from his attendants, and went for shelter into a very lowly farm. Dismounting he found a girl turning a goose, which hung before the fire by a string. He desired the girl to put his horse under the shed. He being quite unknown to her, she readily promised to do so, only requesting him to "mind the goose." This, of course, cheerfully enough he did, but while she was out attending to the horse, the farmer himself returned, and with no little astonishment beheld his sovereign at once drying himself by the fire and superintending the cookery. The story seems to imply that the farmer himself behaved with some unembarrassed dignity and presence of mind, of course relieving the king, but taking care of his horse. The king entered into quiet and pleasant talk with his humble neighbour, and especially described to him the advantages of a "jack;" and when the rain was over, and the king mounted and rode away, the farmer found upon the mantelshelf a piece of paper with five guineas in

GEORGE III GOING TO OPEN PARLIAMENT.

it, and inside written with pencil, "*To buy a jack.*" It is difficult to see any want of dignity in such stories as these, which, indeed, abounded in the neighbourhood of the king's country residences.

Other stories have a different tone, and one

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pleasant anecdote is very well known. Riding through Windsor Forest, he became separated from his attendants, and met a girl crying. Inquiring of her the cause, and where she was going, she told him her mother was dying in a gipsy tent close by, and that she was on her way into Windsor to beg a minister—a clergyman—to come out and pray with her mother. "But I am a minister," said the king. "I will go back with you and pray with your mother;" and he went back with her, knelt down by the pallet of the poor dying woman, prayed with her and talked with her; and, from what we know of the faith of the king as contrasted with many of the clergy of that day, most likely preached a far more evangelical and comfortable sermon to the heart of the dying woman than might have come from the lips of the average clergyman. His equerries and lords-in-waiting came up and found him thus engaged, and thus the story is as well known as any anecdote of his life.

GEORGE III AND THE GIPSY.

ST. PAUL'S BELLS.

BY C. A. W. TROYTE, ESQ.

THE past year witnessed an important addition, not only to St. Paul's Cathedral, but to the City of London, by the placing, at a cost of some £2,500, a ring of twelve bells in the north-west tower of that noble building. The bells were formally opened and dedicated on the evening of All Saints' Day, November 1st, 1878.

The action of the cathedral body, in carrying out this great work, left by Sir Christopher Wren for future achievement, has met with much criticism. Some people thought it hard that a London firm was not entrusted with the casting and hanging of the bells. Some thought that they ought to have been obtained in Belgium. They have been called out of tune, said to be improperly hung, and their dedication by the Bishop of London to the purposes for which they are intended has been called an act of superstition. As far as we can see, all these objections can be refuted, and the latter charge seems unfair and ungracious.

The authorities certainly took every pains to determine who was the best bell-founder from whom to order the bells. They sent their organist, Dr. Stainer, acknowledged to be one of the best musicians of the day, to inspect the various bells and bell-foundries in different parts of England and Belgium. They elected a bell-committee of independent and unprejudiced gentlemen, who had the advantage of Dr. Stainer's experience, and of the information which he had gained in his travels, and after mature consideration they fixed upon Messrs. Taylor, of Loughborough, Leicestershire, as their bell-founders.

The result has been eminently satisfactory, for the St. Paul's bells possess that mellowness of tone and equality of character which is seldom equalled, and can hardly be surpassed. The only fault which could be found with them as a ring of bells when first opened, was that by some accident of hanging, or clappering, the largest bell, or tenor, did not speak as loudly as she should do. One could plainly hear her, and she holds her tone gloriously, but when it came to her turn to strike in rounds (*i.e.*, when the bells are rung in order down the scale from the highest to the lowest) there was a deficiency in the force of the blow which was disappointing to the ear. This defect, however, has been remedied, and she is now quite as she should be.

Now, as to the tune of the bells. Mr. Haweis, the well-known incumbent of St. James's, Marylebone, wrote to the "Times," generally decrying English bell-founders, and exalting Belgian ones. We confess that we are more ready to take Dr. Stainer's advice than that of Mr. Haweis, for Dr. Stainer has taken the trouble to carefully investigate bells and ringing from an English as well as from a musical point of view; while Mr. Haweis, in these newspaper letters, in his article on "Bells," in the "British Encyclopædia," and in his work, "Music and Morals," shows a complete ignorance of ringing as practised in England. He objects to it, he dislikes what he calls a triple major (a thing which, by the way, does not exist), he sets himself up as an instructor of the public, and he wants to instruct us out of our love for the ringing and chiming of old England, and into a love of tune playing on bells, than which, unless on a very large number, it is difficult to imagine poorer music. He does not seem ever to have troubled himself to look into the matter as English ringers and the English public view it; and he clearly looks upon St. Paul's bells as an instrument to be struck in thirds and to be played tunes upon. We sincerely hope they will never be so desecrated. We believe that these twelve bells are not meant for a carillon—they are meant for ringing, and ringing in rounds and changes as practised in England and nowhere else; and we venture to think—though we do not speak as eminent violinists, or even as musicians—that no sound of any carillon will ever go home to the hearts of the English people as do at present the village chime, the wedding peal, and funeral knell, in which the bells (being tuned to one key) are swung through the whole or part of a circle, thus spreading their sound for miles around. And, whatever Mr. Haweis may wish, we hope the day is far distant when the swinging Christmas peal and our beloved village chime will be supplanted by tunes rapped out on the bells by the village clerk, or even the cathedral organist.

The St. Paul's bells—for the use for which they seem to be intended, that is for the ordinary English use and not for tune playing—seem to our not unmu-

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sical, but perhaps not professionally musical, ear to be in perfect tune.

Mr. Haweis also finds fault with the hanging of the bells. He complains that the big bells have no "heads," or, rather, he asks why the "heads" have been cut off. It is wonderful to us that he should ask such a question. The veriest tyro in ringing matters should surely know that it is, and has been, a common practice to cast bells without "heads" (as he calls the canons, or handles, by which bells are sometimes hung), and to hang them by bolts through the crown; and that, as Sir Edmund Beckett says in a letter to the "Times" in answer to such criticisms, this makes no difference in the sound that can be appreciated. The reason of thus casting large bells is obvious to any one conversant with the subject. It will be understood by most of our readers that a bell, when hung in a tower, is hung to swing as a pendulum; it may, therefore, be so hung that all the weight of it is below the pivot on which it swings, and the lower it is hung the harder must be the work of swinging it, especially when it is considered that it has to swing through the greater part of the circle. Heavy bells, therefore, are cast without canons in order that their weight may be as near as possible to the pivot, and sometimes a little above it. This object is often gained on the Continent by placing above the stock to which the bell is fastened a weight nearly equal to that of the bell, by which means it becomes, so to speak, simply like a wheel, and can of course be moved round the whole circle with comparatively little labour.

Mr. Haweis also complains that the timbers, or rafters, as he calls them, of the bell-cage are wedged in against the walls to stiffen them. We can only say as to this, which may be, and no doubt is, an objectionable practice, that we could see no trace of it when we visited the tower after the opening ceremony, and that all the work there seems to have been done with the care, judgment, and sagacity which befits the noble structure to which it belongs.

We have referred above to the criticisms passed on the dedication of these bells. Amongst them is an article in the "Times," which has met with such a dignified and complete answer from the Bishop of London that it would be unnecessary for us to reopen the question, were it not that the foolish expression, the "blessing of the bells," has been somewhat largely used, and that many of our readers may not have had opportunities of reading the bishop's letter or the strictures of the "Times." The "Times" characterises the service held in St. Paul's as that "extraordinary service," as a "brand new service," as a "blessing of the bells," and hints at it as "superstitious."* With regard to the service being "extraordinary" and "brand new," the writer of this article has only to say that during the last ten years he has taken part in many such services, and that, happily, when new bells are placed in church towers they are often dedicated to the service of God in this manner. We give, however, an account of the service, and think we need hardly go further for the purpose of proving to our readers that the names applied to it by the "Times" writer are uncalled for.

As we have already stated, the bells were opened on the evening of the 1st of November, 1878, being All Saints' Day. After the ordinary evening service and sermon, the dedication was arranged in this wise. The choir, the cathedral clergy, the dean, Bishop Piers Claughton, and the Bishop of London left their places in the choir, and forcing their way slowly through the dense crowd that filled the cathedral, moved down the centre of the nave to the door of the south-western tower, and, ascending the spiral staircase as far as the western gallery, they crossed that gallery and entered the ringing-chamber, where the following form of dedication service was read. The service commenced with the versicles and responses which stand in the Prayer-book immediately after the Lord's Prayer, after which followed four psalms, chanted by the choir, viz., xxix., lxvii., cxxx., and cl. The last, it may be observed, contains what is probably the nearest approach in Scripture to a reference to bells in the verse, "Praise Him upon the well-tuned cymbals; praise Him upon the loud cymbals." The Lord's Prayer was then said, preceded by the versicles which stand immediately before it in the order for morning and evening prayer, after which, the following versicles and prayers were used:—

"O Lord, shew Thy mercy upon us,
And grant us Thy salvation.
Sing we merrily unto God our strength,
Make a cheerful noise unto the God of Jacob.
O praise God in His holiness,
Praise Him in the firmament of His power.
Praise Him upon the well-tuned cymbals,
Praise Him upon the loud cymbals.
I was glad when they said unto me,
We will go into the house of the Lord."

"O everlasting God, whom no man hath seen at any time, although Thou dost speak to the souls of men through the things that Thou hast made; receive, we beseech Thee, these bells, which are offered by Thy people for the service of Thy Holy Church, and bless them to the spiritual well-being of Thy servants, that they may remind us of Thy presence in life and in death. Do Thou mercifully visit our souls with solemn and holy thoughts; sanctify our trials and sorrows; brighten and chasten our joys; so that amid the changes of this mortal life we may, in heart and mind, ever dwell with Thee, and may at the last enter into Thy eternal rest, through Jesus Christ our Lord, who, with Thee and the Holy Ghost, liveth and reigneth, ever one God, world without end. Amen.

"O Lord, who by Thy servant Moses didst order that silver trumpets should be sounded at the time of sacrifice, to the end that Thy people Israel might be drawn to worship Thee; grant, we beseech Thee, that we, who have been redeemed by the blood of Thy only-begotten Son, may joyfully obey the call to meet together in Thy Holy Church, to render thanks for the great benefits which we have received at Thy hands, to set forth Thy most worthy praise, to hear Thy most Holy Word, and to ask those things which are requisite and necessary, as well for the body as the soul. Grant this, O Father, for Jesus Christ's sake, Thy Son, our Lord. Amen.

"Grant, O Lord, that all they who with their outward ears shall hear the sound of these bells may be moved inwardly in their spirits, and draw nigh unto Thee, the God of their salvation, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

* All our readers will be glad to have the opinions of Mr. Troyte, than whom no higher authority exists on bell-ringing, on which he contributed a valuable article to the "Leisure Hour" for December, 1877. Those who object to the dedication services, or to the use of church bells at all, may still take interest in the discussion of a historical event so notable as the inauguration of St. Paul's bells."—ED. L. H.

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"Grant, O Lord, that whosoever, by reason of sickness or any other necessity, shall be hindered from coming into the house of the Lord, may, when he hears these bells, in heart and mind ascend to Thee, and find with Thee peace and comfort, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

"Grant, O Lord, that all they who minister to Thy service in sounding these bells may be filled with all reverence and godly fear, and may be mindful ever of the sacredness of Thy house, putting away all idle thoughts and light behaviour, and continuing in holiness of life, so that they may stand with those who praise Thee evermore in the heavenly Jerusalem, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

Hymn No. 303, from Hymns Ancient and Modern, which contains an allusion to "the sweet Church-bell," was then sung; and, after the Collect for St. Paul's Day had been read, the bishop pronounced the usual Blessing to the congregation.

This then was the so-called "extraordinary," "brand new," and "superstitious" service, the defence of which we will leave in the hands of the Bishop of London, who thus writes to the "Times":—

"Sir,—The service at which I was present in the belfry of St. Paul's on Friday, and to which you have alluded in a tone half of banter, half of blame, has been called, and I suppose will be called, the 'blessing of the bells.' The bells, however, themselves were not blessed. The prayers used, which appeared to me, and I think were felt by all who heard them, appropriate and touching, asked that these bells might *in their use* be blessed to the spiritual well-being of God's servants, reminding them of His presence in life and death, suggesting solemn and holy thoughts, calling effectually to the services of the Church, and bearing to those detained at home by sickness or necessity reminiscences of the peace and comfort of the sanctuary. Who shall say that such hints as these, as from above, may not be helpful from time to time to many of the busy and anxious crowd which is perpetually hurrying round the cathedral of our great city? The service itself was of the same character with those in common use at the laying the first stone of churches, schools, and mission-rooms, and, indeed, at the consecration of churches and churchyards, and with that familiar 'grace before meals' which most of us have heard repeatedly from our youth, and which I trust to hear at times as long as I live—'Bless, O Lord, these Thy gifts to our use, and us to Thy service.' In all these cases the blessing asked is not on the material objects, but on the persons for whose use or advantage they are provided. If such prayers are superstitious I gladly plead guilty to superstition."

We agree with every word of this manly and Christian letter, and we only wish that, common as they now are, dedications of bells in such spirit were more common; for if the really sacred uses for which bells are meant, and for which alone they should be used, were brought more home to the ringers and to the outside world, there is little room for doubt that ringers would not be, as is too often the case, a thorn in the side both of the clergyman and his parish.

Of the dedication service we have, however, one complaint to make; we think it might have been made much more general and impressive. A vast congregation had assembled in St. Paul's, one-half of whom at least could not have heard one word of the ordinary evening service or sermon. The whole of the space under the dome, and nearly the whole of the nave, was crowded, and with persons who seemed anxious to take part, to a certain degree, in what was going on. When the procession had gone up into the steeple all these people were kept waiting for what seemed to them an interminable time; the consequence being that the interior of the building assumed the appearance, as far as the audience was concerned, of a vast theatre between the acts. Now, if the dedication service had been held at the west end, or in the western gallery, it would have given them an opportunity of joining in it, and determining for themselves whether or no they were taking part in a superstitious ceremonial. The bells also might have been rung for a short time *during* the dedication, a thing often done and with excellent effect, as, for instance, at the end of the special collects.

If the bishop really gave the first word "Go," as we have seen stated, that was also a mistake, and would account for the somewhat poor start in rounds which was made by the ringers, for it takes some seconds of preparation before a large ring of bells can be got ready to make a good start; and it requires some knowledge of ringing on the part of the ringer of the leading bell, or treble, so to time his first pull as that the larger bells may be able to come properly into their places after him, and this is not generally done without giving time for preparation, and then invariably by the ringer of the treble. Consequently, those of us outside, who knew that about the best thirteen ringers in England were at the ropes, and who knew how these thirteen can ring, feared greatly for the first few seconds that something had gone wrong with the bell gear. All is well, however, that ends well, and we were afterwards treated to some very fine ringing, the method by which the changes were produced being one of the most intricate in use, and called by the initiated "Stedman's Cinques."

The bells, cast, as has been said, by the Messrs. Taylor, of Loughborough, are tuned to the key of B flat, and hung in the north-west tower. They were presented by the various City Companies, the Turners' Company being joined, with her usual liberality, by the Baroness Burdett-Coutts.

The weights are as follows:—

No.		Cwt.	qrs.	lbs.
1	...	8	1	16
2	...	9	1	15
3	...	10	0	3
4	...	11	3	21
5	...	13	2	14
6	...	14	0	4
7	...	16	2	21
8	...	22	1	18
9	...	28	0	7
10	...	30	2	22
11	...	44	2	0
12	...	62	0	0
Total weight ...	...	271	3	1

The first, or treble bell, and the second, were presented by the Drapers' Company, and bear the shield of the company, with the motto beneath, "Unto God be honour and glory," and the inscription, "Presented by the Drapers' Company. Peter Rolt, Esq., Master."

The third, fourth, fifth, and sixth were presented by the Baroness Burdett-Coutts and the Turners' Company. They bear the shield of the Baroness

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Burdett-Coutts, with the initials "B. C." beneath and a coronet above, and the shield of the Turners' Company, with the motto, "By faith I obteigne," and the inscription, "Presented by the Baroness Burdett-Coutts and the Turners' Company. Edward Caffin, Esq., Master."

The seventh, given by the Salters' Company, bears the arms of the company, with the motto, "Sal sapit omnia," and the inscription, "The gift of the Salters' Company. James Carr Fisher, Esq., Master."

The eighth, given by the Merchant Taylors' Company, bears their arms, the motto, "Concordia Parvæ Res Crescunt," and the words, "Presented by the Merchant Taylors' Company. Samuel Mason, Esq., Master."

The ninth, the gift of the Fishmongers' Company, bears the shield and the words, "All worship be to God only," with the inscription, "The gift of the Fishmongers' Company. Edward Edwards, Prime Warden."

The tenth, presented by the Cloth Workers' Company, bears their arms and the motto, "My trust is in God alone," and the inscription, "Presented by the Cloth Workers' Company. James Wyld, Esq., Master."

The eleventh, presented by the Grocers' Company, bears the arms of the company, the motto, "God grant grace," and the inscription, "The gift of the Grocers' Company. W. J. Thomson, Esq., jun., Master."

The twelfth, or tenor, is the gift of the Corporation of the City of London. It bears the shield of the Corporation, the motto, "Domine dirige nos," and the inscription, "This tenor bell was presented by the Corporation of the City of London. The Right Hon. W. J. R. Cotton, M.P., Lord Mayor. Sept. 14th, 1876."

They all also bear the arms of the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's.

The expense of hoisting and hanging the bells has been undertaken by the cathedral authorities. They are fitted with Ellacombe's chiming apparatus, which, by means of an extra hammer striking inside each bell, enables one man with ease to chime the whole twelve. This will, no doubt, be used for the daily services, and we hope to hear that the Ancient Society of College Youths, who had the honour of opening the bells, are to be employed on the higher festivals of the Church, if not on other special days, to ring them in the good old English fashion. The names of the first set of ringers who performed on them are as follows:—Messrs. Haley, senr. and junr., Cooter, Pettit, Mash, Haworth, Ferris, Dwight, Horrex, Muskett, Wood, Hayes, Dorrington, Reeves, and Jones.

We may add that the complaints and criticisms of Mr. Haweis and other dissentients have been thoroughly met by Sir Edmund Beckett, Bart., the Rev. H. T. Ellacombe, and other most competent judges. We are, therefore, left in the full belief that St. Paul's Cathedral has now in every particular one of the best, if not the very best, ring of twelve bells in the world.

Huntsham Court, Devonshire.

Gurukula Kangri Library

FLOWERS AND THEIR FOLK-LORE.

BY THE REV. T. THISTLETON DYER, M.A., AUTHOR OF "ENGLISH FOLK-LORE."

AMONG the varied works of creation, flowers have always held a prominent place, on account of their beauty and many charms, and from their displaying in their structure unmistakable signs of the mighty handiwork of God. Hence they have not only from the earliest times been represented in the social and religious ceremonies of most countries, but formed the source of many of the traditions, legends, and superstitions which have been handed down to us. Apart from their connection with botanical science, flowers have necessarily a very extensive history, and may be said to have exerted a powerful influence in the formation and development of the æsthetic tastes of mankind at large. This can be traced in the decorative art of all times, and especially in architectural designs. From their close association, then, with the daily events in the life of man, it is not surprising that flowers have become encircled with a very rich folk-lore, varying, of course, more or less, in every country. In the course of the following papers we propose to give some details, referring particularly to those flowers which are familiar to most readers.

Among the many supernatural attributes ascribed to plants, may be mentioned the notion of a vegetable soul. This, says Dr. Tylor in his "Primitive Culture" (1873, i. 475), was well known "to mediæval philosophy, and is not yet forgotten by naturalists." In the early days of the Buddhist religion, it was a much debated question whether trees had souls, and many consequently were afraid of injuring them. The Dayaks of Borneo have a curious custom of celebrating feasts to retain the soul

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of their rice, lest it should flit away and their crop perish. When the Talein offers a prayer to the tree which he is about to cut down, it is because, says Mr. Fisk,* he "regards it as endowed with a soul which in the next life may need to be propitiated." Indeed, the idea of a soul in plants is based on the theory of object-soul, which among uncivilised tribes invests with life whatever has to do with the affairs of this world. Thus the Fijians believe that if an axe or a chisel is worn out or broken up, away flies its soul for the service of the gods.

Again, a belief common to the Greeks and the Germans was that the progenitors of mankind were born of trees.† In North and South Germany a hollow tree overhanging a pool is, says Mr. Kelly, known as the first abode of unborn infants. In Saterland they say "infants are fetched out of the cabbage," and in Belgium they are said to be found in the parson's garden. The English nursery fable of the parsley-bed, in which little strangers are found, is, Mr. Kelly considers, "a remnant of a fuller tradition, like that of the woodpecker among the Romans, and that of the stork among our Continental kinsmen." The worship of trees, once prevalent, no doubt rested on a belief in the existence of certain spirits, who, according to popular faith, had their dwelling in them.‡ Thus, in Germany, trees being regarded as animated beings, in which spirits resided, were addressed by the title of *Frau*. Other supernatural characteristics of plants, as seen in their supposed curative powers and prophetical properties, will be noticed from time to time as they are connected with individual flowers treated of.

With these introductory remarks we will commence our flower folk-lore by referring to the daisy, which has been aptly termed the "modest crimson-tipped flower." It was in days gone by a flower of great renown, being the device of Margaret of Anjou. Margaret of Valois had the daisy flower worn in her honour,§ and was called by her brother, Francis I, his "Marguerite of Marguerites." It is consequently called in France Marguerite, from the Latin *Margarita*, a pearl. In days gone by it was held in superstitious regard, chiefly on account of its star form.‖ It is still the favourite flower of the German maiden in prognosticating her love affairs, and is even regarded by her with feelings of veneration. It appears to have other magical properties, for a correspondent of "Notes and Queries" informs us that early one spring a farmer in the neighbourhood of Birmingham, when walking round his fields, saw the first daisy of the year. He immediately went down on his face and bit it off, carefully preserving his mouthful. This curious ceremony is supposed to ensure good luck to agricultural pursuits. In many parts a proverb very prevalent is, "It isn't spring until you can plant your foot upon twelve daisies." In Scotland¶ there is a common saying connected with the early daisy,—

> "Like March gowans,
> Rare but rich."

In Thuringia it is said that any one who has had a tooth out must eat three daisies in order to insure exemption from toothache for the future. Many of our poets have made the daisy the subject of their songs, and Chaucer was so enamoured with it that he termed it the "eye of day." He says:—

> "Above all flowres in the mede,
> Than love I most those flowres white and rede,
> Such that they callen daisies in our town."

Burns and Montgomery have both sung its praises, and the following little sonnet, entitled "Daisies for the Dead," by Elliott, is pretty:—

> "Peeps not a snowdrop in the bower,
> Where never froze the spring?
> A daisy? Oh! bring childhood's flower,
> The half-blown daisy bring!
>
> Yes, lay the daisy's little head
> Beside the little cheek;
> Oh haste! the last of five is dead!
> The childless cannot speak."

The Belgians, says Miss Pirie, in her charming little volume on "Flowers, Grasses, and Shrubs" (p. 268), have "carried the cultivation of this 'modest flower' to a surprising extent. They have upwards of a hundred varieties, of all shades of colour."*

In the comedy entitled the "Mock Marriage," 1696, among the charms enumerated to cause a person to dream of his lover occurs the following:—"Hide some daisy roots under your pillow, and hang your shoes out of the window."

A plant which is by no means attractive-looking, but abounds in almost every country lane, is the plantain, or waybread. It has been popularly termed the "Englishman's Foot," for it is one of those plants which follow Europeans, they know not how. Indeed it has followed our colonists to every part of the world. The North American savages call it "the footsteps of the white man." It is said to have the power of disordering the wits, and, according to Paracelsus, its root is changed every seven years into a bird. A writer in the "Quarterly Review" (July, 1863) says that the plantain, or waybread, is reported to have been once a maiden, who, watching by the wayside for her lover, was changed into the plant which still loves to fix itself by the beaten path. Once in seven years it becomes a bird, either the cuckoo or the cuckoo's servant, "the dinnick," as it is called in Devonshire (the German wiedhopf), which is said to follow its master everywhere. The plantain has also been credited with another remarkable property. In an old book, entitled "Natural and Artificial Conclusions," by Thomas Hill, 1650, we read: "The virtue of a rare coal, that is to be found but one hour in the day, and one day in the year. It is only to be found on Midsummer eve, just at noon, under every root of plantain and of mugwort; the effects whereof are wonderful; for whosoever weareth or beareth the same about with them, shall be freed from the plague, fever, ague, and sundry other diseases." Plantain is a favourite food with birds, and in the highlands of Scotland an ointment is made from its leaves, which is said to have excellent medicinal powers. Bruised plantain-leaves are said to cure the bites of stinging insects, and also to serve

* "Myths and Myth-makers," 1873, 231.
† "Indo-European Folk-lore," 1863, 90-92.
‡ Thorpe's "Northern Mythology," 1851, i. 257-282.
§ Miss Pirie's "Flowers, Grasses, and Shrubs," p. 266.
‖ "Fraser's Magazine," 1873, p. 720.
¶ Chambers's "Pop Rhymes," 1870, 205.

* Rousseau has given a minute account of the structure of the daisy.

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as a remedy for cuts and bruises.* A curious divination is practised in Berwickshire by means of "kemp," *i.e.*, spikes of the ribwort plantain. Two spikes—one representing the lad, the other the lass—must be taken, Mr. Henderson tells us,† in full bloom, and, after being bereft of every appearance of bloom, should be wrapped in a dockleaf, and laid beneath a stone. If, on the following morning, the spikes appear in bloom, then, according to the popular belief, there will be "aye love between them twae." Clare, in his "Shepherd's Calendar," alludes to this custom.

Another flower, well known, no doubt, to most of our readers, is the common groundsel, which blooms nearly all the year, from February to November. Thus in Scotland there is a rhyme—

"Through storm and wind,
Sunshine and shower,
Still will ye find
Groundsel in flower." ‡

It is vulgarly called in Scotland and on the Eastern border, "Grundy Swallow." It is one of the few plants found among the ashes of Mount Etna; and by the Canadians it is called fireweed, because it springs up from the ashes of the clearing fires.§ One of the species called Saracenicus is probably in memory of the Saracens, who are said to have made use of it for healing wounds.

The little pimpernel, well known as the poor man's weather-glass, or shepherd's barometer, has been so called from its closing its petals before rain. In fine weather it remains open the greater part of the day. Gerarde, alluding to it as a weather prognosticator, writes: "This plant in summer, and especially in the month of August, at what time the husbandmen, having occasion to go to their harvest-work, will just behold the flower of the pimpernel, whereby they know the weather that will follow the next day after; as, for example, if the flowers be close shut up, it betokeneth rain and foul weather." It is a common weed ‖ in the valley of the Nile, and "its botanical name, which is derived from the Greek, signifies a reviver of the spirits, in allusion to the magical properties for which it was at one time highly valued." An old proverb informs us that—

"No heart can think, no tongue can tell,
The virtues of the pimpernel."

According to a manuscript on magic, preserved in the Chesham Library, at Manchester, "The herb pimpernell is good to prevent witchcraft, as Mother Bumby doth affirme." The following lines, prompted probably by the red colour, were formerly used when it was gathered:—

"Wake, pimpernell, I have thee found,
Growing upon Christ Jesus's ground,
The same guift the Lord Jesus gave unto thee,
When He shed His blood on the tree.
Arise up, pimpernell, and goe with me
And God blesse me,
And all that shall wear thee. Amen."

This incantation had to be repeated twice a day for fifteen days, early in the morning, fasting, and at evening. In Thuringia it is still considered as an infallible charm against any epidemic. The water pimpernel, called also brookweed, is supposed to be the plant which the Druids were in the habit of gathering, fasting, with the left hand, and without looking at it, ascribing* to it magical virtues in the cure and prevention of diseases in cattle.

The periwinkle of our hedges and banks has in France, says Miss Pirie, "been made emblematical of the pleasures of memory from the circumstance of Rousseau's saying, in one of his works, that as he and Madame Warens were on their way to Charmettes, she saw some of these flowers in the hedge, and exclaimed, 'Here is the periwinkle still in flower.'" Thirty years afterwards, as Rousseau was climbing a hill in company with M. Peyron, he caught sight of the periwinkle in flower, which reminded him of the days gone by, when he was walking with Madame Warens, and he inadvertently cried out, "Ah, there is the periwinkle." It was in olden times used for chaplets, as in the ballad against the Scots: "A garlande of perevenke set on his heved."

The ivy-leaved speedwell is in some places called the "mother of wheat," from an idea that it will only grow freely on soils adapted for the cultivation of that grain.† Its presence, therefore, is generally hailed with joy by farmers.

Sage has been supposed to possess remarkable properties, and in many parts of England we find the following piece of advice still carefully adopted:—

"He that would live for aye,
Must eat sage in May."

Pepy's, in his "Diary" (vol. i. 260), tells us that between Gosport and Southampton he saw a little churchyard where the graves were all covered with sage. Our forefathers, it appears, had a great idea of this plant, and the old monkish rhyme says,—

"Cur morietur homo cui crescit salvia in horto ?"

The moonwort was once believed to cure the madness so widely attributed to the influence of the moon. Hence its name. There is a popular superstition that wherever it grows the people in the neighbourhood are exceedingly honest. It has also been termed the "purple honesty." In former days it was said to possess the power of drawing the shoes from the feet of horses. Thus we read:—

"And horse that, feeding on the grassy hills,
Tread upon moonwort with their hollow heels,
Though lately shod, at night goe barefoot home,
Their maister musing where their shoaes become.
O moonwort! tell us where thou hidst the smith,
Hammer and pincers, thou unshod'st them with ?
Alas! what lock or iron engine is't
That can thy subtle secret strength resist,
Sith the best farrier cannot set a shoe
So sure, but thou (so shortly) canst undo ?"

It was also thought, says Mrs. Lee,‡ to be a powerful auxiliary in the proceedings of the alchemists and witches, and to cure wounds and dysentery. In addition, too, to pulling off shoes from horses' feet, it was supposed to open the locks of dwelling-houses if put into the keyhole. Turner, in his "British Physician" (1687), quaintly remarks that though

* Mrs. Lankester's "Wild Flowers," 1861, p. 109.
† "Folk-lore of the Northern Counties," p. 77.
‡ Chambers's "Popular Rhymes," 1870, 205.
§ Miss Pirie's "Trees, Grasses, and Shrubs," 275.
‖ Mrs. Lankester's "Wild Flowers," p. 107.

* Chambers's "Encyclopædia," 1878, vol. vii.
† Johnston's "Flora of Berwick," i. 8.
‡ "Trees, Plants, and Flowers," 1854–70. See Brand's "Popular Antiquities," 1849, iii. 314.

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moonwort "be the moon's herb, yet it is neither smith, farrier, nor picklock."

The chickweed, which flowers throughout the year, is the shepherd's barometer. Like the pimpernel, its flowers remain closed when rain is at hand. Its leaves, too, afford a remarkable instance of the sleep of flowers, closing up on the young shoots at night.

The nettle is the same word as the Anglo-Saxon "netel," or "needl," a needle, so called on account of its having countless small prickles, which have a stinging property. The ancients seem to have despised this plant, although it was supposed to have great virtues. The antiquary Camden records a curious anecdote in his "Britannica," that when Julius Cæsar landed at Romney with his soldiers, they brought with them some of the nettle-seed and sowed it there for their use, in order to rub their limbs in case they might be benumbed through excessive cold. Before their arrival they had heard that the climate of England was so cold that they would not be able to bear it unless they warmed their blood by friction. Many magical properties are still ascribed to the nettle. Thus in Germany it is considered to be the infallible cure for burns, and to ward off thunderbolts. Fourteen or fifteen of the seeds of the nettle, ground into a powder and taken daily, is said to be a remedy for the goître. To cure the sting of a nettle, the person stung must rub the leaves of a dock over the part affected, repeating at the same time the following lines:—

'Nettle in, dock out,
Dock rub nettle out."

This charm is as old as Chaucer's time, for in "Troilus and Cresside" we read:—

"Thou biddest me that I should love another
All freshly newe, and let Cresside go.
It lith not in my power, levé brother;
And thoughe I might, yet would I not do so.
But canst thou playen racket to and fro,
Nettle in, dock out, now this, now that, Pandaré?
Now foulé gall her for thy woe that care."

In Scotland, children, when stung by nettles, cry out, "Nettles, go out; dock, go in!"

The tormentil is in some places called "flesh and blood," and by the Cheviot herdsmen it goes by the name of the "ewe-daisy." Blood-root is another term for it. It is said to have powerful medicinal properties.

In Dorsetshire, the yellow toad-flax is nicknamed "butter-and-eggs," from the yellow-and-white of its corolla.

Varieties.

Fiji.—The Hon. Sir Arthur Gordon, the Governor of the Fiji Islands, has lately been in this country, and on receiving the honour of the freedom of the city of Aberdeen, gave an interesting account of the British possessions over which he has ably presided. The revenue of the country in 1874, when he arrived in the islands, was about £16,000; in 1876 it was £38,000; in 1877, £47,000; and in the present year, if his estimates should be realised, it would be £61,000. That was a progress in four years of which the new colony had no need to be ashamed. The total value of the produce exported in 1875 was £94,266, and in 1877, £140,893. The value of the imports in 1875 was £118,456, and in 1877 £134,688. Public feeling had undergone an entire change. The dulness and discontent among the natives had given place to cheerfulness and contentment. With regard to the white population, they grumbled, and perhaps had reason for so doing, but he did not think they indulged in that pastime more than was wholesome. When he went to Fiji he was actuated by two feelings—a desire to promote the interests of British settlers and to develop the resources of the new dependency, and a desire to preserve the native races from the dangers of extinction which they had experienced in many of the other colonies. He confessed that he had not found the Fijians either savages or cannibals. Their civilisation was rude and imperfect but they were not ordinary savages. The missionary schools had done good, and in every island there were great numbers of schools, taught and managed by natives, and the majority of the Fijians could read and write in their own language, and many of them could also cypher. Having given some sketches of the social condition of the Fijians, mentioning that the huts of the island peasantry certainly put to shame the houses in which the Scotch peasantry lived forty years ago, he said they were a settled people, and carried out an elaborate system of agriculture. It was not true, as had been said, that the agricultural work was done by the women. They attended to the domestic duties, and never handled the spade. His opinion was that they had among them the elements of civilisation, and they had shown extraordinary aptitude for progress towards a higher state of society. The native Fijians were as a hundred to one of the whole population, which showed the importance of their interests, and the desirability of maintaining much of the native laws. While they endeavoured to introduce reforms, they did not attempt to impose upon the people the whole technicalities of the English law. The present state of affairs in Fiji presented some parallel to the condition of affairs in Scotland during the fifteenth century, and though he confessed the parallel could not be long sustained, still it made them think what Fiji might be four or five hundred years after this. Referring to the Wesleyan missionaries, he said they had indeed done much work, and had so perfect an organisation that they could feel the pulse of the whole group at any time. The Christianity of the country might to a great extent be formal and external, but he felt that it really had a hold in the country. Fiji he believed was an excellent field for the investment of capital. The capabilities of the soil were great, the sugarcane was indigenous, and was cultivated with great success. Coffee grew well on the high grounds, and Fiji cotton was the best exhibited both at Philadelphia and Paris.

Heroism of English Sailors.—Mr. Sturges, assistant-chaplain at Biarritz, lately reported an act of heroism by the captain of the English ship Arabella Clark, and a sailor of the same ship. The French ship Melanie blew up in the River Adour, at Bayonne, with 500 barrels of petroleum on board. These two seamen at once put off in a small dingy to rescue the French crew. Although their boat was enveloped in flames, and they themselves were all on fire, they hung on to the mainsheet of the blazing vessel till they had succeeded in rescuing the two men left on board. In the opinion of the Bayonne Hospital's surgeon, it is doubtful whether the sailor, M'Intosh, of Ardrossan, will ever regain the use of his left hand, by which he held on to the rigging of the blazing vessel. What reward these brave men have received we do not know, but the Victoria or the Albert Cross has not been given for more self-sacrificing and cool heroism.

Paper for Warmth.—The cheapest, lightest, and most easily obtainable material for warm clothing has not yet met with the attention it deserves, or the patronage it merits. Few people know the value of paper in this respect. No one knows, unless he has tried it, what a capital railway rug the "Times" newspaper and its supplement will make, and few people are aware what an excellent substitute for paucity of blankets can be contrived from a selection of our daily contemporaries. It is not generally known that a brown paper lining will make an ordinary coat as serviceable as a great-coat, and that an under waistcoat deftly contrived of the same material is equal in value to a flannel shirt. This is a fact that cannot be too widely known among all classes, for it cannot fail to be useful to the high as well as to the low. The cheapness, the portability, the universality of paper—combined with the fact that you can throw it away when you have done with it—renders the material, as an addition to cheap winter clothing, valuable in the highest degree.—*Graphic.*

Juryman's Qualification.—"Have you read anything about this case in the papers?" asked a lawyer of a juror, in an exciting criminal case. "No, sir, not a word." "*Not a word*, and the papers have been full of it?" "No, sir; I don't read the papers nor anything else, *for I can't read at all.*" The juror was declared competent and was duly sworn.

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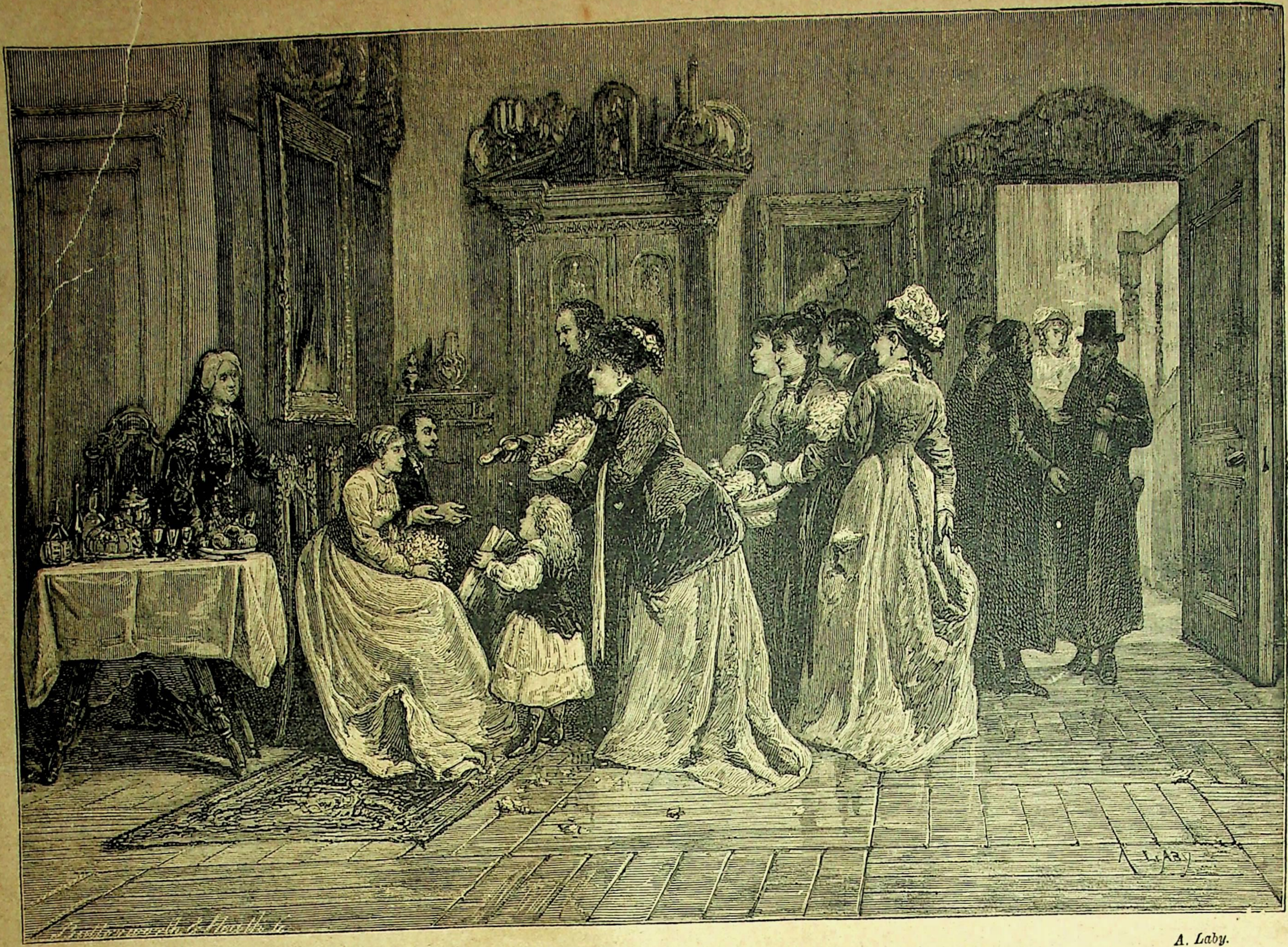

A. Laby.

"SITTING FOR JOY:" A PICTURE OF JEWISH LIFE.

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THE LEISURE HOUR.

BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,
AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND.—*Cowper.*

ON FORBIDDEN GROUND.

"WAIT A YEAR."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A YOUNG WIFE'S STORY."

CHAPTER XIV.

LIFE at the cottage went on exactly as Nita had described. Mrs. Moreton, discontented with the small rooms, low ceilings, and circumscribed space, as well as other disadvantages, was always regretting the Rectory, and finding fault with Mr. Sinclair. To a blindness so obstinate, proceeding rather from an ill-regulated temperament than want of intelligence, argument or opposition of any kind was equally useless. Mona left off defending Mr. Sinclair, hoping that by degrees her mother, tired of unavailing complaints, would accept a state of things that could not be altered. But this atmosphere of constant irritation did not further her convalescence; she regained strength slowly, and was retarded by worrying herself over her lost lessons and the diminished resources of the family.

No. 1418.—MARCH 1, 1879.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

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Matters were made worse by the impatience of the parents of her pupils, who talked of procuring some one in her stead. Mona would willingly have made an attempt to resume her work, but Dr. Clarke imperatively forbade her, and recommended Mrs. Moreton to send Nita in her stead. Nita was sent, but did not please as well as her sister. Farmers' wives are usually thrifty housekeepers, and demand the best for their money.

Mrs. Gorts, the wife of the principal farmer in Hillesden, was no exception to the rule, and one day called at the cottage to remonstrate and speak her mind. Mrs. Moreton received her with the stateliness of other days, and so nearly offended her that, had it not been for Mona's gentle tact, the engagement would have ended there and then. Mrs. Gorts ultimately proposed sending for Mona in the morning and keeping her to dinner, by that means securing her assistance for several hours in the day. The other lesson at Shepherd's Farm, being in another direction, and nearer home, was to be left to Nita. But Mrs. Gorts's benevolence not extending further than was necessary to retain an instructress for her children, no arrangement was made to send Mona home; she was blandly told that a pony-carriage would fetch her every morning until she was able to walk, but nothing was said about sending her back. The point with Mrs. Gorts was to get her to Thurrocks; the return was left to herself. Mona went, gave her instructions as had been settled, and was suffered to depart with no other reference to her white lips and pale face than the offer of a glass of wine, which she did not accept.

It was a fine afternoon in the second week of October when, having finished with her pupils, she quitted the farm and began her walk homewards, very wearied and somewhat depressed. Partly owing to the lassitude succeeding illness, and partly, perhaps, that the pupils had lost some of their steadiness under the youthful Nita, Mona found teaching the "young idea" a burdensome task. The daughters of Mrs. Gorts were especially difficult to instruct. Wanting to make a show rather than to acquire solid information, they were content to learn in an inaccurate, superficial sort of way, which made her labours more onerous. To one in health, this walk of a mile and a half would have been but a relaxation after sedentary occupation. The air was crisp, but not cold, and the four o'clock sun was casting a wonderful beauty over the woods and trees that far and near were tinted by its light; some with a rich bronze, and others with the golden green that sparkles on a beetle's wing. Scarcely a cloud was in the sky, and a light breeze came fresh from the nearer uplands and distant hills. Though her step was languid, Mona did not lose courage, but buoyed herself up with the self-assurance that each day she would be gaining strength; and she remembered with satisfaction that she was contributing to the limited funds of the family. Though the sum was small, it must add to their comfort. They had something more than their daily bread. They were together. For the present she was thankful, or should be so when she reached home, she thought, smiling at the quick transition of her humour, as she sank down on a bank by the roadside, feeling it impossible to go farther without rest. But she did not get the rest she needed. The sickness of fatigue came over her, and when she rose again, and found herself tottering, she looked about her with a feeling of despair.

The road at that point skirted the grounds of the Abbey for more than a mile; by going through them the distance was diminished more than one-half, yet the way was forbidden, and a large placard at a rustic gate announced that all trespassers would be prosecuted. On reaching this tempting spot she stood still, and leaning upon the wooden bar, mentally argued the situation. The gate was far from the house, so far that no one was likely to see her unless it were some labourer passing to his work, or an outdoor servant. Any one who knew her would leave her unmolested; but it might chance to be a stranger, who, in the zealous discharge of his duty, would perhaps warn her off, and compel her to return to the road, when she would be in a worse plight than she was now. But it was really a short cut, bringing her into the road less than half a mile from home on issuing from the plantation.

The temptation prevailed. No one being in sight, either on the high road or in the grounds, she raised the iron latch, dropped the chain, and passed through. Gaining courage, and, perhaps, a degree of artificial strength also from her audacity, she walked on without much uneasiness, except when the dead leaves, rustling under her feet, caused her to look round to see if any one were coming. Now and then she supported herself against a tree, gaining a fresh supply of vigour by turning her face where the current of air came strongest and freshest, stumbling on again when a little revived, until, finding that she required more complete repose before she could continue her walk, she stepped aside from the path, and seated herself on the ground beside a large branchless trunk recently felled. Supporting her wearied frame against the knotted wood, she laid her arm upon the bark, and rested her head upon it. A bird flew into a tree overhead and began to twitter, keeping her company, and beguiling her with its sweet notes, until she lost the sound, and fell into a dreamy state of abstraction, musing over what she was to do. It would be impossible for her to attempt the same walk on the morrow. Mrs. Gorts must send her home, or do without her; and if she lost the lessons her mother would be vexed. But what could she do? And she had been so strong. How unfortunate to be weak now that health was subsistence! Her reverie was not very connected. Sometimes she heard the bird's soft twitterings, and sometimes Mrs. Moreton's lamentations over her perverseness in becoming delicate when she ought to be robust. A sudden rustling broke the spell, and brought her from dreamy imaginings face to face with an enemy. A huge brown dog was standing over her when she opened her eyes, almost touching her face, and one of his large paws was on her dress, ready to hold her fast.

"Loose, Griff! we don't shake tramps of that description," said a tall man in a shooting-coat.

"I am aware that I am trespassing, but I was very tired, and hope that, under the circumstances, Sir Felix will forgive me," said Mona, starting up with recovered energy, taking the stranger for one of Sir Felix Hampton's people, and not sufficiently self-possessed to hear what he said distinctly.

"I shall be happy to charge myself with your excuses," returned the stranger, gravely. "I am curious to know to what lucky accident I owe this romantic adventure."

"My name is Mona Moreton; Sir Felix Hampton knows who I am," replied Mona, with a dignity that

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sat well upon her, notwithstanding the extreme simplicity of her dress; "and, being much fatigued, I ventured to shorten my walk home by coming through his grounds. Though I have taken a liberty, I think that Sir Felix would not authorise you to punish it by another, for which you can plead no excuse!" and her cheeks, at first flushed with alarm as she saw herself in the grip of the dog, now burned deeper with indignation.

At the mention of her name the stranger bowed. "You must allow me to make amends for my impoliteness by seeing you safe through the park. I was on my way to the Abbey when Griff so roughly disturbed you. I am sorry—" He stopped, hardly knowing what he wished to say.

Looking up to decline the escort so unceremoniously offered, she was struck and troubled by a likeness she recognised.

"Perhaps my name will impress you more favourably than my manners," he said, with an easy laugh, intended to remove her hesitation. "I am Cecil Orde, the elder brother of Warren Sinclair, whom, I doubt not, you believe to be a respectable person, worth something more than myself, which I am willing to admit. And now you will reward my confession by entrusting yourself to my care. You will permit me to see you home?"

As Mona moved on without replying, Captain Orde, taking silence for consent, endeavoured to walk by her side, which was difficult, her slow pace obliging him to stop at almost every second step.

"If you please, Miss Moreton, will you so far forgive my rudeness as to take my arm? Without assistance you will presently fall over these interlacing roots, and then worse will happen, for I shall have to carry you. Pray take hold of me whilst you are in danger; you may cut me afterwards if such is your rigorous will," he said, in a pleasant, mellow voice, which, but for its bantering tone, would have been the counterpart of his brother's.

But Mona gave no heed to his offer; her feelings were yet discomposed, if not irritated. She went on alone, until, tripping over a network of roots embedded in the dry leaves covering the path, she would have fallen had not Captain Orde caught her.

Making no further resistance, Mona walked on quietly, amused in spite of herself by the mixture in him of mock penitence with a self-esteem that evidently ran no danger of being ruffled.

They reached the road just as a dog-cart was going by, driven by a young man, whom Mona requested him to hail. Captain Orde did so, and was a little surprised at the effect upon the young countryman. To pull up and leap from the vehicle, after one glance backwards to see who called him, was the work of a second. "Miss Mona!" he exclaimed, with his brown cheeks aglow with pleasure.

"Will you be kind enough to take me home, Mr. Marshall? I have been trying to walk from Thurrocks, and feel very tired."

"Take the reins and see to your horse, while I help the young lady to her seat," said Captain Orde. "I shall get my brother to introduce me in proper form to-morrow," he continued, raising his hat after placing Mona beside her charioteer. "Perhaps, after a few words of ceremony, we shall be better friends."

"You find plenty to do in Hillesden?" asked Captain Orde of his brother that evening, as they sat over the table after dinner.

"Plenty; and what is more, I like my work."

"A new world to you," he observed again.

"To tell you the truth, it does not seem so," answered Warren.

"So Helen intends to abide by that foolish decision of hers. Had I been in your place I would not have accepted those terms. Will she keep to them?"

"I suppose so. You know I am forbidden to write to her; all communication is to cease for a year. I might perhaps send a line now and then to her mother, but that would not be very interesting."

"You could not, with any show of reason, expect Helen Lestocq to be satisfied with such quarters as these," observed Cecil, after a pause, looking round on the ill-furnished room. "I wonder you can put up with them yourself."

"There is time enough to put the Rectory in order for her," answered Warren, in a tone of indifference. "Only three months of my year's probation are gone by as yet."

Captain Orde glanced warily at his brother. He did not think that Helen was behaving well; indeed, he suspected her of designs not very complimentary to Warren, who happily appeared ignorant of having any ground for serious suspicion. Outwardly imperturbed by the mention of Helen, he was then carefully peeling a walnut.

"Helen may be somewhat imperious," remarked Cecil again; "but we may pardon a little *exigeance* in her. By-the-by, I saw a pretty face to-day."

"Who is staying with Lady Hampton now? She was expecting Miss Skelton when I saw her last; but Miss Skelton has no pretensions that way," said Mr. Sinclair, placing another walnut between the silver crackers.

"*My* pretty face was not at the Abbey, but in the Abbey grounds, a sleeping beauty whom Griff discovered and roughly wakened."

"And who was your sleeping beauty? A vagrant who had slipped into the park for a rest?"

"*My* sleeping beauty, alias *your* vagrant, called herself Mona Moreton."

"Miss Moreton asleep in the Abbey grounds!" repeated Warren, surprised in his turn, and almost grotesquely so, the exhibition of it was so sincere.

"About the sleeping I would not go into court," answered Cecil; "but she said her name was Mona Moreton. I have not invented it. She seemed frightened at being caught, and murmured something about fatigue having induced her to take a short cut from some place or other to her home. When Griff aroused her she fancied herself about to be taken up for trespassing. I wish I had carried on the joke."

"Which would have been as unkind as ungentlemanlike," replied Warren. "That was my predecessor's daughter, now obliged to assist in maintaining her mother by giving lessons in a farmer's family not far off. Yes, it is true, by going through the park she would materially shorten the distance. I am glad she thought of it, and will make a point of asking Sir Felix to give her permission to do so always. She is just recovering from an illness brought on by over-fatigue. And you were uncivil, you say, Cecil?" observed Mr. Sinclair, with gravity.

"I may have offended your *protégée*," remarked Captain Orde, with an expression on his handsome

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face half comic, half rueful. "But as I took leave I told her you would introduce me in due form. Backed by your reputation I shall hope to make my peace to-morrow."

"As I do not visit at the cottage where she lives I cannot be the person to introduce you. You must therefore find your own way of remedying your blunder."

"Excluded from your parishioner's cottage! one would say that you must have committed a blunder yourself, Warren."

"Some one has, certainly; but I do not think it is I," returned Warren; then, seeing that his brother expected to hear some further explanation, he added, "When you have seen Mrs. Moreton, you will understand how easy it is to wound a lady's susceptibilities without intending it."

"I suppose you will have a bow thrown out here," observed Cecil, turning towards one of the windows, whence the dusky shadows of twilight stealing over the lawn were visible in blurred undefined shapes: the Moretons did not really interest him.

"I hardly know what changes I shall make. I do not much care about it," answered Warren, carelessly, and, taking an easy-chair by the fire, signed to his brother to occupy the one opposite.

"The place could be made pretty," persisted Cecil.

"It was really pretty in Mr. Moreton's time," answered Mr. Sinclair.

"You might add a conservatory to the drawing-room, and enlarge the pleasure-grounds; that would give the house another character."

"Yes, I might," he answered, coldly, but without any apparent interest in the subject.

"Where is Helen now?" asked Cecil.

"I have no idea, except that she is somewhere abroad. Rather strange for her *pretendant* to have to confess so much ignorance, is it not? You know I never hear from Helen herself." He spoke with impatience now; this perpetual recurrence to Helen Lestocq annoyed him, he scarcely knew why.

The following morning, furnished with full instructions about the way, Captain Ordo, accompanied by Griff, started for Mrs. Moreton's cottage, to efface, as he said, the stain upon his chivalry by making inquiries after Miss Moreton's health. On his return to the Rectory his first act was to throw himself back in a chair and laugh heartily.

"What now? What is the matter?" asked Mr. Sinclair, sharply.

"Oh, the incomparable goose!" answered Cecil, laughing again, notwithstanding Warren's visible chagrin.

"I am asking how you found Miss Moreton, which does not seem to me a subject for laughter."

"Miss Moreton—oh, I did not see her. She was not well enough to see strangers, her mother said. What an incomparable goose that woman is!" repeated Cecil, laughing again; and this time Warren laughed with him.

Mrs. Moreton's frivolity amused Cecil whilst it was fresh; but the next day, when he went away, the Moreton family had passed out of his mind. They had no interest for him. Such adventures were but insignificant ripples in the active current of his life.

ROBERT DICK,

BAKER, GEOLOGIST, AND BOTANIST.

ABOUT two years ago, Mr. Smiles's life of Thomas Edward, the Banff shoemaker and naturalist, made known to the world a most extraordinary and admirable instance of the pursuit of science under pressure of poverty and other difficulties. It might have been thought impossible to find, at least among Edward's contemporaries and fellow-countrymen, a parallel to so remarkable a career. This, however, is a feat which Mr. Smiles has successfully accomplished. The memoirs of Robert Dick, of Thurso, are now before us. They tell us of the life-work of a Caithness baker, as full of self-sacrifice in the cause of science as that of the Banffshire shoemaker. Alike in its human and pathetic interest, as well as in its revelations of natural history, the life of Dick, the self-taught geologist and botanist, is in every way a worthy companion to the life of Edward, the self-taught zoologist.

Robert Dick was the son of an exciseman. He was born at Tullibody, Clackmannanshire, in 1811. Looking down the street in which the Dick family lived, you see the Ochil hills, and the Devon winding in the valley below. The beautiful scenery of the district was cherished in the memory of the lad whose lot was subsequently cast at Thurso. Happily, the educational advantages which are so generally enjoyed in Scotland were available to young Dick. Tullibody was fortunate in its Barony School. Here all the children of the village had a fair education at a moderate price. Mr. Macintyre, the teacher, was a man of considerable attainments, and above all, an enthusiastic schoolmaster. Mr. Dick sent his four children to the school, and Robert seems to have become one of Mr. Macintyre's aptest scholars. He had developed a great taste for languages, and his schoolmaster advised his father to send him to college. But a serious change in the home life occurred at this juncture, and threw a cloud over Robert's future career. His father, who had been a widower for some years, married again. The home became unhappy for the children. From the age of ten to thirteen, Robert was often driven abroad to escape ill-treatment. During this period he made solitary fellowship with rocks, and flowers, and insects, and formed the tastes which ever afterwards were the solace and the passion of his life.

At thirteen, a new brother and sister had come upon the scene, and Robert, instead of being sent to college, was apprenticed to a baker in Tullibody. He seems never to have forgotten the circumstances under which he left home. When he afterwards heard of a neighbour losing his wife, he said: "Ah, a sad thing for the bairns! Had my own mother been alive, I would never have been a baker."

As a baker's apprentice Robert Dick had his round of indoor toil; but it was agreeably varied by outdoor excursions, for he had to deliver the bread to the neighbouring villages. Sometimes he was sent as far west as the Bridge of Allan, six miles from Tullibody. These country walks, as may be imagined,

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were turned to good account by the young botanist. Altogether the three years and a half during which young Dick served his apprenticeship were not an unhappy time. He was still dependent upon home for his clothes and washing; but it would appear that domestic persecution was now reduced to the form of denying him clean stockings more than once a fortnight. At this period he read carefully, and appears to have improved his botanical knowledge by the aid of the old Edinburgh Encyclopædia.

At seventeen Dick's apprenticeship expired, and he had to leave Tullibody and try to find work as a journeyman. After three years of intermittent employment at Leith, Glasgow, and Greenock, we find him settled for life at Thurso, in Caithness, the scene of his future scientific achievements. He arrived at Thurso in 1830, and set up an oven and shop in Wilson's Lane.

Thurso is within sight of Orkney, the Ultima Thule of the Romans. It is the northernmost town in Great Britain. The grand coast-line from Duncansby Head, on the north-east of Caithness, to Dunnet Head and Holborn Head, on the west, is well-known to artist-tourists and geologists, who go to the extreme north in search of the picturesque. From Thurso Bay Robert Dick could see the Orkneys, and the famous Man of Hoy. The long-swelling waves of the Atlantic come rolling in upon the beach in all their majesty, for there is nothing but sea between Thurso and the coast of Labrador. Dick was already a botanist. To such a man the rock-scenery of the Caithness coast could hardly fail to unfold the secrets of a bygone world, and make him a geologist as well.

While attending assiduously to his business he yet found leisure to wander a good deal by the sea-side. He first begins to pick up shells and to learn conchology. He sets himself to collect all the butterflies, beetles, dragon-flies, and other insects in Caithness, watching their transformations and life-history from the egg to the final and perfect form. Then he settles down in good earnest to resume his botany. He begins on rather a grand scale, determining to collect and catalogue the whole of the flora of Caithness. And this was not the sum of his studies at this early period. Dick's mind was of that capacious and methodical character which can combine a number of natural history pursuits in a single excursion. Whilst he was on the cliffs looking for plants, he detected the scales of fossil fish imbedded in the rocks. He often made solitary journeys to long distances, often starting at two in the morning. A bag of ship-biscuits sufficed him for food, and the mountain burn or loch with drink.

Let us now look for some of the results of Dick's solitary explorations among the rocks and the inland scenery of Caithness.

Dick's first important discovery was a botanical one. He found the *Hierochloë borealis*, or northern holy grass, on the banks of the River Thurso. He afterwards gave an account of it to the Linnean Society. From that time the plant has been received by our best botanical authorities as a member of the British flora.

So early as 1835 Dick found fossils in the Caithness rocks. This was quite contrary to the statement of Messrs. Conybeare and Phillips ("Outlines of the Geology of England and Wales," then the only book upon the subject). In September, 1840, there appeared in the "Witness" newspaper some articles under the title of "The Old Red Sandstone." These were Hugh Miller's famous papers. The effect upon Dick was marvellous. It gave direction to his researches, and he became a strenuous and successful worker among the fishes of the "Old Red." He struck up an intimacy with Hugh Miller, and henceforth kept him carefully supplied with the fossils he needed for descriptive and illustrative purposes. Dick used humorously to call himself "the lion's provider."

In a letter to Hugh Miller (the first and noblest of Scotland's self-made men of science), dated April 8, 1845, Dick has become such an authority on the fishes of the Old Red, as to write to his friend in the following bantering vein (Dick, it should be said, was an excellent letter-writer, and had a rare command of appropriate language):—

"In your last paper (in the "Witness") I find a more rational account of the probable use of the thick coverings of the animals of the Old Red. Dr. Buckland's *scalding* theory always seemed to me to be ludicrous, and not in keeping with fact. Snug beneath his impenetrable bone, methinks I hear saucy Cocco laughing at poor Osteolep, and ironically saying, 'Poor fellow, how I pity you! Why don't you put on more clothes? You'll never be right till you get a thicker jacket to keep out the heat!' 'Well, Cocco,' replied his comrade, 'I am very warm already. This coat of mine is horrid hot, and I don't see how it would mend the matter to put on another.' This would be the proper answer to *scalding* seas, waves of *hot* water, and fish with *thick* coats to keep out the heat."

Dick was indeed a philosophising naturalist as well as a diligent observer and collector in the rocks and in the fields. He had large and original views of the phenomena of nature, and was always seeking the causes of things. He had in a remarkable degree the faculty of generalisation upon facts. It was the same in botany as in geology. In botany he studied the Caithness flora with a view to its division into zones of altitude, or phyto-geographical regions, as they are now called. In geology he worked out for himself the nature and origin of that mysterious mixture of rocks and mud, the boulder-clay. He sagaciously demonstrated its semi-marine character in the Caithness district from the shells he discovered in it. In this, as in other matters, Dick was before his time.

Dick's fame as an authority on the fossil fishes of the Old Red Sandstone, and his local knowledge of the rocks which contained them, reached the ears of Sir Roderick Murchison, the Director-General of the Geological Survey. Sir Roderick determined to visit Thurso and see the man of whom such remarkable stories were told. He found Dick in his bakehouse. It should be said that our geological baker was well prepared for the interview. He had strong views on the subject of a geological map of Caithness which had apparently been issued on authority; and as he was familiar with the "dip" and "strike" of all the rocks and the contours of the valleys and watersheds, he had no scruples in speaking his mind to his distinguished visitor. The interview was subsequently recounted by Sir Roderick at the Leeds Meeting of the British Association, in the following words:—

"In pursuing my researches in the Highlands, and going beyond Sutherland into Caithness, it was my gratification to meet with a remarkable man in the town of Thurso, named Robert Dick, a baker by trade. I am proud to call him my distinguished

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friend. When I went to see him he spread out before me a map of Caithness, and pointed out its imperfections. Mr. Dick had travelled over the whole county in his leisure hours, and was thoroughly acquainted with its features. He delineated to me, by means of some flour which he spread out on his baking board, not only its geographical features, but certain geological phenomena which he desired to impress upon my attention. Here is a man who is earning his daily bread by his hard work, who is obliged to read and study by night, and yet who is able to instruct the Director-General of the Geological Survey."

Dick's bakehouse, to which Sir Roderick Murchison, Charles Peach, and a favoured few were admitted, was a remarkable sanctum. It contained busts of Byron, Scott, and other great poets. On the wall was a full-sized sketch of the Greek boy taking a thorn from his foot, with an Egyptian girl on each side, drawn in charcoal. At another time the smooth plaster was resplendent with Cherubim and Seraphim and the angelic host. Sometimes there was a medley of figures—Egyptian kings and hieroglyphics, winged bulls and Assyrian gods from the sculptures of Nineveh. Dick was intensely interested in Egypt, and the Ramesian period of its history. The correctness of the drawing of this self-taught man, alike in plants and the figures of men and animals, surprised every visitor to that remarkable school and museum of science and art, Dick's bakehouse.

Dick possessed excellent literary powers. Mr. Smiles's memoirs abound with letters and sayings which show both intellectual grasp and acute and forcible language, united with a rich vein of humour. His letters to Hugh Miller and to Charles Peach have the best literary flavour. As a versifier, too, he was singularly ready in production, and happy in expression. These three men, the most eminent of whom had been a working stonemason, whilst another was a private in the coastguard service, and the third was a working baker, were indeed a remarkable trio. Their correspondence and conversation were marked by the keenness and intensity which always characterise the language of self-taught workers in science.

Dick was a man of independent views, and in geology, as in other matters, he strenuously defended them. He differed *in toto* from his friend, Hugh Miller, on several geological problems, and was very severe upon the theory of successive creations, which is expounded in the "Testimony of the Rocks." He was sceptical as to successive catastrophes and successive creations, believing that there had been but one creation, and an unbroken continuity of life from the beginning. But his contentions on these points were often followed by outbursts of a tender humour towards his antagonist, which show the inner depth and gentleness of the man's nature.

Meanwhile Dick kept up his botany. On the steep sides of Morven, and in the bogs of Caithness, he made a study of the mosses and other non-flowering plants of the county. His remarks on the variations of the wild rose and other plants, as determined by the soil and other physical conditions, are full of interest to the botanist, and show him to be fully abreast of the philosophical observers of his time. He collected many of the seeds and plants, and scattered them broadcast over the country, that they might delight the eyes of others when he should be dead. Thus he planted scions of the maidenhair fern and *Osmunda regalis* in the gorges of the Dorery hills, at Morven, and at Reay.

Dick had many visitors and many correspondents in all parts of the county. Sir George Sinclair, of Thurso Castle, often brought him distinguished visitors. The Duke of Argyll, Lady Burdett-Coutts, Mr. Thomas Carlyle, and Prince Lucien Bonaparte were among the callers at his bakehouse. From all parts of England there came requests every week for fossils or plants. Among his correspondents were Professor Babington, Professor Balfour, Professor Henslow, and the author of the "Cybele Britannica."

For more than thirty years Dick thus varied his business in the bakehouse with his favourite rambles and researches in the open air. Being a bachelor, with only the faithful Highland servant, Annie Mackay, to attend the house, he was free to devote his leisure as he liked. But, unhappily, harder times were coming. After his fifty-third year we begin to find the clouds rising around him. Since his arrival in Thurso the baking trade had completely changed. Dick was no longer the only baker, a number of rivals had appeared upon the scene. Worse than all, the struggle was beginning just as Dick was getting worn and spent in body by physical exertion and exposure. His business fell off rapidly, principally through excessive competition. His letters to his sister in the year 1856 are most pathetic and distressing; for he discusses with a painful sense of helplessness the question of beginning some fresh occupation for a livelihood. His sister offered to send him clothes and money; but Robert Dick's self-respect never left him. After a kind acknowledgment of her generosity, he writes:—"To those who have to struggle by their labour for a living, the prescription of coddling and nursing is about the worst treatment imaginable. It is neither good nor profitable in any way. When any man or woman consents to receive such things as you spoke of, and for such a purpose, then, adieu to all self-dependence and self-respect. You have no idea how injurious it is, both to soul and body, to wear next your skin what one never toiled for. Beside, your income is little enough for yourself."

There seemed no help for it but to stop at Thurso, and Dick seems to have made up his mind to his lot. In 1862, although he had had warning of severe rheumatism, we find him on the rocks again, getting specimens for Professor Wyvill Thomson. But the specimens were never sent. An accident occurred which brought him to the verge of ruin. A consignment of twenty-three bags of flour which he had ordered from Leith was shipwrecked, and Dick had to bear the loss. The blow was the worst he had ever sustained. Poor Dick had to sell his fossils, the collection of thirty-two years. He survived this terrible blow, but his business continued to fall off. In 1863 his infirmities had increased, and he was unable to comply with a request from Professor Owen to go and see a sperm whale which had been cast ashore about thirteen miles from Thurso. His letters and verses in this year of his life were full of expressions of chastened religious feeling. His mind was more active than ever, although a black cloud lay around the future. But his indomitable spirits still sustained him. In the intervals of rheumatic attacks we find him still botanising and geologising in his nearer haunts. Correspondents from all parts, ignorant of his circumstances, continued to ply him with requests for specimens, and it was hard for him to deny them. They little knew that Robert Dick was

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poor, broken in health, and within a year or two of a premature death.

Dick took his last journey on the 29th August, 1866. He went to a quarry to dig for fossils. Here he was taken ill, and with great difficulty reached home. This was the beginning of the end. Ill though he was, he continued to go on with his daily work in the bakehouse. His legs began to swell, until, as he said, they were like to burst. Disease of the heart and fever came on, from his determined attempts to attend to his oven. At length he was driven to his bed.

"Once, when his mind was wandering, he insisted on being carried down to his bakehouse, for he said there was a batch in the oven. He was taken down; the door was opened, and it was all black inside. The oven was never more to be lighted."

It would have been gratifying to have found in the memoir more frequent and distinct reference to the religious life of one whose force of character, and whose industry in the study of nature, command our respect. During his last illness he was helped and comforted by Sir George Sinclair and other friends, who must too late have known all his poverty and trials. Towards the end his sufferings left him, and he died quietly and peacefully on the morning of the 24th December, 1866, four months after he was taken ill in the quarry. Mr. Miller (the coast missionary in that district) says of Dick, "He was the most humble believer that he ever met."

The townspeople of Thurso were deeply moved by Dick's death. They had come to know and honour the poor baker whose strange habits and solitary ways when he first came among them were a matter of sinister suspicion and then of ridicule. The sympathy which his illness excited was almost intense. It was felt that a great though comparatively unknown man was about to pass away.

The funeral was one of the most impressive that had ever been seen in Thurso. All the shops and places of business in the town were closed, and the procession which followed the coffin included the civic authorities, the clergy, and the workers in the various trades—the bakers, masons, tailors, seamen and fishermen, shoemakers, and pavement-cutters. The pall-bearers were Sir George Sinclair, Mr. James Mill, chief magistrate, and Mr. Bremner. Thus did Robert Dick receive honourable burial in Thurso cemetery. An obelisk with a suitable inscription marks the spot where the remains are laid.

The museum of the Thurso Scientific Society and the Museum of Science and Art at Edinburgh contain botanical, entomological, and geological collections which give some idea of the work in natural history which Dick accomplished for Caithness; and Mr. Smiles's memoirs are themselves an admirable monument to his memory, full as they are of instances of the genius which Sir Roderick Murchison ascribed to him. Well indeed did Robert Dick deserve all the posthumous honours which his fellow-townsmen could confer upon him. Happily his memory is cherished and honoured not in Thurso alone. Not seldom, before the obelisk which marks his place of burial, may be seen a stranger who has journeyed from afar to pay his tribute of respect at the grave. His self-sacrificing nature made friends and fellow-workers whom he never saw. Hugh Miller's noble testimony, "He robbed himself to save me," is echoed by many voices in every part of Britain, and it faintly represents the gracious character of a man of whom Scotland has reason to be proud.

CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.

IT would be difficult exactly to indicate the place which, of right, belongs to Christ's Hospital among our great Public Schools. It enjoys the distinction of being a royal foundation, and dates its origin from Tudor times. It is possessed of great wealth and corresponding influence; its income being not less than £70,000 annually, and its governing body comprising personages of the highest distinction in the realm. And it has a history as ancient, as honourable, and as replete with interest as that of any school which it has been our privilege to discuss in the present series of papers. Advantages so excellent might seem to establish for it a claim to share along with Eton, Winchester, Westminster, and the six other principal seminaries, the honour of representing the Public School system of England. Indeed, if the number of scholars at present under instruction in Christ's Hospital be accepted as evidence of its importance, then it might justly claim to be the foremost school in the kingdom, for its scholars reach an aggregate of more than a thousand. But as a matter of strict right—and about these matters Public Schools are especially tenacious—Christ's Hospital has no greater claim to rank next after the institutions we have been recently considering than has King Edward's School at Birmingham, or the Free Grammar School of Sir Andrew Judde at Tonbridge, or the King's School at Canterbury, or any other endowed school of a like class. Compared with smaller and less amply endowed seminaries, Christ's Hospital has produced but scanty results in the way of sound scholarship, and not a very noteworthy list of distinguished scholars. In truth, it has been elevated to the distinguished place it now occupies more by the popular will than because of any distinct influence it has exercised upon English education. It has not worked its way upwards to acknowledged eminence, as some schools have done (notably Shrewsbury, for instance), by means of the distinctions which its scholars have gained at the Universities, or in consideration of the important offices that its *alumni* have been called upon in after life to fill in Church and State. The great glory of Christ's Hospital must be held to consist in the vast good that it has been permitted to accomplish as a great educational charity—as an institution where, for the space of more than three centuries, generations of children (who have been held to be deserving) have been clothed, maintained, and educated free of all cost to their parents. In this respect—in respect of the immense good it has effected in the past, of the innumerable benefits it is conferring in the present, and of the bounteous means at its disposal of well-doing in the future—Christ's Hospital is worthy to rank beside the noblest institution in the world. It has been customary to place it tenth on the list of our

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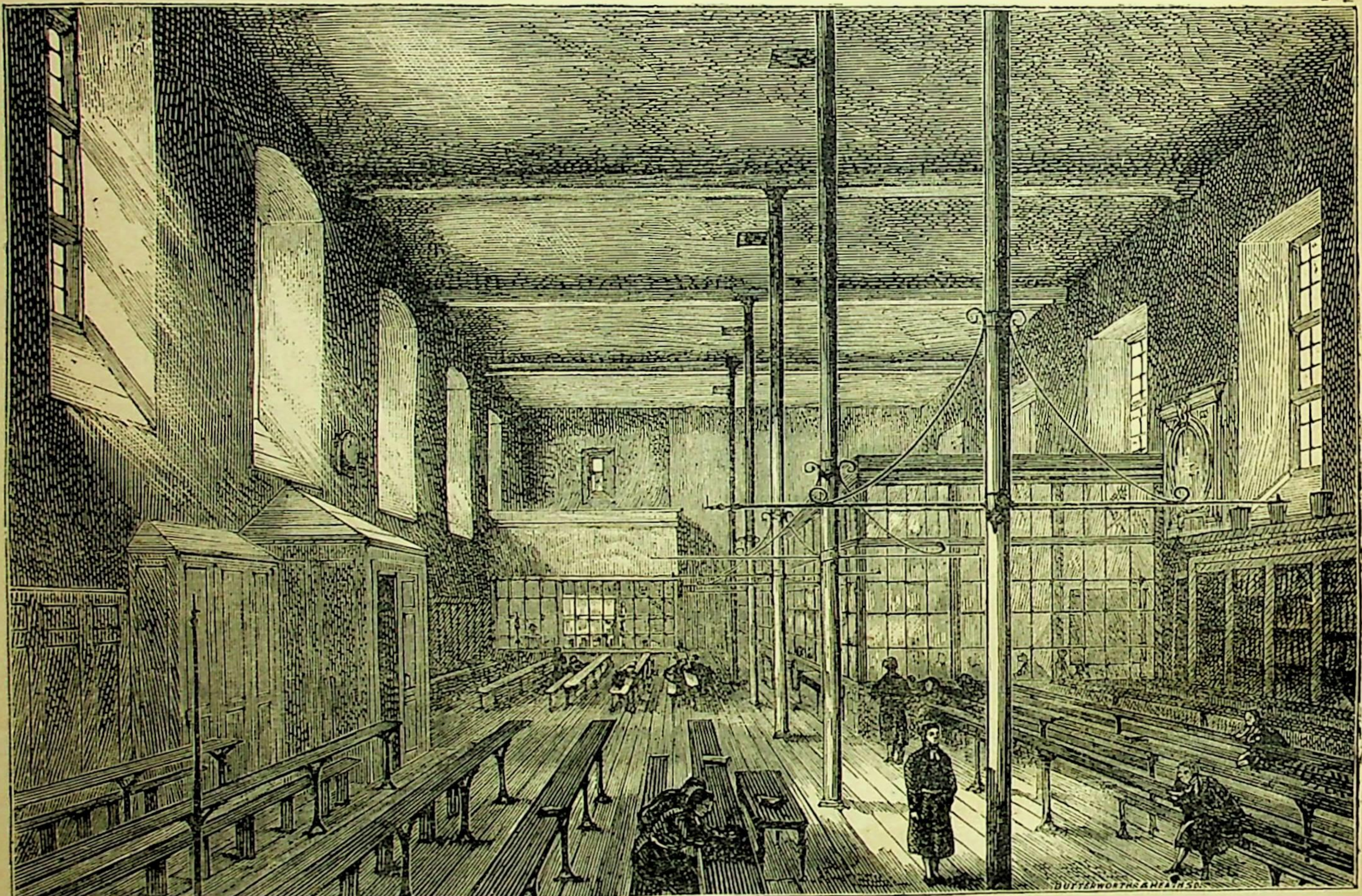
great Public Schools, in an intermediate position to the nine great Foundation seminaries on the one hand, and the numerous Endowed Grammar Schools on the other, because, in fact, it has the right to stand alone as being altogether unique, and without its counterpart or copy in this or any other country.

Christ's Hospital was founded in the year 1553, the last of his brief reign, by King Edward VI—"the young flower that was untimely cropt as it began to fill our land with its early odours,"—as part of a general scheme of charity for London. The young king seems to have been particularly influenced to the act by Bishop Ridley, who happened to preach before must make answer to God for my negligence if I should not be careful therein, knowing it to be the express command of Almighty God to have compassion of His poor and needy members, of whom we must make account unto Him. And surely, my lord," continued the king, "I am before all things else most willing to travail that way." He then requested the bishop, as doubtless he had already conferred with others, as to the best means of carrying out the suggestions contained in the sermon, that he would not hesitate to unburden his mind there and then. The bishop, amazed at the wisdom and earnest zeal of the young king, confessed that he was so perplexed as to



GRAMMAR SCHOOL, CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.

him a sermon on works of charity and mercy. In this discourse, as Stow records, the worthy prelate made a fruitful and godly exhortation to the rich to be merciful to the poor, and moved such as were in authority "to travail by some charitable ways and means to comfort and relieve them." The sermon appears to have had a great effect upon young Edward. "As soon as the king's majesty was at leisure," we are told, "he called the bishop to come unto him in a great gallery at Westminster, where there were no other persons present but they two." Edward first gave the bishop hearty thanks for his good sermon and earnest exhortation for the relief of the needy, and then mentioned the special points which he had noted.

"My lord," quoth his Majesty, "you willed such as are in authority to be careful thereof, and to devise some good order for the relief of the distressed; wherein I think you mean me, for I am the first that be unable to vouchsafe a present reply. After a pause he urged the special claims of the poor of London, where the citizens were wise, and the bishop doubted not pitiful and merciful, and would right willingly carry out his charitable enterprise. Edward at once acquiesced in this view, and forthwith sent the bishop, with a letter which the king had written to the Lord Mayor, commanding the chief magistrate to summon a meeting of his most trusty councillors, and to take the project into immediate consideration. The day following, by appointment, Bishop Ridley dined with the Lord Mayor (Sir Richard Dobbs), and afterwards met two of the senior aldermen, and six commoners selected from the City council. The matter on which they had assembled was earnestly discussed, and, after debate (adjourned from day to day), the mayor reported to the king that the unanimous opinion of his colleagues was that it would be necessary to classify the poor of London as a preliminary step

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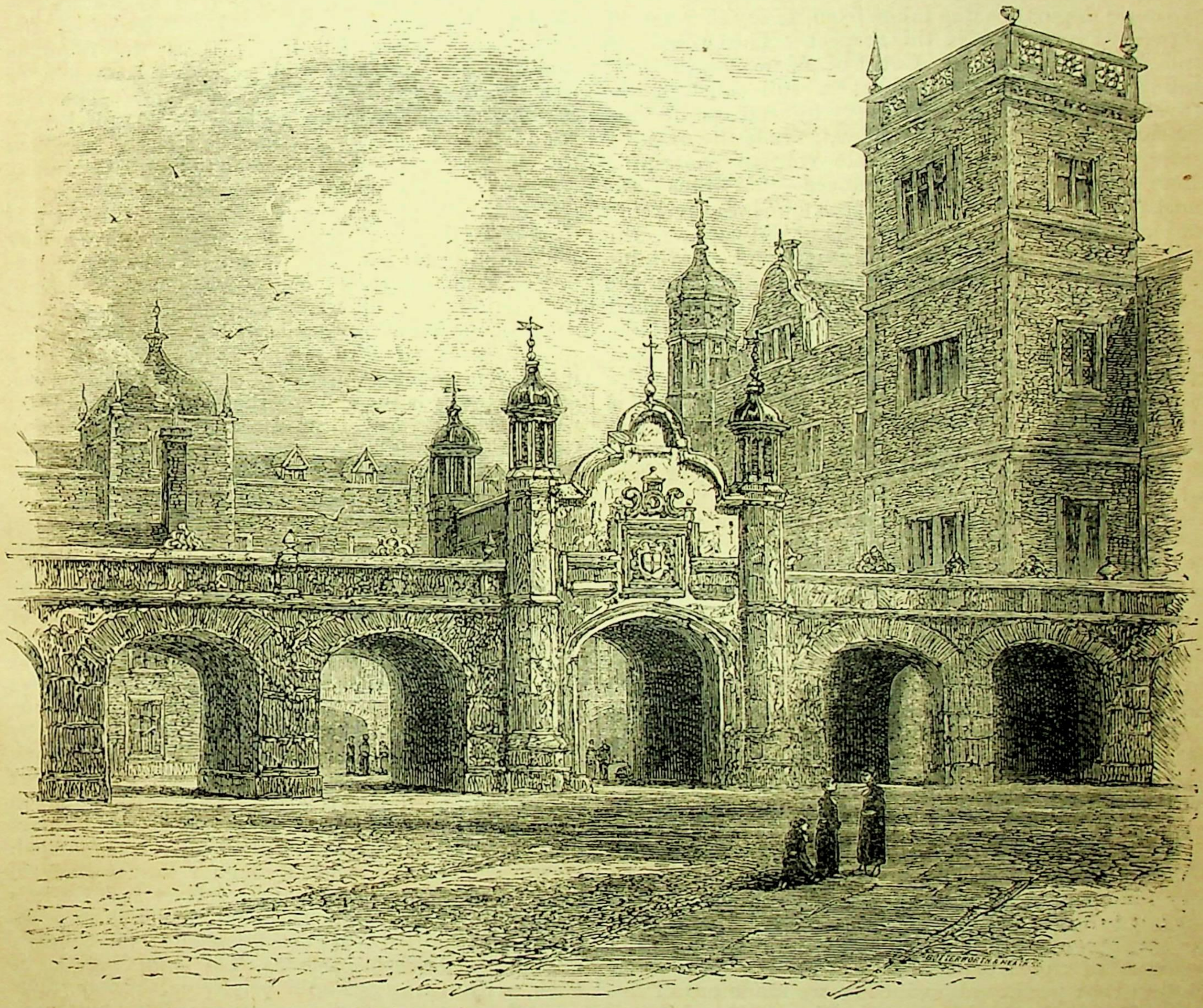
to any great charitable scheme, and that this they had done as follows. They found that the London poor consisted of (1) Those who were poor by impotency, such as young fatherless children, the crippled, and the old; (2) Those who had become poor by casualty, as the maimed, the sick, and the diseased; (3) The thriftless poor, whom idleness and vice had reduced to indigence and want. King Edward thereupon expressed his intention of meeting these cases by founding three great houses of charity, or hospitals. Letters Patent were prepared; and a few weeks before his death, yielding to God his most hearty thanks that he had been permitted to finish the work to the glory of His Name, "the serious and holy child," as Charles Lamb aptly calls him, instituted the "Hospitals of Edward the Sixth King of England, of Christ, Bridewell, and St. Thomas the Apostle." For the "poor by impotency"—the young fatherless children—the first of these hospitals was created.

At the dissolution of the monasteries, Henry VIII had given to the City of London, to be divided for the relief of the poor, the church and part of the monastery of the Grey Friars, by Newgate. Nothing had been done with this gift, and now that King Edward had perfected his noble scheme of charity, attention was directed to it as offering available means for bringing one at least of the hospitals into working order. Edward confirmed this grant of his father, and endowed the estate with lands and tenements that had belonged to the Savoy of the annual value of £450. He likewise consented to the City's petition that the appointed governors of the Royal Hospitals (the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and certain of the Common Council) might take in mortmain, or otherwise, without licence, for the purposes of Christ's Hospital, lands to the value of "four thousand marks by the year," which sum Edward, in the presence of his Privy Council, filled in with his own hand, devoutly thanking God the while. Within a few months after the young king's untimely death, the House of the Grey Friars was reported in sufficiently habitable condition to allow of the admission of the children. These, to the number of nearly four hundred, were accorded shelter



CHRIST'S HOSPITAL: THE GARDEN, SHOWING NEW CLOISTER.

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in the somewhat decrepit buildings of the old monastery; and it is to be noted all were orphans. The children were clothed in russet, afterwards changed to the rough cloth gown of blue now worn, which was the ordinary dress of children in humble life during the reign of the Tudors.

It is clear that, at the very outset of its career, Christ's Hospital was used as an habitable shelter for poor fatherless children, and none others. It was designed to that end by King Edward; and there is sufficient evidence in its history to show that for many years no departure was taken from its founder's well-expressed intentions in this respect. The Ordinances and Rules made by the Court of Aldermen in 1557, and appointed to be read at a full court of the governors at least once in every quarter, point very conclusively to this. "Whereas," reads the opening paragraph of the curious little volume containing these quaintly-worded ordinances—"Whereas the most excellent and worthy princes, our late sovereign lords, King Henry VIII and King Edward VI, the with of their bountiful benignity and charitable devotion towards the succour and sustentation of the poor in this city, have given and granted by their letters patent," etc., etc., therefore, "we, the governors," have agreed upon certain rules for their good governance. One of the first of these rules applicable to Christ's Hospital recites that no child is to be admitted to it unless at least six of the leading men, "the ancients" of the child's parish, are able to testify that the child is the offspring of lawful wedlock; and it further provides that "this ordinance touching the admitting of children shall not be broken except in cases of extremity, where loss of life, and perishing, would presently follow if they be not received into this said hospital." A few pages farther on in the same small volume occurs a chapter on the "Apprenticing of the Children of the Hospital," which contains the following: "The treasurer, with one other governor at the least, shall put forth any of the children to service, having a careful regard to whom they be put. . . . . lest any may happen to become more poor than their poor parents, and also become evil members, to the great grief of such as daily relieve them." These facts seem to prove incontestably that Christ's Hospital, in its early days, little differed from a house for foundlings. Children were admitted into it at very tender ages—so young, indeed, that many were put out to nurse. Even as late as the latter part of the seventeenth century this custom obtained, as the accounts of the Hospital show. In the year 1665 we find that weekly allowances were made out of the funds for nursing a large proportion of the children in various open districts of the City and its neighbourhood. From this system may be traced the origin of the minor establishment at Hertford, which for many years has been, and is still, used as a preparatory school to the greater institution in London. It would be more difficult to trace the beginning of the innovation admitting the children of parents who were living to the benefits of Christ's Hospital. Doubtless this was introduced when London became more prosperous and less of a sanctuary for the poor. In the reign of Henry VIII and of his youthful successor the capital literally swarmed with impoverished and neglected people, and there was no lack in those times, and even down to a later period, of candidates properly qualified for Edward's bounty. After the Stuarts came to the throne admission began to be restricted to the children of poor freemen of the City; but since the year 1839 every child whose parents are subjects of Great Britain is eligible on nomination of a governor.

Let us now see how Christ's Hospital grew to be the considerable school that it now is. When it was first founded, as we have already seen, it was not only in name, but in fact, a hospital. Less attention was no doubt paid to the children's education than to their health and maintenance. Many of them were altogether too young to be taught efficiently; besides which the ancient home of the Mendicant Friars did not possess the requisite facilities for boarding and educating some four or five hundred children of various ages. The fact is, the school grew up within the Hospital very gradually. In course of time, as the age at which the children were admitted came to be raised, and as corresponding opportunities offered for their more efficient instruction, a seminary usurped the place of the home for foundlings. One benefactor gave money for building a Grammar School. At the suggestion of Pepys, Charles II founded the Mathematical School. Sir John Moore, alderman of the City, built at his sole cost the Writing School; and Sir John Frederick, president of the institution, built a Hall. It is interesting to notice that each of these buildings was erected towards the close of the seventeenth century, when the custom of putting out the children of Christ's Hospital to nurse was falling into desuetude. The Christ's Hospital of those days might be likened to a miniature University. The dormitories, where the children were lodged under care of a "nurse," took the place of the hostelries or colleges; and the schools, that is to say, the Upper and Lower Grammar Schools, the Mathematical and the Writing Schools, occupied the positions, on a small scale, of the lecture-rooms of the professors. The children out at nurse might be likened to "unattached students" of the present day. By-and-by the whole of the children were gathered within the walls. Benefactions came pouring in, in more or less substantial sums, from wealthy and benevolent persons, and Christ's Hospital took the position of a great Public School. It differed from Eton and the other great Public Schools only in this respect, that in its new estate it retained intact the essential conditions under which it was founded. Its governing body insisted, and for that matter still insist (notwithstanding what the detractors of Christ's Hospital may say to the contrary), that children seeking to be admitted to its benefits shall be the children of poor and deserving persons. The Long Chamber of Eton, with all its splendid privileges, for more than a hundred years was the sanctuary of the nominees of the Head Master or the Provost of the College and their friends. The sons of persons of wealth have heretofore been "Scholars" of Winchester, "Queen's Scholars" of Westminster, "Boarders" at Shrewsbury, scholars of the Free Grammar Schools of Laurence Sheriff, and of John Lyon at Rugby and Harrow, and "Gown-Boys" of the famous seminary of Thomas Sutton in Charterhouse—all this in direct contravention of the statutes of the respective Founders of these institutions, which declare that the boys of their several Foundations shall be "poor scholars"—in other words, that the boys admitted upon their Foundations shall be the sons of parents too poor adequately to provide for their children's education. The Governors of Christ's Hospital have never departed from the intentions of King Edward VI

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in respect of the one main and great qualification required of candidates for his Foundation—namely, that they shall be the children of the deserving poor. It has been argued, and somewhat persistently by some, that, as at present constituted and at present governed, Christ's Hospital does not fulfil the intentions of King Edward VI as expressed in the Charter of Incorporation of the Royal Hospitals. But it fulfils those intentions quite as sufficiently as the present "Foundation" of Eton College expresses the original design of King Henry VI, or the "Foundation" of Harrow School answers the design of John Lyon, or the present Shrewsbury School the purposes expressed in the Burgesses' petition to King Edward VI. Very considerable difficulty would be experienced, we should imagine, in the present day, in keeping Christ's Hospital at its full complement of scholars drawn solely from the deserving "*fatherless*" children of London proper. London is not what it was in the days of the Tudors; and surely no one could be found bold enough to maintain that the present metropolis is the same as the old city within the gates. If it be conceded that it is not the same, then the letter of King Edward's intentions falls to the ground. The spirit of those intentions is followed in the present regulations under which children are admitted. It is not to be lost sight of that Christ's Hospital, rich as it is, has little or no income derivable under its charter. Its large endowments—and they are larger than those of any other school in the kingdom—have been principally provided from legacies and donations made at various periods of the school's history. It may fairly be taken for granted that the benevolent persons who conferred these pecuniary benefits were, for the most part, cognisant of the altered condition of Christ's Hospital, seeing that by far the most considerable portion of its present large income has accrued since it ceased to be a home for Foundlings.

There is no doubt, however, that the property of Christ's Hospital is encumbered with many charges, for purposes which in the present day are unnecessary and often impracticable. In the century succeeding the Hospital's foundation, lands and gifts of money poured in for the benefit of the charity. Many of these gifts were for the blind and aged, for apprenticing the children, and for other objects not strictly applicable to the Hospital considered merely as a school. In the same manner many persons left estates and money to the governors on condition that a certain number of children annually should be presented with nominations by the City Companies, or be elected to the Foundation by various parishes, or be nominated by some public body fixed by the donor. One benefactor left a sum of money, the yearly interest upon which was to be devoted to providing on a given day a substantial dinner of boiled pork and peas-pudding—we believe, however, that this latter toothsome concomitant of the meal was subsequently generously added by the governors. Another person left a legacy on condition that a certain number of boys should receive pairs of gloves, to be worn in the various processions in which the school took part at Easter-tide. On these gloves were to be printed the words, "He is Risen." The gloves, it may be mentioned, are still given; but in place of being absurdly printed on the glove a paper badge is worn on the left breast with the words required by the founder. A third considerate person left a small sum of money to provide a gift of one penny and a packet of plums to a certain number of boys on Whit-Sunday. Then there is the yearly gift of sixpence (to which the Lord Mayor for the time being generally adds a second sixpence), given with a couple of buns and a glass of wine, to each boy at the Mansion House on Easter Tuesday. It might be advisable that some, if not all, of these old customs should be abolished, as savouring too much of the "charity school." Sixpences are excellent in their way; but it is a trifle absurd, it seems to us, to find well-grown lads, headed by beadles, walking in a procession through the streets of London, with snips of paper pinned to their breasts bearing the legend "He is Risen." And as for the gifts of pence and plums, for many years it has been considered by the boys themselves an indignity to be selected to receive them. We believe, however, that the governors at present have so keen an eye towards judicious reforms that it is a supererogatory act even to venture to indicate the direction in which reforms are needed.

At the School in Newgate Street there are at present nearly seven hundred boys, of ages varying from nine to nineteen. These are apportioned off into dormitories, or "wards," consisting of from forty to fifty boys, presided over by a senior scholar, from time immemorial called a "Grecian." This scholar —answering to the Præpostor of other Public Schools —is assisted in his domestic duties by deputy-Grecians, and other senior boys called monitors. A "Grecian's" privileges are of various kinds. He has a "study" to himself, and a bed which is railed off from the οἱ πολλοί by curtains of the coziest. Along with those of his class, he shares the comforts of a snug and well-appointed parlour adjoining the head master's residence; he sits at the uppermost table in the hall, enjoying sundry appetising dishes for breakfast and dinner; and he has liberty to go outside the Hospital "out of school hours" just as often as he pleases, except when "gated" for some dereliction of duty. Besides which he has the privilege of fagging. A "Grecian" remains at the school until he is eighteen or nineteen years of age, when he is sent to the University at the expense of the Foundation. The Hospital presents each Grecian "going up" to Oxford or Cambridge with £20 for the purchase of books; £10 for whatever apparel he may need; and £30 for "caution money" and settling fees. The Hospital Exhibitions provide the ex-Grecian with fair means of living when he reaches the University. To the senior boys on Charles II's Foundation in the Mathematical School the same judicious generosity is shown on their leaving the Hospital. Each boy, whose parents have expressed an intention of apprenticing him to a sea life, is presented with a chronometer watch, a box of mathematical instruments, a quadrant, an outfit of uniform, such books as may be necessary to his calling, and a purse of fifteen sovereigns. And if the lad will take the trouble on his return from three voyages to call at the Hospital, and present testimonials of service and good character from his late commanding officers, he may, on satisfying the head master of his old school of fair ability in the service of navigation, receive a further complimentary gift of fifteen sovereigns. It may be mentioned that on the first "Drawing-room" day of the year the Queen receives the senior "Mathematical boys" at the palace, regales them with luncheon, and presents them with a gratuity of eight guineas.

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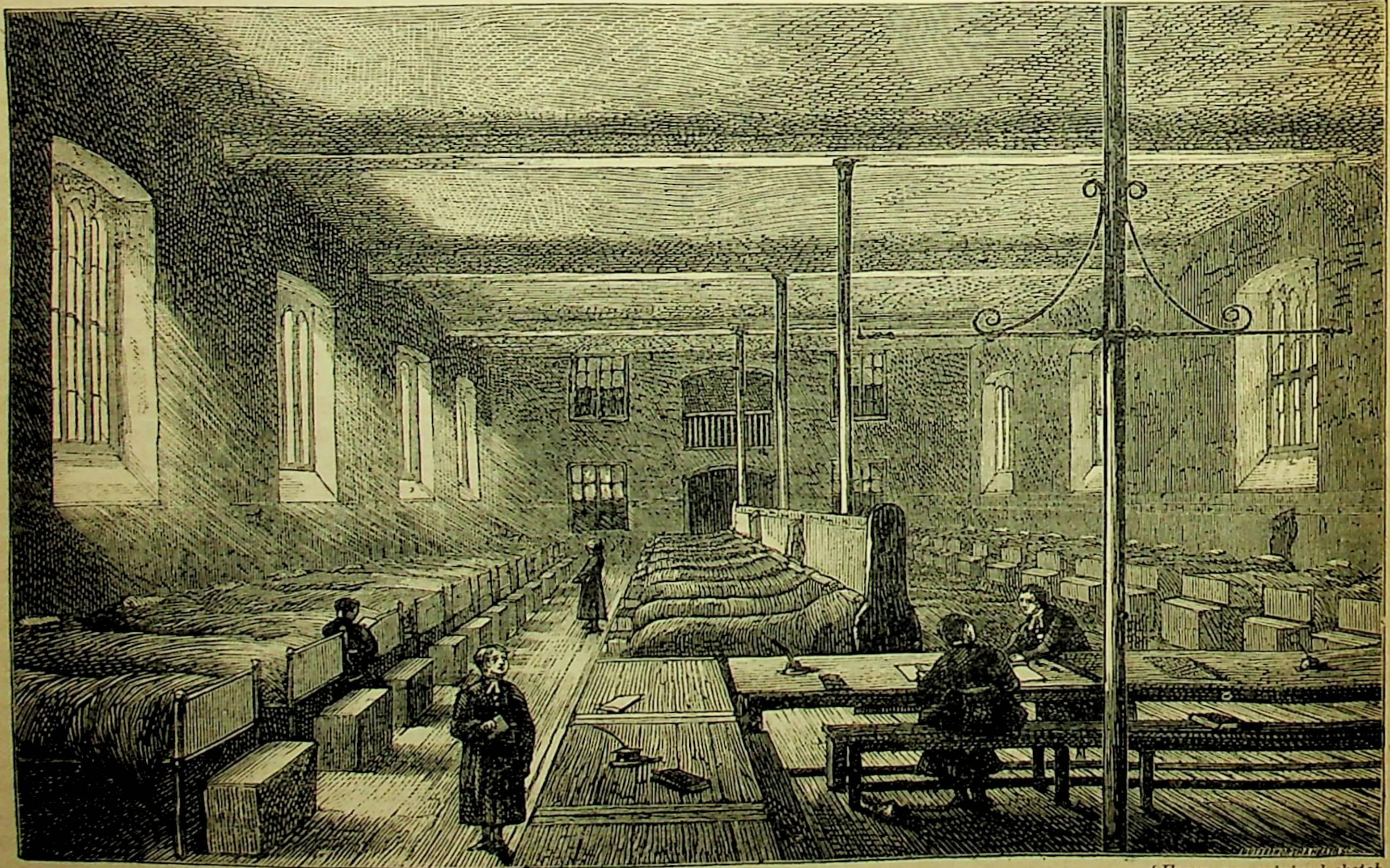
"Although Christ's Hospital is, and has been from its foundation, in the main a commercial seminary," pertinently writes Mr. Howard Staunton, "the list of 'Blues' who have acquired celebrity in what are called the 'liberal professions' would confer honour upon a school of much loftier pretensions." Notably amongst the earlier scholars are the memorable Jesuit, Edmund Campion, a man whose unquestionable piety and marvellous ability might well have saved him from a shameful death; William Camden, the antiquary; Bishop Stillingfleet (according to the testimony of Pepys); David Baker, the ecclesiastical historian; Joshua Barnes, the erudite Greek scholar; Jeremiah Markland, a man of distinction both as scholar and critic; Richardson, the novelist; Bishop Middleton, of Calcutta; Samuel Taylor Coleridge, and Robert Allen. In the present century Christ's Hospital can boast of Thomas Mitchell, the well-known translator of Aristophanes; Leigh Hunt; Charles Lamb, and his friend George Dyer; James White; James Scholefield, Regius Professor of Greek in Cambridge; the Rev. George Townsend; and Thomas Barnes, one of the early editors of the "Times," "than whom," Leigh Hunt tells us, "no man, if he had cared for it, could have been more certain of distinction."

It may interest some of the readers of this periodical to learn what are the present regulations applying to the admission of children to Christ's Hospital. These regulations are as follows, viz., firstly, that children must be between eight and ten years of age, and free from disease as well as from any physical defect which might render them unable to take care of themselves; that their parents (if one or both be living) have not adequate means of educating and maintaining them, and the children have not such means of their own. The governors of Christ's Hospital (represented by the Committee of Almoners) make a particular request that persons who are in no real need of assistance from a charitable foundation like Christ's Hospital, and have no fair ground of claim, from reverse of circumstances, inadequacy of means, or the like, for aid from others in the maintenance and education of their children, will refrain from importuning for admission of their children into the Hospital. It may be added that parents and others who apply to the governors for presentation (governors exercise the right only in their individual capacity) should state their cases clearly and fully, and should, above all things else, mention the number of their dependent children, and the full name and age of the particular child whom it is desired to benefit. Successful candidates are required, as a preliminary to admission, to pass an examination as to their attainments, such examination being graduated according to age. The limits of age are fixed at between eight and ten years.

In the course of a few years it is highly probable that Christ's Hospital will be removed into the country. With that removal will of necessity depart every vestige of the old dress, the old customs, and the quaint traditions of the school. The enormous and still increasing wealth of Christ's Hospital will, we doubt not, be apportioned in providing schools for boys and girls both, not only boarding, but day schools as well. We trust these schools, when instituted, may endure to ages as splendid testimony of the honourable and judicious management of Christ's Hospital for the space of three hundred years by the governors appointed under the Charter of King Edward VI.

CHARLES E. PASCOE.



[*From an original sketch.*

A WARD IN CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.

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PRACTICAL SOCIAL SCIENCE.

BY THE REV. HARRY JONES, M.A.

HOUSES AND FURNITURE.

FURNITURE has its fashions, but they change slowly. A bedstead is made to last longer than a bonnet, and yet, given sufficient time, we may see as great alteration in the make of the fabric on which we sleep as in a woman's head-gear. True, there are certain fixed features to be observed in the former; it must needs be rectangular and level, and stand upon legs at a convenient height. Barring these inevitable conditions, however, what can be more unlike than the old-fashioned wooden four-poster, with its heavy suffocating curtains, and the bare draughty metal frame now in common use? And as with bedsteads, so it is with most of the ordinary standing furniture of our houses.

Chairs, indeed, since people have from generation to generation much the same length of limb and back, retain similar general features, and tables must be level, and have their surface as near as may be at some fixed distance from the floor. Still, especially with tables, what changes in fashion do we see! We will take tables and chairs, essential items of furniture, on which to make a few remarks in respect to practical science. Is this used to determine their fashion? Consider for a moment what is needed in a common chair that it may suit its purpose. It should be strong enough to be sat upon without need of any special caution on the part of the sitter, and yet it should be so light as to admit of being easily shifted. Now, in most drawing-rooms, a heavy person—who probably most desires to seat himself or herself—has to pick and choose in order to escape a catastrophe. It will not do to take the first seat that offers, and even if it suffices for a perch, the sitter must be careful not to lean back. Lightness has been so studied in some chairs, that only the slimmest ladies can use them. They do not suit even a thin youth who has a trick of lounging. They are fit for ghosts, but not for honest flesh and blood. Is not this absurdly unscientific? A very little extra strength in construction would add but imperceptibly to their weight, and relieve every man at least from apprehension when he desires to be seated. They might be just as handy, and yet safe. Then look at chair-backs. Fashion now makes some upright, and sacrifices comfort to a whimsical demand of taste. Backs are intended to be leaned against, but who can lean when his spine is at right angles to his thighs? Look at elbows, too. They are meant to rest those of the sitter, and should thus be at least flat, if not slightly channelled. The arm of the chair should be the converse of that of the man. If made round, his arm perpetually slips off when he would rest it; and yet there are chair elbows which are not only slippery and narrow, but also rounded on the surface. The most fashionable chair at present rather discards the padded cushion, which catches the elbow and prevents it from sliding off. Perhaps a broad, flat-padded surface to the arm of the chair best fulfils its purpose in steadily supporting that of the sitter. The provision of chairs with spring seats is, again, a mistake. They are not only exceptionally heating, but they convey the idea that instead of your being welcome to sit down, you are being continually pushed off. When you seat yourself on one you are conscious of having to overcome opposition. The only thing to be said in their favour is that when you want to rise you have a shove up. The ideal chair, the chair of rest, should have as little padding as possible, but accommodate itself to the human frame that wants to be rested; and I have often wondered why some enterprising and scientific furniture-maker has not produced a more anatomical article. I mean one so shaped as to fit those curves of the body which are common to all ordinarily-formed persons. Such a chair would need no moveable cushions for the hollows of the back and neck, but simply provide support evenly to each part of the human fabric.

A word more about tables. If they are intended to be sat at, surely the legs of the sitter should be more considered than those of the table. Thus the principle of the old pillar and claw, which is now being cried down by some leaders of supposed taste, is really the most scientific and suitable to its purpose. It became common because it was found to be convenient. But having become, and showing a tendency to become more, common, divers fanciful leaders of fashion in furniture have called it "vulgar." And so the solid old "pillar and claw" table has been banished from many a room, to the sore discomfort of those who knock their knees against hard fashionable legs. It would have been a wise move, agreeable to the propriety or fitness of things, and thus radically in better taste, if the pillar-and-claw principle had been more widely applied, especially to dining-tables, instead of being voted vulgar, and thus departed from. There is another fashion in tables which is absurd, and that is the inlaying or painting of them with patterns. If a man has beautiful stones, marbles, woods, or what not, the last place he should exhibit them on is a table, on which, if it is to be of any use as a table, divers things are constantly being laid. These materials of beautiful interest should be shown in panels on walls or doors, where by the very nature of the case they would not be hidden. As they are used chiefly to be seen, they should be put where people could see them, and, if polished, where they could not be exposed to scratches. The surface of a table should be plain and not patterned.

Take another article of furniture—a lamp. There must, of course, be some capable of being moved about; but where the height of a room permits it, and where a light is always needed in the same place, it should be hung from the ceiling. Out of doors, where there is no roof, a light must needs be placed on a pedestal or pillar; but when we look into the shops where lamps are sold, how very large a proportion are standard ones, and on how many dining-room tables do we find them placed? Then, again, what grotesque, inappropriate shapes are used for standards! It seems now the fashion to employ stuffed monkeys for the purpose. A monkey is the last kind of animal to which we look for illumination or for steadiness of carriage; and I should, moreover, fancy that it must be simply distressing to have an ape constantly staring one in the face. I suppose some people buy these grinning equipments

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to their tables, or they would not continue to be offered for sale, but they can hardly endure them long. Fortunately they are expensive.

A word about table ornaments. Happily, flowers are generally accepted as the best, but how stupid it is to put them into such high receptacles that you cannot see the face of your opposite neighbour. Flowers should be below the eye, as they appear on the ground in nature. It should be remembered, moreover, that persons seated at a table are lower than when they stand, and thus the more care should be taken to keep the floral ornament down. Cheap, beautifully-coloured shells are a great addition to the decoration of a table when mixed with flowers, and a brilliant humming-bird may not inappropriately be so fixed with a wire as to hover over a blossom. I remember, however, thus arranging one which, directly my back was turned, the cat leapt upon and ate, or tried to eat.

In respect to the decoration of sitting or living rooms, I think a protest ought to be made against ornaments which are both brittle and unstable. Pottery nick-nacks prohibit that carelessness of gesture and motion which is indispensable to ease. When you cannot stretch yourself or push your chair back without the risk of knocking some precious bit of china down, there is an end to comfort. Think of bookshelves, too. How many a room is dwarfed by their being carried down to the floor. They should never descend lower than the eye, or at least should always allow a chair-back to be placed against the wall beneath them. Books close to the carpet are curiously out of place. The larger volumes, moreover, should be placed over the smaller; thus more space is provided in the apartment. As it is, most bookshelves are deepest at the bottom. Reverse this arrangement, and you not only have more room to move about, but you can better place ornaments, such as busts, etc., on the top of the case.

One modern fashion must be commended as sensible, and that is the leaving of a margin of floor around the carpet. But this is being exaggerated. I have seen daintily equipped rooms in which the smallness of the carpets reminded me of the scraps put down in shops where ready-made shoes are tried on. The carpet should cover all that part of the floor likely to be walked upon. This admits a very appreciable border of stained wood or parqueterie.

Our æsthetic upholsterers have, moreover, effected an excellent and radical reform in the patterns of carpets, and one wonders how those with roses as big as cauliflowers ever could have been tolerated. It is natural to see trodden grass or gravel under one's feet, and the small close patterns of subdued greens and browns are thus most appropriate for their place and purpose. Huge blossoms suggest the idea that you are walking over flower-beds. I cannot help thinking, though, that much more might be made of ceilings than is usual in England. Walls are often now papered or painted with creeping foliage; but possibly the sense of cool retreat, especially in summer-time, might be enhanced by allowing the leaves and twigs to spread themselves overhead. This would probably diminish the apparent height of the room; but at present it is suggested to the inmates of the apartment that they are surrounded by hedges only. Foliage above, with branches, from which lamps hung, might result in such decoration of a summer parlour as would be found not inappropriate. I do not think it has been tried.

In respect to mirrors, much good effect is gained by putting them in the corners of rooms, rather than in the middle of the wall. The obtrusive squareness of many an apartment might thus be remedied. The *complete* filling of a recess with looking-glass is also frequently very effective, and adds largely to the sense of space in a small room.

It is difficult to believe that we have finally settled upon the best shape and garnishment of the fireplace, which, as the hearth, represents the most cherished or sacred spot under the roof. The fire itself furnishes it in winter, but even then it may be asked why it should have such black surroundings. No doubt coloured tiles are well used, in moderation, to catch and reflect the blaze, yet the back of the grate is conventionally black. I believe it should be red. The smoke will darken part of it, but much is untouched by smoke, and the red which is left adds considerably to the cheerfulness of the fire. The problem of the treatment of the fireplace in summer has not yet been solved. Perhaps the fabric, involving projecting chimney-piece and jambs, which is now built around and above it, is too large and importunate. If the fire simply occupied a cavity in the wall, and the fender arrangement and mantel-shelf were all moveable, the whole thing might be covered by a curtain when not used. As it is, the grate is unpleasantly obtrusive when cold, and its obtrusiveness is seldom abated by its being made a receptacle for flowers, Japanese parasols, and what not, stuck into it with the desperate attempt to correct its hard and dead look.

On the whole, despite of the many supposed improvements made in furniture and the equipment of our houses, I am inclined to fancy that, with a little more courage and common sense, there is opportunities for much greater reform in the matter, to the increase of legitimate domestic ease and seemliness of decoration; and that if people would only think more for themselves, and perceive the real object of the various articles in common domestic use, they would be gratified at finding how much they could improve the comfort and appearance of their rooms.

SUMMER DAYS IN THE LABRADOR.

"Oh, dreary land of Labrador,
Where poet never lived or sang."

SO wrote Bishop Field, reflecting probably on the scanty harvest which repaid the missionary's labour in this barren region. No very cheerful picture, indeed, can be drawn of the lives of those who toil on its rugged coast, in settlements so primitive and unimportant as to scarce receive recognition at the hands of map-makers. Northward from Cape Harrison lies a grim, rocky, and deeply-indented coast-line, the ocean front of which is dotted by innumerable islands, marked in the atlas by mere dots, or passed over altogether. It is in these scattered settlements, known to the inhabitants and captains of trading schooners by the most tongue-trying of Indian names, or re-named by accident in English, that the missionary lives.

In Labrador the missionary is a muscular Christian. He has often to eke out his scanty means by labour in a garden, whose prevailing feature is rock, whose manure is decaying codfish heads, and whose

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perfume is most trying to the olfactory nerves. Let the reader come with me to the Seal Islands. They are situated in the punch-bowl just off the mainland. Stay; let us look in the map for them. Not there! Dear me; what an utterly insignificant group! Yet, when we make our appearance there, on board the good schooner Polly Ann, we find that thousands of hardy fishermen are engaged in the herring and cod fisheries. What a lovely summer morning to be sure! The sun has caught those mica hills yonder, where the purple bay runs to kiss the brown-weeded shore, and you see one blaze of light, as if a hundred million diamonds had been flung together to daze the eye with their glittering sheen. To the left, where you observe that bright yellow bed, bordered with black, is the orchard. An orchard? Yes; but disabuse your mind of the idea of an English orchard, for in this primitive garden we find only the blackberry and the bake-apple. The bake-apple no more resembles its namesake than does the blackberry. Here it is a yellow raspberry in appearance, and tastes like turpentine and sugar. The blackberry is like unto the mulberry, and has no taste whatever, save and only when boiled down with molasses, when thrice happy are they who can afford a blackberry-pudding after a dinner of codfish and salt pork. The bake-apple has more flavour, and is well appreciated.

There is great commotion in Ticklielse Harbour, for a boat has just come in, and informed the fishmakers that Skipper O'Brian has over ninety barrels of herring in his seine. Go over and ask yonder fisherman, with great rough boots and woollen shirt, and face that has not seen a razor for a month, what he thinks of it. While you wait for an answer, look at his rusty trousers and his great horny hands. He speaks. The rusty clothes disappear, the horny hands have become ennobled, the fisherman has vanished from sight. You are in the presence of pure English refinement. It is the parson! "Dull, did you say, dull?" he repeats after you, with an air of good-humour. "No, no; we have no time to be dull here. The season is too short. But come and I'll show you how the fish is made. Live here? Oh dear, no; thirty miles down the coast. I came today to one of the flock, and must go on to Shark Island to bury a poor fellow."

In that brief conversation you have gained a history. Up in the morning at four, out in the boat and away amongst "God's scattered sheep," love taking no thought of distance travelled, and then at night ploughing the stormy deep again, or perhaps stretched upon a bed of heather in a fisherman's hut, *sans* window, *sans* door, *sans* everything.

He is the peacemaker, the arbitrator, the beginning and the end of the settlement. Without him fishermen would sell their fish privately to ubiquitous traders for cash, thereby defrauding the merchant who has supplied them with nets and provisions at ruinously high figures. Without him the solitary representative of the law, who appears once a year from Newfoundland, would never get through his work. This humble minister of the gospel, toiling from morn till dewy eve, unkempt, unwearied, and unknown, bears in his hands the fortunes of those rich merchants who would scorn to give their drudge so mean a pay.

That smack just over there has come in with a boat-load of codfish. Men stand and pitchfork them into the shed. They are seized by one, disembowelled and beheaded; another (the splitter) rips them down the back, and takes out the bone, passing them to a third, who carries them away and "salts them down," whence they are taken to the flakes to dry in the sun, whence they go to the hold of yonder saucy brigantine, whence they go to *terra nova* on the shore of the rushing Tagus, whence they go to the stomachs of his Most Catholic Majesty the King of Portugal and all his liege subjects.

Come into a fisherman's hut with the parson and me. You will be sure of a welcome. Yonder it is, round and tapering to the top like the *teepees* of the Esquimaux, but without their low entrance, for this is a summer hut, built of turf, and intended to be abandoned in the winter. We pause at the threshold, and the parson, removing his hat, says, "God save all here," to which comes the cheery answer, "God save ye kindly; come in, sit ye down, and have a cup of tay." We resume our hats and enter at the bidding. Now this "tay" is an institution in the Labrador. The kettle is ever on the fire, ready for the visitor, who, in a trice, has a bowl scalding hot, sweetened with molasses, which he must get outside of speedily, for, should a suspicion enter the mind of the honest fishwife that parson's "tay is could," then needest thou a mouth "and a breast of triple brass," for it will be snatched from you and replaced with hotter still. In Chili one gets used to pickles; on the Labrador the mouth and throat grow familiar with a compound which causes frequent use of expletives and agonised tears in merrie England.

A rude wooden table and two or three stools comprise the furniture; the decorations on the wall are oilskins, gaffs, nets, *et id*, etc. The *menu* is: for breakfast, fish, hard bread, and tea; for dinner, pork, bread, and tea; for supper, tea, bread, and fish. And this style of living goes on year in, year out, saving only when, in winter, a seal's heart or flipper gives a taste of "fresh meat."

Over in the west the sun is setting behind yon iron mountain. Bog, and rock, and sea; sea, and rock, and bog, without one tree or running brook to break the severity of that rugged view. It is chill and drear, and oh, so lonesome, except when the blessed sun comes out, softening every ragged line, and turning brown and sombre grey to gold!

Yes, thank you; I slept very well. I stayed with the parson last night in a palace—I mean a frame-house, and had, *mirabile dictu!* a bed. A bed and blankets. In the morning took my "tub" in an emerald bath, bordered by fish flakes, and felt a slimy dog-fish wriggle past my legs, and dressed again long before the lazy sun was up. Going back to the house, one became aware that human nature is the same under a copper skin as under a white, for did not Biddy discover Esquimaux Tommy, head, shoulders, and half his body immersed in the slush-barrel, eating the precious pork dripping? and did not Biddy's broom descend, and from that moment did not all Tommy's interest in pork fat cease?

It is Sunday, and we are off to morning service at Shark Harbour, some fifteen miles to the north. Although we have the wind with us—otherwise the congregation would come to the parson—yet it will be quite eight o'clock before we get there, and as a baby is to be christened we can ill spare the two hours' delay, for the next station is twenty miles west and south, and Sunday is the busiest day in the week. On we go! The good boat, bounding over

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the ocean, in and out and round about innumerable islands, until it is a wonder one does not get lost. Then a flock of curlew flies away, darkening the sky, and by-and-by wild geese will make the morning air clamorous with their cries. That little shiny speck on yonder island is a silver fox, who no doubt has a *matinée* with his friend the wolf, who came over on the ice from the mainland last winter; and there is a lovely lake, set in the midst of an island which we are going to pass. Pleasant to the sight is this sheet of silver, but tasting like gall, so we must e'en content ourselves with the red bog-water we have, seeing that we shall get none other unless an incoming brig should spare us some from her store.

Our church is reached at last—a barn! Thrice happy is the parson who possesses a church on those barren isles. However, we carry our vestry with us in a portmanteau, and are fain to be content. Now a joyful shout arises as toilworn men see the parson's boat ground upon the beach. They are all there in their workday clothes, but most of them have made shift to look a little Sunday-like, from old Garry, who has regreased his boots, to young Dick Johnson, who has on a new jumper. The service begins almost immediately, and before five minutes are over you become aware that you stand with men who have come to pray. Very earnest and very plain indeed is that little service. Unaided by any musical instrument, the men roll out the Psalms, and require no clerk to tell them when to respond. Then follows a short sermon, which will do duty to-day in five different quarters, and, after a hearty shake-hands, we are off elsewhere to find the same earnestness and the same welcome from the hardy fishermen. At last, late at night, the day's labour is finished, and the parson sups and rests forty miles from home!

I have given you a summer picture of the Labrador; but of dreary winter, when all boats leave with the fishermen for Newfoundland, when the sky is grey or tempest-tossed, when the sea is a sheet of dreary white, I have said nothing. It is a painful subject to talk about. Loneliness, a sense of utter desolation, fearsome journeys on sledges midst reeling ice in the wind-lashed snowstorm, hunger, and physical suffering, make up the life of these noble men.

I turn sadly from the chill picture, concluding with lines written on the death of a missionary, by a brother clergyman:—

"Hard by the wintry main he kept, with toil and pain,
God's scattered sheep;
Till, mid sad errand sped, by bier and dying bed,
He fell asleep.
Then lay him low in the soil while yet the sweat of toil
Is on his brow.
Stained with th' arena's dust and fury, but—we trust—
A conqueror now!"

Varieties.

SUBMARINE VOLCANOES.—Captain Turpey, of the missionary ship John Williams, on returning to Sydney after his last tour of six months spent in visiting the various mission-stations, mentions, among the incidents of the voyage, this remarkable fact:—"During the cruise through the Ellice Group immense quantities of pumice-stone were sailed through, and the shores of all the islands in that group were thickly lined with it. Numerous trees were met with which had been torn violently up by the roots, some of them being not less than 80 ft. or 90 ft. in length, and of such a sort as is not produced in the low coral islands. Some of those passed would prove dangerous to a vessel coming in contact with them at a high rate of speed. It would be interesting to know whence they have drifted; are the pumice-stone and these immense trees from New Britain or its vicinity, or has there been some submarine eruption to account for the pumice-stone? and if so, whence are the trees? From examination, I should not suppose the pumice-stone to have been afloat more than three or four months; it varied in size from pieces as large as a man's head to the minutest dust, and in some places was so thick that canoes towing a few feet off the ship's side were dragged over it instead of through it."

PRINCE BISMARCK ON GREEK.—"When in the first form at my grammar school, I wrote and spoke Latin fairly. I could not do as much now. As to Greek, I have entirely forgotten it. I cannot conceive why Greek should be learnt at all. The practice is probably adhered to because scholars dislike to see that slighted which took them so much time and trouble to acquire. If it is contended that the study of Greek is excellent mental discipline, to learn Russian would be still more so, and at the same time practically useful. Twenty-eight declensions and the innumerable niceties by which the deficiencies of conjugation are made up for are something to exercise the memory. And then, how are the words changed? Frequently nothing but a single letter of the original root remains."

HOSPITAL FOR WOMEN, SOHO.—Lord Shaftesbury has lately called attention to the special claims of this charity, founded in 1842. It was the first hospital which adopted the plan of receiving, along with poor patients, a certain number able to pay a small sum, on the principle of home hospitals, now so widely and influentially advocated.

LIVERY CLOTH.—The ancient custom of presenting pieces of fine livery cloth of four-and-a-half yards each to certain great officers of State is still carried out by the Corporation. These pieces are sent to the First Secretary of State, the Lord Chancellor, the Chamberlain and Vice-Chamberlain of the Household, the Lord Steward, the Controller, the Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, the Chief Baron of the Exchequer, the Master of the Rolls, the Recorder of London, the Attorney-General, the Solicitor-General, and the Common Serjeant. Livery cloth, black and green, is also sent to certain Corporation officials. Many surmises have been made as to the origin of this custom, which is a survival from days when livery cloth was an article of prime importance among "the livery" of the City. It has been suggested that the present was originally made as a bribe to cover the monopoly of the cloth trade once held in the City.

LEGAL REPARTEE.—Mr. Pettigrew, of South Carolina, was as famed for repartee as for legal acumen. On one occasion he entered the Court of Common Pleas, Abbeville district, clad in a linen summer suit. He had to take a jury suit at once, and, borrowing a black robe from a fellow barrister, went at it. Carolina has all the old English form and fuss, and the judge said, "Mr. Pettigrew, you have on a light coat; you cannot speak." Pettigrew replied, "May it please the bench, I conform strictly to the law. Let me illustrate—the law says that a barrister shall wear a black gown and coat, and your honour thinks that means a black coat?" "Yes," said the judge. "Well, the law also says that the sheriff shall wear a cocked hat and sword. Does your honour hold that the sword must be cocked as well as the hat?" He was permitted to go on.

EDUCATION IN RUSSIA.—The "Journal de St. Pétersbourg" gives the following particulars concerning the public provision for education in Russia:—The sum assigned in the Budget of this year for education is 15,971,289 roubles (about £2,395,000). There are eight universities (not reckoning that of Helsingfors for Finland), with 5,629 students. Of these 85 are divinity students, 583 belong to the philological faculty, 1,629 to the faculty of law, 30 to that of Eastern languages, 622 to the mathematical faculty, 550 to that of natural science, and 2,130 to the medical faculty. There are 53 ecclesiastical seminaries, with 12,227 pupils; 195 gymnasia and pro-gymnasia, with 50,701 pupils; 56 middle-class schools, with 10,888 scholars. There are 19 military gymnasia, but the number of pupils is not given. For females, there are 223 gymnasia and pro-gymnasia, having 34,878 pupils; and this does not include the many institutions which are subject to the control of the Fourth Division of the Imperial Chancellery. There are 68 normal schools and training colleges for teachers, having 4,968 students. There are 10 other such institutions supported by non-public funds. The number of elementary schools in operation this year is 25,491 with 1,074,559 pupils.

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THE LEISURE HOUR.

BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,
AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND.—*Cowper.*

FARMER MARSHALL.

"WAIT A YEAR."

CHAPTER XV.

ALL the poetry of Mona Moreton's life had been connected with her father. With his removal came sorrow and care, sickness and hardship, trials so numerous and so real as to leave no margin for aggravating them by sentimentality. Instead of indulging "the luxury of woe," that weakens even while it soothes, she was forced to be practical, and turn her energies to general account. But occasionally she succumbed; the bitterness of heart-isolation overpowered her as she laid her head on the pillow when the day's work was done, and reflection told her that this joyless routine must go on for ever—at least, until she joined the beloved parent who had been everything to her. Less resigned than her sister, Nita was perpetually grumbling. Their life, she said, was so dull; it was so hard to be poor, and she hoped they should not always live at Hillesden.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

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The natural instincts of youth were not crushed out of her, as out of Mona, by the stern necessity of having always to calculate how far a shilling could be made to go, and how many sixpences could be put by for a rainy day. Partaking something of her mother's temper, it was not easy to cheer her with the reasoning that Mona felt to be helpful for herself. Mona did what she could to cheer the young girl. She caressed and petted her, promising to take the second lesson herself as soon as she was stronger.

To this arrangement Dr. Clarke interposed a veto. He said Nita might work, but Mona must rest. "Mrs. Gorts," he said, "is not to have you yet, and when you do go, she is to send you home. After a time you may walk one way, provided you take the short cut through the park. Mr. Sinclair wished me to tell you that you might go that way without fear; he had spoken about it to Sir Felix."

"With that concession I shall soon be able to walk one way," said Mona. "It would be impolitic to encroach upon Mrs. Gorts's kindness."

"You shall walk when you can, and not before," growled Dr. Clarke as he was leaving.

"He means to be kind," observed Mrs. Moreton, when he was gone; "but he sadly tries my nerves."

Notwithstanding all that has been said of the prosaic character of Mona's surroundings, the one romance that usually finds its way into woman's life was preparing for her. The young farmer was so smitten with her gentle grace that he could think of little else. He was always on the alert when business took him along the high road between Thurrocks and the cottage. But fortune was sullen so far as his services were concerned, and only gave him a peep of his charmer as she passed him now and then in Mrs. Gorts's pony-carriage. At length he took courage and opened his heart to Mr. Graves, touching upon what he conceived to be the disparity of position with painful consciousness.

"But, my good fellow, there is no disparity; or, if any, it is to your advantage. Miss Mona has hardly a sixpence even in expectation, and you are rich, and as good-hearted a fellow as a girl could wish to find. Cheer up, man!" said Mr. Graves, clapping him on the back.

Mr. Marshall still lacked courage to come forward, and as he drew circles with his oaken staff upon the ground, murmured something about gentlefolks being difficult sometimes.

"The gentlefolks are those who have money in their pocket, and are not afraid to spend it. He is a gentleman, as I take it, who will take a poor girl for his wife and never ask for a dowry," said Mr. Graves, in vulgar ignorance of "gentle life," in any sense of the phrase.

The result of this conversation was that Mr. Graves undertook to sound Mrs. Moreton before anything was said to Mona.

As Mona returned home after her first walk through the park, she arrived at the cottage just as Mr. Graves, who appeared more graciously patronising than usual, was leaving it.

"Ah! go to your mother, Miss Mona; she has news for you which is as good as rain in spring."

Thus encouraged, she entered, and was received by her mother with the unnecessary statement that Mr. Graves had just left her. She sat before a writing-table toying with a pen, a pinker shade than usual on her cheek, and her eyes bright and sparkling.

"How have you borne the walk, my love?" she asked, in a tone of solicitude she was not in the habit of addressing to her eldest daughter, making her sit beside her; and without waiting for a reply to her question, she began to lament the poverty that turned her into a slave.

"I don't mind it—that is, not much," said Mona, feeling at that moment both tired and depressed. "I shall grow stronger every day."

"And spend your strength as fast as you acquire it. But what if I tell you that you may give up these fatiguing lessons, and return to the easy life you formerly had? More than that, you may become actually wealthy, and be the mainstay of your family. Your father's daughter might have looked for something better; but, as Mr. Graves said, 'there is a difference between seeking and finding,' which is perfectly true. Therefore, as I promised him, you shall act for yourself. You are too good a child for me to fear the effect of riches upon you—comparative riches, I mean," she said, correcting herself, and regarding Mona with an approving smile.

With a beating heart Mona heard her mother's preamble, listening for a name she dreaded to hear.

"I have to tell you," continued Mrs. Moreton, "that a gentleman—of our acquaintance, one whom Hillesden calls wealthy," she went on, after having brought out the word "gentleman" with difficulty, "has asked permission to pay his addresses to you, and I have granted it."

"Who is it?" asked Mona, greatly troubled at this announcement, fear, not curiosity, being the dominant feeling.

"Had your father lived, Mr. Marshall would not have been the match I should have liked, but now we cannot afford to be over-particular. You will have a nice house of your own, servants to wait on you, and a carriage of some sort at your own disposal. You will not have to tramp about in bad weather, nor to sit by favour at Mrs. Gorts's table. You will have a kind, good husband to watch over you, and I shall have some one to take care of me. Mr. Marshall will make a respectful son-in-law; he was never forward in his manners. As Mr. Graves talked to me, the advantages of the marriage were so apparent that I felt it would be flying in the face of Providence to overlook them."

Of these advantages Mrs. Moreton had put last what ought to have been first—the man himself. "I have given him permission to call," she added.

"Not Mr. Marshall, mother!" said Mona, in a tone of astonishment and alarm.

"Yes, my dear; I said I would receive him to-morrow and hear what he has to say. As I stand in the place of your father, I must look after your interests."

As Mrs. Moreton made these revelations, with a complacency undisturbed by any doubt of their acceptability, she flushed with surprise and displeasure when Mona assured her that she had made a mistake, which ought to be rectified immediately, and proposed that a line to that effect should be at once dispatched to Mr. Graves. "Mr. Marshall's feelings," said Mona, "must be considered as well as mine."

"What do you mean, Mona?" Mrs. Moreton had already so far reconciled herself to the project that her daughter's calm, frigid manner produced a sudden chill.

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"Mamma, I cannot marry Mr. Marshall. Do not let him think ill of us through any appearance of trifling on our part. I believe him to be a worthy man, but I could never think of him in this new light, nor must he think of me. Please send directly and stop Mr. Graves from giving your message."

"There is plenty of time, my love; you have only just heard the news, and do not yet know your own mind. I said 'No' at first, until I saw you could not go on all your life giving ill-paid lessons as you are doing now. It is dreary for me too, especially when you are ill, and the winter is coming on, which will make it duller still. You know how poor I am, you would not wish to be a burden upon me when you can do so well for yourself. Besides what your love for me may influence you to do, there is Edward; you may be the means of fulfilling your father's wishes as well as his own. If Mr. Sinclair had been friendly, as I had every reason to expect, and had not turned us out of the Rectory, it would have been altogether different."

"Oh, mother!" exclaimed Mona, with a helpless sigh.

This was the old, unreasonable complaint to which Mrs. Moreton still clung with undiminished pertinacity.

For the first time Mona felt too dispirited to exercise her usual good sense and energy of character. She let Mrs. Moreton talk on without interrupting her, looking white, listless, and unconcerned, while all the gain that would accrue to the family was being enumerated, until her mother startled her by words of unaccustomed endearment. "My dear love, you cannot go on with these lessons, you have twice been obliged to abandon them through illness. The winter is trying; you will get colds and be laid up."

"I don't mind getting cold, I shall soon get strong again, and we shall become used to our life. Mamma, don't be afraid for me; only I cannot marry Mr. Marshall, I would rather stay with you."

"My dear, you have not yet thought enough about it; you must not refuse a good offer so impulsively."

"But if it is not good for me," answered Mona. "Please write at once to Mr. Graves, and send Emma with the note; Mr. Marshall must not be treated badly."

Having exerted herself to say so much, Mona went up to her room. She was tired with her day's work and the walk home, but the fatigue was nothing, even were it always to continue, compared to the banishment from the few pleasures remaining to her, which her mother urged so calmly. The coming home, the cheerful tea, the chat over the fire, the rest even though toil was to be renewed on the morrow—these made up her life, and she was satisfied. Mr. Marshall could not replace any one of them. Her exacting mother was far dearer than he could be; and Nita, not always patient and good, but always beloved, how could any fireside have an interest to her above that of her own? She wanted no home for herself, no carriage, no luxuries; if they could only pay their way, and her mother would love her and speak kindly, she asked for nothing more. Many lots were harder than theirs. Having ended her reflections by taking off her bonnet and smoothing her hair, Mona went down and found that Nita had returned, and was setting the tea-things in place of their little maid-of-all-work, who she informed her sister had been sent out with a letter.

"To Mr. Graves?" asked Mona; and as her mother murmured a low affirmative, she pressed her lips upon her hand, saying, "Dear mamma, we shall all be much happier together," and was hurt to find the hand hurriedly withdrawn.

The next day brought the explanation of Mrs. Moreton's coldness, and sowed the first seeds of estrangement in her daughter's heart.

Mona returned to the cottage, her slender figure heaving with emotion, her eyes hard and without a particle of their usual sweetness, her lips white and trembling, yet firmly set; another Mona altogether, as she stood and confronted her mother, saying, "Mamma, you have deceived me. You led me to think that you had requested Mr. Graves to prevent Mr. Marshall from exposing himself to a refusal, and I find you have done the contrary. He tells me that you approve of the match, and that consequently he will not aid me in cutting off my right hand. He has presumed to lecture me on what he terms my duty to my family."

There lay Mona's hardest trial; she was expected to sacrifice herself for the general good. A deliberate conspiracy had been entered into by her elders, to persuade, urge, or cajole her into a marriage repugnant to her feelings, and this fretted her into an assertion of independence which brought about what she had made so many sacrifices to avoid—the alienation of her mother.

"I will go from home, if you wish it; I will offer myself as schoolmistress in Mr. Sinclair's school, or I will take day scholars at a penny a day, but I will not marry Mr. Marshall," said Mona, passionately.

To all this Mrs. Moreton had little to say, except that she was offended at her daughter's disrespectful manner.

Mona was surprised herself when she had time to think over all she had said; nor could she, on sober reflection, understand whence came that impetuous outburst which had swept aside in a moment her general habits of gentleness and consideration. The bitter fact, however, remained unaltered. Her mother had plotted against her with Mr. Graves, and she was now determined to act for herself. For the next two days she lived in a state of mental pain, made to feel herself in disgrace at home, yet fully resolved to exercise her own judgment. On the third day the occasion she so desired presented itself.

It was November, damp and raw, though the sun was shining in a cold, sickly way, making a pretence at giving warmth, yet unable to dispel the dreariness hanging about the shabby, weird-looking trees, where only a very few yellow-brown leaves adhered to the dingy branches. As Mona, then, taking her first walk to Thurrocks, was issuing from the Abbey Park, a drove of pigs passed along the road, and at a short distance she caught sight of the young farmer, his eyes sometimes directed towards the park, and sometimes cast downward. This was the opportunity for which she was longing—one that would enable her to take an important decision into her own hands, and settle for ever the question of her marriage with Mr. Marshall. It seemed impossible for Mr. Marshall to pass without speaking, even had he desired to do so. But that was far from his intention. Mr. Graves had given him the word of encouragement; yet, although aware that Mrs. Moreton would be happy to see him at the cottage, he wanted a word or smile from Mona before presenting himself. Seeing her there so near him, standing at the gate, her gentle face turned towards him with

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a kindliness more than usual, he pulled his courage together and joined her.

Beginning with things indifferent, the transition was only too easy to those nearest his heart. He spoke of his position, of his own possessions generally, all of which, after being duly enumerated and praised, were offered to Mona, with the addition of himself, with the modest wish that they were more worthy of her acceptance.

Speak kindly, tenderly as you will, a man in earnest feels desolate indeed when he has to wrench away the hope that has become the pivot on which all the joy of his life was hung. At Mona's first word, at the pained, sad expression of her face as he spoke, the colour flickered on his honest countenance; something grew tight about his chest and heart; his eyes fell; his lips were tightly compressed to keep them from trembling.

"I am sorry, very sorry, you thought of me," she said, and her sorrow was deep and genuine. "Some other might have been more grateful, and yet I thank you; I thank you very much for your preference," she repeated, softly, grieved at the sight of his mute distress.

"I ought to have known better. Will you forgive me, Miss Mona?" he said, humbly, with a wistful look.

"There is nothing to forgive; on the contrary, I have to thank you, which I do most heartily, but—"

"Don't say any more, Miss Mona; I understand. I have been too presumptuous;" and Mr. Marshall, after opening the gate to let her pass through, went his way without glancing backwards. But for the planning and prompting of Mr. Graves, the worthy fellow would never have ventured his proposal.

Mona continued her walk to the farm, anxious and unhappy. She had rejected the rare and valuable gift of an honest and devoted heart. With the tendency events have to bring about their own retribution, it was more than possible that the treasure flung away might be all she would ever know of the gentle charities of life and the comforts of a home.

As she feared, Mrs. Moreton, when informed of what had happened, was angry with her, and made her feel her displeasure by many a token of coldness and estrangement. Mona could only resign herself, but there came a strange woe into her eyes at times, when she thought no one observed her. She had hitherto been willing to put her tastes and wishes aside for the benefit of those dear to her—more than willing to help others; yet there was a passionate thirst for help also. She was so young; she wanted so much the word of affection to warm a heart that so often felt chilled and isolated.

HANSTEEN'S TRAVELS IN SIBERIA.

INTRODUCTORY.

THE increasing importance of Siberia makes us believe that the following papers, translated from the original of Professor Hansteen, of Christiana, will prove interesting. There is no greater country in the world than Siberia that is known by a single name. From east to west it as much exceeds the breadth of the Dominion of Canada as Canada does the United States; and from south to north, although its dimensions are less, it is still a vast country. Its great rivers, the Obi, Jenesei, and Lena, which mainly flow in this direction, rank amongst the most important rivers in the world. At and near the spots where these streams fall into the Arctic Ocean, they pass through country which is sparsely inhabited and scarcely habitable; but more to the south they wander through grain-producing districts, in which corn can be raised enormously in excess of the wants of the population. This corn has as yet scarcely entered the markets of Europe, and the centre of Siberia may be regarded as a vast granary, whose inexhaustible resources have barely been touched. The cost of transport by land totally prevents its corn from entering into Europe through Russia, and it is only in quite recent times that it has been considered possible to export it *viâ* the Arctic Ocean. This, however, is now done by steamers from northern European ports, and it is not unlikely that, before long, the advent of Siberian grain into the English markets will tend to cheapen the price of bread to our hungry multitudes.

Of late years the Swedes have been more active than any other people in the prosecution of voyages of discovery towards the North, and amongst Swedes no one has been more active than Professor Nordenskiold. It is now more than twenty years since he made his first voyage to Spitzbergen in company with Professor Torell, and he has subsequently conducted voyages of research and exploration to Nova Zembla, Jan Mayen, Greenland, and the coasts of Siberia. In Siberia he has successively reached the mouths of the Obi and Jenesei, and on his present and most important journey he has succeeded in doubling the most northern point of Asia, called sometimes North-East Cape, and sometimes C. Chelyuskin, and has therein accomplished that which other navigators have vainly attempted for three centuries past.* There is every prospect of his making that north-east passage to India which has been a favourite dream amongst explorers since the latter part of the sixteenth century, although up to the time of our going to press news has not arrived that he has come out of Bering's Straits. Leaving Gothenburg on July 4th, 1878, in a steam-whaler, the Vega, accompanied by a smaller steamer, the Lena, he got to the mouth of the Jenesei at the beginning of August, rounded C. Chelyuskin on August 20th, and arrived at the mouth of the River Lena on August 27th. Here the two ships parted company, the smaller one steaming up the river (after which it was named), and arriving at Yakutsk on October 16th, whilst Professor Nordenskiold, on the Vega, continued his voyage to the east towards Behring's Straits. The news brought to Yakutsk had to be conveyed back more than a thousand miles overland before the

* On this subject we refer our readers to No. 1258 of the "Leisure Hour," in which the principal attempts to explore the northern coast-line of Asia are briefly related.

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nearest telegraph station was reached at Irkutsk, and thence it was wired to Europe.

The latest tidings from the Vega come from the governor-general of Eastern Siberia, that the ship is icebound at about forty miles from East Cape. The authorities at Irkutsk have organised an expedition for the help or rescue of the crew, by journeys over the frozen soil and ice with reindeer and dog sledges. A steamer from the Pacific station has also proceeded by Behring's Straits to aid in freeing the ship, or, if that is impossible, to rescue the crew.

The voyages of Professor Nordenskiold *—and especially this last one—are likely to give a great impulse to the development of trade with Siberia

PROFESSOR NORDENSKIOLD.

viâ the Arctic Ocean, for he has made it evident that ships can perform the journeys without an undue amount of risk. What is now wanted is to have the coasts and rivers thoroughly surveyed; and, when this is done, voyages to Siberia will probably be accomplished with the same degree of certainty and regularity as voyages to Hudson's Bay and Davis Straits. No doubt many valuable corrections and additions will be made to the Siberian coast-line by Professor Nordenskiold, for he is an accomplished surveyor, as well as a courageous and ambitious explorer; and, should he visit this country on his return to Europe, he will certainly meet with an enthusiastic reception, such as Englishmen are ever ready to afford to distinguished travellers of all countries.

Among the accounts of Siberia hitherto published, none have more value than the narrative of travels by Professor Hansteen, of Christiana. No European traveller of higher name has visited these regions. Second only to his friend and contemporary in physical science, Baron Humboldt, Professor Hansteen's journey attracted at the time the interest of the *savans* of all countries. He went chiefly to study the phenomena of terrestrial magnetism, and one result of his travels was the establishment of stations for magnetic observations throughout Siberia, the publication of which has brought great honour to the Russian Government. But Professor Hansteen had his eyes wide awake during his travels, and did not confine himself to scientific observations. He had an adventurous journey, and recorded much interesting matter about Siberia and its inhabitants. Notwithstanding political and statistical changes, the main features of the country are the same. We are not aware that any report of Professor Hansteen's travels has appeared in English, and therefore give translations of such portions as seem likely to interest our readers.

Even where the statements are superseded by later narratives, the report of this shrewd traveller will be valuable for reference and comparison.

I.—FROM ST. PETERSBURG TO KAZAN.

Few persons travel to Siberia, and fewer make the journey of their own free will. Sent on a scientific mission by my Government,* I left Stockholm on

* Nordenskiold has been more fortunate than most explorers in having the means for his explorations provided by others. From the first he has had a powerful supporter in a great merchant of Gothenburg, Mr. Dickson, who, it is said, towards the *present* voyage, has contributed no less than £12,000. The balance of the expenses has been met by the Swedish Government, by the king, and by private persons.

* The principal aim of the journey was the study of magnetism.

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board the Sappho on the 12th of June, and we arrived at Cronstadt on the afternoon of the 18th, when we were at once assailed by a bevy of custom-house officials, who sealed up not only our trunks with long tapes and red wax, but also the skylights, and even the partitions of the cabin. Our carpet-bags, though they contained only shirts and stockings, were securely fastened up, and we were given to understand that, on our arrival at St. Petersburg, for each seal broken we should have to pay a fine of 100 roubles.* It became necessary to apply to a German agent on the spot, who made a list of our luggage, and before this and other formalities could be got through nearly two days were consumed. We arrived at St. Petersburg in the evening, and took up our quarters in a German hotel on the Vasilji-Ostrov, one of the islands on which the capital is built.

The custom-house difficulties at Cronstadt, as well as at St. Petersburg, were such, that had I known of this preliminary annoyance of our journey, I should certainly never have undertaken it. On entering the custom-house at St. Petersburg our trunks were examined, and my books, though few in number, carried off to be sent to the censor. It was of no use to show the officials that they were only tables of logarithms, and astronomical reviews and reports, a Russian grammar, and a volume of sermons—"they must pass through the hands of the censor." They wished also to seize on my chronometers, and to place them in a coachhouse, with other effects. "Then you must shut me up with them," said I; "it is necessary for me to consult them daily;" whereupon they permitted me to take them to the hotel. During a whole week Lieutenant Due and I alternately went to the custom-house to try and obtain the release of our baggage, and each time we were dismissed with vague answers. At last I was informed that the only means of coming to a satisfactory solution was personally to address the Minister, who gave audience after four o'clock; so I decided to see him. The Russian servant at his door said he was at home, adding some words which I did not understand. I knocked and entered. I found his Excellency in conversation with a priest. Having stated the purport of my visit, he answered me very abruptly, that the delay was my own fault: that upon my declaration that I should proceed by way of Finland he had given orders to the custom-house at Abo and at Viberg to let me pass without any detention, and that if I had only taken the route I had proposed I should then have known with what politeness I should have been treated. I replied, "One cannot command events. One must act according to circumstances. At the time I quitted Stockholm there was no vessel for Abo, but one was about to sail for St. Petersburg, and that I really had not the least idea of the disagreeable results this change of plan would entail." He still adhered to what he had just said, and, glancing at the clock, remarked, "Oh! it is not yet four o'clock;" then, turning his back, I was forced to depart. Never have I been treated so uncivilly, either before or since.

Some days passed in this annoying situation, so I decided to make a second attempt to see the Minister. I was informed that he gave audience once a week to those who had affairs to refer to him. I presented myself between nine and ten o'clock at his house, and found a crowd of unfortunates in the ante-room, some of whom were clad in sheepskins. The Minister, in a dressing-gown, smoking a long pipe, listened to their complaints, and offered some words of consolation. I took my place in the midst of these poor creatures. My black suit, and the cross of the Polar star which I wore, attracted his attention. In approaching the place where I stood he glanced at me, and I found I was recognised. At length he addressed me, and in the politest manner said, "Why are you come at this hour, when you see I am occupied with these poor people? Why have you not chosen the usual time of audience, in the afternoon?" I answered that, "Once having inconvenienced his Excellency I had not courage to present myself again." He replied with great urbanity: "Wait a little, I have but a few words to say to that gentleman" (he pointed to a man in uniform, the only well-dressed individual in the room), "then I shall be at your disposal." He led him into his apartment, and shortly afterwards rejoined me. During that interval he had become as civil as he had been the reverse the first time he saw me. He said, "My custom-house people acted properly. They did not dare act otherwise; but now you will see how soon the affair will be settled." Writing some words on a sheet of paper, he rang, and desired the servant to take it to the custom-house. He then showed me manuscript maps of the Oural mountains, on which all the places where gold had been discovered were marked in yellow. Drawing my attention to the fact that, without exception, they were found on the eastern slope, which seemed to indicate that an immense flood in former times had deposited this heavy metal on one side of the Alpine chain, he begged me also to make known to him any cause of complaint I might remark during our journey. I left him with a light heart, and went immediately to the custom-house, where I found the little piece of written paper had worked miracles. All our effects were delivered with great politeness.*

Amongst the interesting acquaintances I made at St. Petersburg, I must name Admiral Wrangel, who had undertaken a voyage of discovery along the northern shore of Eastern Siberia and the Frozen Sea, had fixed the position of several important points, and executed a series of magnetic and meteorological observations in those countries, then for the first time visited by a *savant*. His description of the very severe cold which he had to support made me shudder when I thought of what I should probably have to endure, though I had not the intention of approaching the same high latitudes. "At such a low temperature," said he, "you can only breathe by holding a bear's skin before your face; and even protected by that, you must economise your breathing, not to expose your lungs to the influence of the air." Wrangel made over to me all his magnetic observations on the declination and inclination in these northern regions, a precious acquisition which completed those obtained later in the southern parts of Siberia.

An audience was granted me by Count Speranski, formerly Governor-General of all Siberia, which, during my stay, was divided into two governments, Western and Eastern. He gave us excellent advice for our journey, and prescribed sanitary rules for different

* The silver rouble is nominally worth about 3s. 3d., and the paper rouble is worth at the present time about 2s. 1d.

* Sometime before our arrival at St. Petersburg, our intended expedition had been communicated to all the authorities of the provinces we were about to traverse, with orders to aid and assist us. We also received open letters, destined to serve as passports wherever we might direct our steps.

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seasons. He told us that the air during winter is calm, serene, and perfectly dry. For this reason, one suffers less with twenty-six or twenty-eight degrees of cold,* than at St. Petersburg with seventeen degrees. He gave us letters of recommendation, with the assurance that we should be received everywhere with open arms.

Having resolved to visit the Oural District towards the north, where Prince Demidoff was the proprietor of extensive mines, and kept up an establishment and appliances for washing gold at Nischni Tagilsk, we called on the chief of his bureau, M. Kolonoff, who gave us a letter for the administrator of the property. Being shown large pieces of platina weighing about forty pounds (Russian), and knowing that mines of silver, as well as almost every other metal, were found in the Czar's dominions, I remarked to Kolonoff that his country was certainly the richest in the Old World, and full of luxuries. Russians had learnt to make excellent champagne of Astrakan grapes; and the possession of diamonds seemed the only acquisition wanting that all the treasures of the earth should be comprised in Russian territory. "They will soon be discovered, you will see," he said; and, in fact, during the stay of Humboldt in the Oural, diamonds had been found there.

During our residence at St. Petersburg, the bargaining with boatmen and coachmen, of whom two dozen at least are posted in each street, was quite a comedy. As one walks along, one is attacked by four, five, nay, by a crowd of drivers, each offering his vehicle and his horses, each vociferating louder than his neighbour. Sometimes they cannot help laughing themselves, in the midst of a simultaneous attack on the scared passenger. The coachman demands three or four roubles; you briefly answer, "It is too much," and walk on. He follows you, and proposes a more reasonable sum; you repeat "*otschen dorogo*" (much too dear), and proceed, without turning your head. The Jehu is following at your heels, and continually diminishing his price; you state what you will give; your offer is accepted with a "*sadites*" (take your place).

Some days before our departure I bought a britscka, and engaged an Esthonian domestic, Gustav Rosenlund, who spoke several languages, as interpreter. He was to be paid 1,000 roubles for the entire journey. My party thus comprised five persons—Lieut. Due; the Norwegian servant, Nielsen; and Dr. Erman, who had his own britscka, with Gustav occupying the coach-box with the doctor's coachman. On the 11th of July we quitted St. Petersburg, happy to be at the end of all our preparations, which, with other circumstances, had retarded our journey twenty-one days.

After seeing all worthy of notice at Novgorod, we reached Saitzova, where, for the first time, we sought accommodation in a Russian peasant's house—to us a new race, with whom we were about to form acquaintance. We asked whether they would consent to receive us, when a pretty woman appeared at the window and began enumerating all the luxuries she had to offer: tea, coffee, milk, quass (a kind of light, bitter beer), bread, etc. We entered. On the ground floor the old grandparents were asleep in an alcove; the kitchen was next to our small room, and the heat was so excessive that the doctor preferred remaining in the carriage all night. Lieut. Due took refuge in the hay-loft, and I made myself a sort of bed on some chairs. All this was but a foretaste of the discomforts we might expect as we advanced on our journey.

Next day we passed by a wretched little town, Kretzy, to change horses, and in the evening we arrived at Valdai. Geographers speak of the Valdai mountains, but we could perceive only hillocks of sand, scarcely the height of the so-called Himmelbjerg, of Jutland; the country now became woody and picturesque. At our departure we were surrounded by a bevy of young girls, each carrying circles of biscuits (called barzschki), threaded on a cord, which they swung to and fro in the air, trying with their customary eloquence and engaging looks to induce us to purchase some. One could not refuse them the requital of a few kopecks for their offering.

Presently we passed Tver, situated near the Volga, which had a bright and pleasant look from the slanting rays of the setting sun shining on its numerous gilt cupolas; and thence we proceeded to Moscow. The churches, convents, and mosques of this city give it an Asiatic appearance. A stranger from the West of Europe cannot help being struck with the singular form of its cupolas and towers. The houses have a gay aspect—pale yellow seems the favourite colour—added to which white columns, and almost flat roofs, covered with plates of iron painted a bright green, present themselves to view. Of course we paid a visit to the Kremlin. Above the door an image of the Virgin is placed. Every person entering the fortress is obliged to take off his hat when approaching it, and to pass under the archway bare-headed; if he do not the sentries send him back. We did all that was required of us; but our servant, Nielsen, considered it idolatry, and would not follow our example, and therefore had to remain outside. It is related as a miracle, that when Napoleon, in 1812, blew up a part of the ramparts, the half of the door only was shattered, whilst the upper part of the arch, bearing the image of the Virgin, remained intact.

We left Moscow on the 29th, and for the next days we made only short journeys, on detestable roads. On the 31st we had driven three versts when we were overtaken by a violent storm; the horses stopped all at once, turning their heads the contrary side to that whence the wind blew; the peasant coachmen murmured prayers and made the sign of the cross during its continuance; but when the thunder ceased they sang their songs gaily, and whilst we took our breakfast in our carriages, received a portion of brandy.

The country, as we advanced, appeared more cultivated; it was no longer an everlasting desert of sand, with marshy ground for variety. On the 1st we passed Vladimir, and in the evening arrived at the small town of Sudogda.

The 2nd of August we reached Muron, founded by the Morduine Tartars, who still frequently visit it, and on that account it interested us much. It has a fine position near the Oka, which at this spot is half a verst wide, and at the period of floods extends over twenty versts. The buildings on its banks presented a Tartar appearance, on account of the strange Chinese ships' masts interspersed here and there. The route hence to Nijni Novgorod follows the banks of the Oka, and offers many pretty views. On the 4th, towards the evening, we reached the village of Doskino, and were lodged at a priest's house.

* In Russia, and the other northern countries of Europe, the scale of Reaumur is generally used, in which 0 represents freezing point, and 80 deg. the boiling point.

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The courtyard and the lower part of the building resembled a stable rather than the abode of a Christian. To arrive at the floor above, we had to mount up a sort of roosting-ladder, after which we found two rooms, one of which was not so bad. I chose the other to take rest in, but it was next to a larder, filled with all kinds of strong-smelling Russian eatables; that, and numberless insects, prevented my sleeping on the mattress which I had spread on four chairs against the wall.

On the 5th August we entered Nijni Novgorod. The town is composed of two parts; the ancient part is situated on an elevated plain, by which you penetrate into the interior; and the new town, in which the great fair is held, is on the borders of the river.

RUSSIAN PEASANT, WITH SAMOVAR.

The two parts are separated by old walls and fortifications, which give one the idea of its having been constructed in the time of the Strelitzes. We fortunately happened to arrive just as the annual fair was being held; and it certainly presented a very imposing appearance. For several days we had been passing caravans of fifty or even more carriages, drawn by oxen, and driven by Buchares, Morduines, Tartars, and Armenians, arriving from the environs of the Black and Caspian Seas. They must have travelled some thousands of versts. When, in the evening, we had to traverse a forest, it was a curious sight to behold some of the caravans encamped on its outskirts, at the extremity of a plain, with a rampart formed of about one hundred carriages, and the cattle turned adrift to browse or lie down. Around the fires one had leisure to study and to admire these half-savage beings. Some looked fierce and wild—some haughty and majestic; all were rejoicing to find themselves near Novgorod, after a journey lasting four months.

On the market-place we beheld thousands of stalls ornamented in variety of colours; and amongst the traders were Armenians, Chinese, and merchants from all parts of Asia. Common huts contained rich Siberian furs, hides from Bokhara and the Great Steppes. The chief merchants from Asia were expected only in the following weeks, so that we lost some of the most interesting sights.

It is almost incalculable what vast quantities of merchandise, from all parts of the world, are collected together at this fair, which offers strange contrasts—Parisian fashions by the side of Siberian leather, and buffalo hides from the Northern Steppes; scientific instruments and Nuremburg toys; Chinese curiosities, carpets, magnificent silks, Persian dressing-gowns and head-dresses, embroidered in gold; rich stuffs from Armenia, placed side by side with tallow and soap from the plains of Russia; not omitting numerous shops for the sale of images.

After having bid our kind friends adieu, we quitted Novgorod on the 9th August, passed the day amidst fine scenery, and arrived in the evening at a miserable hole, where we could find nothing, not even hot water, so that we were obliged to prepare a beefsteak in a cooking apparatus brought from Christiania. The night was dreadful. We were too much disturbed by flies and insects to enjoy sleep. On the next day we arrived at a district inhabited by Tschermisses, a people professedly converted to Christianity in the time of Catherine II, but at heart remaining as much pagan as before. These people, said a postmaster to me, only present themselves in church three times—to be baptized, to be married, and at an interment.

RUSSIAN PEASANT GIRL.

Excepting attending at these ceremonies, they continue to sacrifice to their own gods, of whom the most homage is paid to the evil spirit Kramati, who

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is supposed to dwell in a forest. To him they sacrifice young colts, lambs, and other animals, for their divinity requires blood. These sacrifices take place in an inclosed plain, surrounded by trees, having three entrances—the west for those who sacrifice, one towards the east for the victims, and the third, to the south, for the water-bearers. This inclosure bears the name of their deity, and its entrance is interdicted to women. Friday is the day they set apart for taking a bath, preparatory to approaching it. All work is then suspended. The oblations to the good spirit are flowers, offered out in the open fields. These people have the appearance of being good and honest, and are distinguished from the other villagers by having a darker skin and glossy black hair. They speak a dialect somewhat resembling the Finnish. God in their language is called "Juma;" in Finnish, "Jumal." They are clad in a long caftan of coarse cloth, descending to the very ground, a scarf round their loins, and cloth trousers underneath, like the Russians. The women are distinguished from the men only by a thick plait of jet-black hair floating over their shoulders, and their complexion is even darker than that of the men. Cleanliness is not especially regarded by them.

We now crossed the Volga. A caravan of many hundred Tartars, proceeding with their waggons and merchandise to the fair of Novgorod, were encamped on both sides of it. At length we approached Kazan, and were in Tartar territory. Tartars had reigned formerly as a powerful and independent nation throughout all the government of Kazan; but after having been conquered in 1522 by the emperor, they had sunk into an abject state of subjection. Due, one day, took a drive, with a Tartar chief for his coachman. The city, with its environs, has a pretty appearance. The Volga, and the small River Kazanka, flow within its walls; a lake, also, and a canal contribute to embellish it.

Amongst other places we were shown the prison (ostrog), surrounded by palisades, where those who are condemned to exile in Siberia pass the night before proceeding on their sad pilgrimage. Every year about 4,000 of these unfortunate beings (of whom about 2,000 are generally ill and worn out upon their arrival at Kazan) are attended in the hospital. They walk, weary and footsore, about thirty versts per day, dragging their heavy chains along. Throughout the route ostrogs have been built, where these unhappy prisoners are guarded at night. They arrive at their place of destination after a journey of a year and a half; two-thirds generally die on the road. The condemned are of both sexes. We went also to see the citadel, founded by Tartars. Its walls and a large palace still exist—ruins of the very highest-historic interest. The Tartars are a fine race, of middle height, with round faces, lively eyes, and robust frame. They wear a caftan, with a band round their waists; their heads are shaved and covered with a coloured cap.

To facilitate our journey, Prince Davidoff, Director-General of Posts, gave us for postilion an old soldier in green uniform, with sabre, pistol, and cartouch-box attached to his side. He was to accompany us to Tobolsk, to serve us as a domestic at each station where we might make a longer halt than usual; to get us horses in the twinkling of an eye; to urge the jämschtschiks (peasant drivers) if they did not drive fast enough, which is seldom the case in the Russian empire; in fact, to attend to us in every way. Arrived at Tobolsk, he was to take back the post-carriage to Kazan without costing us a rouble, after making 1,500 versts; and all this in order to be agreeable to us. We were told that if we gave the old man a present of twenty roubles for the little excursion he would be enchanted. If he received nothing he would appear equally satisfied. The prince

A DVORNIK, OR LICENSED PORTER.

added, "It will cost you absolutely nothing." Such a postilion produces more effect during a journey than open letters. He is a living evidence of the protection of the Director-General of Posts.

The fertility of the environs of Kazan is attributed to the inundations of the Volga, which are as regular as those of the Nile, and for five or six weeks transform these districts for a distance of two geographical miles into an uninterrupted sea. This overflowing of the Volga, and the other large rivers—the Viatka, Kama, Kinel, and Irgis — leaves the ground covered with thick slime or mud, which contributes to the growth of vegetation. Whilst the inundation continues, two-masted vessels, carrying from six to ten small guns, convey as many as a hundred passengers across plains and valleys to adjacent towns situated on the heights. In the lowest parts, when the river returns to its bed, marshes of stagnant water remain, which in the hot months of July and August produce intermittent fever of three or four months' duration; contradistinguished from our fevers in the North, inasmuch as the patient feels no sensation of cold, but excessive pain in the spinal region, followed by extreme heat in the limbs, with irregular pulse. The common people superstitiously believe that a malignant female evil spirit, called Lichoratka, causes this disease.

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AUTOMATA.

BY JOHN NEVIL MASKELYNE.

III.

IN the last paper I had occasion to name much that was purely legendary in the way of automatons. We now approach a period when the accounts of their performances are not so liable to be overlaid by rodomontade, though the epoch we enter makes a fair start in *that* direction with the "puff" of a conjurer, Penetti, who exhibited a life-size rope-dancer in England about 1785. We know nothing of this figure beyond the modest man's own account of it in his advertisement, which out-Barnums Barnum. It runs:—

"The new, truly most superb, majestic, amazing, and also seemingly incredible grand spectacle of the

VENETIAN BEAUTIFUL FAIR,

which mechanical figure being attired in character, and holding the balance in hands, dances and exhibits upon the tight-rope with unparalleled dexterity and agility, and in a manner far superior to any exhibited by the most capital professors, all the most difficult and prodigious feats of activity, leaps, attitudes, equilibriums, antics, etc., etc."

Even without the etceteras here was surely enough to render Penetti's *Venetian Beautiful Fair* celebrated through all time, but, strange to say, only the professor's wondrous wealth of adjectives remains to tell the story of his handiwork.

Of M. Le Droz, the elder, I have already written. The younger of that name, born at Geneva in 1752, was the inventor of the piping bullfinch, which he exhibited at the Vatican, before the pope and the cardinals. It was contained in an oval, gold snuff-box, four and a half inches long by three broad, and one and a half inches thick. The box had a horizontal partition; in the lower compartment was the snuff, in the upper the bird, three-quarters of an inch long from its beak to the extremity of the tail. When the lid was raised (just as "when the pie was opened," in the nursery rhyme), "the bird began to sing," and, with the sheen of its green enamelled gold, its bill of white enamelled ditto, the sly waggery of its tail, and its clear and ringing melody, it was surely a snuff-box to set before a king, and one he might not despise—at a pinch.

Le Droz also made a figure which played upon a harpsichord. This he introduced to the Parisian public in 1774, but it was not a success, though it seems to have been a more genuine effort to obtain the music by mechanical means than was that of M. Raisin, an organist of Troyes, who, about the year 1700, exhibited an "Automaton Harpsichord" before the French court. The king, being endowed with the passion that proved so fatal to some of Blue Beard's wives, insisted upon a strict examination of the mechanism, when a clever little musician of some six years of age was found concealed within the instrument.

M. Le Droz, junior, as I have mentioned in my first paper, constructed a clever drawing and writing automaton. This was the life-size figure of a man holding a metal style in his right hand, beneath which a piece of Dutch vellum was placed. Mr. Collinson's well-known description of this ingenious creation runs: "Mr. Droz happening once to be sent for in a great hurry to wait upon some considerable personage at the west-end of the town, left me in possession of the keys which opened the recesses of all his machinery. He opened the drawing-master himself, wound it up, explained its leading parts, and taught me how to make it obey my requirings as it obeyed his own. Mr. Droz then went away. After the first card was finished the figure rested. I put a second, and so on, to five cards, all different subjects, but five or six was the extent of its delineating powers. The first card contained, I may truly say, elegant portraits and likenesses of the king and queen, facing each other, and it was curious to observe with what precision the figure lifted up his pencil, in the transition of it from one point of the draft to another, without making the least slur whatever; for instance, in passing from the forehead to the eye, nose, and chin; or from the waving curls of the hair to the ear, etc."

Early in the present century M. Maillardet, a Swiss mechanician, introduced several automatons to the English public in Spring Gardens. One was a female figure, seated at a pianoforte, which played eighteen airs, and gave itself numerous additional ones. Its "bosom heaved with many a sigh;" it "made eyes" at the spectators, and at the conclusion of each piece gently inclined its head in recognition of their applause. Imitations of this mechanical figure are by no means rare now; their interior economy is similar to that of ordinary street organs, projections on the barrel coming in contact with levers attached to the fingers, which in turn press the keys of the instrument.

Maillardet's most beautiful achievement was his famous humming-bird, enclosed in an oval box three inches long. When a spring was released the lid flew open, and a tiny warbler rose, fluttered its wings, and sang for some four minutes; then it darted back to its nest, and the lid closed. In this minute piece of mechanism only one tube was used, and the musical sounds were varied by the shortening or lengthening of a piston. Maillardet also made an automaton tumbler, a few inches high only, but progenitor of all mechanical *Leotards* ever since. The apparatus to which the figure was attached was fixed to the top of a musical-box, and within the rod grasped by the tumbler levers were brought to bear upon the figure, and set in motion by the action of the barrel. But a much more ambitious and elaborate effort of this copyist of Le Droz, the younger, was Maillardet's drawing boy. This was a kneeling figure; and when a pen, dipped in ink, was placed in its hand and drawing-paper stretched over a brass tablet in front, it wrote four sentences in French and English, and drew three sketches—always the same, occupying about one hour in their execution. This machine, like its counterpart, the drawing-master of Le Droz, was actuated by clockwork, and the outlines effected by combinations of levers and ellipses traversing the circumference of metal plates.

The only original creation of Maillardet's was his

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ingenious magician. This was a figure, seated by a wall, with a wand in one hand and a book in the other. Upon a number of brass elliptical medallions questions were engraved, and any one of these being placed in a drawer, the soothsayer rose, raised his wand, and struck the folding doors above his head, which straightway flew open and displayed an answer. Thus, to the interrogation, "What is it that last deserts mankind?" the reply was, "Hope;" and to "What is the most universal passion?" the obvious answer "Love" was received. This curious effect was obtained by aid of the medallions, which, though apparently alike, differed from each other in a minute particular. There were indentations round the medallions, but one of these, filled up, pressed upon a pin, which caused clock-work to raise the pre-arranged answer.

Mr. W. Snoxell, of Charterhouse Square, whose collection of mechanical curiosities is quite unique, has a clock upon a similar principle. In this the magician rises from his chair when the visitor places a tablet with a question upon it in a drawer at the base of the clock. The wise man shakes his head sagely, consults his book, and waves his tiny wand; whereupon two cherubs rise, disclosing an appropriate answer. After the lapse of a moment or two they fall back into the original position, and are ready to give a reply to the next question. These answers are quite as pithy as Maillardet's, and the ideas a little more advanced. When we ask, "What is the real balance of power?" we do not receive a solution of the old-standing Eastern difficulty, but a reply pregnant with meaning, in "A balance at your banker's." The answers also become amusing and cynical in turns, as in reply to "How to print, and not publish," we receive the hint, "Kiss, and don't tell;" and to "What is half the world doing?" the shocking rejoinder, "Cheating the other half." Such a clock may well beguile the hours it records of tediousness. In Mr. Snoxell's collection there are also two female figures, somewhat after the model of Maillardet's pianoforte-player. One, life-size, in Spanish costume, plays upon an organ, the fingers pressing the keyboard of the instrument, and the head and eyes moving; the other, of smaller stature, but alike in all respects save height and attire. Mr. Snoxell's museum is also adorned by his own original automatic organ-grinder, which plays a number of airs. This figure is as much above its living Italian compeer in the matter of dress as of music, and, sniffing a nosegay, is surely the *créme-de-la-crême* of itinerant musicians.

In the year 1845 Mr. John Clark, of Bridgewater, constructed a machine which puts Babbage's calculator quite in the shade. This was "A Latin Versifier," and is thus described by the ingenious and ingenuous Mr. Clark himself: "The machine contains letters in alphabetical arrangement. Out of these, through the medium of numbers, rendered tangible by being expressed by indentures on wheel-work, the instrument selects such as are requisite to form the verse conceived, the components of words suited to form hexameters being alone previously calculated, the harmonious combination of which will be found to be practically interminable." Can this be the origin of all the machine-made verse we too often have inflicted upon us?

About the same year that this novel attempt at versification dawned upon mankind, a French conjurer of Alais, near Nismes, named Philippe Talon, came to London with a miniature harlequin, which jumped out of a box, whistled in time with the orchestra, smoked a pipe, and blew out a candle, besides going through a variety of amusing antics. Philippe—the "professional name" adopted by the wizard—had also two dolls, which brought from a toy confectioner's cakes, wines, etc., as requested by the audience.

Jean Eugène Robert, better known as Robert-Houdin, a contemporary of Talon, was a versatile genius, and can still be remembered by many who are not yet exactly of the old school. Remarkably successful as a conjurer, he also displayed talent in mechanical invention. In his autobiography, he mentions that his attention was first called to the subject of automata by a clever bit of work, by some unknown artist, which was brought to his father (a watchmaker at Blois) to repair. This, he says, was "a snuff-box, on the top of which a small piece of mechanism attracted my entire attention. The top of the box represented a landscape. On pressing a spring a hare made its appearance, and went towards a tuft of grass, which it began to crop; soon after a sportsman emerged from a thicket, accompanied by a pointer. The miniature Nimrod stopped at the sight of the game, shouldered his gun, and fired; a noise indicative of the explosion of the firearm was heard, and the hare, apparently wounded, disappeared in the thicket, pursued by the dog." There is, doubtless a vein of romance in all this, as there is in everything Houdin wrote; but it must have been a pretty toy and one likely to arrest the attention of the young mechanician.

Houdin subsequently purchased a performing harlequin—such as Philippe afterwards introduced to the English public—from a Dutch artist named Opré, and it will be seen that he availed himself of the knowledge gained in the dissection of these "subjects" to construct automatons of his own much after their models.

Houdin's ability to cure the ills that automatic machinery is heir to let him into many secrets. Thus, as we have seen, he repaired Vaucanson's duck, and so exploded the "digestion by solution" theory; and he also rehabilitated the Prussian Koppen's componium, a mechanical orchestra, first exhibited at Paris in 1829. This played a selection of operatic overtures with great precision. It was always asserted that the machine could *improviso* melodies, and that it was incapable of repeating itself; and there were, doubtless, charming variations even if improvisation was absent. Houdin, setting his fingers and his wits to work upon his own account, soon completed a pastrycook's establishment, where figures were seen rolling out the paste, or setting it in the oven, and from which a toy man—a most courteous assistant—brought various cakes for the spectators. Likewise—on the lines of Opré's harlequin—he constructed two small androids, and gave to them the names of the well-known clowns of the cirque in the Champs Elysées, Auriol and De Bureau. The first named of these seems to have been the most accomplished and agile performer, as he smoked a pipe, led the orchestra upon a flageolet, and went through a series of acrobatic feats upon a chair, which his brother automaton merryman, De Bureau, held in the air for him.

Houdin also contrived a small flour-mill, which, when the sails were in full swing, would change

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their direction—going in the teeth of the wind like the phantom ship of Vanderdecken—at the command of the audience. This seemed remarkable, as the mill was apparently too small to contain any human being to direct the movements, but the fact was that Houdin's little boy, carefully stowed away, was the jolly miller who set the sails.

Undoubtedly the most perfect of Houdin's creations was his nightingale. This flapped its wings, and leaped from branch to branch before the gushing melody for which the bird is noted broke forth. He found, he says, the most striking musical phrases by which the nightingale composes its melody to be tiou-tiou-tiou, ut-ut-ut-ut-ut, tchitchou, tchitchou, tchit-tchit, r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-ouit, etc. He analysed the strange sounds, the numberless chirps, the impossible r-r-r-r-ouits, and recomposed them by a musical process. To imitate the flexibility of throat, and the bird's harmonious modulations, he had a copper tube, about the size and length of an ordinary quill, with a steel piston moving freely within it. Clock-work set the bellows in motion, and opened or closed the valve to produce twittering, modulation, or sliding notes; and it likewise guided the piston according to the speed and depth required.

Houdin also produced a writing and drawing automaton which he showed, with other of his work, at the Paris Exposition of 1844. This gained him a silver medal, of which he was very proud, and it attracted the attention of Louis Philippe, another distinction he greatly prized. The figure indited some six short sentences, and drew a few pictures. In answer to the question, "What may be volatile without a crime?" it wrote, "A butterfly;" and as a reply to "What is the emblem of fidelity?" it drew a greyhound.

A trapeze performer; an orange-tree, upon which flowers blossomed and fruit grew at the command of the audience; and an electrical dial (apparently nothing but a sheet of glass with figures painted upon it), the hands of which pointed to any hour requested, whereupon the number was struck upon a crystal bell: these complete the record of Houdin's principal achievements.

THE BRITISH FARMER THEN AND NOW,

WITH OTHER CONTRASTS OF THE PRESENT AND THE PAST.

IT is a very startling fact that although France and England, at the end of the last and beginning of the present century, did their best to ruin and destroy each other, they came—both of them—out of the struggle greatly richer and stronger than when they went in. The death grapple energised them, called forth all their latent resources, summoned them out of the slough of many lazy abuses, and nerved them to exertion in peaceful industry as well as in "horrid war." It was an illustration of how good may be educed from evil, and how God makes the wrath of man to praise Him.

The effect of those thirty years of waste, debt, and slaughter upon the farming interests was especially noteworthy. When every merchant ship required a frigate or ship of the line as a convoy—was, indeed, prohibited from sailing without an armed protector—it may be imagined there was small opportunity for the importation of cargoes of grain. In fact, the agriculture of Europe and America was so far behind, that occasionally our limited consumption of bread-stuffs enabled us to spare some for our neighbours, and there actually at one time existed a bounty on exportation. But, as a rule, hostile fleets made the great highway of nations a *mare clausum* for us, and we were face to face with the necessity of feeding ourselves. Millions of acres were called into cultivation. Prior to the war rent was so low that a young Scotch squire in West Lothian, who had taken a fancy to his tenant's horse, demised to him the fee simple of his farm in exchange for it, and the tenant's wife asked her husband how he came to part with the mare, when she could always pay the rent "with the hen and the birds."

Enclosure Acts everywhere multiplied; and, notwithstanding all that may with some justice be said about robbing the poor of their commons, what belongs to everybody is of little value to anybody. "Make a man," said Arthur Young, "tenant at will of Paradise, and he will leave it a desert; give him the freehold of a barren rock, and he will convert it into a fruitful Eden." The private appropriation of public wastes has been greatly to the advantage of society, and created a profitable demand for labour that has in wages more than amply compensated the dispossessed squatters of the commons.

As the war went on, and the price of grain rose, men who had leases rapidly made fortunes. Farms formerly let at 10*s.* per acre were, when the tack, or lease, came to be renewed, readily re-taken at £3 10*s.*, and one which at this day yields the latter sum, was once profitably held for nineteen years at £1,000 for a hundred acres, used purely for the growing of cereals. Mr. George Brodie, the Historiographer Royal of Scotland, inherited from his father a long lease in East Lothian, which the landlord bought back from him at the price of £30,000. Many tenants became far wealthier than their landlords; kept their carriages, hunters, and open house. Wheat several times touched £6 per quarter, and once reached, in January, 1801, the enormous figure of £9.

In the county of Middlesex growers of peas again and again sent to market produce for which they received as much in one season as the fee simple of the land on which the crop was raised. The quartern loaf rose to 1*s.* 10*d.* Bread became so dear and scarce that the Sovereign showed an example in the royal household of the economical use of it; and hair-powder was saved from the head that it might be spared for the mouth. Decent people above the rank of labourers sometimes silently pined in slow starvation. Meal mobs were chronic in Scotland. Bread riots occurred in England. Bad seasons so reduced the quality of the flour, that loaves, utterly uneatable, were thrown at the baker's head, and stuck on the wall behind the counter.

The Red Lion Inn, of Brentford, was built by bricklayers who received just 2*s.* 6*d.* a day, and laid from 800 to 1,000 bricks (or nearly double the present average) for that wage. Their labourers put up with 1*s.* 3*d.* a day. Farmers' men were paid from 7*s.* 6*d.* to 9*s.* per week when the loaf was currently 10*d.* or 1*s.* Animal food was entirely out of the question—except occasionally a rasher of bacon—for the unskilled labourer.

There is now a current notion among consumers that everything is dearer than it used to be, and

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this is made the excuse for spending at a higher rate, and for pleading that an income of £700 or £800 is required to maintain the same scale of living for which £500 formerly sufficed. No idea can be more unfounded. Bread is untaxed, and could be sold at a living profit to the man who earns 6*s.* a day at half the price formerly paid by his predecessor, who, for more skilled work, was paid 2*s.* 6*d.* Better tea is sold at 2*s.* than at the beginning of the century cost 7*s.* Coffee was 2*s.* 6*d.* that is excelled in quality by that at a present price of 1*s.* 6*d.* Sanded sugar was 10*d.*; pure sugar is now 4*d.* Salt, that is now free, paid a duty of 20*s.* per bushel! The daily newspaper, about a fourth of the present size, and an eighth—if that can be measured—of the current quality, cost 7*d.*, while each advertisement was taxed 2*s.* 6*d.* A better hat is now worn at 12*s.* than was formerly supplied at 25*s.* Literature, periodical and standard, once so expensive, is now so cheap that it costs less to buy a new copy of a book or pamphlet, than to bind the old. The aged can remember when the Waverley Novel cost 31*s.* 6*d.*, and was hired out to read at 1*s.* per volume for twelve hours. It is now retailed, with all the notes, at 3*d.* Let "the girl of the period" ask her grandmother what, sixty years ago, straw hats "came to." At a Queen's Assembly, the best-dressed lady appeared in a cotton print that a hop-picker now would scorn to wear on Sunday. Leather was taxed, and we have the benefit of the remission in boots and shoes, of far better make, at a lower figure. All articles of clothing—even of ornament—are made greatly more accessible to every purse. Soap was taxed, bricks, tiles, slates, timber, glass. Wine is little more than half its former price. In fact, with the exception of beef, mutton, butter, and cheese, the whole cost of living is, *cæteris paribus*—that is, in reference to the same necessary commodities—very much less in the year 1878 than it was in 1801.

Still more extraordinary is the contrast of the *means* of living. The carpenter or plumber at, say, Greenwich Hospital, this year, would strike at the offer of less than 36*s.* per week. In 1800 his predecessor had 18*s.* for eight hours longer service, when the wheat that now averages 39*s.* 4*d.* stood at 110*s.* 5*d.* In the earlier years of the century, when wages were moderate and prices high, 3,855,810 acres were reclaimed and enclosed, while the number of male adults employed in the cultivation of the soil has, since the days of the sliding scale, decreased not only relatively to the whole population, but absolutely, by 138,616. The discovery of the powers of steam and machinery, the railroad and the telegraph, the introduction of the principles of joint-stock association and limited liability into commercial affairs, the great extension of banks, the opening up of mines of coal and iron, demanded by the rapid substitution of iron for timber, and steam for sails, in navigation, as also by the quantity of metal required for rails,—these agencies have given such a stimulus to commerce and manufactures as to have drawn away the rural population to the higher-paid skill and industry of the towns, to have relatively discouraged the application of capital to the soil, and to have so reduced the prices of farming produce in the home market as to have very seriously dissipated the capital of the tenantry, and to have thrown a large portion of the land on the owners' hands. In the metropolitan county the wages of farm labourers have, within thirty years, risen from an average of 12*s.* to 16*s.* per week, and of female field-hands from 10*d.* to 1*s.* 6*d.* per day. In each case the hours of work and its efficiency have decreased as the price has risen. It is satisfactory to couple with that fact the consideration that pauperism seems to have steadily diminished—the total of all classes relieved in 1877 being fewer by 206,000 than in 1849, in the face of a large increase in the general population. It would be still more satisfactory to reflect that, as the cost of food during these years has materially fallen, the union charges had also diminished. That they have increased by £335,001 only shows that a due admixture of liberality with economy extends to every department of the public service.

The comparison of the present with the past would be very incomplete were it to stop here. Mr. Tierney, in denouncing Mr. Pitt for his enormous extension of taxation, declared with a sneer he had put a duty on everything but shoe-buckles. The heaven-born minister coolly thanked the honourable gentleman for his suggestion, and straightway included shoe-buckles in his tariff. As has been explained, at the very time wages were so low, and the necessaries of life so dear, the very sources of the employment of labour were heavily burdened. The raw material that skilled industry was to work up was exorbitantly taxed. Wool of all kinds, leather, all the materials of building, horses, carts, free navigation, everything upon which labour could be employed to profit, had its tithing for the tax-gatherer, while prohibitory duties greatly enhanced the prices of the primary necessaries of life. It is a fact, startling as the consideration of it is, and grateful to every right-hearted Englishman, that in these islands, at this moment, a labouring man may live in substantial comfort without paying one farthing to the treasury. He is exempt from the income or any capitation tax. Bread, beef, mutton, pork, cheese, butter, sugar, all are free. Tea, coffee, and cocoa have little more than a nominal duty, and it is strictly true that there are many families in these islands, amply clothed from head to foot, comfortably housed, fully, wholesomely, and nutritiously fed, who are entirely exempted from taxation. "I can," says honest Jack Sillett, of Kelsale, "hardly express in terms sufficiently strong the pleasure I feel in subsisting on all the necessaries of life, manufactured, as it were, by my own hands, pure, fresh, and free from adulteration. I am proud to say I am in possession of abundance of all the good living that any rational man ought to wish for; I have all the bread, meat, vegetables, milk, butter, etc., that I can desire. As regards drink, I adhere to the golden rules of an eminent physician who says, 'Happy is the man who makes salt his sauce, and water his drink.' I thought if I could see the time when I should be enabled to produce my own food and be content with Adam's pure ale, what a considerable sum I should save in taxes in the year! I have lived to accomplish my purpose to the fullest extent that I can desire."

These facts and figures are pregnant with instruction. The whole progress of society, the entire drift of legislation, our fiscal system from beginning to end, are in the direction of the relief, the comfort, the elevation of the masses. The taxes on knowledge have been entirely removed to their especial profit, and society burdens itself to teach their children. The Bible, that once cost the rich man £500, and had to be chained in the cathedral, the poorest may buy for eightpence. For a halfpenny the "Echo" will

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inform him as accurately of the world's affairs as the Prime Minister. The sovereign, at an enormous cost and no small risk, besides tedious delay, formerly travelled along a highway, out of the ruts in which royalty could not always raise its lumbering coach. The Queen's meanest subject now, at a penny a mile, rolls along in far greater comfort, and at five times the speed, while her Majesty must be fain to use the same conveyance. If the peasant would emigrate he may step ashore in New York not in ninety days, as formerly, but in nine! If he would move from where employment is slack or underpaid to where there is a demand for hands at a higher rate, cheapness and speed are at his service. He may be signalled by the telegraph for a shilling or the post for a halfpenny. The postage of a single sheet from London to Edinburgh was formerly 1*s.* 1½*d.* The smallest enclosure doubled the charge, and a parcel of a few ounces weight was taxed 4*s.* 6*d.* The lady whose parting words to her betrothed were—

> "My dear, when you write,
> Be sure to pay the post,"

had only too good reason for her injunction.

It is a phrase often in the mouth of the speculative thinker that progress so rapid is dawning on the world as to suggest the anxious wish he could live to see the wonders that are to come. But that portion of human history embraced within living memory is really unequalled by any similar previous interval, or likely to be excelled in any succeeding cycle of similar duration. The sign of the Pack Horse yet lingers on many a village inn post, which indicates that within the span of persons yet alive roads were so bad that woollen and cotton material and manufactures had to be carried to and fro on the backs of horses. The time is not so very remote since the kitchen fire had every winter morning to be painfully relumed by flint, steel, and tinder, the first lucifer-match making cook and bumpkin stare. Gas! How comparatively recently has the glimmering train-oil lamp been superseded by its blaze, driving the highwaymen from Blackheath and pads from the Strand. There are men alive now who daily at their business in the City arranged to meet at the Talbot, in the Borough, in the evening, to proceed to Wandsworth in a body for mutual protection against footpads. Just think of it! Gaol fever unheard of—even debtors' prisons a thing of the past. Think of it! Gutter children ignored by all till they were old enough to be hanged, now sent to ragged schools, or restored to society, "clothed and in their right mind," through the beneficence of the reformatory. Think of it yet again! Ten thousand miles away the tidal wave sweeps whole regions into its all devouring flood, the inexorable sun parches up the thirsty soil of whole continents, and millions, slowly starving, sink to earth or become cannibals, when at last athwart these eighteen centuries the small, still voice of the Great Teacher whispers to us, and the Spirit of Christ gathers from the cold and calculating temperament of this northern people the munificent tribute which has called upon us the blessings of those ready to perish in India, and even where no selfish considerations could suggest a motive to our charity, the large-souled thoughtfulness which sent relief to China. Of the world centuries ago, Galileo said, "It does move, notwithstanding." In how much truer and higher a sense can mankind say that now? With the necessaries of life so dear, trade so depressed, taxation so burdensome, and wages so low during the earlier years of the century, the present generation are puzzled to think how the labouring people could subsist. But they did, and fought Trafalgar, Talavera, Waterloo for us; and by the peaceful triumphs of commerce and emigration, still more than by deeds of warlike valour, conquered an empire on which the sun never sets.

The huge waste of one hundred and sixty-three millions on drink and tobacco is more than "a mote to trouble the mind's eye." It is true "the schoolmaster is abroad." True also in our time the middle and higher classes have outlived the time when it was a disgrace to a host to let his guests go home sober. Who knows but the age and the people that have achieved so much may awaken "some fine morning" and discover that four years of the reign of Sir Wilfrid Lawson would pay the National Debt. That would indeed be the crowning social achievement of the century!

NATURAL HISTORY ANECDOTES.

HAPPY PAIRS.

BUFFON, in his works, tells us not only how beautiful are the birds in their varied and elegant plumage, but how beautiful also are many of them in their affectionate ways. Some, he says, never forsake each other, but live as loving partners all the days of their little lives; and he admiringly points out the friendly help which they give to each other. He quotes an observation of the Abbé de la Pluche, another eminent naturalist, who recorded of some goldfinches which he reared, that when he had furnished them with only hay for the structure of their nest the little pair were obliged to have recourse to invention for assistance in their work, ordinary supplies of proper material failing them. The hen, for want of raw silk, or cotton, or other soft substance, found out an experiment which surprised him. "She began to unplume the breast of her spouse without the least opposition from him, and she afterwards lined her little apartment very artificially with the down."

In the case of most birds it is seen that in the charge of the nest and eggs the hen "submits to every restraint, renounces all pleasure, and continues sometimes more than twenty days inseparable from her brood, and that with a tenderness so extraordinary as makes her even neglect the call of appetite."

Nothing can exceed the patience of birds at this period. "Neither the demands of hunger nor the near approach of danger" can in some instances drive them from the nest.

Frequently, as in the case of domestic fowls, they are "very fat at the beginning of incubation, yet before its end are generally wasted to skin and bone." Very often the male bird takes his part, sharing and alleviating his companion's fatigue. "He brings food to his faithful mate, repeats his journeys without intermission, and waits on her with the collation ready prepared in his bill. His services are accompanied with the politest behaviour; and if ever he discontinues his assiduity, it is to entertain her with his warbling. He acts with so much fire and alacrity, and assumes so many graces, that

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it is difficult to know whether the painful perseverance of the little mother, or the officious inquietude of her spouse, are most to be admired; often when she is tired he takes her place and patiently continues upon the nest until her return."

A curious instance of kind attention is also related of the "Bearded Titmouse," a pretty little bird, not quite so large as the ordinary "Tomtit." The hen is more beautiful than the cock, but is smaller and has no beard. She is of a more yellowish brown. The cock is said to be so extremely fond of her that all the night whilst at roost he covers her with his wing.

Cowper, in his well-known verses, "The Bird's Nest," describes how a chaffinch at Greenock built and laid four eggs in the block on a vessel's mast bound for Glasgow, and how the birds, on the sailing of the ship, did not forsake each other. Though the block and pulley were occasionally lowered for the inspection of the curious, the hen never deserted her charge nor descended from her place, except when she visited the hull for food.

"In Scotland's realm, where trees are few,
Nor even shrubs abound,
But where, however bleak the view,
Some better things are found,—

For husband there and wife may boast
Their union undefiled,
And false ones are as rare almost
As hedgerows in the wild,—

In Scotland's realm, forlorn and bare,
The history chanced of late,
This history of a wedded pair,
A chaffinch and his mate.

A ship! could such a restless thing
Afford them place of rest?
Or was the merchant charged to bring
The homeless birds a nest?

Hush! silent hearers profit most,
This racer of the sea
Proved kinder to them than the coast,
It served them with a tree.

But such a tree! 'twas shaven deal,
The tree they call a mast,
And had a hollow with a wheel
Through which the tackle passed.

Within that cavity aloft,
Their roofless home they fixed,
Formed with materials neat and soft,
Bents, wool, and feathers mixed.

Four ivory eggs soon pave its floor
With russet specks bedight,
The vessel weighs, forsakes the shore,
And lessens to the sight.

The mother bird is gone to sea!
As she had changed her kind;
But goes the male?—far wiser he
Is doubtless left behind!

No!—soon as from the shore he saw
The winged mansion move,
He flew to reach it, by a law
Of never-failing love.

Then, perching at his consort's side,
Was briskly borne along,
The billows and the blast defied,
And cheered her with a song."

Westheath, Bodmin. W. IAGO.

CROW-COURTS.

The common crow of the Shetlands is the Hooded, or Royston Crow. Dr. Edmonstone, who wrote a valuable book on Shetland, says that these crows seldom associate, unless for the "purpose of holding what is called the *craws' court*." This "convocation" exhibits a curious fact in their history. Numbers are seen to assemble on a particular hill or field from many different points. On some occasions the meeting does not appear to be complete before the expiration of a day or two. As soon as all the deputies have arrived, a very general noise and croaking ensue; and, shortly after, the whole fall upon one or two individuals, whom they persecute and beat until they kill them. When this has been accomplished, they quietly disperse. These are supposed to be culprits or criminals, who undergo capital punishment after trial. A much more probable explanation is that the object of such assemblies is the making up of matches, rather than the trial and punishment of delinquents. Some days may elapse before they can adjust their rivalships and jealousies, and some fighting is exceedingly natural; but it is conjectured that the members which came to the spring assizes one by one, go off by pairs at the end of the session.

Mrs. Saxby, *née* Edmonstone, niece of the author of the book referred to, says, in a letter: "I remember once waking in the night and hearing an unearthly noise on the lawn. Going to the window I found the grass was covered with hoodies, and I watched them for hours. A poetic imagination might easily have fancied they were 'holding their court,' for some went solemnly stalking up and down, pecking those who presumed to intercept them, and others sat quite still, blinking their funny white eyelids, and occasionally uttering a subdued and dignified croak. I easily discovered who were the sages and who were the talkative youngsters; who were the coquettes and who were the experienced matrons. There was something utterly ludicrous and yet weird in the parody upon human nature in their gait and behaviour, but I saw nothing like a *court of justice* in the assemblage, and you will see that Dr. Saxby, in his 'Birds of Shetland,' treats the popular idea of a 'craws' court' as fanciful."

"The large flocks," says Dr. Saxby, "which assemble in spring, have given rise to the extraordinary accounts one occasionally hears of the 'craws' court,' it being supposed that they meet at stated periods for the purpose of trying and executing criminals. Even comparatively modern writers have been at some pains to revive the legend, and that, too, without a word of dissent from the popular belief. Macgilivray, however, with his usual caution, concludes his allusion to the subject with the remark that 'some more accurate observations are wanted.' For my own part, I can only assert that I have watched these assemblages scores of times, but have

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observed nothing particularly worthy of mention, with the exception of an occasional short-lived squabble, such as is constantly occurring in any large flock of birds. I believe, however, that a considerable amount of *courting* takes place at these meetings, having noticed that pairing takes place very soon after the dispersal of the flock. Low, speaking of Orkney, takes a somewhat similar view of the case when he says, 'They meet in the spring in vast flocks, as if to consult on the important affairs of summer, and after flying about in this manner for eight days or so, separate into pairs, and betake themselves to the mountains.' "

Varieties.

AUDITORS OF ACCOUNTS.—The many disgraceful revelations connected with bank failures have led to discussion as to the duties of auditors of accounts. The routine is for auditors only to inspect and compare figures and vouchers placed before them, certifying correctness of entry, on the faith of managers or officials. Mr. Maclean, M.P., proposes that in addition to this perfunctory and mechanical routine, auditors shall have the power of examining any officers from whom they may desire explanations, and that they shall certify a form of account containing a faithful statement of the real condition of the bank's affairs up to date.

CREMATION AND CRIME.—Colonel Colomb, R.A., has published a letter on the subject of cremation, in which he says: "As a British subject, I want to know how cremation can possibly be legalised without a previous minute *post-mortem* examination of the corpse proposed to be cremated. The facilities offered by cremation to those who for any private special reason may wish to make away with their friends are only too obvious. The funeral pyre, however classical or magnificent, will infallibly destroy all traces of foul play."

MR. ROWSELL.—We are glad to learn that Mr. F. W. Rowsell, lately head of the Contract Department of the Navy, and who has since done good public service at Malta, has been appointed Commissioner for managing the Daireh, or personal estates, of the Khedive. Three-fourths of the land belongs to the ruler of Egypt. For such a post an energetic and honourable man was needed. We hope Mr. Rowsell may find time to send an occasional paper to the "Leisure Hour," to which he has been a valuable contributor.

SUMNER, BISHOP OF CHESTER.—I found him on one occasion in a railway carriage bound for Crewe on episcopal duty. He intended walking from the station, bag containing his canonical habiliments in hand, some miles to his destination, and returning the same day to Chester. Much did he commend the facility of diocesan visitations afforded to bishops by the railway, contrasting with his own trifling expenses the cost to his predecessor, Dr. Law, who travelled for the same purpose in his carriage, drawn by four horses—the postboys clad in his livery—and was obliged to pass a night away from home. The bishop induced me to accompany him so far as Crewe, whence he trudged forward on his solitary pilgrimage.—*Lord Teignmouth's Recollections.*

FOOTMARKED STONES.—At a recent meeting of the Scottish Society of Antiquaries at Edinburgh, Captain Thomas, R.N., one of the vice-presidents, read an interesting paper on the ancient custom of kings and chiefs being installed by standing upon a footmark engraved on a rock or stone. There is a footmark of this kind on the summit of Dunadd, Glassary, Argyleshire, which most probably indicates the place of inauguration of the kings of Dalriada. Dunadd is a steep craggy hill, about 176 feet in height, situated near Kilmichael. At the height of about 120 feet it has the remains of a wall of defence, in which is a gateway facing the south-east. Within this enclosure there is a large well, and the apex of the hill is enclosed by a second wall forming the acropolis or citadel of the dun. To the northward of the highest point the living rock is smooth and bare of sward, and in it is engraved a footmark of a right foot, cut half an inch deep, with perpendicular sides, and carefully smoothed and polished. About four yards southward from the footmark is a smooth polished and circular rock-basin, 11 inches diameter and 8 inches deep. The footmark itself is 11 inches in length. Dunadd was first recognised as the capital of the Dalriadic kings by Mr. W. F. Skene. MacVurich, the sennachie of Clanranald, describes the installation of the Lords of the Isles as taking place, in presence of a bishop and seven priests, upon a great stone, with the track of a man's foot thereon, upon which he stood, denoting that he should walk in the footsteps of his predecessors, and that he was installed by right in his possessions. Similar footmarked stones were noticed as existing at Carmyllie in Forfarshire, in Glenesk, and at Lady Kirk in South Ronaldshay, Orkney. The custom of inaugurating a chieftain on such a stone was also recorded in Ireland, though there are few notices of the stones themselves.

HUNGARIANS IN LONDON.—In London there are benevolent societies for aiding distressed foreigners of various nationalities. Some of these are well known, but less has been heard of the Hungarian Association, which is under the patronage of the Emperor of Austria. At its last annual meeting (the ninth), the report stated that 837 Hungarians had been relieved during the year, and 43 provided with means of returning home. The evening classes established some time ago had proved in many instances more valuable than pecuniary aid, by helping Hungarians to acquire a knowledge of English, by which they were enabled more readily to procure employment. The Committee also pointed with satisfaction to the continuance of repayments by recipients of assistance given them in time of need. Most of these foreign associations are aided by English contributions, and charity dispensed in these channels is pretty sure to be well bestowed, as the condition and character of the recipients of the bounty are well known to their more prosperous compatriots who form the committees of management.

PRACTICAL EFFECT OF SERMONS.—Mr. Spurgeon tells of a servant girl who, on being asked how she knew that she was really converted, said "she swept under the mats now." She did honest work, and not mere eye-service. We remember to have heard of a woman who had been at church and heard a sermon by which she was deeply impressed. She spoke of it as one of the greatest sermons she had ever heard. On being asked what was the text, she could not repeat it, or tell where it could be found. Nor could she give any clear account of the subject of the discourse or repeat anything that the preacher had said. All she knew was that as soon as she got home she burnt up her half-bushel. The sermon was on the sin of using false weights and measures, and it had taken such hold of her conscience that she made the application by destroying her own measure, which was short. The sermon that leads to reformation does good, even though the text and the discourse are not remembered.

SPLENDID DISCOMFORT.—Looking at Baron Rothschild's Chateau Ferriérs, near Rheims, where he was quartered with the king, Prince Bismarck pronounced it very costly and very uncomfortable. "I should not like to have it, were it only because it is so over-complete. After all, the highest enjoyment consists in creating. The necessity of economy adds fresh zest to the joy of making things grow under your hand. If a man has to calculate whether he can afford 5,000 or 10,000 thalers for an improvement, the ultimate gratification is greater and purer than if he has enough and more than enough for anything he may plan. There is nothing that palls sooner upon the appetite than a superabundance of money."

DOGS.—The following anecdotes we take from the "Animal World":—A Dalmatian dog, who lives at Worthing, suffered from cataract in his eyes, and was cured by a veterinary surgeon living at Findon, who is in the habit of coming to Worthing twice a week, always on the same days and at the same time. The dog having been visited more than once, knew the days and time; and ever since he was cured he has gone two or three miles along the road to meet the surgeon, and will not leave him all the time he is in town. No one can persuade him to forget his benefactor, whatever the weather may be. Many years ago I was in the habit of visiting an elderly clergyman's family in Cumberland, where the family pet was a small half-bred terrier. The house was, at least, a mile and a half from the church, the bell of which was small and weak in tone. This dog not only knew when Sunday came round, but if by chance the family were at all late in starting for church, the dog declined to wait; he understood, somehow, that "church time" was drawing near, and when the family arrived in their old-fashioned pew their pet was sure to be found under the seat. Of course it is possible that the bell, which was inaudible to human ears, might be distinct enough to that of the dog; but, any way, his knowledge of the day itself, and his punctuality in starting, are very curious facts.

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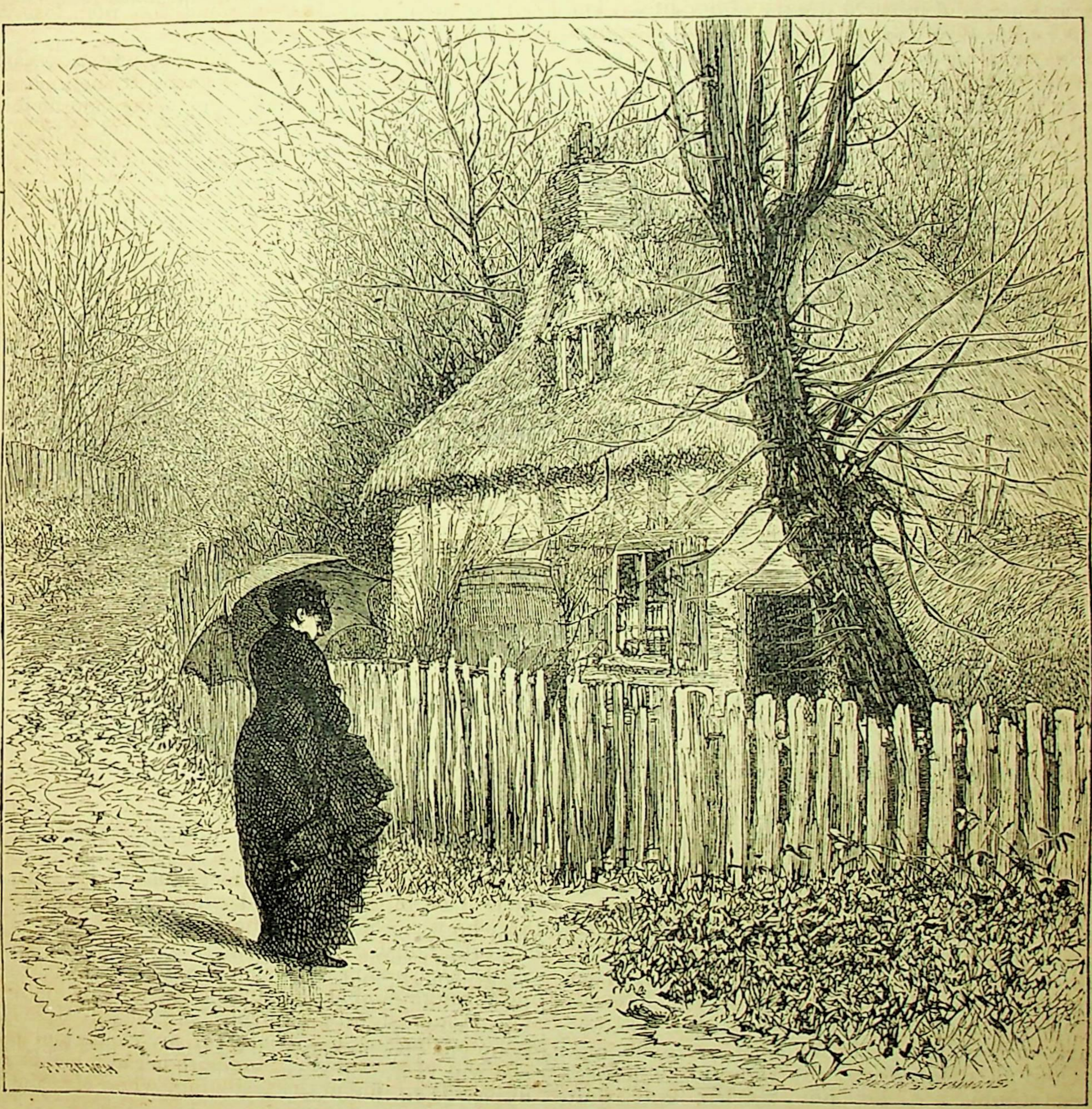
THE LEISURE HOUR.

BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,
AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND.—*Cowper.*



MONA'S "DAILY ROUND AND COMMON TASK."

"WAIT A YEAR."

CHAPTER XVI.

WHEN the December weather came damp and chilly, with its grey leaden sky, misty mornings, and, only too frequently, small drizzling rain in the afternoon, Mona found her walks to and fro from the farm far from pleasant. But one day there was a change in the usual appearance of the sky. A high soft wind drove away the clouds, and the sun came out, the precursor, as the unlearned in meteorology supposed, of the bright genial weather of Christmas. It wanted but a week to the holidays, when Edward was to come home, and the sisters would for a time give no more lessons. Each looked forward to passing together more cheery days than they had yet known since their bereavement. On this particular day the promise of the morning was not kept. A small fine rain commenced in the afternoon, and the dark clouds began again to gather. Fearing to

No. 1420.—MARCH 15, 1879.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

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encounter worse weather by waiting, Mona started on her way home a little earlier than usual, hoping thus to escape a wetting, which for her meant damage to her limited wardrobe, and perhaps a severe cold. Glancing with some misgiving at the blackening skies, she drew her cloak more tightly round her, and quickened her pace as much as her strength permitted.

This was one of the disagreeables likely to be frequently repeated; it formed a part of her life. The winter is long, and must be dreary when all weathers have to be faced on foot in the country, especially as the fine large trees, for which Hillesden is famed, overshadowed the road in places, looking gaunt and bare and desolate. The wind was sighing and moaning, and bending their hoary tops hither and thither. As Mona reached one of these spots, and passed from the open ground into the darker shadow of the interlacing branches, a sudden gust shook them furiously.

"That means a storm," she said to herself. "I wish I were in the park." She pressed on through the increasing gloom, when an unexpected peal of thunder, loud and sharp, burst over her head, succeeded by a deluge of rain, large drops, against which there was no defence, and almost immediately the rattling hail fell upon and around her, rending her umbrella in pieces, and smiting her with a force she could only resist by returning to the dangerous shelter of the trees, to be again driven thence by the lightning. Peal followed peal, accompanied by vivid flashes, and the water ran in rivulets about her. When the thunder ceased, the wind, coming in gusts, whirled her aside from the path, and the rain fell fast in heavy noisy drops.

On reaching the entrance into the park, Mona hesitated which way to go, but a few steps within the palings decided her. The loose soil mixed with the dead leaves balled under her boots; she would have to stop and clean them every few minutes, so that the short way would in the end be the longest, and by far the most fatiguing. Nor would there be much shelter from the bare branches overhead; the wind whistling through them aggravated the desolate aspect of both earth and sky, which the stormy atmosphere rendered each minute more dusky and more melancholy. Returning to the highway, as, on the whole, to be preferred, Mona struggled on, though chilled and discouraged by the sudden gusts that came howling over the open ground wherever the hedges were low or broken, choosing the middle of the road, which the heavy rain had rendered harder than the rest; and feeling forlorn and wretched, knowing also that the same scene might, nay, was almost certain to, be frequently repeated. If only she were sure of a kindly welcome at home after these manifold discomforts, she thought to herself, but that would not be, her mother was quite estranged from her.

The weight of moisture in the air, so physically depressing, was not so hard to bear as the hopelessness of a heart heavy with its own solitude. Nita could do nothing against Mrs. Moreton's twofold grievance. First, Mr. Sinclair's unkindness in turning them out of the Rectory; and now Mona's folly and thoughtlessness in crippling the family by refusing to establish herself in life. On one or other of these strings she was continually harping, unwittingly doing more to disturb her own happiness and that of those about her than is ordinarily effected by the great tangible trials which come to us in the way of providential dispensations. To them we learn to bow in resignation. There is a grandeur in the grief that only the Great Physician can heal; but for the petty vexations caused by the follies or temper of others, the constant if not severe stings that are no sooner soothed than renewed, a counter-irritation is almost always set up, which works not the less painfully for being continually repelled. When people, as in Mrs. Moreton's case, are unable to recognise the rights of others, their wailings, more loud than just, lose very much of their effect.

Mona knew very well that on the present occasion she must infallibly be in the wrong. If she took cold, her mother would blame her for being caught in the storm, saying she ought to have waited until it was over; and had she remained, she would have been equally censured for going home in the dark. Just now the worst consideration for Mona was the damaged state of her apparel, and the difficulty of replacing it. Except for the blasts of wind that came at intervals, the violence of the storm appeared over. The rain fell more moderately, and for that reason, perhaps, more hopelessly; but Mona felt so tired and chilled, that on passing a cottage where one of her old favourites lived, she decided to go in for a rest.

Mrs. Horwood was rheumatic and generally ailing. Mona had been accustomed to visit her ever since she was a child, in the days of her prosperity, to assist her; and now occasionally on the Sunday, or in a leisure half-hour, she went to read or chat with her old friend. Mrs. Horwood was one of the poetic poor, clean and cheerful, who, when not obliged to keep her bed, sat in her easy-chair by the cheery fireside in a neatly-quilled cap, with a large coloured apron over a dark print gown, always contented, pleased to be noticed, but never uttering a word of complaint or harbouring an envious thought against those better off than herself. Though she lived alone, her son and daughter-in-law, with their young family, occupied a small tenement close by, and the children were often in and out, her son's wife taking care of her when she was unable to do for herself. Though Mona had not visited her for some time, she nevertheless doubted not of her welcome.

Without knocking, Mona turned the handle of the door and went in. Standing in her dripping garments in a passage scarcely three feet square, she lifted the latch of an inner room, and called to Mrs. Horwood that she was coming to chat with her as soon as she had taken off her cloak.

"Don't come near me, for I am drenched through and through, and shall bring back your rheumatism," said Mona, eagerly, fancying she heard Mrs. Horwood moving. "I will slip off my cloak, and hang it up out of your way;" and with her numbed fingers she was fumbling at the fastening, when Mr. Sinclair appeared in the doorway.

"Miss Moreton, permit me," was his salutation as he volunteered to assist her in removing her saturated wrap.

"No, thank you," she answered, drawing back. "I am already well soaked, and will go into Mrs. Horwood's little back place to hang these wet things out of her way."

"Mrs. Horwood is not here," she observed, looking round on her return, having laid aside her cloak; her dress, petticoats, and boots being hopelessly damaged with the rain, and her bonnet, or rather what had once been one, presenting a most miserable appearance. Mr. Sinclair was trying to produce fire

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from the few smouldering embers remaining in the grate, working with despairing energy against insurmountable obstacles.

"Mrs. Horwood is not here; she is upstairs in her bed, suffering from an acute attack of her old enemy. Pray come and sit down there, while I try if it is possible to get something of a fire," he said, indicating the one easy-chair he had put at a little distance from the chimney-corner.

"Ah!" he added, impatiently, "there seems no chance of procuring any heat. I wonder where the old lady keeps her wood and coal, or whether she has any at all. What can we do?" he said, looking round in search of some article convertible into fuel which his principles at that moment would have permitted him to sacrifice. "Is there no broomstick or wooden handle to something or other that we can confiscate? I should be sorry to burn the old lady's chairs or any property that might have associations; but something must go; I cannot see you shiver with cold like that."

"Stay your hand, and I will see what I can find," cried Mona, arresting him as he caught up an old wooden stool and was about to dismember it.

From a corner in the tiny back room she speedily produced a few pieces of coal and a whole faggot of twigs and small wood intended for lighting fires, which Mr. Sinclair seized and carried off with expressions of satisfaction, and, in spite of Mona's remonstrance, would have cast too lavishly upon the obstinate fire had she not assured him that she knew more about small fireplaces than he did, having often lighted a fire for Mrs. Horwood as well as at home. Constrained by his own ill-success to relinquish the task in her favour, he stood by watching her adroitness with philosophical pleasure, as, after selecting the stick that suited best, she broke it into pieces and thrust it into the slowly-kindling flame with scientific precision.

"I may at least do the breaking, I can make no mistake there," he said, taking possession of the half-burnt faggot.

"Into three instead of two pieces," rejoined Mona, a pretty, mischievous smile breaking over her face at thus disturbing this little bit of self-assertion.

"You have done your part successfully, now I will feed and keep it up," he said, pointing to the cheerful blaze issuing from the crackling wood, and beginning to cast a warm glow over the small room, into which the dusky light from without was admitted sparingly through the diamond-paned casement. "You must now return to the arm-chair, Miss Moreton, and I will fetch the cloak to dry."

He was going to do so, when Mona prevented him. "Oh, no; that would be unkind to Mrs. Horwood, as the wet would dirty her kitchen."

"We could send some one to clean it up."

"And replace the coal and faggots," suggested Mona.

"Ay, with interest," returned Mr. Sinclair, gaily; "but I am wondering if we cannot commit further depredations." He glanced from the kettle on the hob to some cups and saucers standing on the board. "Mrs. Horwood has just had her tea; I declined taking a cup with her, but that will not prevent me from having one with you. Young Mrs. Horwood brought it upstairs to her mother-in-law when I began my visit. Perhaps you also know where the tea-caddy is kept? A cup of hot tea is the very thing for you if we can get it."

Mona nodded in the direction of the other chimney-corner, where a triangular wooden cupboard occupied a small space.

"You are a frequent visitor, I should say, Miss Mona," observed Mr. Sinclair, using for the first time the name familiar to every one in the parish. "I will go up and explain our necessities to Mrs. Horwood after settling the kettle on the fire," he continued, suiting the action to the word; "and you shall make it boil, get the cups and saucers, and prepare the tea. I offer you no aid, remembering that you have twice contemned my assistance during the short time you have been in the cottage."

"Are you sure there is water in it?" asked Mona, with another smile strangely fascinating. What had come over her that she felt so light-hearted in spite of wind and rain, wet garments, the drawing-on of evening, and the distance from home? Was it the pleasant glow of returning heat in this quiet nook contrasted with her late warfare against the fierce elements that diffused over her the warmth and cheerfulness of unwonted comfort? Was it the novel instinct of feeling herself cared for, watched over with kindly solicitude, and so sure of this one friend, from whom circumstances had so long kept her apart, that she was unconsciously lured from her habitual seriousness? Perhaps it was a combination of all these feelings acting upon her without reflection, but as she stood before the fire, as the ruddy gleams lighted up the picture, she was a very different person from the thoughtful, sad-looking girl with whom Mr. Sinclair was hitherto acquainted. He stopped in his walk towards the door at her suggestive challenge.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, it is half full," said Mona, lifting up the lid. "Shall I really make some tea?"

"I have no doubt Mrs. Horwood will give us permission if she has any in the house."

Whilst Mr. Sinclair mounted the narrow staircase Mona looked into the cupboard. There was the old-fashioned canister she well remembered, and with tea in it, but, alas! for the other condiments. There was some moist sugar in a basin, and a little milk still remaining in a jug on the tea-tray. Mona could hear them talking upstairs, but remained below, fearing that the moisture about her clothes might be bad for her old friend's rheumatism. By the time Mr. Sinclair returned she had arranged the tray with two blue cups and saucers and teapot to match upon a small table in front of the fire. They were Mrs. Horwood's best. She would not have taken them for herself, but to honour the rector it must be so.

"We are welcome to everything she has in the house," repeated Mr. Sinclair, on his return. "So make some strong tea—it must be very good indeed if I am to partake of it. And now let me help you. I can hardly fail to do right in lifting the kettle, provided you tell me when to pour out and when to stop. By-the-by, I was to make the old lady's excuses for not asking you to go and see her this evening. She is easy now, and is afraid that you might carry some dampness into her room, which is more than probable."

The bright fire with the dying daylight was agreeable. And soon the tea, hot and steaming, was poured out, and they sat down, one on each side of the table that Mona had placed within a comfortable range of the hearth.

Mr. Sinclair had not seen much of Mona Moreton—

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chiefly in her place at church, and frequently at a distance in her walks to and from the farm. Not only he had never gone a step out of his way to meet her, but, if he had made any effort at all, it had rather been to avoid her. Yet, all the same, his interest in her had never wavered, and he waited, hoping that a time would come when he might be able to befriend her. Around her was a certain pathos, a haunting beauty, which followed him wherever he went,—about the parish, into his study, and sometimes into his dreams. The pure, sweet, intellectual face raised to his every Sunday with an earnest sadness, mingled with the serenity that comes from an uncomplaining spirit, engaged his admiration, and all he heard of her from others riveted his esteem. Her position in her own household, as well as in life, threw over her the glamour of a romance he was yet young enough to feel. Unselfish to an unusual degree, devoted to a mother whose fancies, to say the least, were trying, and bearing adversity in a manner that indicated innate dignity of character, he could not help conceding to her the honour a good man will ever feel for a high type of womanhood. As he looked at her now the picture was changed—her eyes were bright with a happy expression, and smiled, as her mouth did, with fascinating sweetness.

The change was so great that Mr. Sinclair was fain to philosophise over it. "The human heart does not require so very much for happiness. When pure and trained to simplicity it can do with very little," he reflected, glancing from Mona to the plain and scanty furniture of the room, with its all but bare walls and bricked floor, which last object made him immediately place under her feet the stool he had so nearly burnt in her service. "She looks so contented even in this poor cottage, which is very different from her former home," he said to himself, and without knowing it, lapsed into a reflective mood, and went on thinking and thinking until his thoughts startled him, and dark as it was where he sat, he put his hand to his brow to conceal or chase them away.

"We must think about going home," he said, rousing himself after a while.

"Yes; I will wash up the tea-things and put them in their places, and then I shall be ready," said Mona, rising. "Little Martha Horwood will soon be here to fasten up the door and stay with her grandmother. She comes every evening."

"And I am going to Horwood's cottage to send him or one of his boys for the brougham. Stay, I think I must write my orders. Where are we to find a candle?"

"But I can walk; I would rather walk," said Mona. "The rain is over."

"And I would rather you should drive," returned Mr. Sinclair, with an amused smile. "For once Miss Moreton is thinking only of herself. When I have taken you home it would be some distance for me to return to the Rectory on foot; I should be late for dinner, and the cook would lose her temper, all which inconveniences will be easily avoided if you will allow me to have my own way."

This was unanswerable. In the deepening twilight it was not likely that Mr. Sinclair would permit the young girl to walk alone, and she had no right to keep him out in the damp if he wished it otherwise.

As yet he had made few changes in the Rectory; he lived simply with two female servants, but when the winter set in a brougham and coachman were added to his establishment on the score of health, the effects of the fever not being yet overcome. As Mona could therefore offer no further opposition to his proposition she set about searching for a light, by which he traced a few lines on a leaf, torn from his pocket-book, addressed to Jeannet, ordering her to send the brougham to Mrs. Horwood's cottage with a quantity of dry wraps for Miss Moreton, who had been drenched in the rain.

"Anything else?" he said, after reading what he had written.

"We have burnt all her wood, every bit of it; there will be none left to boil her kettle to-morrow morning."

Mr. Sinclair smiled, and added, "Send a basket of wood, and charge the coachman to keep it dry."

"Small wood also to light the fire," continued Mona, "a faggot would be difficult to transport."

"You know how to think for others," he observed, approvingly "So whilst I am gone, be kind enough to make a list of the dilapidations we have made of Mrs. Horwood's stores, and also of such articles as would be most acceptable to her. We have been housed and refreshed, and will pay the scot."

He took up his coat, which Mona had put aside. She went to help him, and before he knew what she was about, lifted it up and smoothed the collar with her nimble fingers. It was a willing simple service, one that she had been accustomed to render her father, but spontaneous attentions were new to him, and the gentle touch seemed to linger about him as he stepped out into the raw evening air.

LEGAL ANECDOTES.

IV.

THE late Baron Alderson once tried an action at Liverpool where the whole case turned upon the genuineness of an account-book. The question was whether a certain ledger produced in evidence was or was not a *bonâ fide* account, *made at the time*, of certain extensive mercantile transactions. If a "cooked" account, it was done most admirably; the ink in one part was faded, the leaves dirty, dogs'-eared, etc., while the plaintiff positively swore to the entries having been made at the respective dates they represented, and by himself. He was known to be a great rascal, and, notwithstanding his statements, a feeling of incredulity possessed the minds of all who heard him.

He was examined and cross-examined most severely, but with an ever-constant tale as to the book being genuine. The defendant's counsel was in despair; the book, if received as evidence, would settle the action against him.

Suddenly the judge, who had been very closely scrutinising several pages, exclaimed, "Now, my friend, attend to me, and be very careful. Take the book in your hand; I will ask you three questions only. First, Is that entry under date Jan. 3, 1838, an entry made by you *on that day?*"

"Yes, my lord."

"Is that entry overleaf, under date March 7, 1839, an entry made by you *on that day?*"

"Yes, my lord."

"Now then, sir. Thirdly and lastly, hold up

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those two pages to the light and tell me, if you please, how you account for the watermark of the paper on those two pages being 1843?"

The plaintiff was "out of court," and only entered it the next assizes to take his trial for perjury.

We remember a remarkable case before another judge, where the question was whether a certain cheque had ever been attached to and torn from a counterfoil in a cheque-book produced. The principal witness positively swore that it had, and that he himself tore it out. The evidence seemed irresistible, until the judge remarked that it was a singular thing, but the jury would find the cheque to be *wove* paper and the counterfoil *laid* paper!

Judges, however, are but men, and occasionally discover "mares'-nests." We heard a learned justice once tell a jury, in a shooting case at Monmouth, that they must be quite sure that the prisoner knew that the gun was in a condition to go off, and that it certainly appeared to him that there was a *hiatus* in the evidence, for although the man had loaded the gun, had put a cap on it, and had cocked and discharged it, no one could swear that he had *primed* it! The priming a cap-gun rather amused a somewhat sporting jury.

The late Justice Allen Park was remarkable for three things: respect for old customs, thinking aloud, and *non-sequiturs*. He was the last judge who always appeared in a cocked-hat, scratch wig, and knee-breeches. Lord Lyndhurst was the first who donned the modern attire, and it is recorded that when old Park, arm-in-arm with an acquaintance, passed Lyndhurst for the first time after his elevation to the bench, he exclaimed, "Well, to be sure, no wig! and what a hat! Why, the fellow *don't deserve to be a judge*." As to his other two peculiarities, here is an illustration. He was trying a poor man at Bury for stealing faggots. The prosecutor swore to the faggots "by their appearance." While Charles Phillips was addressing the jury for the defence he heard the judge "think out," "Why, how by the appearance? one faggot is as much like another as one egg is like another." Instantly Phillips said, "Why, gentlemen, one faggot is as much like another as one egg is like another!" "Stop, stop, Mr. Phillips!" said the judge; "gentlemen, I *advise* you not to convict the prisoner. Gentlemen, the learned counsel actually uttered aloud to you the very secret thought of my mind at the moment! Gentlemen, I see the very proof of special providence in this!" A Mr. Richards, who prosecuted, rose to explain, but the judge insisted on an acquittal, bringing characteristically forward his habit of making *non apropos* remarks in these words: "Now, my *dear* Mr. Richards; my *very dear* sir, do sit down; remember, my dear sir, your dear respected old father was once a judge himself."

Park was always very polite to prisoners. A man was once convicted before him of murderously assaulting his wife. When called upon to show cause why sentence should not be passed upon him, he denied the assault, and said he was not capable of it. "Why, my lord," he exclaimed, "ain't it proved I'm a peaceable man? Why, I must be; why, I've been bound over twenty-five times to *keep the peace*, and it stands to reason I *must* be a peaceable man!" "There's a good deal in that," said the judge, but he gave him two years' hard labour, nevertheless. He had a great horror of beards, which were somewhat uncommon in his day, and threatened more than once, when a witness appeared before him, to "disallow his expenses, for not removing that frightful deformity" from his face. He was so exactly like the late King George III, that many jests passed on the subject, and trying a pedigree case once at York, when much stress was laid on the likeness one to another of certain family paintings produced, the Baron humorously advised them, from his own case, not to attach much importance to likenesses.

Alderson was something like Park in his dry way of talking. He detested having the passages of his court crowded. On seeing one day a stout gentleman standing in the "gangway," he addressed him: "Get along, you fat man there; why don't you get along?" The "fat man," without moving an inch, replied, "Because this other fat man stands in the way, and I can't; tell *him* to get away first, can't you? You don't expect me to go *through him*, do you?" The old baron was wonderfully tickled with the retort.

There is hardly anything more amusing in a court of justice than counsel, in the heat of debate, using false and absurd metaphors. As a rule, the members of the bar are singularly free from any eccentricities, but at times, zeal for their client leads them into troubles of this kind. Not many years ago we heard a learned counsel defend a woman for child murder. It was alleged that, instead of nursing her baby, she had interposed a handkerchief between herself and the child, and had thus slowly starved it! "Gentlemen," exclaimed her counsel, in addressing the jury, "can you believe such a crime possible? Can you believe a woman thus turned into a fiend? Gentlemen. Holy Writ asks, 'Can a woman forget her sucking child?' and emphatically answers 'No.' Why, gentlemen, would a woman neglect a duty taught her by the beasts of the field, and the very *fowls of heaven?*" "Stop, stop, stop, Mr. F.," said the presiding judge. "If you had read the prophecy of Isaiah as well as I am sure you have read your brief, you would find it alleged that 'a woman *may* forget her sucking child;' and as to the other part of your remark, I should confine my illustration to the mammalia, as it is an ornithological phenomenon, that birds *do not* afford nutriment to their young from their own persons."

The late Justice Vaughan was a fine example of careless speaking of this kind. Of him an anecdote has been often told, but will bear repetition. While addressing a jury in a most inflammatory manner, he spied a witness who had remained in the witness-box, struggling to contain his laughter. Fixing his eye on him, he roared out, "Yes, gentlemen; then we had the witness Smith to examine. You remember him—there he is now, in the box, laughing like a crocodile, with tears in his eyes, and his hands in his breeches pockets!"

Another eminent barrister of a similar "manner of speech" was Mr. Clarke, Q.C., of the Midland Circuit. "Gentlemen," said he, very solemnly, in one of his speeches—"gentlemen, when my learned friend said *that*, I smelt a rat! I saw it flying in the air; but, mark you, I'll nip it in the bud." It was this same Queen's Counsel who once addressed a testy old farmer, who would not be persuaded into referring his cause to arbitration, thus: "Agree to this reference, you horrid old fool. If you don't, I'll be hanged if I don't use hard words to you." The writer once heard Lord Brougham, in giving judgment in a case in the Privy Council, use some-

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thing like the same language: "As to the witness Jones, I believe him to be a depraved scoundrel, and I am satisfied that he has perjured himself up to his ears. Had he said more, I would give him my opinion of him."

The late Baron Gurney was a great "temperance" man. He tried once at Oxford a "right of way" cause, in which many very ancient witnesses were called to prove the existence of paths, etc., many years before. Amongst these was a hale and hearty old man named Elm. At the end of his evidence the following conversation took place between judge and witness: "Well, Mr. Elm, how old are you?" "Eighty-two, my lord." "Ah! a fine old man; very fine, very fine. Now I don't suppose, Mr. Elm, you drink at all?" "No, my lord; nothing but water." "Ah, very good indeed." The next witness was also named Elm, and was brother to the last. His testimony ended, the same interrogations were put. "Well, Elm, and how old are you?" "Eighty-four, my lord." "What—what? Eighty-four—two years older than your brother?" "Yes, my lord." "And healthier and better-looking, I declare; and I don't suppose you drink either?" "Well, my lord, I'm a little given that way, my lord. My old woman, she say, my lord, as I haven't been to bed quite sober, my lord, for a matter of five-and-thirty year, my lord." "Dear me, dear me!" said the disappointed judge. "Well, elm is a well preserved wood, whether wet or dry." The point of this remark is, as we dare say our readers know, that elm is one of the most remarkable woods for resisting both dryrot and the influence of water; therefore used for coffins, drains, etc.

One or two witty remarks made by judges and counsel, and which are, we think, new in print, may fittingly wind up our paper.

"Have you finished your story, Mr. Serjeant Byles?" asked Mr. Barnes Peacock, Q.C., somewhat superciliously, as the serjeant sat down in the Court of Error, after an elaborate speech to the judges. "I have," was the quiet reply, given with the quiet smile for which the serjeant was noted, "and now you can *unfold your tale, Mr. Peacock!*"

It is perhaps not too much to say that the serjeant just mentioned was unsurpassed for dry wit and humour. The only other learned serjeant who was a match for him was Serjeant Wilkins. Wilkins was a stout, bluff, rollicking, laughing being—Byles a thin solemn kind of man. Wilkins, trying to look very serious in a cause he was arguing at Guildhall, was likened by his brother serjeant to "a cherubim looking solemn on a tombstone;" there was a laugh as the serjeant used the expression, which was *decreased* when Wilkins said, he didn't know anything about *that*, but his brother's smile *did* remind him of a coffin smiling with brass nails!"

The late Justice Maule's humour was sometimes very caustic. He was sentencing a man to death at Warwick one assize, when the gaoler leaned over the dock to whisper to one of the counsel, and happened to interpose himself for a moment between the judge and the prisoner. "Who are you, sir?" growled out the judge to him. "I beg pardon, I'm the governor of the gaol," was the answer. "Then, sir, if you are the governor of the gaol you ought to know it's very rude for any one to interpose himself between two gentlemen when they are speaking to one another." He then proceeded with his solemn duty.

We will only add, as to Mr. Justice Maule, that there are more anecdotes about him left on record, and more witty sayings of his remembered, than of any other deceased judge. Many of these are well known, and would be decidedly stale if repeated. We just enumerate one or two which we think will be new.

He asked a prisoner, upon conviction, if he had anything to say? "Nothing, my lord; but may I be struck dead now if I ever committed this crime!" There was a pause of several minutes, during which the judge was apparently waiting for something. At last, "Well, prisoner, the court has given the opportunity, but your request is not heard, and therefore human authority directs that you be transported for seven years." "Have you any witnesses?" said he to a voluble Irishman. "None but the Blessed Vargin and St. Patrick!" was the answer. "Well," said Maule, "neither appear, and I suppose you haven't subpœnaed them."

Maule's reply to the haughty inquiry of Cresswell, why he "drank beer?" "To bring my mind down to a level with the other judges," is well known, and is scarcely less witty than the remark made to a learned counsel who objected to a jury having water while considering their verdict. "Why not, Mr. —? why not? Water is neither 'meat' nor 'fire,' and no sane man can say it is '*drink!*' Let the jury have as much as they want."

The late excellent judge, Justice Cresswell, had the failing of addressing his brother judges in a somewhat consequential and authoritative manner, which much annoyed Maule. Leaving the Court of Common Pleas one day in disgust whilst one of these performances was going on, he met Lord Campbell, and remarked, "There's that fellow, Cresswell, talking to the other judges like a magistrate talking to three black beetles!" Any one who knows the appearance of the learned judges during a winter term, in their black-cloth robes and narrow ermine trimming, will better see the full force of the remark. He would never allow the court to be cleared of females even during the most disgusting trials. "Decent women didn't come into courts of justice," he would remark. "Speak out, my poor girl!" we once heard him say, "it must be very painful for you to go into all this bad language and disgusting detail, but it is in the ends of justice; and besides, all these finely-dressed ladies here [pointing to the high sheriff's lady and others who sat on the bench beside him] have come miles to hear what it shocks a poor innocent girl to repeat!" We were present and heard this, and record that five minutes afterwards there were very few "fine ladies," indeed, beside the sarcastic little judge upon the bench.

Spring Violets.

By garden walk and rustic fence,
Fair bush and rude grey stone,
They laugh among the leaves and grass,
In purple clusters strewn:—
Retiring from the gaze of men,
They lurk, a bashful race,
But every breeze that wanders by
Reveals their hiding-place.

Thus, heedless of the world around,
Be meekly glad as they,
Nor fear to live like them unseen,
To pass unseen away.
Learn thou with joy to stand or fall,
Where sacred duty leads,
And prize, above renown or gold,
Pure faith and holy deeds.

—*Lyons.*

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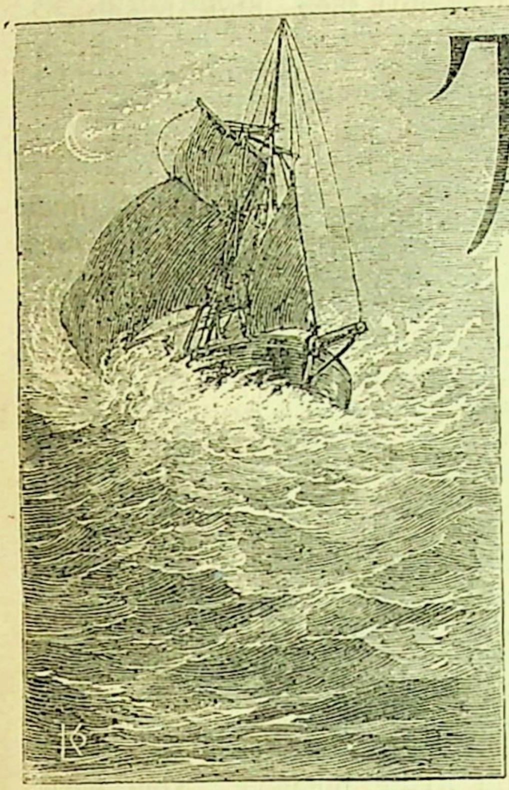
THE CORNISH FOLK.



THE story goes that in an old geography of the days of Queen Elizabeth you may find the entry, "Cornwall, a foreign country on that side of England next to Spain." And whether this definition exist or not, there has been handed down as a nickname for the land of the Welsh of the Horn—the Cornu Wealas—the significant epithet, "Western Barbary." Of course Cornwall was not a foreign country in the days of "Good Queen Bess," and equally, of course, the Cornish of the present time are no more barbarians than their neighbours. And yet there was some show of reason for both opinions; and that almost within living memory. Only last year there was celebrated at Newlyn, near Penzance, the centenary of the extinction of the ancient Cornish tongue. Cornwall, in fact, affords a solitary instance of the death in modern times of a European language; and we can very well believe that while Cornish continued the common speech of the Cornish folk, there did seem to be something foreign, not to say barbarous, about the dwellers in the western peninsula. But although differences of language have passed away (the English of Cornwall is certainly as pure grammatically as that of the most Saxon county in the land; and the accent—the melancholy cadence notwithstanding—a great improvement on the burrs and breadth of the North) there is still a good deal about the Cornish race that differentiates them from ordinary English people.

Who, then, are the Cornish? To reply, as their name suggests, that they are the Welsh of Cornwall, is only half an answer. Unquestionably they are descended from the Kelts, who, so far as we are aware, were the earliest inhabitants of this country; a branch of the same great family as the Gaels and the Cymry, the Erse and the Bretons, but presenting marked points of difference to most of their cousins. Not improbably this has arisen from the introduction of another element. Herodotus and Strabo and Diodorus Siculus, agree in telling us that before the Christian era the Phœnicians were accustomed to trade to the Cornish shores for tin. Like most other fragments of ancient history, this has been doubted; but the evidence proved too cogent when properly presented, even for Sir Cornewall Lewis. And if there are doubters yet, let them go into Cornwall, taste the clotted cream, and be convinced. For if tradition is good for anything, that famous delicacy, which Cornwall and Devon alone produce, and to which they set up rival claims of origin, was first brought to British shores by the traders of Tyre. Could proof be clearer? However, there are more important traces of the Phœnicians in Cornwall than the cream. Whosoever visits the extreme west of the county can hardly fail to be struck with the frequent occurrence of faces of a distinctly Eastern type—half Greek in their clearness and regularity of outline, and utterly unlike anything you will see among the Kelts of Wales or of Brittany, to whom the Cornish Kelts are most nearly related. And to this infusion of the blood of the finest seamen of the ancient world may be due, also, the noteworthy facts that while Kelts, as a rule, are by no means fond of the sea, the seamen of Fowey were among the most daring mariners of the Middle Ages; and that there are no more daring sailors now than are to be found among the Cornish fishermen. It is not many years ago that a Mount's Bay fishing-boat was taken by its crew to Australia, calling at the Cape of Good Hope *en route*. And as to the residents of the Scillyan Archipelago, there are no more amphibious people in the British dominions. They live on and by the waters, and in the waters two out of every three of them meet their death.

But there is other Eastern blood in Cornwall than the Phœnician. We are not going to discuss at length the question so ably argued in the negative by Professor Max Müller. There has long been a tradition in the county that there are "Jews in Cornwall," in the sense of forming a part of the general community. Mr. Max Müller holds that the evidence is insufficient. On the other hand there is the weight of the tradition; and the weight of an undoubted fact, that there are in Cornwall many families bearing Jewish names, members of which display marked physical Jewish characteristics, though they have no record of Jewish descent. How the Jews came into Cornwall is another question. One theory is that they were imported by the Romans after the fall of Jerusalem to work the mines. Whether that be true or not, it is quite certain that before the Jews were exiled by the Plantagenets they were concerned somehow with the tin mines, not merely in Cornwall, but in Devon. We have not cited the name of Marazion in favour of the Jewish hypothesis—Mara-Zion, "bitterness of Zion," so has it often been translated; but the rendering cannot be sustained on higher authority than accidental coincidence. A good deal more to the point seems the colloquial name of this little town—"Market Jew;" but even that would seem to be a corruption of "markets" (marchadyou); and the Rev. Isaac Taylor goes so far as to treat the name as Phœnician, and render it "hill by the sea." That the remains of the old smelting-houses which are still occasionally found near the ancient mine works on the Cornish moors should be called "Jews'-houses" is not so easily explained away; and it is curious also that "attal sarazin" should be the old name given to the mine refuse-heaps.

The Romans have left comparatively few traces of

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their presence in Cornwall. They had certainly two stations in the county—Voluba and Cœnia. Roman coins have been found at many different places, and some twenty years ago a Roman inscribed stone was discovered built up in the wall of St. Hilary Church, which is held to be a Roman milestone of the time of Constantine the Great. Probably, however, the Roman occupation of the county was a peaceful one, and had more to do with trade than conquest. Very different were the relations held by the Danes to the Cornu-Britons. True, they united with them once against the Saxons, but as a rule they were more disposed to plunder than alliance; and it is a singular fact that in certain districts even now an antipathy exists to persons who are endowed with auburn locks, and who are supposed to derive their ancestry from these hated Northmen. After the Saxon conquest there was little chance of further admixture. Step by step, and year by year, the Britons were forced into the corners of the land, and in 925 the Cornishmen were finally driven across the Tamar by Athelstan, and that river fixed as the boundary between Kelt and Saxon, which more or less rigidly it has ever since continued.

And now to return to the point from which we started, the Cornish language. Three centuries since it was the common speech of the west of the county, but even in 1602 Carew, the Cornish historian, could say, "Most of the inhabitants know no word of Cornish." Yet in the reign of Henry VIII the old tongue had been used in all the churches of the county, and the first parish into which the English service was introduced was that of Menheniot, by Dr. Moorman. Driven out of the church, Cornish still retained a hold on the vernacular of common life. A "miracle play" was written in it so recently as 1611; and the last sermon in Cornish was not preached until about 1678, exactly two centuries since. This was in the church of Landewednack, near the Lizard, and the preacher was Thomas Cole, who had then passed his hundredth year. Another century, and Cornish as a spoken language had passed away. It lingered longest amongst the fisher folk of Newlyn and Mousehole, near Penzance, and there, in 1778, died "Dolly Pentreath," who had the credit of being the last who could talk in the old tongue. But William Bodenner, who outlived "Dolly" some half-dozen years, was able to converse with her, and it is an interesting fact that fragments of Cornish, if not absolutely current, still live in memory, parents having handed down to their children such scraps as the numerals and portions of the Lord's Prayer and the Creed.

There is a sense in which the old Keltic tongue of Cornwall may be said to live even yet, and to constitute one of the chief peculiarities of the Cornish folk. It is not that their speech betrays them so much as their names. Camden, nigh three centuries since, noted the rhyme,—

> "By Tre, Ros, Pol, Lan, Caer, and Pen,
> You may know the most Cornish men."

To this day names in which these prefixes occur predominate in the names of places, and to a large extent in the names of people likewise. And, quaint as the Cornish names may seem, it must be borne in mind that they were all significant. *Tre* answers closely to the Saxon *tun*, which, by the way, oddly enough, is used in Cornwall to this day in its strictly original sense of an enclosure; for a farmstead is called the "town place." *Ros* means a heath; *Pol*, a pool; *Lan*, an enclosure, commonly of a sacred character—hence, a church; *Caer*, a town or defended place; and *Pen*, a head. And so the name Tresillian, familiar to all who have read "Kenilworth," as that of the melancholy Cornish lover, high-sounding as it is, means simply "place for eels;" Roseland, name of a district near Falmouth, has nothing to do with roses, but signifies the "heath land;" the ancient family of Polwhele in all probability derive their cognomen from an early mine which was known as the "pool work," though that is a good deal more dignified than a derivation given for the name of Bolitho, "huge belly." Lanteglos may be read the "church enclosure," as Egloshayle is the "church by the river." Caer, in the mutations of centuries, is frequently confused with carn, a rock. Thus Carnagwidden is the "white rock," or cairn, and Carnbre may be either the "mountain rock" or the "castle on the hill," while Cardew would be equally well interpreted the "black rock" or the "black castle." For an example of the use of Pen, Pendennis, "the fortified headland," will serve; and, in West Cornwall especially, there is hardly a field which does not bear—commonly in a very corrupt form—the name given to it when the Cornish folk were even more alien in speech than, as compared with the bulk of Englishmen, they were in race.*

What we call civilisation travelled very slowly westward even within living memory. One need not be a very old man to have ridden in the first public conveyance which was started between Truro and Penzance. Fifty years ago the pillion was in common use, and the farmer's wife rode to church or market behind her husband or servant. It is very little more than a hundred years since that the turnpike-road from Penryn had to be stopped short at Marazion, because the Penzance people would not have it approach nearer. This sort of blindness could, however, be paralleled in the history of not a few towns when railways were first introduced. Carpets were first seen at Penzance in the days "when George the Third was king;" and an old lady calling upon a newly-married couple who had indulged in that luxury, told them that if they were so tender-footed as that, she should expect to find them with their feet in feather beds next! And so little was there known about concerts or carriages at St. Ives, that a concert having been announced there, and a carriage making its appearance just after, the vehicle was followed by an admiring crowd, shouting "The concert is come."

All this isolation has produced its natural effect; and to this day the good people of West Cornwall have retained, to a large extent, the characteristics of ages long gone by. Ready, hearty hospitality, is hardly, in the old-fashioned sense of the term, a modern virtue; but it still flourishes in the West. There is less formality and more geniality, less of compliment and more of sincerity in social intercourse, in West Cornwall now, than is to be found in almost any other corner of the land. "Cornish manners" is to mean what you say, and to say what you mean, at any rate in matters such as these; and no people "take a stranger in" less equivocally and more pleasantly. At the same time it is quite true

* The portraits on the opposite page we select from numerous photographs, as representative types of Cornish physiognomy.

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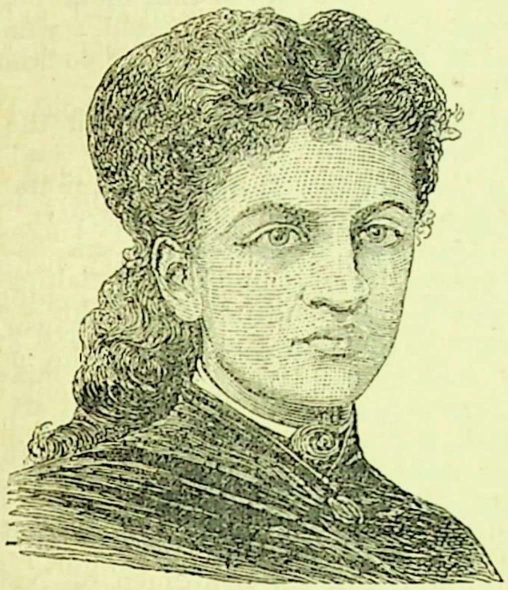
that there is a clannish feeling which finds expression in the old county motto, "One and all." Cornishmen are gregariously impulsive. They rarely do things by halves. At the time of the Reformation they were almost the only English people who rebelled for the old faith. At the present time they are more thoroughly dissenting than those of any other English county. When Charles and his Parliament came to blows, Cornwall was Royalist to the core;



CORNISH LADY.

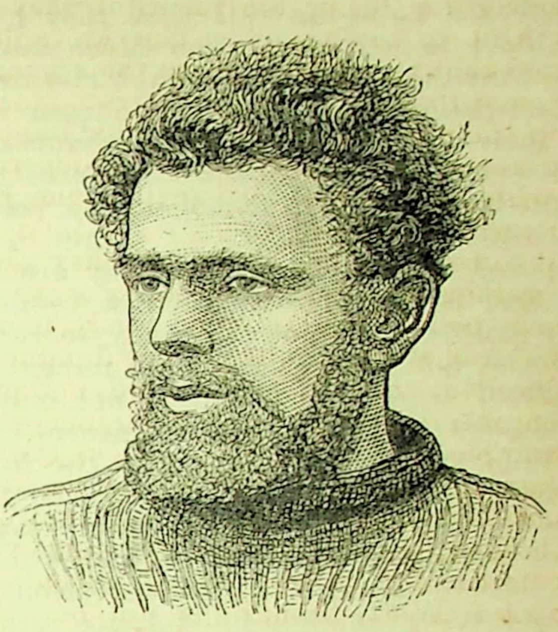
and Charles wrote a letter of thanks, which may still be seen painted on panel in some of the churches. Yet, when the seven bishops were sent to the Tower, Cornwall rose as one man to demand the release of Bishop Trelawny, and thousands of them were prepared to march on London to the stirring rhythm of the old chorus,

> "And shall they scorn Tre, Pol, and Pen,
> And shall Trelawny die:
> There's twenty thousand underground
> Will know the reason why."

The "twenty thousand underground" were of course

CORNISH MINING CAPTAIN.

the miners. From the very earliest ages mining has been the chief occupation of the men of Cornwall. It is now in a very depressed condition; yet, hoping against hope, they fight the battle against adverse circumstances, and persevere with a courage that will



CORNISH FISHERMAN.

assuredly not fail of its reward. As practical miners, there are no better men than have been brought up in the mines of Cornwall. It used to be said that "a Scot, a rat, and a Newcastle grindstone" were to be found all the world over. And it is quite certain that there is hardly a mining district anywhere into which Cornishmen have not found their way. You will meet them pioneering mining enterprise in all climes, even if you "survey mankind from China to Peru." But wherever you find them they are Cornishmen still. In spite of "one and all," there is a good deal of local feeling in the county, the men of rival parishes keep together, and even in Colorado you

CORNISH OLD MAN.

will find one inn resorted to by St. Just men, another by Camborne men, while St. Agnes men or Redruth men have their special houses of call likewise. Half the parishes in West Cornwall have their nicknames. "Cousin Jackey" is supposed to be the general title of a Cornishman, but there are dozens of more local sobriquets which may be heard now and then

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when "chaff" is attempted. Some of these are very odd. You cannot insult a St. Ives man more than to call him a "hake-whipper," the story running that since the St. Ives men whipped the hakes out of their bay for being too plentiful they have never been able to catch any! The Mevagissey people are told that they pulled down their steeple to buy a bell; and the retort on the Gorran men is, "Who cut up their own seine?" the inhabitants of Gorran being reputed to have destroyed one of their own nets when they meant to demolish one belonging to their neighbours.

But to return to the miners. They are a shrewd race, rather conservative in their ways though not in their politics, and not too ready to receive new ideas. And yet while as practical miners they are not excelled, they have produced not only miners, but engineers of the highest eminence—such men, for example, as Richard Trevithick, the inventor of the Cornish boiler, of the locomotive, of the high-pressure engine, who carried a "driftway" under the Thames long before Brunel, and who was far more fertile in expedient and invention than his great rival Watt, though he did not attain a like pecuniary success. Such a thing as a strike was never heard of in Cornwall until very recent years. It is the tradition of mining that it shall be carried on either by piecework or in such a way as shall make the miner a co-adventurer with the shareholders. The wages are not high, and never have been. The poverty of a working miner of olden time found expression in the proverb, "A tinner is never broke until his neck's broke;" and the pay of the present day is a miserable pittance compared with the wages, for example, of the colliers. But as a rule the men accept the position; they know that the mines must be worked cheaply or not at all, and they live in hopes of a "sturt." This is by no means the only expression in common use in mining districts that would puzzle a stranger. We have heard speeches at "'count-house dinners"—the dinners which, in the more prosperous days, used universally to follow the meetings of the "adventurers"—old Cornish mining knew nothing of shareholders—which would have been "Dutch" even to a Devonshire man. "A sturt" is simply this. The most popular system of working is that known as "tribute," under which the men get so much on the value of the ore raised over a given period, be that much or little. And it will happen now and again that where men have engaged to work a certain spot, or "pitch," in the mine, of low value—at perhaps ten, twelve, or fifteen shillings in the pound—the lode will turn out so rich that the share of each man in the "pare," or party—the miners work in little companionships—may amount to scores, and even hundreds of pounds. This is a sturt. Waiting for it, the miner will plod on, his boys and girls working on the "dressing floors," or the eldest lad perhaps underground with him, filling up his time as a rule by cultivating some little patch of ground, in all likelihood reclaimed from the barren moor by himself or his fellows, for more than twenty thousand acres in the county have thus been brought under spade and plough.

If there is no work at home, the Cornishman does not wait for "something to turn up;" he does not hang about on charity, but he helps himself. Thus, of late years, large numbers have emigrated. As a rule they do well, but some forget that they have left wives and families at home, and some return with a good deal more of the American rowdy about them than is desirable. The untravelled miner, however, is, like most of his travelled brethren, a decent, well-behaved fellow, shrewd, kindly to strangers, and capable of enduring privation "like"—what he is—"a Briton." Out of the ranks of the working miners come the overlookers and managers, known under the common name of "captains," which sounds oddly to strangers. Among the mining community there is no higher praise than to say that a man "knaws tin;" for the ore of that metal occurs in so many diverse and, to the uninitiated, unlikely ways, that it takes an experienced miner to know really what is what.

There is less that is distinctive about the Cornish fishermen, though by their sobriety and general demeanour they have won golden opinions wherever they have gone. The pilchard fishery is, however, peculiar to Cornwall, and upon its success or otherwise the prosperity of the Cornish fishing villages mainly depends. In bad times the fishing communities of Cornwall develop the same power of uncomplainingly enduring privation as the miners, and, like them, are content with the element of speculation in their industry. But, like the miners, too, they can, if need be, stand up for what they consider their rights. Tithe of fish used to be levied at Newlyn, near Penzance. Still is it levied in some parts, but Newlyn knows it no longer. It is fifty years ago now that the fishermen of Newlyn determined on resistance. "One and all" they resolved to stick by each other. They painted "no tithe" on a board, and nailed it to a wall to keep the vow in mind, took special care of all their fish offal, and waited. Before long the lawyer came to collect the tithe. He had it "in kind." Laid on the ground, the contents of tub after tub of fish refuse were poured upon him, and then he was allowed to depart, a sad, unsavoury man. From that day to this Newlyn has paid no tithe, but the black board long remained to witness to the way in which the sturdy fishermen

"Took the tax away."

For centuries the chief vent of the pilchards, salted and packed in barrels, has been found in the Mediterranean; and so it came about that the health of the Pope was frequently drunk at Cornish dinners, but all "for the good of trade." Here is the formula:—

> "Here's a health to the Pope, may he live to repent,
> And add just six months to the term of his Lent;
> And tell all his vassals from Rome to the Poles
> There's nothing like pilchards for saving their souls."

Nowadays the toast is "fish, tin, and copper," sometimes facetiously called the "three Cornish minerals."

Centuries seem to have made little change in Cornish habits and customs, but the railway is a great enemy of old ways in more directions than one, and that which is true of Cornwall still, is hardly likely to continue true many years longer. Wrestling continues a favourite Cornish pastime, as in the days of Carew, the friend of Camden, who wrote the quaintest and most delightful of gossiping topographies. Hurling has not altogether died out, and such old customs as the Padstow "Hobby Horse" and the Helston "Flora (Furry) Day" still cling to life. This last claims a passing word of explanation. It is celebrated on the 8th of May, and the special fea-

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ture of the celebration consists of a dance around the town, in and out of houses, and through gardens, according to a traditional route, to a curious old tune known as the "Furry" tune.

Old customs and superstitions are intimately connected. Like all Kelts the Cornish have a fair share of superstition, though they hardly believe so strongly in witchcraft as their rustic neighbours in Devon. Cornwall, too, is the land of legends—legends of giants, from Bolster of St. Agnes, seven miles in height! down to Corcoran, one of the chief victims of our boyhood's hero, Jack the Giant-killer, of whom it was written,

> "This is the valiant Cornishman
> Who killed the giant Corcoran."

Legends, too, of the false steward Tregeagle, who was called into court after his death to give evidence, and, as he would not go back, was sent to empty Dozmary Pool with a holed limpet shell, to keep him out of mischief; legends of the evil one and his nightly hunts with his demon dogs, which play so prominent a part in Teutonic mythology; legends, hardly less fabulous, of Arthur and his knights. There may yet be those in Cornwall who believe that the spirit of the great king, the last embodiment of the independence of the Kelts of Britain, hovers round Tintagel in form of a Cornish chough. And the memory of his queen Guinevere is still unwittingly preserved in the common use in the county of Jenifer as a Christian name. Even yet is a sanctity believed to attach to some of the ancient holy wells of pre-Reformation times; even yet are children suffering from "crick" passed through the holed stone —the Men-an-tol—near Penzance, which is supposed to be a relic of a far more ancient cultus. Charms, and forms of mediæval incantation, are believed in from one end of the county to the other. And the miners have their special superstitions. They believe far more generally than is commonly thought in the existence of spirits in the mines, seldom seen, but often heard, as if busily at work, and hence known by the name of the "knockers." They are not supposed to be akin to the *kobolds* of Germany, but are generally regarded as spirits of the ancient miners, whose workings are found in every mining district in the county, and who are commonly called the "old men." Where they are heard knocking the lode is supposed to be rich. They are kindly spirits, therefore, and not malevolent. Probably allied with this belief is the prejudice, less deeply-rooted now than formerly, against whistling underground. You may sing if you like and can; but it is advisable not to whistle, lest you offend somebody more substantial than a "knocker."

Half a century since Cornwall was notorious in the political controversies of the day. Its "rotten boroughs" were justly denounced. The county only returned two members—the so-called boroughs forty-two, so that altogether Cornwall returned forty-four members, while the entire kingdom of Scotland returned but forty-five. Not merely the towns, but the most trumpery villages were enfranchised, places that had neither corporation nor governing authority, or that, like St. Mawes, were famous for having neither church, chapel, nor market—mere hamlets, with not a single independent voter; while such towns as Falmouth, Redruth, and Penzance, had no voice in the legislature. East Looe and West Looe, two halves of one little town, separated only by a river, with about 1,500 inhabitants and 100 voters, had two corporations and four members. So Launceston had two members, and its suburban village of Newport other two. Hardly any two of the boroughs had the same franchise. In most places the election rested with the corporators, who were differently constituted in almost every borough. In some places the right lay with the holders of certain burgage tenures; elsewhere, all who paid scot and lot could vote, and there were also examples of the widest franchise known to English law—that of the "Potwallopers," under which a constituency of a borough consisted of every man who had a right to boil a pot therein. We might fill pages with quaint records of election battles fought under such conditions. When the Custom House officials were disfranchised, eleven of the twelve electors of one Cornish borough, having customs berths, were disfranchised accordingly, and so, at the next election, the twelfth had two members all to himself! This was paralleled at Helston, where the sole surviving member of a lapsed corporation established his right as the sole elector against a corporation created by a new charter. At Camelford, a house, erected to create a number of voters by giving outsiders a residence in the borough, was undermined and blown up by the opposite party. At Tintagel, it was considered the correct thing for the members to come down now and then and get drunk with their constituents, and some of the old carousing glasses still exist. The fatal 1832 put an end to all this, and Cornish folk have lost these distinctive peculiarities. The reason why they obtained this preponderance of political power was simply this, that from early times the county had been an appanage of the Crown, either in the heir-apparent or the reigning monarch, as the Duchy of Cornwall, and that these petty boroughs were created to check the popular influence in the House of Commons, though, in the end, most of them became private property.

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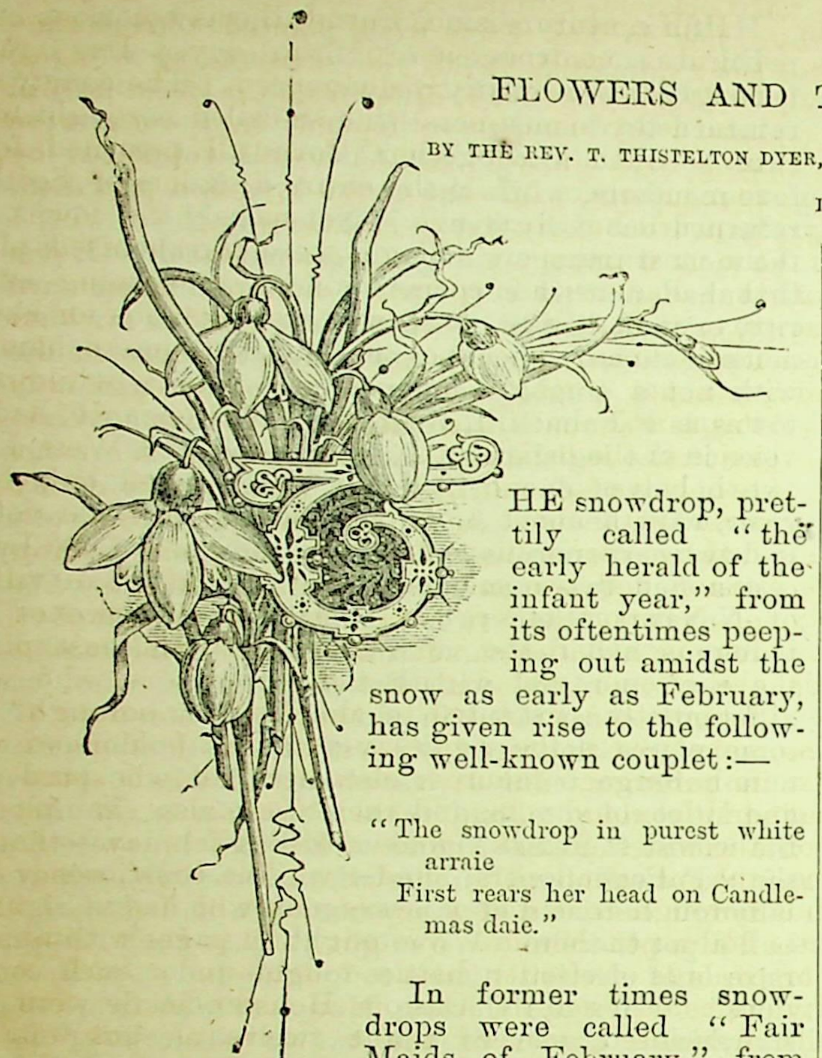
FLOWERS AND THEIR FOLK-LORE.

BY THE REV. T. THISTELTON DYER, M.A., AUTHOR OF "ENGLISH FOLK-LORE."

II.



THE snowdrop, prettily called "the early herald of the infant year," from its oftentimes peeping out amidst the snow as early as February, has given rise to the following well-known couplet:—

> "The snowdrop in purest white arraie
> First rears her head on Candlemas daie."

In former times snowdrops were called "Fair Maids of February," from their white blossoms opening about Candlemas Day, when young girls, dressed in white, walked in procession on the Feast of the Purification. Dr. Prior, in his interesting volume on the "Popular Names of British Plants" (1870—215), informs us that the snowdrop is from the German *schneetropfen*, "a word that in its usually accepted sense of a drop of snow is inconsistent, for a dry, powdery substance like snow cannot form a drop. In fact, the *drop* refers not to icicles, but to the large pendants, or drops, that were worn by the ladies in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, both as ear-rings and hangings to their brooches, and which were so often represented by the Dutch and Italian painters of that period." Its scientific name (*Galanthus nivalis*) is derived from the two Greek words meaning milk and flower. There is a pretty and touching legend connected with the snowdrop, which is certainly unique of its kind. An angel, it is said, was sent to console Eve when mourning over the barren earth. Now no flowers grew in Eden,* and the driving snow kept falling, to form, as it were, a pall for the earth's funeral after the fall of man. As the angel spoke he caught a flake of falling snow, and breathing on it, bade it take a form, and bud and blow. Ere, however, the flake reached the earth, it was suddenly transformed into a lovely plant, which Eve prized far more than all the other flowers she had seen in Paradise, for the angel said to her

> "This is an earnest, Eve, to thee,
> That sun and summer soon shall be."

The angel's mission being accomplished, he took his upward flight to heaven, but where he had stood on earth a ring of snowdrops formed a posy.

> "And thus the snowdrop, like the bow
> That spans the cloudy sky,
> Became a symbol, whence we know
> That brighter days are nigh."

The purity of childhood has generally been symbolised by the early snowdrop from its exquisite and virgin whiteness, and in the floral language it is considered emblematical of consolation.

The violet, which, unless the weather be unusually severe, may be found sending forth its fragrant blossoms here and there in the woods and other sheltered localities at the commencement of February, is a universal favourite. Many of our readers are, no doubt, acquainted with Tennyson's charming lines, which embody so much tender sentiment and feeling:—

> "The smell of violets hidden in the grass
> Poureth back into my empty soul and frame
> The times when I remember to have been
> Joyful and free from blame."

Howitt says that violets are "like true friends, we do not know half their sweetness till they have felt the sunshine of our kindness." From the earliest time this popular flower seems to have been in requisition, and we find frequent allusions to it both in Homer and Virgil. Pliny* mentions a liniment of violet-roots and vinegar as an excellent cure for gout. The Romans, too, we know, made a kind of wine from the violet, and at the present time the Turks employ them in making sherbet. In Brandenburg and Silesia the violet is said to cure ague if one chews the first seen in the New Year. Formerly it was a common idea that if roses and violets flourished in autumn, there would be some epidemic in the ensuing year. Shakespeare alludes to an old superstition connected with the violet when he makes Laertes wish that violets may spring from the grave of Ophelia.

> "Lay her i' the earth,
> And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
> May violets spring."

"It is curious to note how, like primroses," says Mr. Ellacombe, in his "Plant-lore of Shakespeare" (1878, p. 248), "violets have always been associated with early death. This may have arisen from a sort of pity for flowers that were only allowed to see the opening year, and were cut off before the first beauty of summer had come, and so were looked upon as apt emblems of those who enjoyed the bright springtide of life and no more."

Mr. Russell, the correspondent of the "Times," writing from Balaclava shortly after the termination of the Russian war, tells us that he saw a plant of beautiful violets blooming in a skull. Many of our readers will, no doubt, recollect that at the death and funeral of the late ex-Emperor of the French, one of the chief topics of conversation was the wearing of button-hole bouquets of violets by the visitors to Chislehurst. The following paragraph from the "Graphic," which appeared at the time, is

* Quoted by Miss Pirie in her "Flowers, Grasses, and Shrubs," p. 111.

* Mr. Lankester's "Wild Flowers," p. 34.

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curious:—"The 'little modest violet' has been at a high premium during the last fortnight. At Chislehurst, the usual penny bunch was eagerly bought at sixpence and a shilling by the French visitors, all anxious to wear this emblem of the Napoleonic dynasty. Referring to the adoption of this flower of the Bonapartists, a correspondent writes to a contemporary that he saw, early in January of 1815, numerous coloured engravings of the violet, with the leaves so arranged as to disclose the profile of Napoleon I. Attached to the picture was the significant motto, 'Il reviendra avec le printemps,' and we all know that he did come back in March, 1815."*

The early primrose is, perhaps, almost as great a favourite as either the snowdrop or the violet, for—

> "In dewy glades
> The peering primrose, like sudden gladness,
> Gleams on the soul—yet unregarded fades."

Its name is derived from "pryme rolles," the term it bears in old books and manuscripts. The "Grete Herball" says: "It is called Pryme Rolles of pryme tyme, because it beareth the first floure in pryme tyme." This little plant, says Dr. Prior,† affords a most extraordinary example of blundering, its name having been from time to time confused with other plants. Thus, "for example, in many popular works, primrose is explained as meaning the first rose of the spring, a name that never could have been given to a plant that in form and colour is so unlike a rose." Chaucer mentions the primrose. The French call the primrose "primevère."

The primrose is not without its superstitions. Thus, in some places, it is considered most unlucky to take less than a handful of primroses into a farmer's house, as neglect of this rule is supposed to bring destruction on his brood of young ducks and chickens. It is also occasionally used in love divinations. Let a youth‡ or maiden pull from its stalks the flower, and after cutting off the tops of the stamens with a pair of scissors, lay it in a secret place, where no human eye can see it. Let him then think through the day, and dream through the night, of his sweetheart; and on looking at it the next day, if he find the stamens shot out to their former height, success will attend him in love; if not, he can only expect disappointment.

In Germany, no flower has so wide an association with preternatural wealth as the primrose. Its German name, *schlüs-selblume*, or "key-flower," is, says Mr. Conway, strictly referable to its legendary connection with hidden gold. The German myth relates how Bertha entices some honoured and favoured child by exquisite primroses to a doorway overgrown with flowers. This is the door to an enchanted castle. As soon as the key-flower touches it, the door at once gently opens, and the favoured one is allowed to enter and pass to a room where she finds vessels covered over with primroses, in which are contained treasures of gold or silver. Curious to say, when the treasure is secured, the primroses must be replaced over the vessels, or else the finder will be for ever followed by a black dog. This superstition, adds Mr. Conway, survives only in England in the country name of the cowslip, "fairy-cups," *i.e.*, a cup holding fairy gifts.§

* See Wheeler's "Noted Names of Fiction."
† "Popular Names of British Plants," 187-189.
‡ From Henderson's "Folk-Lore of the Northern Counties."
§ "Fraser's Magazine." 1870. December, p. 718.

At Cockfield, Suffolk, it is said there are no primroses, nor do they thrive when planted, though they are very numerous in all the surrounding villages, which do not apparently differ from Cockfield in soil. According to the village legend, they once were plentiful, but when Cockfield was depopulated by the plague, they also caught the infection and died, nor have they flourished since that time.

In East Norfolk, says a correspondent of "Notes and Queries" (1st s. vii. 201), some old women are still found who believe that if a less number of primroses than thirteen be brought into a house on the first occasion of bringing any in, so many eggs only will each hen or goose hatch that year. When recently admitted into deacon's orders, the same correspondent tells us that his gravity was sorely tried by being called on to settle a quarrel between two old women, arising from one of them having given one primrose to her neighbour's child, for the purpose of making her hens hatch but one chicken out of each set of eggs. It was seriously maintained that the charm had been successful.

The golden cowslip, one of the chief attractions of our meadows, belongs to the same family of plants as the primrose. The derivation of its name is somewhat uncertain. Mr. Oswald Cockayne, in his "Leechdoms" (ii. 378), would derive it from *cu*, cow, and *slyppa*, slop. The word, says Dr. Prior, seems really to allude to a very humble part of dress. In the Stockholm Medical Manuscript it is spelt kousloppe, and evidently means "hoseflap." Such a name could scarcely have been given in the first place to the plant now called "cowslip," but was very applicable to the large flannelly leaf of the mullein, from which it has been transferred to it through the Latin name *verbascum*, which comprehends both the cowslip and the mullein. It has been affirmed by some ornithologists that nightingales have a peculiar predilection for these flowers, and are only found where they grow. This statement has not unnaturally given rise to many arguments both for and against it, but it is now generally agreed to be nothing more than a piece of superstition. The same notion exists with regard to hops, the idea being that there is between this plant and the nightingale some mysterious connecting link. In the "Worcester Herald" (May 17th, 1862) we are informed that there is a tradition that hops having been planted many years ago near Doncaster, the nightingale made its first appearance about the same time. To revert, however, again to the cowslip. The author of "Wild Flowers of the Year" tells us that he knows a copse much frequented by nightingales, and from which a chorus of their song issues in spring, but around which cowslips cannot be found for some miles. Mr. Jacob, however, in his "Flora of Devon and Cornwall," says that with regard to these counties the coincidence is just.

Most lovers of flowers generally hail with delight the early crocus, with its lilac or yellow blossoms, bidding us hope for the return of other flowers still more beautiful and fragrant than itself.

> "For thy rich golden bloom,
> Like heaven's fair bow on high,
> Portends, amid surrounding gloom,
> That brighter hours draw nigh,
> When blossoms of more varied dyes
> Shall ope their tints to warmer skies."

The Austrian peasants believe that the crocus

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must only be plucked by healthy young girls or strong men, as it has a tendency to draw away the strength. It may be worthy of remark, notes Mr. Conway, that homœopathy prescribes crocus for female weakness.

The crocus is the flower that is associated with St. Valentine's Day, and the following lines must be familiar to most of our readers :—

"While the crocus hastens to the shrin
Of primrose love on St. Valentine."

One species, the crocus sativus, produces saffron, a name derived from the Arabic Zafaran. It is used by the Hindoos in nervous cases; Decandolle mentions its action upon the nerves. Says Mr. Ellacombe, "One of the uses to which it was applied in the middle ages, was for the manufacture of the gold colour used in the illumination of missals, etc., where the actual gold was not used." It was formerly largely cultivated in England, and the principal market for its sale was Saffron Walden. Our forefathers had, we are told, a great opinion of its cheering powers, and when a man was merry he was said to have "slept on a bag of saffron." The meadow saffron (*Colchicum autumnale*) is very much like the common crocus, and may easily be mistaken for it. It flowers in the autumn, and presents a showy appearance when most vegetation is dying off. It received its name from growing plentifully in Colchis. It is called by the French, "Morte aux chiens," from the notion of its being fatal to dogs. It is a very popular medicine for gout, and the hermodactyl of the Greeks is supposed to have been a species of colchicum.

"SITTING FOR JOY."

A PICTURE OF JEWISH LIFE IN FRANCE.

IN this country, if young people become engaged to be married, the outside world is not supposed to know anything at all of it until after the wedding day itself has been fixed. There is no kind of official act or ceremony connected with the promise given by the pair who are to become husband and wife hereafter. In fact the official character of engagements in this country is in each instance what lawyers call a question of degree; and how often are juries empanelled to "truly try and true deliverance make" whether there was or was not a binding engagement between the two, and if there was to assess the exact figure of the damages to which the forsaken one may be entitled? They manage these things differently on the Continent and to some extent also in the United States.

Among the Gentiles the matrimonial customs vary indefinitely, but among the Jews there exists one almost perfect uniformity. To contract a marriage, the consent of the parents or guardians of both parties is always imperative, and even the acquiescence of the nearest relative, such as brother and sister, is frequently sued for. The religious practices of the orthodox Jews require that prior to a man entering upon marriage, any brother he may have should draw up an undertaking in due form and in Hebrew, promising to comply, in the event of his death, with the Levitical provisions.

As regards the preliminaries of a marriage, all the forms are likewise identical among the Jews, if not throughout the world, at least throughout Europe. The formal engagement, which, both in France and in Germany is usual among all classes, is general among them; and whilst among Gentiles the promise of marriage is only a legal form, with the Jews, on the contrary, it bears a special religious character. The Old Testament laws provide for no kind of ecclesiastical act either in connection with engagements or solemnization of marriages; but the "hedge" which the Talmud has planted around Scripture includes special forms for both, and beyond these popular usage has established certain practices which, at this day, though uncalled for by any written law, obtain among the Jews in all countries.

In contracting a marriage the bride that is to be has, at best, but a deliberative vote. As a rule Jewish marriages are arranged between the parents on both sides and the middle man, called *Shadchin* who, when the bargain is struck, receives his commission out of the marriage portion, very much the same as a stockbroker does in selling a lot of stocks and shares. The dowry of a daughter is regulated according to the means in each case. The special obligations regarding it are that the promise of the father must be made between the usual *Kinjan Sudar* (*Sudar* is from the Latin *Sudarium*), and it must be corroborated by the *Sudar*, that is, a cloth or handkerchief. "There prevails," says Elias Tishbi, "a custom among us at the present time, that when one would buy anything, or conclude a contract, we should be careful to have a cloth at hand, which is called the *Sudar*. The two witnesses present take hold of this cloth, and the contracting parties repeat the words of the contract distinctly, aloud. Upon this each witness spreads out his mantle, and causes the contracting parties to seize the extreme corner of it, in order thus to testify that they will fulfil the contract." This takes place also at Jewish betrothals.

As soon as this ceremony is over the marriage contract is drawn up, which is called *Kessubah*. In the event of this contract being lost a new one must be drawn up, for without such an one a man and his wife may not live together for a single hour.

In this contract stands first expressly the sum of money specified, which must be brought by the bridegroom on his marriage-day, and then the dowry or portion of the bride. The *Nedunjah*, if the bride has not been married before, she usually receives from the bridegroom the double of that which is given to a widow. There and then the Jews have a custom of securing the increase of the bride's property by a special instrument which is called *Tosephoss Kessubah*. For instance, in the marriage contract the bridegroom promises the bride to convey to her, along with the gift on the marriage-day and her own dowry, a third part of all his property. Besides this document it was the custom in olden times for the bridegroom to hand over to the bride a third bond, called the *Kessubass benin dachrin*—that is, a bond relating to the sons of the woman; in this it was promised that on the death of the husband her sons should receive the amount mentioned in the *Kessubah*, in preference to the other heirs, and that the surplus should be divided equally between them and the other heirs.

In the *Kessubah* the bridegroom promises ten things to his future wife, amongst which are food and drink, clothing, medicine, etc.; release, if she is imprisoned, and a respectable burial. He also engages, if he should die first, to leave her so much of

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his property as will support her; a free dwelling so long as she remains a widow; and also to provide support for her daughters until their marriage; and in the event of his dying or being separated from her to fulfil every stipulation in the *Kessubah;* and also, should his property not suffice for this, to sell the very clothing that he wears.

When a woman becomes a widow, her maintenance must be provided for out of his inheritance, until she has demanded the payment of her *Kessubah.* When this has been done, the maintenance ceases.

The bridegroom must, with equal punctuality, receive the promised dowry. If the bride's father draws back from his vow, or makes difficulties, he is forcibly compelled by the Jewish authorities to redeem his promise. A man may appropriate to himself certain of his wife's gains—1, what she has earned by her own hands; 2, what she has found; 3, the use of rent from her property; and, 4, her inheritance. In regard to the first point, the book *Eben haeser* declares that if a man were ever so rich and could keep any number of maid-servants, yet the wife ought not to be idle, because idleness would give entrance to all manner of evil thoughts. However, such a woman is not bound to work all day, but she can measure her activity according to her husband's means.

After all conditions have been agreed upon, a day is appointed on which the betrothed are "sitting for joy"—*i.e.*, to receive the gratulations of their relatives and friends. The practice depicted in our picture by M. Laby, a well-known French artist, represents a drawing-room of an opulent Jewish family in France. Most of the furniture has been taken out for the time being, to make room for the numerous visitors. The day chosen for such festivities, at least in France, is generally a Sunday. We have said young people by way of euphonism; in point of fact, however, the term applies only to the young lady, but her intended husband is many years her senior. All day long a caravan of relatives, friends, and acquaintances is moving to and fro in the large apartment, some of them bringing offerings in the shape of flowers or fruits of the seasons; others come empty-handed, and thought the less of. All, from the richest to the poorest, are heartily welcomed, and the rule is, the more the merrier. The young lady's mother stands by the side of the table, attired in her best, and serving light refreshments, such as coffee, wine, cordials, and comestibles, to all comers. At the door we see her father, apparently a rabbi, either by profession or in rank, receiving all the visitors with a hearty *Salem aleichum* (Peace be with thee), and these, on their part, reply with the phrase, *Masel tob,* which means, "Thine be good luck." The latest arrival consists of a venerable rabbi, probably hailing from Poland, carrying a scroll of Scriptural parchments in his hand, and one in each of his pockets, although he certainly looks as if he had the contents of all these scrolls, and a good many besides, at his fingers' ends. He certainly is a man of the old school, but his two daughters, who accompany him, look strangely modernised. To judge by their fashionable attire and head-gear, they must have imbued themselves a great deal more with the worldly usages of modern life than with the Talmudic lore in which their father excels. The venerable rabbi has come to lend his sacerdotal countenance to the proceedings, and to legalise the marriage contract, which has been this day signed, sealed, and delivered between the parties concerned. Each visitor, in his turn, addresses the happy pair that is to be in the most laudatory terms they can find or they can cull from their mixed German, French, and Hebrew vocabulary. In this way the day passes on, and in the evening a copious repast, in which fish forms a predominating element, unites the members of the two families that are henceforth to be joined together by the alliance of their children.

The Jews are not quite so numerous in France as they are in this country, and their number, apart from Algeria, is not one tithe of those to be found in the German empire, and scarcely five per cent. of those living in Austria and the territories of what used to be the Republic of Poland. According to the census of 1872, there are about 50,000 of them in France. There used to be nearly 100,000, but through the cession of Alsace and Lorraine to Germany in 1871, upwards of 40,000 of them had become subjects of the German empire. Those at present remaining in France may be classed as two distinct groups—viz., the majority, residing north of the Loire, who hail originally from Poland or Germany, and all of whom have more or less German names, though, in many instances, disguised under a spelling that is supposed to render the German sounds by French notation, and thereby gives to those names a barbarous hybrid look. The minority, settled south of the Loire, more especially at Marseilles, Montpelier, and the south coast generally, being most of them descendants of those Spanish and Portuguese Jews who were expelled from the country south of the Pyrenees in the reigns of Ferdinand the Catholic, Charles v, and Philip II. These people have mostly preserved their sonorous Spanish names, such as Salvador, Bedarrid, and Salamanca, and they are, both by themselves and their Polish brethren, looked upon as the *élite* of the Hebrew community.

It is, perhaps, chiefly by reason of their numerical inferiority that the Jews of France have hitherto kept somewhat more secluded from their Gentile neighbours than those of the countries situated east of France. No doubt they have become French citizens in the full force of the term, and it scarcely required the assembling of the Jewish synod which Napoleon I convened in Paris seventy years ago to impress them with the necessity of merging themselves in a measure with their Christian neighbours so as to partake fully of the benefits accruing to the country at large from the French Revolution of 1789, by which religious equality was first proclaimed in Europe. Some of the leading French statesmen of our time are, or were, Jews. Among these may be named the veteran Crémieux, now life senator, who was a member both of the Provisional Government of 1848 and of 1870; M. Goudchaux and M. Fould, the former financial secretary under the Republic of 1848, the latter under the Empire; General Levy, Superintendant of the Commissariat of the French Army. Others are of Jewish descent, such as M. Gambetta, the most rising among all public men of the period; and M. Jules Simon, who was President of the Ministry two years ago. Yet it is certain that a stout partition-wall still separates them from the rest, and this wall is principally of their own making. They sedulously keep up the Jewish manners and customs of past ages, and even those who consider themselves most enlightened adhere to them almost as persistently as the greatest "zealots."

J. A.

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Varieties.

STRIKES DURING 1878.—It will have been noticed that our column of "Wages and Strikes" has ominously extended of late. Notwithstanding the depressed condition of trade, the old clumsy and rough method of resorting to a strike to resist a fall in wages, or to enforce a rise, has been adopted in not fewer than 277 places and trades during the year, being ninety-six more than in 1877.—*Capital and Labour.*

OMNIBUS PASSENGER OFFICES.—In Paris, waiting-rooms are provided at all the omnibus stations and halting-places, where not only a comfortable shelter is offered to an average number of travellers, but where the latter also receive a numbered ticket for the route on which they contemplate to journey, where also all information needed in connection with the traffic is obtained on inquiry. Now look how the same business is carried on in London, where, by the way, the average fare is considerably in excess of the uniform fare in the French capital. Here we have, in rain, in terrible fogs, in severe cold as very recently experienced, no other shelter than that which a street corner will afford. When an omnibus at last appears, there is a rush for it by all who have been waiting, and the quickest or strongest have the best claims for vacant seats.

LIFEBOAT WORK IN 1878.—In the year 1878 the lifeboats of the National Lifeboat Institution rendered good service in saving life from shipwrecks on our coasts. Its long list of vessels aided in distress and sailors saved in shipwreck shows a total of 471 lives rescued by the Society's lifeboats during the year, in addition to 17 vessels saved from destruction. In the same period the Lifeboat Institution voted rewards for saving 145 lives by fishing and other boats, making a total of 616 lives saved last year mainly through its instrumentality. Altogether since its formation the society has contributed to the saving of 26,051 shipwrecked persons, for which services it has granted 980 gold and silver medals, besides pecuniary rewards to the amount of £56,850. The character of these lifeboat services has varied much, some having been performed during the darkness of the night, others in the daytime, but nearly all have been rendered during stormy weather, which would have prevented any ordinary open boat from accomplishing the rescue. Again it is most satisfactory to know that, notwithstanding the peril and exposure incurred by the gallant crews, not a single life was lost last year from the 269 lifeboats of the society, although about 12,000 men were out in them on all occasions.

RUSSIA, THE CZAR, AND THE PEOPLE.—Who and what is Russia? Not the name of a complex and multiform society of intricate configuration, such as is our own; but a vast mass, comparatively inorganic, still nationally young, and simple in its forms of life. We may regard Russia, for the present purpose, as including three elements, three forces only. First the Emperor; secondly the people; thirdly the official, aristocratic, and military class: which last may be said to make up there what, both there and here, passes under the name of "society." Of these three factors, distinct estimates have to be formed. The present Emperor of Russia has, during a reign now approaching a quarter of a century, given ample evidence of a just and philanthropic mind. No greater triumph of peaceful legislation is anywhere recorded than the emancipation of the Russian serfs, which he has effected. It is true that he gave to England assurances about Khiva which he has been unable to fulfil. But the military measures taken against the Khan apparently had in view the real necessities of peace and order in that region, from which plunder and kidnapping had to be expelled. There is little in their accompaniments, either of profit or of power, which would warrant the imputation of an unworthy motive. It is more just to ascribe the Emperor's original promise of entire abstention to an honourable anxiety for the friendship of England, and as an over-sanguine expectation, than to denounce as an act of bad faith a resort to force which has every appearance of reason and of justice. In the great matter of the war with Turkey, I avow my belief that the Emperor was prompted by motives of humanity, which drew additional force from the special sympathies of race and of religion. Justice seems to require a similar admission in regard to the Russian people. They are a peaceful and submissive race, whose courage in the field is that of a determined and uncalculating obedience. Domestic in their habits, rural in their pursuits, and fighting the battle of ordinary life under hard conditions, they are little open to the evil influences of what is here termed Jingoism; the conscription has for them no charms; and war summons them to little else than privation, wounds, disease, and death. Probably few among us are so biased as to doubt that the Russian *people* have been moved, during the last three years, by a thrill of genuine emotion on behalf of their enslaved and suffering brethren, rather than by "Russian interests," or appeals to pride, or the lust of territorial aggrandizement."—*Mr. Gladstone.*

BERLIN AND ITS PEOPLE.—Germans are, with good reason, proud of the growth of Berlin. It has expanded with the rapidity of an American town hard by a great river or lake. Every visitor in recent years knows how much it has been beautified and improved. But there is a dark side of life in Berlin, which must not be hidden. There are complaints about overcrowding; and the condition of a large part of the population is a matter of the gravest anxiety to philanthropists and statesmen. Statisticians tell us that every year more and more of the inhabitants of Berlin live in cellars. The ancient Germans, according to Tacitus, were wont to dig subterranean caves for refuge in winter; and recent statistics indicate a decided reversion on the part of the Berliners to old fashions. Another curious change is the increase of persons who live on third storeys; they increased from 3½ to 8½ per cent. of the population between 1861 and 1871. But far more important as an indication of the pressure of life in Berlin is the striking increase in the number of houses without any rooms with a stove or fire in them. To any one who knows what a German winter in Berlin is, the circumstance that there were about twice as many such comfortless houses in 1871 as in 1667 speaks volumes. Berlin has, too, more than its natural share of a shiftless, restless population, blown about by every turn of industry like straw by the wind. It has been said that as much as an eighth of the inhabitants is nomadic. These are grave facts, which are a key to much that has been said and done of late in Germany. Poverty and misery are active proselytisers of mischievous doctrines, and men are not quick to see the fallacies of specious forms of Socialism when they are ill-fed, badly housed, and shiftless and restless.—*Times Correspondent.*

THE FAIR ISLANDERS' PRESENT TO THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.—The inhabitants of the Fair Isle have sent to Sheriff Thoms, for transmission to the Duke of Connaught, as a present on his marriage, a smoking cap, yachting cap, pair of knickerbocker hose, muffler, and pair of gloves, all wrought in the Moorish colours and patterns peculiar to the Fair Isle hosiery. This special industry was taught to the islanders by the Spaniards of one of the Armada ships wrecked on the coast. An account of the island, its history and its people, appeared in the "Leisure Hour" for 1878.

AMERICAN AUDIENCES AT A LECTURE.—Mr. Arthur Mursell gives an amusing account of his first experiences as a lecturer in the United States. "I stepped upon the platform at Tremont Temple, Boston, under the auspices of the Peace Society, and amidst a crowd of local celebrities, with fear and trembling, not ill-pleased to see a goodly company before me, and not discouraged by the decorous silence, only occasionally broken, with which the assembly received my speech. I had been told before I came to America that I must not expect any applause, but that if any one in the audience cried out 'Bully for you, old hoss!' I might consider my reputation won. I was disappointed of this articulate encouragement both at Boston and New York, but on appearing on the platform of the Young Men's Christian Association, in the 'Association Hall,' of the latter city, it was a gratification to find one's remarks received pretty much as they would be in England, with warm and generous responses. There is certainly little regard paid to formalities, for the chairman seldom does more than call out your name by way of introduction; and before I had considered in what terms I should propose a 'vote of thanks' to him for his 'able conduct in the chair,' the entire assembly had made a stampede, leaving me alone with a glass of iced water, and a man lowering the gaslights so fast that I was afraid I should have to leave my hat and coat behind me, or else sleep in the ante-room all night."

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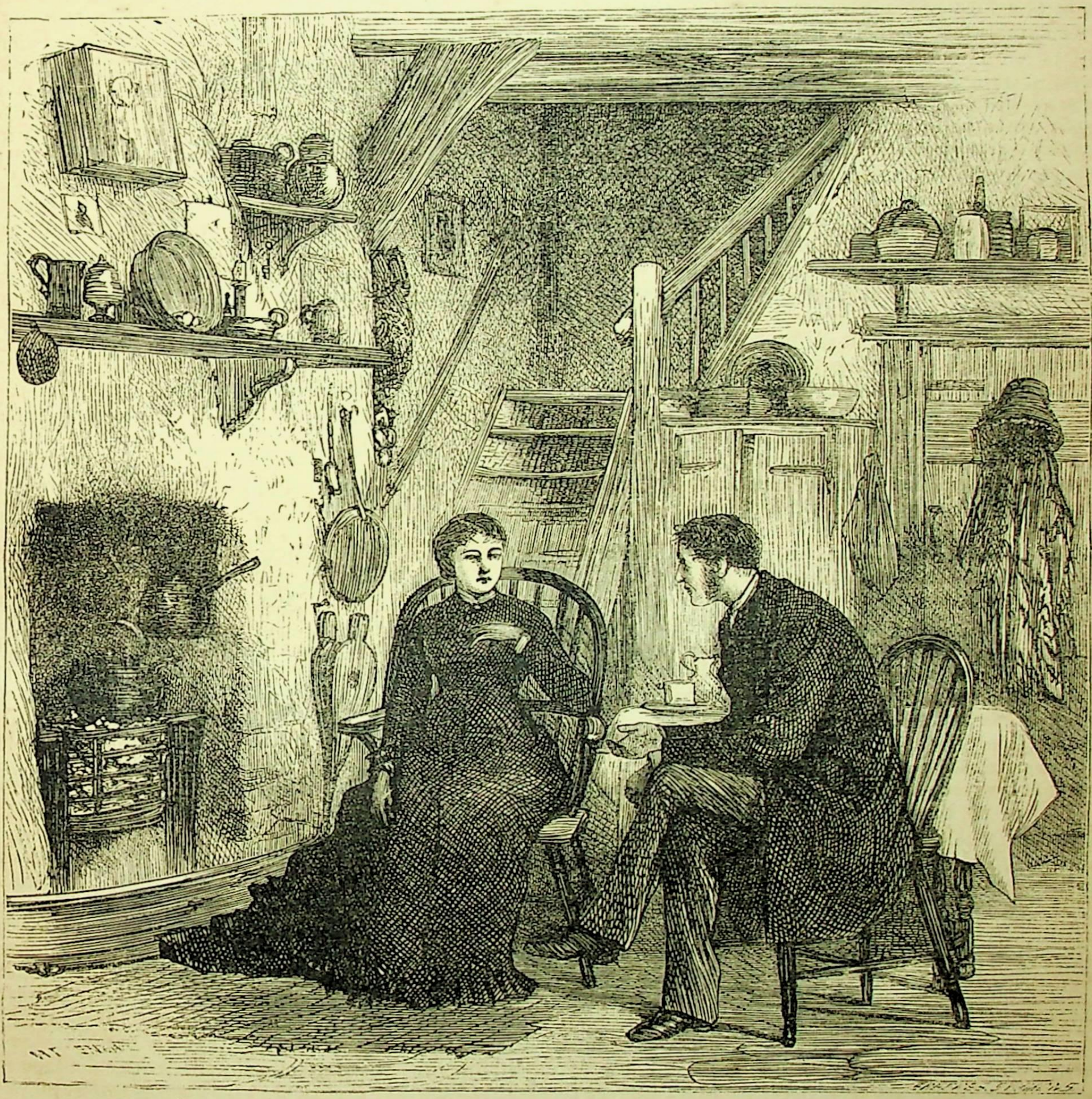
THE LEISURE HOUR

BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,
AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND.—*Cowper.*



A QUIET TÊTE-À-TÊTE.

"WAIT A YEAR."

CHAPTER XVII.

WHEN Mr. Sinclair left the cottage Mona put everything in its proper place. She then sat down and examined the remains of her bonnet, which was little better than a rumpled *chiffon*, and too wet to put upon her head. Finding its restoration impossible, she laid it down with a sigh. Some outlay would be necessary, and her mother would be displeased. A black silk cottager's bonnet of a form that must have dated generations back hung temptingly on a nail against the wall, she took it down and was trying it on when the door opened to admit Mr. Sinclair.

"A perfect Quakeress!" he exclaimed; "wear it by all means."

"And put it down in the list of things appropriated?" said Mona.

"Yes, that or anything you think proper. Now,

No. 1421.—MARCH 22, 1879.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

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Miss Moreton, I want to have some conversation with you before we part," observed Mr. Sinclair, passing from the gay to the grave. Mona took the chair he offered and he placed one near for himself. "And I take advantage of an opportunity that may never occur again. As you probably know, I am too much in Mrs. Moreton's black books to venture to present myself in her cottage, an injustice I regret, feeling that your father's family has a claim upon me. Our acquaintance was short, but long enough to go to the core of each other's hearts, for circumstances sometimes intensify more than time. Using the privilege which a man of his age may exercise towards a younger, he faithfully called in question the soundness of my theological views. I had been brought up to value what may best be expressed by the word 'externalism,' that is, I was disposed to give an exaggerated attention to the trappings and framework of religion. I differed from him at the time. You may remember how soon I was called upon to put our respective opinions to the test. In that terrible hour when, without warning and with my faculties yet vigorous, I thought a speedy death inevitable and earthly interests for ever closed, I had no doubt of the hollowness of my faith nor of the value of his. What I had judged to be of primary importance faded into comparative insignificance. My sole dependence at that moment was in that one truth that your father had so strongly urged upon me as all-important to minister and people, and to every congregation, gentle or simple. And only as that grew clearer and my mind clung to it was I able to gather calmness and hope. But I did not mean to speak so seriously, only to let you perceive that I am Mr. Moreton's debtor."

"Was it not very terrible to find yourself buried alive as it were?" asked Mona, listening almost breathlessly.

"It was," he answered, solemnly. "So awful, that though I never wish to forget it, I have no desire talk further about it."

Resting his elbow on the table, he passed his hand over his brow, shading his eyes as if the scene were even yet too vivid, and a silence ensued which Mona did not care to break. The only sound in the now dingy room was from the falling of the red embers which, though fading fast, gave more light than the poor little candle flickering near.

"But it was not of myself I meant to speak," he said, rousing himself, "or only so far as to obtain your indulgence if I touched upon what more especially concerned you. I am pretty well acquainted with the affairs of my parishioners, so far as a pastor may be who indulges no idle curiosity, and who only desires to be of use to them according as they require his services. Although I cannot intrude upon Mrs. Moreton without permission, you are none of you forgotten. Dr. Clarke often talks to me about you in particular, and from him I hear how undesirable he thinks your present occupation. This walking to and from the farm in all weathers, of which you have had this evening such disagreeable experience, is likely to be hurtful."

"I cannot help it," answered Mona in a low tone, half afraid that his pastoral care was about to touch the recent painful episode in her life, and shrinking like a snail into its shell.

"Mrs. Moreton once mentioned to me her wish to find you a permanent engagement in some family," he went on; "would not that be better for you?"

It would, and Mona knew it, yet the suggestion brought a keen pang to her heart, irrespective of the fact that this was part of the scheme by which her mother had proposed to continue her own residence at the Rectory.

"It might be better," replied Mona, slowly, and apparently doubtfully.

"Assuredly it would be better for you, better for your health, and better for you in many ways. Dr. Clarke thinks so," he repeated.

Dr. Clarke's name again. Evidently the doctor and the rector talked the family over together, and perhaps—yes, Mona divined at once that Dr. Clarke was only Mr. Sinclair's agent in procuring many of the useful gifts that during her illness had found their way to the cottage. So much generosity in a poor man, his savage repudiation of thanks, coupled with his fierce threats to punish them if they asked questions, confirmed this new idea. But she said nothing, she was too delicate to force an incognito that Mr. Sinclair for obvious reasons might wish to keep. The growing obscurity concealed the pain she felt at the recollection of her mother's injustice to their real benefactor.

"Then if I hear of any lady wishing for a governess for her children, may I mention you?"

"Thank you," replied Mona, coldly, yet vexed with herself for being unable to throw any warmth into her voice. Though Hillesden, since her father was taken away, had brought her only painful experiences, she had no wish to leave it.

A sound of carriage wheels prevented all further conversation, as Martha Horwood immediately made her appearance, bringing a large shawl which the coachman had entrusted to her.

"Jeannet's best," observed Mona, wrapping it round her.

"And now for the Quakeress's bonnet," said Mr. Sinclair, with an amused smile.

But Mona thought they had made sufficient depredations upon Mrs. Horwood's property, and after seeing the basket of wood placed in the kitchen and telling Martha that she would call the following morning to fetch the things left behind, she was ready to go.

It was not raining when they left the cottage, but it was so cold and damp that she felt the full comfort of going home in the brougham instead of walking. They passed here and there a labourer sauntering along the road, who mechanically touched his hat to the carriage, and Mona rather enjoyed the drive; but when they reached the populous part of the village, where women and children were about, she instinctively sat as far back as she could. It was no novelty for Mr. Sinclair's brougham to be passing at all hours, but she felt strange and out of place at his side.

The rumbling of wheels up to the door did not make any sensation at home. They supposed it to be Mona returning in Mr. Gorts's pony-chaise on account of the storm. Nor did Nita, who admitted her, recognise Mr. Sinclair until he spoke.

"Your sister has been caught in the storm and well drenched. Take care of her. I hope she will not be the worse for it to-morrow. Good night, Miss Nita—good night," he said in a softer key, giving Mona his hand when she was inside the doorway. "My compliments to Mrs. Moreton," he added, as he turned back to go to the carriage.

"Was that Mr. Sinclair's voice?" asked Mrs.

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Moreton, coming forward, forgetful of her dignity and past resentment in the craving for something to break the dull monotony of a long December evening. "Well, I think, indeed, he might have paid me the compliment to come in, if only for five minutes. Why Mona, child, where have you been all this while, and how came Mr. Sinclair to bring you home?"

As Mona gave the outline of her adventures, describing the storm, the tea-drinking, and the home-coming, Mrs. Moreton listened with more interest than she usually gave to what concerned her eldest daughter, and unconsciously gratified her by the repetition of the testy remark, "I think Mr. Sinclair might have paid me the compliment to come in, if only for five minutes."

Before Mr. Sinclair's new delinquency faded from her mind, Edward came home and threw a little animation into their quiet life. Possessing one of those sanguine temperaments that foresee no obstacles to their wishes, he had resigned his situation at Corneford in the hope of soon procuring a better. Mona's conduct came of course under discussion in the family conclave; Edward took the same view as his mother, and thought she had been foolish to throw away so good a chance, but as his own prospects were sure to brighten shortly he managed to forgive her, at least so far as to admit that it was her own affair.

"What would be the best time to call upon Mr. Sinclair?" he asked of Mona the morning after his arrival. "On business, I mean."

"Business!" she echoed, and so did the others in different keys of surprise. Mona's had in it a certain ring of alarm. She knew that her brother had once called upon Mr. Sinclair when at Hillesden for a couple of hours, and that the latter had returned the call at Corneford, but they had not met, both parties happening to be out; and therefore this proposed interview upon business was altogether unexpected.

"Yes, I wrote to him as one who naturally felt some interest in the family of his predecessor, and asked him if he would kindly assist me in finding a situation more suited to my tastes and abilities than that at Corneford. He must know a great many people. I ought to have a good stipend, which after a time may enable me to finish my terms and take my degree."

"But you did not say that!" remarked Mona.

"Certainly I did. How can a man serve you thoroughly unless he knows what you want?"

"When did you write?" she asked, as soon as Mrs. Moreton had finished praising her son's sagacity.

"Nearly a week ago. On Wednesday or Thursday, I forget which; but I told him that I was coming home, and would call upon him to-day. Well, Mona, what is the matter? You look as if I had done something extraordinary. Ah! I forgot, Mr. Sinclair in your eyes is a personage to be reverenced, not a man on a level with his fellow-creatures. I don't understand the distinction. If he is a good man he will be glad to help me, and if he is not willing to help a fellow when he can, he is not good, and I for one shall not care about him. Shall I go about eleven?" he asked, satisfied with his line of argument, though it ran in the smallest possible circle.

"Half-past ten would be better. Your father used to be shut up in his study, hard at work, by eleven," remarked Mrs. Moreton.

"At ten if you like; the sooner the better," replied Edward, taking up his hat as he glanced at the clock. "I have just half-an-hour to saunter to the Rectory."

Mona stopped him at the door, saying, "Try and remember whether it was Wednesday or Thursday that you wrote to Mr. Sinclair."

"I don't know; I am not sure. Well, say it was Wednesday; it is all the same."

It was not, however, all the same to Mona. If Edward had written on Wednesday, Mr. Sinclair must have already received his letter when they met at the cottage; and his not mentioning the circumstance did not argue in favour of Edward. Fond as she was of her brother, her quick perception occasionally detected something that jarred her; little defects for which a stranger could not be expected to make allowance. She did not call them by any hard names; yet she was well aware that his new position in life, that of exercising an independent will, was telling unfavourably upon him. Were it Thursday there was yet the ordeal of a first meeting to go through. What impression was he likely to make? She was tempted to run after him, and beseech him to be gentle—she meant humble—in his manner, and guarded in what he said of himself, but restrained the impulse, sense and observation both teaching her that young brothers are apt to be particularly intolerant of advice from a sister. Had she known that Mr. Sinclair was disposed to further Edward's views, and enable him to complete his terms at the University, she would have run the risk of offending him for the sake of the possible advantage.

"Mr. Sinclair must be pleased with my handsome boy," observed Mrs. Moreton, as she sat trifling with some woollen crochet, while Mona and Nita were engaged in more homely work.

"Of course, mamma," said Nita, after the observation had been made the second time.

"You say nothing, Mona," continued Mrs. Moreton in a querulous tone. "You are growing quite disagreeable, always in opposition to your family."

"I am not in opposition," she replied, meekly. "I hope it most sincerely."

"Hope it! Is that all you can say? I should have a very poor opinion of Mr. Sinclair's discrimination if he were not pleased with him."

By the clock it was now eleven. Favourable or unfavourable, the first impression had been made.

TWO CITY SCHOOLMASTERS.

DR. MORTIMER AND DR. KYNASTON.

WITHIN little more than a stone's-throw of each other, the one in Milk Street, Cheapside, the other in St. Paul's Churchyard, stand two of London's most important schools. Their origin and history have been very different. One took its rise from the development, in quite modern times, of an ancient bequest of John Carpenter, Town Clerk and Member of Parliament for the City, who died about 1442, one of the most liberal and enlightened men of his age. The other was founded, some three-quarters of a century after Carpenter's day, by John Colet, the great Dean of St. Paul's. The course of the one has

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thus resembled that of a slender stream, long scarce noticed, but suddenly widening out into a broad estuary; the course of the other has been like that of an ample river, running with even flow from its very birth.

In one respect their fortunes are alike. Following the example of Charterhouse and Merchant Taylors', both are on the eve of a removal from their present site. The City of London School, with its six hundred and fifty boys, has long been too closely pent-up in Milk Street. And though that street is in some degree classic ground—for it was there that old Judge More lived, and there his famous son was born, "the brightest star," in Fuller's language, "that ever rose in that Milky Way"—still it is in the highest degree desirable that the great school should move to roomier quarters, whether on the Thames Embankment or elsewhere. To sever Dean Colet's ancient school from the neighbouring Cathedral, and break the associations of more than three centuries and a half, will cost a sharper pang. But the steady increase of numbers in this case also has left no choice, and a new site in West Kensington has been definitely fixed upon.

It is not, however, of the schools themselves that we are proposing now to speak, but of two late masters of them. Last year witnessed the death of Dr. Kynaston, for nearly forty years High Master of St. Paul's. And though that of Dr. Mortimer, the Head Master of the neighbouring school, preceded it by some seven years, his memory is still so fresh in the minds of all who knew him, that the one event seems almost as recent as the other, and no incongruity will be felt in thus joining them together.

George Ferris Whidborne Mortimer (to speak of him first) was a native of Devonshire, and was born July 22nd, 1805. He was educated at Exeter School, entering about the time when Sir Vicary Gibbs, one of its old scholars, had reached the summit of his fame in being made Lord Chief Justice of Common Pleas. The Head Master of Exeter School in those days, old Dr. Lemprière, was a man who has become more widely known than most schoolmasters, through his once popular "Classical Dictionary." Proceeding thence to Queen's College, Oxford, young Mortimer gained a Michel scholarship, and in due time a first class in the final Classical School. In the list for Michaelmas Term, 1826, his name appears as one of four, who alone formed the first class *in literis humanioribus* on that occasion. The other three were all Christ Church men, one being the present Archdeacon of Taunton, and another the late Earl Manvers, at that time Viscount Newark. Samuel Wilberforce, the late Bishop of Winchester, was in the second class in the same list. After graduating B.A. in 1826, and M.A. in 1829, Mr. Mortimer became actively engaged in tuition, never holding any preferment in the Church, though he had been ordained. His heart was from the first in the work of a schoolmaster. He was successively in charge of the Newcastle Grammar School, and the Western Proprietary School, then newly established at Brompton, and in 1840 began his great and lasting work at the City of London School.

Though but recently established, the school was not then in a very flourishing condition. It had opened, in the year 1837, with four hundred boys, and with every prospect of brilliant success for the future. From causes which need not here be dwelt upon, its prospects had become overshadowed. But from the moment of Dr. Mortimer's accession—we give him the familiar title of "doctor," which his University bestowed in 1841—things began swiftly and steadily to mend. There was in him such a power of "ministration," such a faculty of making the machine do its work as with the healthy pulsation of a living being, such a firm yet gentle hand, that the school of six hundred boys seemed as if it might almost have been left, at any emergency, to govern itself.

The City of London School had this peculiar difficulty to contend with: that whilst the religious instruction given in it was bound to be in accordance with the principles of the English Church, it was meant to include, and did from the first include, no small sprinkling of boys whose parents were not members of that Church. Through the tact, and still more through the genuine Christian charity, of Dr. Mortimer, this difficulty was made to vanish into the merest shadow. He ever sought to have the boys "bred up," in the words of a benefactor to his old school at Exeter, "in a free, generous, English spirit." Himself trained up in the old school of Oxford classics, he never desired that other studies should be dwarfed under the shadow of that one branch of learning. Woolwich and South Kensington can testify to the results of this wise liberality.

Few masters ever thought more about their pupils when absent. Not seldom the doctor would appear at the door of some of his old scholars at Oxford or Cambridge, where a gentle stimulus was thought needful; and only afterwards, perhaps, the now successful student would begin to suspect that in the course of that seemingly chance visit some efficacious medicine had been administered. The news of any fresh success at the Universities—and latterly this came pretty often—delighted him as much as the veriest schoolboy. No one who saw it will ever forget the radiant face with which he entered each classroom in succession in the spring of 1861, with the crowning intelligence, "Aldis, senior wrangler and first Smith's prizeman;" and then shortly afterwards, "Abbott, senior classic and first Chancellor's medallist." At Michaelmas, 1865, he retired from his post, after a quarter of a century's laborious and successful work. The previous year he had been presented to a prebend—a purely honorary one—in St. Paul's Cathedral. He had stayed at his post too long. Energetic as ever, he would not allow failing health to impede his many useful labours, till his strength entirely forsook him. He died, of gradual wasting of the brain, at Rose Hill, Hampton, on September 7th, 1871: he had gone there for a temporary sojourn; he found there his final resting-place. He was laid in Hampton Churchyard on the following Wednesday, a large concourse of sorrowing friends and scholars, and of past and present masters, standing round the grave. He left no published works, nor did he need to leave any; his works are the living minds impressed for ever with his teaching. And as these recall his firm yet gentle guidance, his wise instruction, and the cheerful look that could make even the sombre classroom brighter, they will seem to read his epitaph in the tender words of the Psalmist, "So he fed them with a faithful and true heart, and ruled them prudently with all his power."

Herbert Kynaston was in many respects a contrast to Dr. Mortimer. For a schoolmaster, he possessed some rare natural advantages: a commanding pre-

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sence, a genial manner, and, above all, something paternal in his way of dealing with boys, endeared him to them from the first moment. It was this last feature in his teaching that impressed the French Commissioners, MM. Demogeot and Montucci, who visited the English public schools in 1866 as a deputation from the *lycées* of France. They speak in their printed report of the "enseignement *paternel* et sans prétention" of the High Master of St. Paul's; adding that, "while listening to Dr. Kynaston, they could fancy themselves at the Sorbonne, with Boissonnade or M. Egger." But it is as a poet, in our opinion, that Dr. Kynaston will be chiefly remembered. Even his scholars—and he turned out many distinguished ones—would probably be ready to own that the benefit they derived was not so much from any systematic training as from the fruitful contact with an ever-prolific mind, a mind essentially *poetic*—that is, creative. They were made conscious of mental processes ever going on, as one is said to *hear* the growth of tropical vegetation. It was the admission to watch this shaping of thoughts on the anvil, this moulding of images under the master's hand, that enabled the scholar at length to catch something of his skill. Naturally, to a mind thus constituted, some of the humbler virtues of a schoolmaster's calling could only be distasteful.

Herbert Kynaston was born at Warwick, in 1809. His father's family, a branch of the Kynastons of Cultra, county Down, had been settled for some time at Hardwick, in Shropshire. His mother was a daughter of Sir Charles Oakeley, formerly Governor of Madras. After being educated at Westminster School, he entered Christ Church, Oxford, then at the height of its reputation. His University career was a brilliant one. In the Class List for Easter Term, 1831, his name appears as one of seven forming the first class in classics. Among his contemporaries in the same college was Mr. Gladstone, who gained his first class in Michaelmas Term of the same year. For a while he held the posts of Tutor and Philological Lecturer at Christ Church, and among his pupils in that capacity he numbered Mr. Ruskin. In 1834 he was ordained by the Bishop of Oxford to the curacy of Culham; and his "Miscellaneous Poems," published in 1841, preserve many reminiscences of his life as a country curate. A gipsy's funeral, attended by the whole camp, was one of the incidents recorded, and to the young poet a very suggestive one:—

"Methinks their wayward wanderings might have shown
We seek a country: this is not our own."

On the retirement of Dr. Sleath, in 1838, from the High Mastership of St. Paul's School, Mr. Kynaston—he did not take his Doctor's degree till 1849—was elected to succeed him, and thus exchanged a country life for one in the very heart of the City. But to the last he retained his fondness for rural scenes and occupations, and especially for the "poet's pastime," fishing. His life at St. Paul's, till his retirement at Christmas, 1876, was a quiet and uneventful one. The school, under Dr. Sleath, had changed greatly from what it used to be, as depicted in the amusing account given in the "Leisure Hour" (1860, p. 618), under the title of "Sorrows of Old Schoolboys." Dr. Kynaston's high character and scholarship contributed not a little to sustain the reputation in which St. Paul's now stands. Excepting the City living of St. Nicholas Cole Abbey, to which he was presented by the Lord Chancellor in 1850, and a prebendal stall in the Cathedral soon afterwards, he held no Church preferment. The circumstances of his presentation to St. Nicholas's were honourable to both sides. For Lord Truro, the Lord Chancellor at that time, was an old Pauline, and he expressly declared that he made this bestowal of the living, the first which had fallen to his gift, "out of respect to the memory of Dean Colet," the founder of his school. Beyond an unsuccessful contest for the professorship of poetry at Oxford, in June, 1867, in which he was beaten by Sir Francis Doyle, there was little to diversify his course of life until his retirement from the work of teaching. His own proper world, his own sphere of activity, lay within. In the preface to his "Miscellaneous Poems" he had openly avowed his preference of lyric poetry to dramatic, of the subjective to the objective, of the expression of feeling to the representation of action: and this intellectual preference seemed to modify his life. His life itself was in fact a lyrical monologue. Those who were privileged to be in close association with him could not fail to be struck with the quiet beauty, often the subtle humour, of his discourse. In perception of delicate analogies, of verbal harmonies and discords, he was not excelled by Charles Lamb. When he chose to give free play to his fancy, as in some of his occasional verses, or in his amusing letter to the "Times," on the "Paulo-post-futurum," he could rival Hood himself. Indeed, between Kynaston and Thomas Hood, especially Hood in his more pensive moods, there were many points of resemblance. In his earlier English poems, his acknowledged master was Wordsworth, whom he loved to place far above the school of Byron. And at times he has descriptive touches that nearly approach the master's hand. Witness the beautiful couplet with which he ends a description of the cataracts of the Nile, in Scipio's famous dream, overpowering by the very immensity of their noise the senses of those who regard them:—

"Until the roar which might the soul appal
Shows as a pictured stream—a voiceless waterfall."

The strongly subjective bent of his mind tended, as was natural, to produce an occasional obscurity in his poems. This is especially noticeable in the hymns composed for use in his City church. But it is the depth, not the turbidness, of the water that in this case makes it less translucent. The lines,

"Now the skies outshining
Deepen all their blue,
Show the sea reclining
Underneath the dew,"

would not perhaps be very intelligible to a City congregation. But they, and others, can appreciate, when it is pointed out to them, the beauty of the reference to Deut. xxxiii. 13: "Blessed of the Lord be his land, for the precious things of heaven, for the dew, *and for the deep that coucheth beneath.*" Few indeed have surpassed Dr. Kynaston for fertility of resource in quotation. The yearly recitations in school, when some fresh ode in praise of the founder, or on some kindred topic, always appeared from his pen, must have taxed these resources not a little. Yet the spring never runs dry. On his favourite subject of the number of the fishes (St. John xxi. 11), above all, his happiness and fertility of illustration seemed unbounded. Perhaps nothing that he has

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written will be longer remembered than the lay recited at the "Apposition" in 1855, with its stirring verses :—

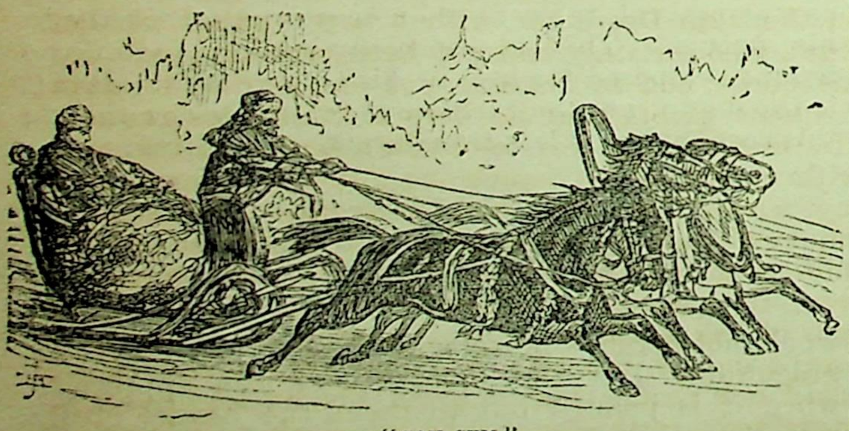
> "Though Colet's bust be turned to dust, his sepulchre to gloom,
> His glory Time shall epitaph, the World shall be his tomb."

This stanza, with its double rhyme, was his favourite metre, though he showed his mastery over almost every kind, both in English and Greek and Latin. Of his Latin hymns, a long series appeared in the "Guardian," and he was occupied in the same task to the very hour of his death. Space will not allow us to give more than the briefest specimen here, a version of "Therefore with Angels," etc. :

> "Ergo cum supernis quisque,
> Angelis, Archangelisque,
> Concinentes, caeterisque
> Caelitum ordinibus,
>
> Gloriosum collaudamus
> Nomen, et magnificamus,
> Sancte ter, Deus, vocamus,
> Imperans agminibus."

Death came upon him, his pen thus occupied till the last, on Saturday, October 26th, 1877. He had gradually sunk under the effects of a severe operation a few days before. He was buried at Friern Barnet on the 2nd of November following, and thus rests, like his companion in this memoir, in a country churchyard. We have not attempted to give any list of the distinguished pupils of either of them. The list would be a long one, and selection would seem invidious. But we are sure that there are many, both here and in distant lands, who will thank us for preserving even these few reminiscences of two such masters as Dr. Mortimer and Dr. Kynaston.

HANSTEEN'S TRAVELS IN SIBERIA.



"SAV SEM."

II.—FROM KAZAN TO TOBOLSK, AND TOMSK.

On August 22nd we left the country of the Tartars, and were again in the midst of Russians. Soon we approached a tribe called Wotiakes, of Finnish origin, a meek and inoffensive race, laborious cultivators of the soil, addicted to the chase, and the rearing of bees, and making all sorts of wooden domestic requisites. They keep aloof from the Russians, and do not speak their language. Many have adopted Christianity, but the rest have remained heathen, and pay strict devotion to their religious customs. Their supreme deity is called Jumar or Ilmar. The sun is supposed to be his dwelling-place. Amongst their evil spirits Shaitan holds the first rank; the water is his dominion.

We arrived at Perm on the evening of the 25th. We found that directly we got into the carriage the jämstschik set off his horses in a gallop, which lasted until our arrival at the next station (twenty-five to thirty versts). When the country was level and the horses good, he urged them on with the whip and with sharp cries. To witness this speed for the first time one would suppose that the animals had run away, and one does not easily become accustomed to so rapid a pace. It never, however, enters the head of a Russian horse to run away. Forced always to speed on, with the whip over his back, we travelled from 100 to 116 versts from seven o'clock a.m. to five p.m., and the horses were still so lively that it required half-a-dozen peasants to manage them. When the driver perceived that the travellers were ready, he cried out, "Sav sem" (All in order); the peasants holding the horses let go the reins, and off they set like wild creatures. You travel the country with ease, and, when you have a Minister's letter to show, I venture to affirm that there is no country in which one can travel so fast and be so little molested as in Russia.

On the 28th we left Perm in the afternoon, and towards evening arrived at one of the stations constructed by the State, where we found a comfortable resting-place and good refreshment. The next day we discerned mountains, the first we had seen in Russia, a sign that we were approaching the Oural chain, and on the 31st we took our last drive in Europe. After a distance of ten versts we found ourselves on the plain which forms the frontier of Asia—an event which we celebrated in some bumpers of Astrakan champagne; and in the evening we arrived at Ekaterinenbourg.

The 4th September we quitted Ekaterinenbourg to visit the establishments for washing gold, silver, and platina, and to see all the savodi (industrial places) found on the east side of the Oural mountains. The directors of the savodi and their workpeople inhabit an immense forest. The inspector of a private savodi, a serf with a long beard, dressed like a Russian peasant, receives a large sum annually to defray the expense of receiving travellers. Every traveller alights without ceremony in the savod, announces himself to the inspector, who receives him courteously; he states his rank, and is waited upon accordingly; several servants bring him tea, or liqueurs, Madeira, caviare, tongue, a kind of Siberian rekling, with white bread, and all that he requires. Two hours after, an excellent dinner is ready, with four or five wines of the first quality, and coffee. He makes himself at home, asking for what he wants, and is immediately served. He remains several days if it suits him, and asks for conveyances and horses, whenever it may be his good pleasure to continue his route. In the imperial savodi you address yourself to the inspector of mines (Natschalnik), who furnishes you with lodging, attends to your daily requirements, gives you two Cossacks for servants, carriages, and horses to make excursions, invites strangers to dinner daily, accompanies them to the mines, etc. We passed the first night at Noviansk, an iron manufactory belonging to the rich Jakowloff, of St. Petersburg. The edifice resembled an old seigneurial country-house; it

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dated from the time of Peter the Great. Jakowloff allows 5,000 roubles annually to his inspector for the reception of travellers, but he is bound to render him an account of the money thus spent.

In the afternoon our party, occupying four carriages, went to Nijni Tagilsk, a savod belonging to Demidoff. Here enormous masses of iron and copper are rolled into thin plates and bars, and a large quantity of gold, and platina is also collected. The annual produce is calculated at seven million roubles. We inspected the mines of iron and copper, and everywhere we were cordially received; not, however, with the same magnificence as at Neviansk.

On the 7th September we arrived late in the evening at the imperial savod of Kuschva. Our lodging was assigned us by the prefect of police, who the next day came to offer his services, as also did the inspector.

On the morning of the 9th September we went to see an iron mountain (Blagodat), where Kupffer wished to make magnetic experiments. This country was formerly inhabited by the Vogules, a tribe whose language resembles both the Finnish and the Hungarian. In ancient times a Vogule named Stepan Tschumpin, went to Ekaterinenbourg (where even then there existed an administration of mines) and related that there was a large mountain of pure iron at Kuschva; the soil was examined, ferruginous substances were found; and gradually the Vogules were dispossessed, and chased away to the north. To revenge themselves on Tschumpin the Vogules lit a pile of faggots on the highest point of Blagodat, and there, by the soft light of the moon, they burned him alive! The Russians erected a chapel to the memory of this martyr, on the summit of this isolated mountain.

On the 10th the Government horses conveyed us to Nijni Turinsk, an imperial establishment for the washing of platina, but it happened to be a saint's day, and we saw nothing. The morning of the 11th we arrived at the small town of Verchoturië, near the River Tura, one of the most ancient towns of Siberia. The next day, still proceeding in a northerly direction, we went to see the gold-washing, and the platina of Pitalevskoië, and afterwards visited the imperial savod of Bogoslavskoië. The latitude of this last place, according to my observation, is 59° 44′ 55″. All civilisation ends there. Farther to the north, one can only penetrate on horseback, for there are no longer any roads. On the 15th we visited the mine of Turinski Ruduski, twelve versts farther to the north. We descended with the inspector and several workmen into a profound mine, from which we came out the colour of soot.

On the 16th we returned towards the south, and arrived at Verschoturië. After having dined with the magistrate we continued our route all night, and arrived at Nijni Turiusk the next day at noon. The distances here are so great, that every Russian travels day and night, arranging a couch in his carriage on which he sleeps the greater part of the time. In this way he often travels 200 to 240 versts in the twenty-four hours.

We now departed from Ekaterinenbourg, and arrived at Tiumen on the evening of October 3, and were invited to alight at a merchant's house, who regaled us with excellent caravan tea, which one finds everywhere in Siberia and in Russia. The market at Tiumen had attracted thousands of Tartars, Kirghises, and Baschkirs, and it was a most interesting and curious sight. All the various costumes and idioms of speech were totally different from any we had been accustomed to see and hear.

We arrived on the 5th at the village of Jaschakova, and entered a peasant's house, where the youth of both sexes had assembled to dance. After a few minutes, we were sent away by the master, upon his perceiving that Due had a pipe, although he had not lit it. There exist several sects in Siberia, of which some, called "Stari-veri" (ancient believers), have, amongst other singularities, that of regarding smoking as a Satanic occupation. One of the peasants exclaimed, "Come and dance in my house; there will be liberty there," and we accepted his offer. A peasant's room in Siberia is a small square space in diameter about three yards, with a divan running round it. The bed receives the whole family during the night, and even in the daytime some take refuge there, in order to leave as much free space as possible for the other members of the family! When the dance was to take place, the girls were seated on each others' knees, and about twenty men and women were spectators. The dancers formed a circle, holding each others' hands, and turning round in the confined space, singing generally on one note, but in different octaves; other voices sometimes took up the refrain. At each strophe, the circle moved to the right, or to the left. The men, who from time to time joined them, stamped energetically with their feet to animate the dance. Two men, who took upon themselves the musical part of the *fête*, played on the "balalnika," an instrument with four metal strings. Soon the true dance of the country began, which is executed by two partners only at a time, who, in a kind of *dos-á-dos*, changed their place continually. The girl made some evolutions, waving her handkerchief, and gliding lightly along the floor; the youth, in an agitated manner, moved his feet in a distorted way, sometimes stamping them vehemently, as though in paroxysms of despair.

The next day we traversed the Tobol, and on the 7th October perceived the eighteen churches of Tobolsk, whose numerous towers, with green arrows and gilt cupolas, had a picturesque effect.

We quitted Tobolsk, the capital of Western Siberia, on the 12th December, with a new servant, Schlau (Sly), who certainly had not been sent into exile for his merits, and in the course of our journey he gave frequent proofs that he bore a fitting designation. His first anxiety was to obtain a blue suit trimmed with silver lace (a Cossack sub-officer's uniform), and my friend Due lent him a sword. He seemed supremely happy when he had thus completed his military attire, and exacted constant marks of respect from the peasants. He was willing to make the tour of the world with us, if thereby he could only escape out of Siberia; but that was a service we could not render him. From his having lived so many years in the country he knew what to do on all occasions, and how to get us out of every difficulty. When we arrived late in the evening in a village, to pass the night, he immediately insisted upon seeing the *Desatnik*,* from whom he obtained orders for the best lodgings to be had, and also for the provisions we required to be sent in. In the inferior dwellings he lorded it over the peasants, roasting and frying his dainties as he pleased. Every morning he served us a hot breakfast—soup, ragout, or meat jellies—

* *Desatnik*, head-man of the village.

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whilst our Norwegian servant, Nielsen, prepared our coffee. The price of food was very moderate in comparison with what we should have had to pay in Norway. A fowl cost fifty kopecks; a pound of butter thirty kopecks, and so on in proportion. Schlau's sudden transformation from the *rôle* of a Siberian peasant to the more elevated rank of a servant; the change of apparel, from the disgusting sheepskin covering to the uniform of a sub-officer; the possession of a superb wardrobe, consisting of three white shirts, in lieu of his one wretched tattered shirt; from a condition of obedience, and the liability of being constantly flogged, to one of command, brought out some of his bad qualities—vanity and love of braggadocio. In villages he made up the most wonderful stories of our importance: he converted Lieutenant Due into a general officer, and I know not with what high rank he invested me. The peasants stood, cap in hand, awestruck before him, and addressed him as "*Vasche Vysoko-Blagorodie* (Your Reverence)," or "*Prevoschoditelstvo* (Your Excellence)." I forbade him indulging in these rodomontades, but I perceived that what I said did not produce the least effect.

In setting out on a journey in Russia three horses are generally harnessed to the *troika*. If the carriage be heavy and the roads bad, two more horses are added in front. Our heavy carriages were placed on low, clumsy sledges, but the snow lying sixteen feet deep, they still sank down deeply into it. Perceiving this weight, the peasants allowed seven horses, and later on they harnessed nine. When we arrived at the first village, the *Vyborny*, or mayor, in all haste sent out a relay of *eighteen* horses. We were directed to halt halfway, to put on fresh ones; and he even proposed to precede us on horseback the whole thirty-five versts, so that without fail we might find all ready. We assured him that it was not at all necessary he should take that trouble, as it was our intention to pass the night at the station. When we arrived there the eighteen fresh horses were waiting for us. If it be inscribed in a traveller's passport that he is only to have three horses, a *troika* is furnished him, even should the peasants, from the difficulty of the roads, find it expedient to put on nine. During winter they find no employment for their horses. In summer they grow a sufficient quantity of corn and hay for their requirements; but, not being in a condition to sell anything, their only gain is by hiring out their horses. They are allowed to sow grain on any plot of ground they please, and to cut grass wherever they like. This enables them to rear a considerable number of cattle; indeed, in the Government of Jeniseisk, some peasants possess as many as a hundred horses. No payment is ever expected for any food or refreshments which they bestow on you in their dwellings.

Everywhere on our route, even in the smallest villages, the Government order relative to our journey was known beforehand; and, joined to the open letters of the Minister of the Interior and the Governor of Tobolsk, it procured for us an excellent reception. Sometimes the most amusing scenes would occur. One day, entering the house of a postmaster, the worthy man ran in all haste to put on his uniform and to equip himself with a sword to do us honour. When thus accoutred, he stood upright and motionless against the wall, and hardly dared to breathe, as though an arrow had transfixed him there. I gazed at this singular spectacle for some minutes, but as I could not make the poor man comprehend that the honours thus rendered us were far greater than those we cared to receive, I fear that he construed my silence wrongly—perhaps as an exhibition of pride, or as the disdain felt by a high personage for one of low degree.

On the 27th December we arrived at Kolyvan, and Schlau ran, as usual, to the mayor with our open letter, demanding a lodging. The finest house in the quarter was allotted us. Lights had already been placed on the balustrade, a servant was running to fetch others, when I remarked to Due, "The usual ceremonies on our arrival are about to commence." We found three pretty rooms, with a profusion of wax-lights on each table. The mistress of the house had taken refuge in the kitchen, so as to leave us the entire use of the rooms. Scarcely had we exhausted pleasantries on our agreeable reception, when a man of about fifty presented himself majestically before us. He had on an uniform too large in some parts and too small in others, shining boots in many a fold, and a greyish cocked-hat under his arm. Making a profound bow, he announced himself as the *Dvorenski-Sassidatel* (Assessor of the Court of Justice). We had doffed our coats, but still had our reindeer boots on, reaching up far above our knees; and in this not very elegant attire we were obliged to give him audience. There were long pauses in the conversation, but at length our visitor had the good sense to retire.

I remarked to Due that it was really tiresome that we had not time even to pull off our boots before these people, with their exaggerated notions of politeness, intruded upon us; but scarcely were these words out of my mouth than the *Gorodnitshi* (or mayor of the town) came in, who offered his services to procure a good supper for us. We expressed our thanks, assuring him we did not require anything but repose, and that we had amongst our own stores all that was necessary. After the departure of these people we enjoyed a hearty laugh, and then ran to lock the door, but, alas! in vain. A messenger from the authorities of the town now arrived to offer us a guard of honour for ourselves and a military guard also for our equipages. Notwithstanding our refusal, we found a sentry standing before our door, armed with a long halberd, and a sentinel walking round our carriages in the courtyard. They must have passed a miserable night, for a storm was raging, with 20° of cold (Reaumur).

We found the condition of these poor people very hard when the temperature reached 27° or 30° of cold; not that they seem at all to regard it. They light a fire of birch logs, and lying on their stomachs, their heads raised up towards the fire, they chat together whilst the snow falls and is accumulating at their feet. The iron constitution of the Siberian peasants is indeed wonderful. Besides a shirt and drawers they wear a sheepskin with the wool turned inwards, and thus clad they brave cold of 30° to 35°. Their rooms are kept at a stifling temperature. They go out in the severe frosts and return into the heated atmosphere without experiencing any ill effects. The women, in winter as well as in summer, are seen going about with only a chemise and light petticoat, and with bare feet. If they remain long out, exposed to the weather, they put on jackets and shoes, but for any short distance they keep on the same costume they wear in the house, and walk barefooted through the snow.

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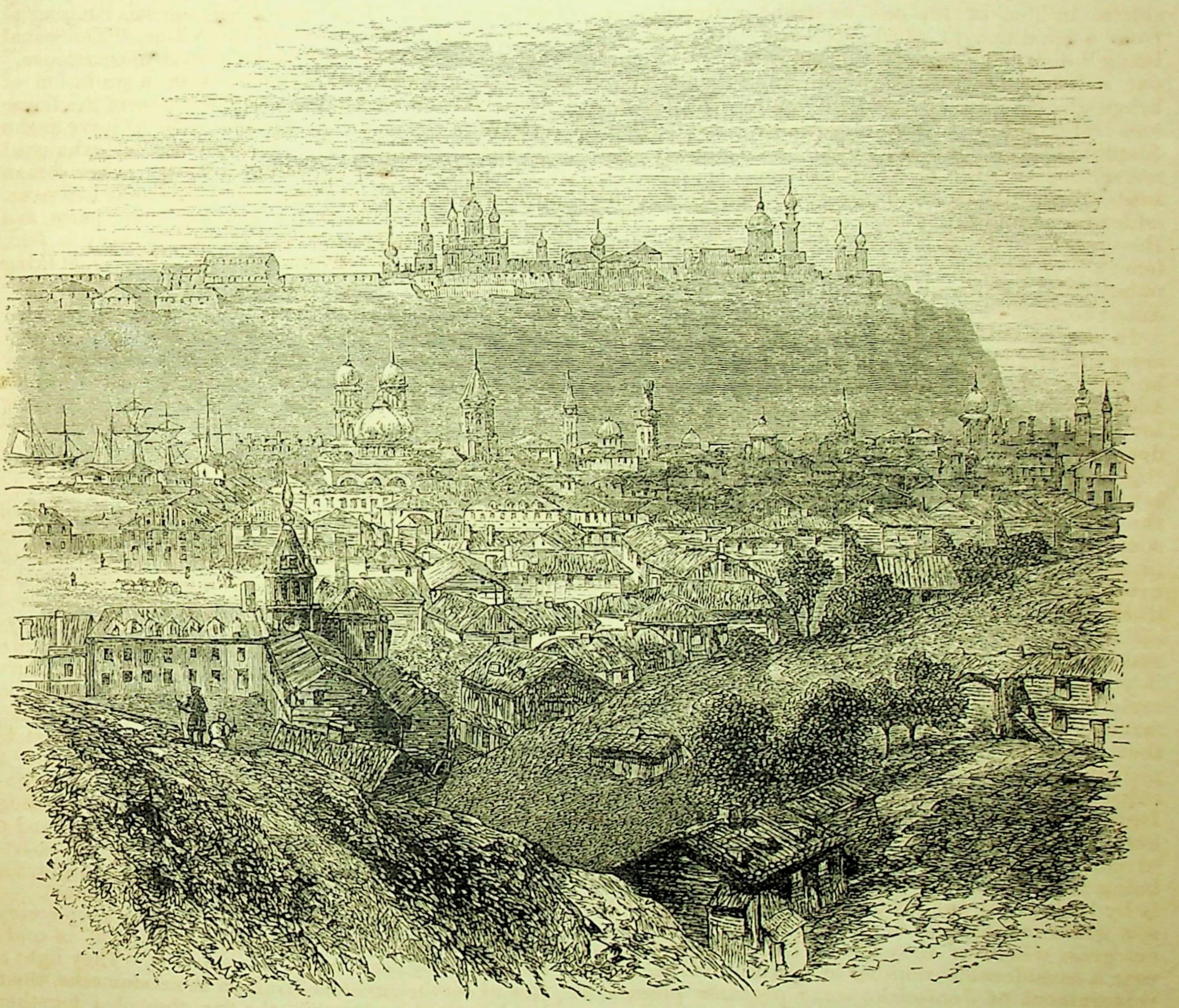
In approaching Kolyvan we found a pretty house belonging to some peasants, and the comforts apparent in it indicated easy circumstances. Its mistress went out quickly to fetch some wood. She had the commanding form of a Juno, with the innocent face of a child, and seemed only twenty years old. She often came in to supply our wants and to ask what more was required, and her manners were so really

unsophisticated race: good-humoured, childlike, courteous, with strong good sense. They do not possess a particle of the greed for gain which characterises the European Russian peasant, but, on the contrary, evince much real hospitality. Of what use would money be to these good people? They own as much land as they care to cultivate; the soil produces the food they require and furnishes them



TOBOLSK.

graceful in all she did, that I could not help regretting, the day after our departure, that we had not been able to express to her by a single word how grateful we felt for her kind attention to our comfort. Even our servants, who had occupied the room belonging to the family, did not cease extolling her kindness. Every morning, in her slight costume, she traversed a large courtyard to get the wood, and to bring us fat pullets from her larder. Nor was she the only gracious and kindhearted woman we met with on our travels. The Siberians have the reputation of being the handsomest subjects of Russia, and undoubtedly they are so. They are an

with materials for their clothes. They can neither buy nor sell, for there is no market within their reach. The refinements and corruptions of great cities are unknown to them. They are extremely cleanly in their habits; they even scrape their boards clean with large knives, also their walls, windows, and benches, which therefore look always new. They prefer this method to washing their stairs and furniture, for in the cold weather the water instantly freezes; the wood would therefore be immediately coated with ice without becoming cleaner, and such humidity would be injurious to the children of the family. Men and women seem radiant with cleanli-

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ness. There is a bath-room in every house, and one delights in the clear fresh complexions around one.

We quitted Kolyvan on the 28th December. The snow lay deep, and it was with much difficulty we traversed two stages, of twenty and twenty-eight versts, to the village of Dobrova, where we remained almost imprisoned amidst huge blocks of ice. Two unfortunate accidents marked our journeys through these masses of snow. Instead of the ordinary *troika*, five horses had been harnessed to our carriage and several others were placed in front, with postilions, the road being very narrow and the snow heaped up on both sides. I noticed that a plump brown horse, of the set first harnessed, began to swerve strangely from side to side, and presently all at once he fell and rolled on the ground. The peasants immediately ran and cut off one of the poor animal's ears. Perceiving that the blood did not flow, they declared it was beyond cure, unharnessed it, and dragged it by its mane and tail about twenty paces off. There they left it, and continued their route. This day, at least, our conductors did not proceed at a wild, furious pace, and we certainly did not wish to hurry them. What had just taken place had saddened me; but it did not seem to have the same effect on them. "It is an accident," they said, "which no one could have foreseen." Such a horse is valued at ten roubles. We left five roubles at the next station as a slight compensation, although innocent of the poor animal's death; but no one seemed to wish us to deposit more.

The next morning we waited half an hour before Schlau joined us with the baggage-waggon. As the roads were good, and we had not proceeded rapidly, we could not imagine what made him so late. He informed us that one of his horses had stumbled with the postilion, a boy seven years old, and he had been taken up from amongst the horses insensible. After a few minutes he gave signs of life, and happily some peasants coming from the opposite direction, they wrapped the boy up in warm coverings (the temperature 27°), laid him on a sledge, and took him to his parents. As the Siberian horses are never shod, I was in hopes that the child had become insensible from the animal having placed his foot upon his chest, for no laceration was visible. It was not the first time that such accidents had happened. Once before a boy fallen from his horse had escaped the hoofs of the other animals, and, in the twinkling of an eye, had resumed his seat in the saddle without uttering a word, not having sustained the least injury. It is the leader which generally makes the *faux-pas*; and the postilion must be nine times lucky not to be crushed by the nine other horses passing over his body. But the Siberian quadrupeds really show remarkable intelligence on these occasions, for they seem to try their utmost to avoid treading on the unfortunate person lying beneath them.

31st December.—We arrived at Tomsk, went directly to the mayor of the town, and were directed to a house of which the proprietor first asked us who we were, and then expressed a desire to be rid of our presence. The lodging not appearing very comfortable, we allowed the guide to conduct us to another dwelling, where, however, we could not be received, because it was just then occupied by a staff-officer. I remained an hour in the carriage, whilst Due went off to the police. At length a house was given up to us belonging to a merchant who had gone to obtain some Chinese merchandise at Kiachta, on the Chinese frontier (south of Lake Baikal). Stepanida, his wife, a courteous and affable lady, gave up a room to us, and a verandah for our servants. Our sojourn at Tomsk began with a temperature of 30° of cold. The two first days were devoted to the preparations necessary for the journey of Mr. Due to the small town of Narym, 400 versts to the north-west of Tomsk, near the River Obi, and beyond latitude 58°. On the 3rd January he departed, with Schlau and his magnetic instruments, in a sledge, which our hostess was kind enough to lend him, and I remained alone with Nielsen. In the whole town there scarcely existed an individual who understood German, and not one who had the remotest idea of Norwegian, so I, therefore, in some degree, filled the *rôle* of a deaf and dumb person.

UTOPIAN EXPERIMENTS AND SOCIAL PIONEERINGS.

BY THE REV. M. KAUFMANN, M.A., AUTHOR OF "SOCIALISM: ITS NATURE, ITS DANGERS, AND ITS REMEDIES CONSIDERED."

III.—WALDENSES, LOLLARDS, AND HUSSITES.

IT has been well observed that there is not an economic problem which was not discussed in the monasteries, in the schools, and the places of public resort during the middle ages. Absolute equality, the abolition of property, rewards of labour according to personal requirements rather than as the reward of special aptitudes, all the burning questions which have been at a later age agitated by modern Socialists, occupied the attention of, and gave rise to fruitful controversies among, mediæval Churchmen. On the one hand the canon law is in favour of equality of fortune, and strongly opposed to the egotistical acquisition of wealth and usury, and defending the "patrimony of the poor." On the other hand, Thomas Aquinas has some strong reasons to give in favour of private property. But the balance it seems of mediæval opinion was in favour of equality. To what extent monastic institutions favoured Communistic ideas we have seen in the previous paper. There we also observed how the Church mitigated the overwhelming poverty of the people, promoted the accumulation of capital, contributed towards the restoration of agriculture, and revived within itself the remembrance and the use of the great franchise of popular election; how she waged warfare against domestic and prædial slavery, and as a powerful spiritual corporation opposed fearlessly the ruthless despotism of the times*. Presently we saw the sudden change of front on the part of the ecclesiastics,

* Sir James Stephen, "Lectures on History of France," vol. i. p. 33-37, and with this compare the testimony of so impartial a witness as Frederick Harrison, in his two lectures on "The Meaning of History," p. 67, 68.

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the growth of wealth and luxury of the Church, accompanied by egregious crimes and follies, rapacity and vice, in glaring contradiction with the precepts of the gospel and the views of poverty professed by the mendicant orders. This produced, as we saw, the simultaneous rising of different sects protesting against the wealth and corruption of the clergy. There were Social revolutions, as that of Fra Dolcino, described in the last paper. There were political agitators, like Arnold of Brescia, men of stern republican virtue and sentiments, in whom, Dean Milman says, the monk and the republican had met, who was at the same time an admirer of the old Roman liberty and of the lowly religion of Christ, and who may be called, therefore, the leader of the Social Democracy of the dark ages. There were, too, the several spiritual societies who desired to imitate the simplicity of social life prevalent among the apostles, and one of them was that body of primitive inhabitants of the Piedmontese valleys,* from which probably they received their name the *Waldenses*.

This "race of uncorrupted shepherds" discarded all distinctions of rank and station; they wished to confiscate all endowments and privileges of the clergy, professed themselves "rigid evangelical poverty, and avoided the pursuits by which wealth might be gained." They resembled the Fratricelli in their levelling doctrines, and Peter Waldo, who by others is supposed to have given the sect its name, having divided his own fortune among the brethren whom he gathered round him, became the leader of the "poor men of Lyons," who in this respect corresponded to the "poor men of Lombardy," the followers of St. Francis. Thus extremes meet. Both Minorites and Waldensians agreed in one point at least—they were alike averse to the corrupting influences of wealth in Church and State, and took upon themselves vows of poverty. The Waldenses thought, we are told, that a new Messiah was to appear to realise evangelical equality in a society without priests, without nobles, without rich people. Walter Mapes, an Englishman and a Franciscan monk, gives the following description of them from his own personal observation: "They have no settled place of abode. They go about barefoot, two by two, in woollen garments, possessing nothing, but, like the apostles, *having all things in common*, following naked Him who had not where to lay His head." No one ever has attempted to call in question the honesty or purity of their character. On the contrary, they are spoken of with respect even by their enemies, and described as quiet, modest, and formal in their manners. They avoided commerce as injurious to truthfulness of conduct, and were mainly engaged in manual labour. Their Socialism, which, however, was from the first voluntary, and not of a permanent nature, was not of a revolutionary tendency, and in their daily life and conduct they were distinguished by a sincerity, a piety, and a self-devotion that almost purified the age in which they lived†.

Although admittedly less obnoxious, on account of their peculiar tenets, to the Church of Rome than other sectaries, they shared their common fate—persecution by fire and the sword, even down to the seventeenth century, when the horrid cruelties and massacre to which they were exposed called forth the noble remonstrance of Cromwell, and inspired Milton's grand ode,

> "Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughter'd saints, whose bones
> Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold."

Some of them found refuge in Bohemia, where we shall find them presently allied to a kindred sect, the Hussites, who, with the Lollards in England, kept up the continuity of social pioneering, as well as gospel truth, during the pre-reformation period.

We turn now to the Lollards,* whose connection with the popular movement of the masses in this country during the fourteenth century is peculiarly interesting.

The way had been paved in England for social changes, and social grievances demanded social reforms. With the increased sense of the dignity of labour fostered by the Church, and a gradual recognition of personal rights and civic liberty in the rising towns, insubordination against the ruling classes, clerical and lay, who abused their power, became the order of the day among the masses, not only in this country, but throughout Europe.

"Pity us, lady, we cannot live, because of this abbot. His servants plunder us, and slander us injuriously. See! they are making you go out of the way, lest our trouble should be manifest to you." Such was the complaint of the villeins of St. Albans, who flocked round Queen Eleanor for protection against their ecclesiastical oppressors.† The same abbey became afterwards the scene of conflicts between monks and serfs, between popular aspirations and priestly chicanery, immediately after the rising of Wat Tyler.‡ This is an example of revolt against ecclesiastical oppression. "The statutes of labourers," bearing the stamp and impress of selfish class legislation in favour of the rich, explain, on the other hand, the "common cry of curs" against the landed proprietors; and the picture of English society in the fourteenth century in Langland's "Vision of Piers Ploughman," where he contrasts so vividly the frivolous and unreal splendours of the rich with the simple virtues of the poor, indicates the seething discontent of the masses, among whom the poem enjoyed a wide circulation. "It was," as Mr. Green justly observes, "the tyranny of property that then, as ever, roused the defiance of Socialism. A spirit fatal to the whole system of the middle ages breathed in the popular rhyme which condensed the levelling doctrine of John Ball,

> "When Adam delved and Eve span,
> Who was then the gentleman?"§

Hence "the strong Communistic tendency" of the Lollards, who resembled in this respect their brethren on the Continent, against whom a papal bull had been directed, charging them, among other things, for their *life in common*. At first, indeed, they only attacked the wealth and luxury of the Church; but in the course of events many of them were

* From vaux = valley, they were called Vaudois. But authorities era divided on this point, and ascribe to Waldo, the merchant of Lyons, the honour of having founded the sect.

† "Hallam's Middle Ages, vol. iii. p. 384.

* The name Lollards is derived by some from a German leader of the sect in Cologne, named Walther Lollard, who had about 24,000 followers: but others derive it from *lallen* or *lollen* = making a doleful sound in singing psalms or hymns in an undertone. The term to loll about appears to be derived, in a secondary sense, from Lollards, when this name had become a term of opprobrium.

† C. E. Maurice, "Lives of English Popular Leaders in the Middle Ages," vol. ii. p. 74.

‡ *Ibid.* 187.

§ "Short History of English People," p. 243.

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inclined—especially the most sanguine among them—to side with the people, and to take up the cause of the "industrious down rodden rustic poverty," and hence the rising of Wat Tyler and John Ball has been called the Socialist Revolt of the Lollards. Wyclif himself has not escaped from the charge of preaching Communism. In the great struggle between the rich burghers of the town, who despised the smaller tradesmen, and the revolt of the craftsmen which ensued against the wealthy employers of labour, the conflict between the "greater folk" and the "lesser folk," we have an early picture of class difference similar to the conflicts between the "Confederation of Employers" on the one hand, and the "Trades Unions" on the other, in our own day. The Frith-guilds of merchants and the craft-guilds of tradesmen in an earlier period offered a noble resistance to episcopal and baronial tyranny, and so became "the nursery cradles of popular liberty." But now, when their own independence had been secured, the descendants of the old associates of guilds became themselves proud and overbearing towards their inferiors, and these *nouveaux riches* became as ambitious and tyrannical as the feudal magnates from whose intolerable yoke they had but lately been delivered. "In the fourteenth century," says Brentano, "commenced the transformation of the trades into entails of a limited number of families—though this number may have been large; and the narrow-minded spirit of capital, petty rivalries, and hateful egotism began to take the place of the great idea of association and solidarity under which the craft-guilds grew up and flourished." Against this artificial combination of the chief citizens of towns, which sought to exclude their poorer brethren from an equal share in the common privileges, and jealously preserved the boundary line which separated the plebeian workmen from the patrician tradesmen, Wyclif pronouncedly vindicated the principle of Christian fraternity, the common right of all men. As Lord Bacon described the guilds as "fraternities of evil" in his day, so Wyclif at this early period says: "All fraternities and guilds made of men seem openly to run in this course. For they conspire many errors against common charity and *common property* of Christian men. And hereto they conspire to bear up each other in the wrong and oppress other men by their wit and power."* It is quite impossible to say how far Wyclif and the Lollards sympathised with the popular movement of the time, and to what extent they were carried along with the common stream of discontent against the abuses of wealth and property in town and country. But although it has been asserted by an unsympathetic historian that "their notion of property and Church power was wretched and dangerous,"† there is a total absence of evidence to show that any of their tenets were in favour of compulsory Communism or encouraged a subversion of society.

John Ball, indeed, the "mad priest of Kent," as Froissart calls him, professed to be a disciple of Wyclif, and in his harangues to the people gives vent to unmitigated Socialistic opinions, which resemble in a remarkable degree the later utterances of Morelly. Thus he asserts the "original equality of mankind, and that as long as they were governed by the laws of nature, they kept upon even ground, and maintained this blessed purity. That all those distinctions of dignity and degree are inventions of oppression, tricks to keep people out of their ease and liberty; and, in effect, nothing else but a conspiracy of the rich against the poor."* But in this and in his wilder and violent plans of social reconstruction, Ball had probably no more the sympathy of Wyclif and the Lollards among the learned in Oxford, or in the country at large, than the violent spirits of the Social Democracy at the present moment have the moral support of the higher clergy and others in Prussia, who of late have founded a Society of State-Socialists, which has for its objects the improvement of the labouring classes by constitutional means and the avoidance of Socialistic revolution by social reform. Such sympathisers among religious and earnest men with the struggles of the poor there always have been, and will be as long as there remain social grievances demanding redress, but which the selfishness of successful worldlings ignores or condemns. Sympathisers with the popular cause of this kind are always liable to be denounced as Socialists by those who are incapable of understanding their aims and the moderation of their demands, and the means they recommend for their attainment.

They are exposed equally to the unfavourable criticism of those fiery spirits for whom they go not far enough in shrinking from violent changes which would imply a total demolition and reconstruction of the social edifice. Whilst, therefore, acknowledging that some of the more fanatical Lollards, especially at a later period, held "Democratic and Communist opinions," and embraced the levelling doctrines of the peasant insurgents, and that all sympathised in a measure with a burdened and justly discontented populace, we are far from being convinced that they were, as a body, theoretical Communists, or sought to establish Communism as a Utopian experiment.

John Ball's agrarian revolt, which in many respects resembles the setting up of the French Commune in Paris, came to a speedy end, not, however, without effecting an improvement in the condition of the labourers,† and the statute *de hæretico comburendo*, and similar measures of forcible repression, led almost to the extinction of the Lollard movement. In 1511 a correspondent of Erasmus informs him that wood was dear in England; and no wonder, when the heretics—*i.e.*, the Lollards—afforded a

* Arnold's edition of Wyclif's English works, vol. iii. p. 335, *apud* Maurice, *loc. cit.* p. 211, where see instances of insurrections against city oligarchies in Bristol, p. 118, London, p. 89, and other municipal struggles of the kind, *passim.* Dr. Wylie in his "History of Protestantism" makes Wyclif say with regard to ecclesiastical property, "Let the Church surrender all her possessions—her broad acres, her palatial buildings, her tithes, her multiform dues, and return to the simplicity of her early days." Vol. i. p. 101.

† Collier, "Eccles. History of Great Britain," vol. iii. p. 299.

* *Ibid.* p. 149. "Good people," he says in one of his sermons, "things will never go well in England so long as goods be not in common, and so long as there be villeins and gentlemen. By what are they whom we call lords greater folk than we? On what ground have they deserved it? Why do they hold us in servage? If we all come from the same father and mother, of Adam and Eve, how can they say or prove that they are better than we, if it be not that they make us gain for them by our toil what they spend in their pride? They are clothed in velvet, and warm in their furs and their ermines, while we are covered with rags. They have wine and spices and fair bread; and we oatcake and straw, and water to drink. They have leisure and fine houses, we have pain and labour, the rain and the winds and the fields, and yet it is of us and of our toil that these men hold their state."—"Green's Short History," p. 243, and see other extracts of "Ball's Letters" in Maurice, *loc. cit.* p. 157, *seq.*

† "The rebellion was put down, but the demands of the villeins were silently and effectually accorded; as they were masters for a week of the position, the dread of another servile war promoted the liberty of the serf; and the close of the fourteenth century sees the small freeholder, and probably the tenant in villeinage, . . . important personages in the social order."—J. E. Thorold Rogers, "History of Agriculture and Prices in England," vol. i. p. 8. From this it would appear that Utopian experiments, however futile in themselves, still have remoter indirect effects on the welfare of the people which ought not to be overlooked.

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daily holocaust. The remainder of the Lollards at the time of the Reformation stimulated no doubt this great movement, and shared the fate of its early martyrs. They may be regarded not only as the forerunners of religious reformers, but also in the light of social pioneers engaged in a difficult and dangerous feat during a dark age of persecution, and therefore all the more deserving the recognition and gratitude of a late age.

What Lollardism and the revolt of the peasantry did for England, the Hussites and the peasant wars under Ziska did for Bohemia. There an attempt was made to establish a social Republic, founded on the high principles of Christian perfectibility; the Church was to be reformed, and all feudal tenures and exclusive privileges were to be abolished. "Good Queen Anne," the wife of Richard II of England, was sister to Wenzel, king of Bohemia, and hence at this period the close connection between the two countries. The queen favoured the doctrines of Wyclif, and Jerome of Prague taught in the Bohemian University the doctrines propounded by the cultured Lollards in Oxford. Even the pantomime of leading the insurgents, performed in London by Richard II, was faithfully copied by the Bohemian king in his feigned patronage of the popular rising. The Socialist revolt in both countries was brought to a close amidst fire and blood, after fearful excesses had been perpetrated on both sides, and the aspirations of the people were suppressed for a time by force and cajolery, to be revived with redoubled force when a second Socialistic wave passed over Europe in the storm-tossed days of Luther's Reformation. But there was this difference, that in England the movement produced a race of martyrs, in Bohemia it converted a nation into heroes.

The burning of John Huss at the Council of Constance had provoked throughout Bohemia a storm of indignation against the persecutors. The king, the nobles, and the people denounced the treachery of Sigismund and the barbarous injustice of the Council. Ziska showed the feeling of the people, but in his case personal hatred of the priests and national antipathy added force to his determination to break the unbearable yoke of sacerdotal tyranny and foreign thraldom. He is described as traversing with pensive brow and folded arms the long corridors of the palace, the windows of which look down on the broad stream of the Moldau, on the towers of Prague, and the plains beyond, which stretch out towards that quarter of the horizon where the pile of Huss had been kindled. King Wenzeslaus, surprised by his moody appearance, inquires, "What is this?" His chamberlain replies, "I cannot brook the insult offered to Bohemia at Constance by the murder of Huss." * There and then Ziska extorts from the king a permission, granted with incredulous reluctance, to take measures of revenge; and, armed with this royal patent, when the proper moment had come Ziska and the burghers of Prague rose in insurrection immediately upon the publication of a papal bull, authorising a crusade against the Hussites. This was the beginning of the Hussite wars, which lasted for sixteen years—"years of terrible and fatal glory in the history of Bohemia, of achievements marvellous as to valour, military skill, patriotism, and the passion for civil and religious freedom." † With these wars, "the thundering roll of Ziska's chariots, the shrieks of cities stormed, the wails of armies mowed down by the scythe," we are not here concerned. We are rather attracted by a simple and affecting scene on Mount Tabor in Bohemia, where 42,000 persons of the Hussite community partake of the Holy Communion, which is followed by a love-feast, at which the rich share with their poorer brethren, out of which celebration grew a town receiving the name of Tabor, and a society of Christian Communists called the Taborites, who spread their political creed and social ideas among the citizens of the towns and the peasantry throughout the kingdom. Thus a new Christian republic on the principle of a community of goods was established, the second advent was expected, and along with it a final restitution of all things; multitudes hastened to lay their property at the feet of the clergy, as in the days of the Apostles; and a state of society free from pain and bodily necessities, and requiring no sacraments for their sanctification, was looked forward to as on the eve of appearing.

This was the creed of the more radical and democratic party. They called each other brothers and sisters; they divided equally among themselves their substance, after the pattern of the early Christians; their manner of life was grave, and similar to that of the more rigid Puritans, with whom, indeed, they have a great deal in common. As a result of this Utopian experiment, we are informed that there were no contentions, no peculations, no boisterous festivities, but calm spiritual delectation, where all united in one heart and will, like the Apostles, seek nothing else but what will conduce to the salvation of souls, and the return of the clerical order to the original state of the Primitive Church.*

The less advanced party only required renunciation of goods on the part of the clergy, and insisted mainly on the administration of the Holy Communion in both elements, and hence were called the Calixtenes (calix = cup). They flourished mainly in Prague, where we find them in communion with a small remnant of Waldensians. Virulent opposition and severe persecutions on the part of their enemies, the Imperialists, led to fierce reprisals on the part of the Hussites, who speedily degenerated into a herd of "ferocious and desperate fanatics," destroying in their blind fury stately palaces and sky-aspiring cathedrals, ravaging cities, and devastating the country, plundering churches and monasteries, and doing the work of cruel incendiaries. Manufactures and commerce came to an end. The manners and habits of the people became coarse and violent; the Taborite forces, recruited with foreign adventurers, lost their religious character. Still going forth with the chalice on their banner as "God's warriors," they were scarcely to be distinguished from their enemies engaged in warfare mainly for the purposes of spoil and rapine. The movement itself was quelled in blood, and the eleven splendid victories of Ziska were followed by defeats, until at last a compromise was arrived at between the contending parties, which terminated a destructive civil war without effecting any permanent changes in the social condition of the people. To judge of the effect of this Utopian experiment, we must revisit the "Mount of Transfiguration," as they termed their own Tabor, about thirty years after the

* Wylie, "History of Protestantism," vol. i. p. 183.
† Milman, "Latin Christianity," vol. viii. p. 337.

* Gieseler, "Eccles. History," vol. v. pp. 128-130, note No. 17.

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scene had been enacted there which has been described in a previous page.

Æneas Sylvius Piccolomini was sent as envoy to confer with the Bohemians on matters of dispute between them and the Emperor of Germany, his master. He visited Tabor, and found the people rude, though not unwilling to be civilised. Their hospitality was rough, though hearty; their outward appearance showed signs of poverty; scanty clothing, and houses built of wood and clay, and arranged like tents, out of which the town had grown, betokened a retarded civilisation. The warlike character of the people was still manifested by the profusion of spoil among them, accumulated in marauding expeditions. But in proportion as these had diminished, the Taborites had found it necessary to return to commerce, and to abandon the principle of community of goods.

Such was the unsatisfactory result of an ill-organised society on the model of Communistic Utopias founded in one of the most turbulent ages of modern history, and affected in its growth and decay by the unsettled condition of the times, and exposed, moreover, to the constant opposition of the supreme powers in Church and State.

Ignorance of economic laws, and consequent inability of the leaders to organise the new society on a satisfactory basis, prevented the establishment of industrial institutions promoting productivity, and so providing the means of livelihood in times of peace. Social competency, not to say social progress, under such circumstances, were out of the question. When the available wealth among the Taborites had been divided equally among all and consumed; when the spoils of war had ceased to replenish the stores of the community, want and necessity made their appearance, and with them the consciousness that a return to the old order had become necessary to preserve the people from starvation.

We have now run through a whole cycle of religious communities, appearing one after another on the stage of history during several centuries, all endeavouring to re-establish the simple life of the Primitive Christians, and all, in turn, failing in their Utopian experiments, although sustained by the strongest faith and the most marvellous enthusiasm.

If we follow this stream of tendency from the seventh to the fourteenth century—from the exodus of the Paulicians out of Pontus and Cappadocia, driven by persecution westwards, settling in Bulgaria, Croatia, and Dalmatia, presently to reappear in Italy, France, Germany, England, and Hungary, under the various names of Cathari, Apostolicals, Fratricelli, Beguins, Waldenses, Albigenses, Lollards, and Hussites, thus retracing their steps in an eastward direction—we see in this circular movement, geographically, the recurrence of the same cycle of ideas exhibited in similar effects of social pioneerings meeting with the same rebuffs on the part of the outer world, and ending alike in universal failure on account of faulty internal organisation. There is the same undying aim to re-establish social life on the pattern of Apostolical simplicity; there is the same blending of secular and sacred duties of humanity; there is the same protest against the luxury in the Church, and the same impatient revolt against social inequality in the world, and with them a willingness to suffer martyrdom in the cause, and to undergo self-inflicted privations for the purposes of self-discipline; there is the same desire to be "good with a goodness serviceable to the common cause," a desire which cannot be quenched by persecution of the most cruel kind, nor damped by the experience of the severest disappointments. Nay, what is still more remarkable, notwithstanding the lessons taught by the disastrous consequences of the Utopian experiments, the feeble remnant saved in the general destruction are banded together once more in the same cause, and so we see the *Unitas fratrum*, the Moravian Brethren (to be considered in a future paper) extricating themselves from the wreck and ruin of the Hussite party, and joined by a few surviving Waldenses, "drawing together in an evil time . . . refashioned and reconstituted . . . in humblest guise . . . trampled and trodden down, but overcoming now, not by weapons of carnal warfare, but by the blood of the Cross . . . to hail the breaking of a fairer dawn, and to be themselves greeted as witnesses of God, who, in a dark and gloomy day . . . had kept His word, and not denied His name."*

The continuity of such an irresistible movement deserves respectful attention, its failures convey a wholesome lesson to rash levellers, but its undying revival after repeated discomfiture ought to arrest the attention of the superficial antagonist of all Utopian experiments, whilst the indirect influences of such movements in social progress form an important factor in social development, deserving the most profound study of the impartial historian of society.

FIRST USE OF GAS IN PUBLIC LIGHTING.

ON the eve of the introduction of the electric light, it is curious to recall the sensation caused when gas first superseded the old oil lamps in our houses and streets. The following notice appeared in a book published in 1805 :—

NEW AND ÆCONOMICAL PROCESS FOR PRODUCING LIGHT OR ILLUMINATION FROM SMOKE ALONE.

The numerous discoveries resulting from the spirit of philosophic research, so generally diffused within these few years, throughout the most civilised nations of Europe, have undeniably contributed to promote, in a high degree, the comfort and conveniencies of society. None, however, promises to be more beneficial, or of more general utility, than a discovery first exhibited at Paris, in 1802, and lately introduced into this country by an ingenious artist who obtained a knowledge of the secret, and who has for several months exhibited it to the curiosity of the public at the Lyceum in the Strand.

The object of this discovery, which will doubtless form an important epoch in the annals of domestic œconomy, is to produce light without the aid of wax, oil, tallow, or any combustible now employed for that purpose. The expense of illumination, both to the community in general and to individuals in particular, is most sensibly felt at the present moment, when the materials employed for that purpose have attained to an unprecedented price. The public must therefore feel more deeply interested in a discovery which

* Trench, Archbishop, "Mediæval Church History," p. 326-27.

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tends to reduce that expense comparatively to a mere trifle, and to supply them with a light infinitely superior to that to which they have hitherto been accustomed.

To explain the principle of this important invention, we shall give directions for making an experiment on such a scale, that every one may repeat it, and thus satisfy himself respecting its practicability. Take a vessel of any kind capable of resisting fire, into which put some common coal; the vessel must then be closely covered, or in the language of chemistry, hermetically sealed, leaving in the cover a small aperture, just sufficient to receive a tube of any dimensions, say a tobacco-pipe. The vessel must then be placed on a clear fire; as soon as the heat reaches the coal, it begins to melt and run together like tar. At the same time a vapour rises from the coal and passes through the tube, to the end of which a candle or other light must then be applied. The vapour, which is of an inflammable nature, immediately takes fire, and continues to burn with an extremely bright flame, as long as any vapour, or gas, arises from the coal. The flame produced from the tube of a common tobacco-pipe is equal in volume to that of a large candle, but the light is much clearer and more intense. Having now described the process on a small scale, it may easily be imagined what an effect may be produced by an iron pot, from which tubes of any number and any length may convey the inflammable vapour to every part of a building of any magnitude or extent.

The extraordinary advantages of this method of producing light must be obvious to the most superficial observer. In public buildings, manufactories, lighthouses, etc., its benefits, when it becomes generally known, will be incalculable. It should be observed that by means of tubes, either of tin, iron, or any other material, the vapour, or gas, may be conveyed to any part of a building where light is required. The expense with which this method of illumination is attended, is comparatively insignificant, particularly as the coal employed in the process, when exhausted of its vapour, is found caked together, and forms a solid mass of coke, which may afterwards be applied to any of the purposes for which that material is used.

After this explanation, it would be needless to expatiate on all the applications which may be made of this useful discovery. There can be no doubt but that the ingenuity of some of our countrymen will soon put the public into the enjoyment of the manifold benefits that may be derived from it.

We cannot conclude this article without remarking that this new process of producing light tends to explain phenomena sometimes observed in coal mines. It is generally known that the workmen in these mines are frequently endangered by explosions and sudden inflammations of the air in certain parts of the pit, caused by the flame of a lighted candle. This is doubtless occasioned by the inflammable vapour exhaled by the coals, which is confined in those parts and cannot escape for want of air. It must certainly be attributed to the same cause, that coal pits have been known to be on fire for several years together. In this case we may presume that the gas, while it burns, continues by the heat to produce a fresh supply of the inflammable vapour, till the whole of the surface of coal in the pit is exhausted, and reduced to the state of coke, in the same manner as in the experiment above described.

Varieties.

Board-school Religious Teaching.—The West Bromwich Board resolved to adopt the plan of religious instruction adopted by the London School Board, one of the members remarking that the Birmingham scheme was less efficient, for out of 20,000 Board children only 6,670 had been supplied with religious teaching under the voluntary agency plan. The percentage in London withdrawn from religious teaching is very trifling.

The Queen's Letter to the Nation on Occasion of the Death of the Princess Alice.—"Osborne, December 26, 1878. The Queen is anxious to take the earliest opportunity of expressing publicly her heartfelt thanks for the universal and most touching sympathy shown to her by all classes of her loyal and faithful subjects on the present occasion, when it has pleased God to call away from this world her dearly beloved daughter, the Princess Alice, Grand Duchess of Hesse. Overwhelmed with grief at the loss of a dear child, who was a bright example of loving tenderness, courageous devotion, and self-sacrifice to duty, it is most soothing to the Queen's feelings to see how entirely her grief is shared by her people. The Queen's deeply afflicted son-in-law, the Grand Duke of Hesse, is also anxious to make known his sincere gratitude for the kind feelings expressed towards himself and his dear children in their terrible bereavement, and his gratification at the appreciation shown by the people of England of the noble and endearing qualities of her whom all now mourn. Seventeen years ago, at this very time, when a similar bereavement crushed the Queen's happiness, and this beloved and lamented daughter was her great comfort and support, the nation evinced the same touching sympathy, as well as when, in December, 1871, the Prince of Wales was at the point of death. Such an exhibition of true and tender feeling will ever remain engraven on the Queen's heart, and is the more to be valued at this moment of great distress in the country, which no one more deeply deplores than the Queen herself."

The "Leisure Hour" in Afghanistan.—A correspondent at Woolwich sent to us a letter from a son with the Cabul army, dated Camp, Basawal, 5th December. The writer says:—"The 22nd and 23rd November I shall never forget—not for fighting, but for exposure and want of water to drink. Our brigade had some fearfully heavy work, clearing the mountains of the pass before they advanced up the Kyber, and then were too late to cut off the retreat of the main body from Ali Musjid. It is extremely cold. We have three blankets each, but nothing but the ground to put them on. Luckily, I brought the November parts of the 'Leisure Hour' and 'Sunday at Home' with me, and right glad I was of it. I verily believe that for some days at Dakka and Basawal they were the only papers in camp, and the demand for them was immense, and many an otherwise weary hour was pleasantly passed by some one reading aloud to crowds of eager listeners." The father, in forwarding the letter, says: "Wherever the brigade of my son has been, I have always posted the 'Leisure Hour' and 'Sunday at Home' to him. He had risen to be a sergeant, and then told me they were always laid on the mess-table." We hope this hint will not be lost as to posting the "Leisure Hour" and "Sunday at Home" to relatives or friends abroad. The foreign postages are given on the cover of the monthly parts.

Oranges.—A writer in a contemporary says the sweet orange was not introduced into England till after the bitter variety, and the few allusions of the poets of the period last mentioned are to this, and not to the sweet fruit. Shakespeare, in "Much Ado About Nothing," says:—"The Count is neither sad nor sick, nor merry nor well; but civil, Count, civil as an orange, and somewhat of that jealous complexion;" and Nash, a contemporaneous dramatist, uses the expression, "civil as an orange." In these passages, a pun, a very weak one, is obviously intended on the word "Seville," whence then, as now, the bitter oranges came. Sir Walter Raleigh, "the father of tobacco," is credited with having brought oranges to England, and it is said that Sir Francis Carew, who married his niece, planted their seeds, and produced orange-trees at Beddington, in Surrey, of which Bishop Gibson, in his additions to Camden's "Britannia," speaks as having been there for a hundred years previous to 1695. As these trees, however, always produced fruit, they could not, as Professor Martyn has observed, have

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been raised from seeds; but they may have been brought from Portugal or Italy as early as the close of the sixteenth century. The Beddington trees were planted in the open ground, but carefully protected during the winter months. At the beginning of the eighteenth century they had attained a height of eighteen feet, and the stems were about nine inches in diameter. In 1738 they were surrounded by a permanent enclosure like a greenhouse, but they all perished during the "great frost" in the following winter. At Hampton Court there are still many orange-trees believed to be 300 years old. A tree at Versailles boasts to be 400 years old, having once belonged to the Constable de Bourbon, in the reign of Francis I, who was contemporary with our Henry VIII. In various parts of Europe trees are still in existence in large numbers which are certainly from 150 to 200 years old, and each year they produce more fruit and of better quality. In some parts of Spain a single tree frequently bears 3,000 to 4,000 oranges, and instances have been known of as many as 20,000 having been produced. The most interesting feature in the natural history of the orange-tree is that it bears at one time the blossom, the immature fruit, and the ripe oranges.

Woman's Suffrage.—A Missouri lady, after three years' residence in Wyoming territory, where female suffrage is legal, bears strong testimony in its favour, although at first prejudiced against the usage. She says:—"The women of Wyoming, and particularly the better class, as highly prize and as generally exercise the right of suffrage as do the men. Woman, from her very dependence and comparative weakness and helplessness, feels more strongly than man does her need of the protection of good laws faithfully executed, and in her own interest and that of those she loves, she naturally puts her vote where it will do most good for the accomplishment of this end. The elections here are conducted as quietly and decorously as any other public gathering, and I have finally concluded that if the sexes can associate together with impunity in the home, the school, the church, the social gathering, and in every relation of life, from the cradle to the grave, woman need not be seriously demoralised by her momentary association with her husband, father, lover, and brother once a year at the polls. It is true, women very generally vote as do their husbands. I know several instances, however, where the wife votes one way and the husband the other, but I have never known or heard of its generating any unpleasantness in their family relations. The pioneers of the West, whatever their faults, are not so intolerant as to abuse their wives because of a difference in opinion in politics or even in religion. The fact that husbands and wives usually vote alike seems to me no objection; it is only placing an additional power and influence in the government of the country where it is most needed, and will naturally be most wisely used. The more the home influence is felt in the general government the better."

Horseshoes.—In Germany the smith, when finishing the shoe, punches a hole in the two ends, and when the shoe is cold he taps in a screw thread and screws into the shoe, when on the horse's foot, a sharp-pointed stud of an inch in length; and with shoes thus fitted the horse can travel securely over the worst possible road, and I have never known one slip either when riding or driving; and draught horses are shod in the same way. When the horse comes to stable the groom unscrews the pointed stud and screws in a button, so that no damage can happen to the horse and the screw holes are prevented from filling. When the horse is going out the groom simply takes out the button and screws in the pointed stud, and there is no fear of the horse coming back with broken knees or strained sinews, and the public are spared the painful sight of horses down or slipping in all directions.

Lentils.—A president of the Vegetarian Society recommends lentils as a chief article of diet. "Lentils, *Ervum Lens*, order *Leguminosæ*, contain, according to Payen:—Nitrogenous matter, 25·2; starch, etc., 56; cellulose, 2·4; fatty matter, 2·6; mineral matter, 2·3; water, 11·5—100. Thus it is at once perceived that the nutrition is of the best description possible. Everything that a human being requires as food is there. The cheapest and best soup, pleasant, nutritious, and wholesome, needs only two articles—water and lentils well cooked. The Egyptian lentils are preferable to Italian ones and others. They have only to be washed, soaked, and boiled furiously three or four hours to make the best soup possible. Put before an epicure without remark or information, it would be eaten as a fine gravy soup. No condiments are required to flavour it. The natural flavour is agreeable to all palates. No vegetables are required to thicken it; but there is no reason why onions, carrots, or celery should not be added if easily accessible. Indeed, the last-named—celery—is a very useful addition, not only for its nutrition, but for the alkalies it gives to purify the blood and ease the sufferings of rheumatic victims. The cost of lentils is about a penny a pound."

Workmen and their Wages.—According to the estimate of Professor Leone Levi, the eminent statistician, the absolute annual income of the working classes in Great Britain and Ireland is at least £453,000,000. This is taking the total average earnings at £1 1s. 9d. per week for men, and 13s. 8d. for women, or about £1 13s. per family. Taking into account the cheapness of food, clothing, and other necessaries of life, there should be a good margin for saving, yet out of this vast sum the average amount deposited in savings-banks or with friendly societies is not above £3,000,000 per annum. The increased consumption of imported and exciseable articles during years of prosperity and good wages accounts for the disappearance of the wages surplus, and for most of the suffering and misery that prevails.

City of Glasgow Bank.—As a curious document, worthy to be preserved, in connection with this miserable affair, we give the following thirty-ninth annual report by the directors, presented to the shareholders at the annual meeting held July 3, 1878:—The directors submit for the approval of the shareholders the thirty-ninth annual report, made up to 5th June last. The result of last year's business is as follows, viz.:—The balance brought forward at the credit of profit and loss account from the previous year amounted to £18,501 12s. 6d., from which has to be deducted income-tax on dividend paid to shareholders, in accordance with the resolution of last annual meeting, £1,500, leaving the sum brought forward £17,001 12s. 6d. The balance at the credit of profit and loss account for the year ending 5th June last, amounts to £125,094 0s. 4d., making a total of £142,095 12s. 10d., from which the directors recommend—1st. That a dividend at the rate of 12 per cent. per annum, free of income-tax, be declared, payable 1st August and 4th February next, amounting to £120,000. 2nd. That the whole of the recent defalcation at Bank of Mona be written off, amounting to £8,873. 3rd. That the balance be carried forward to the credit of profit and loss account for next year, £13,252 12s. 10d.—£142,195 12s. 10d., leaving the reserve fund, as at present, £450,000. With regard to the defalcation at the Bank of Mona, Douglas, Isle of Man, referred to above, your directors have every hope that a considerable portion of the sum now proposed to be written off will be recovered. They, however, recommend that, in the meantime, the whole amount should be provided for. The directors are informed by the bank architects that the premises in Glassford Street will probably be roofed in by the end of this year.

Abstract Balance-Sheet as at June 5, 1878.

Liabilities.	£	s.	d.
Deposits at head office and branches, and balances at the credit of banking correspondents	8,102,001	0	4
Bank notes in circulation in Scotland and the Isle of Man	710,252	0	0
Drafts outstanding, due, or with a currency not exceeding twenty-one days, and drafts accepted by the bank and its London agents on account of home and foreign constituents	1,488,244	18	6
Liabilities to the public	10,300,497	18	10
Capital account, £1,000,000; reserve fund, £450,009; profit and loss, £142,095 12s. 10d.; liabilities to partners	1,592 095	12	10
	11,892.593	11	8

Assets.	£	s.	d.
Bills of exchange, local and country bills, credit accounts, and other advances upon security	8,484,466	9	2
Advances on heritable property, and value of bank buildings and furniture at head offices and branches	265,324	9	0
Cash on hand, viz.:—Gold and silver coin and notes of other banks at head offices and branches, £845,963 1s.; Government stocks, exchequer bills, railway and other stocks and debentures, and balances in hands of banking correspondents, £2,296,839 12s. 6d.	3,142,802	13	6
	11,892,593	11	8

The bank stopped payment October 2, 1878.

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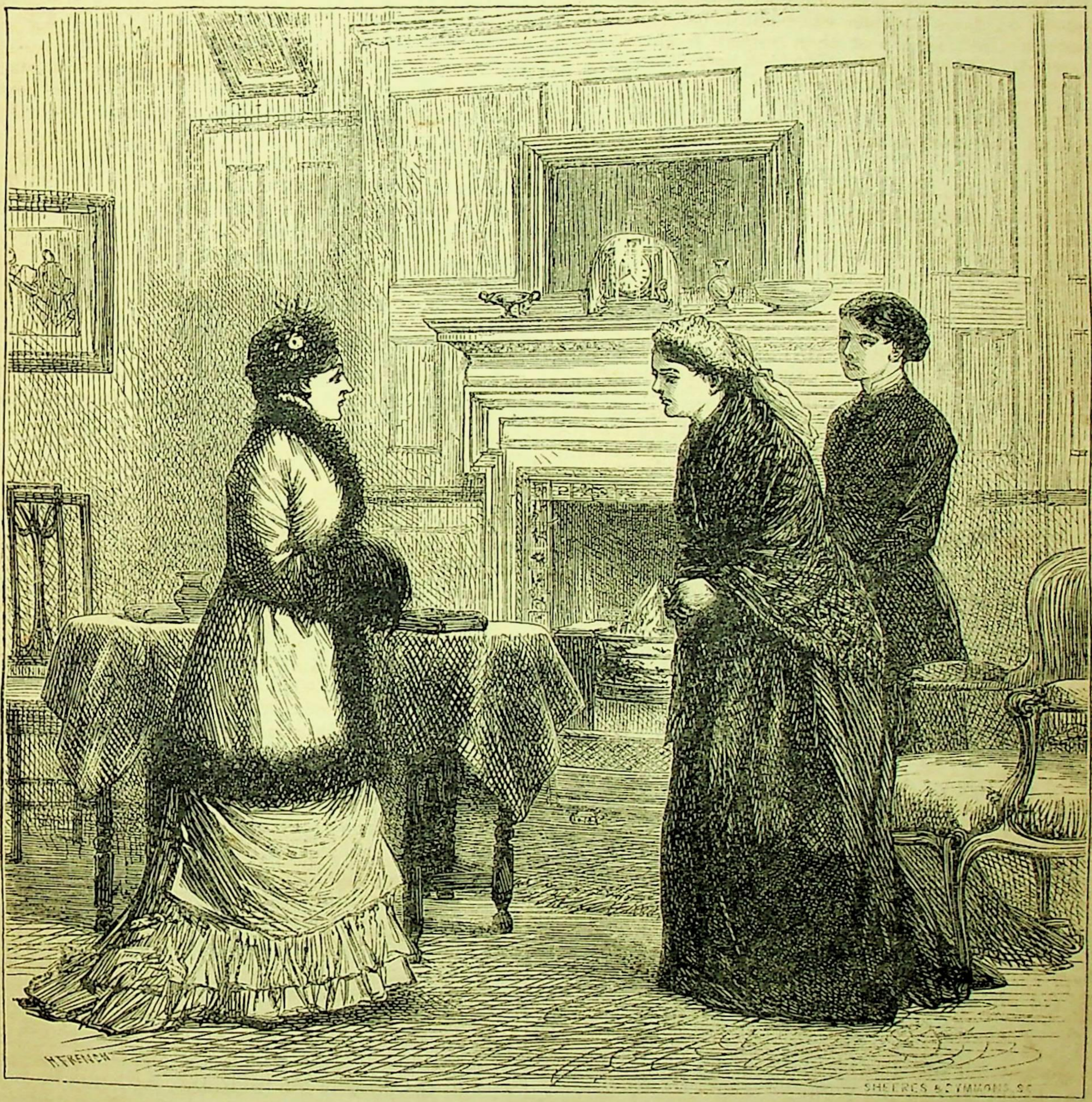
THE LEISURE HOUR.

BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,
AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND.—*Cowper.*



MRS. FRASER CALLS UPON MRS. MORETON.

"WAIT A YEAR."

CHAPTER XVIII.

MR. SINCLAIR had just seated himself in his study, a small room little altered since Mr. Moreton had sat there, resting in his arm-chair, or wrestling for a blessing on his family and his labours for the good of his parishioners. He had stirred the fire into a cheerful blaze, and spread out some large sheets of paper before him, on which his sermon was partially written, when Jeannet, with a bright, happy face, came in to say that Mr. Edward Moreton had come to see him.

"Show him into the drawing-room," was the laconic reply, and she went away wondering at herself for expecting her present master to feel the same interest in the old family that she did.

Introduced into the once familiar room, Edward looked about him with ludicrous surprise. Was this the home of a man reputed rich—one who, if

No. 1422.—MARCH 29, 1879.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

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report spoke true, had an income that would permit the gratification of tastes both elaborate and extravagant? But for the carpet, the chimney ornaments, a cheffonier, and the ottoman his mother liked so much, now thrust on one side, there was no souvenir of the old home, no knick-knacks, none of the little elegancies he so well remembered. It was a bachelor's room, plain and unadorned, bearing scarcely any resemblance to that yet fresh in his recollection. A comfortable *voltaire* was on one side of the fire-place, and a less spacious easy-chair on the other, and before the former was a small table with a paper-cutter, and the last "Quarterly" upon it. A few books were on a central table, and a vase in which was a choice flower, evidently placed there for its own intrinsic merit, to be examined, and not to delight the eye. The place of the master of the house being so marked, Edward took the opposite seat, and was speculating as to what sort of person Mr. Sinclair might be, when he entered. We hardly ever picture people as they really are; the tall are often taller, the short shorter, or *vice versâ*. Face, style, manner, are often wrongly forecast. Something is there we did not expect, or something wanting that imagination had supplied. It was so now. In his light-hearted self-esteem Edward had no anticipation of the grave, dignified man who now came towards him. Added to a countenance of no common type, was the easy bearing that indicated at a glance the well-born gentleman, and a suavity of manner that, without degenerating into condescension, placed Edward at a greater distance than he could have thought possible. Though nothing could have reduced the young man into a really shy character, for the first few minutes he seemed to have lost some of his self-possession.

After shaking hands and making general inquiries about the several members of his family, Mr. Sinclair took his own chair and requested Edward to occupy the other.

"Of course I expected this visit, and am happy to see you," began Mr. Sinclair; "but before we enter upon any subject of business, let us make sure of a good fire."

He stirred the coals afresh, and added a log from a basket close by without ringing for assistance, and then sat down; his position, by the way, being the most favourable for scrutinising Edward, whose face was turned towards the light.

"You are looking for a situation as tutor in a family," observed Mr. Sinclair.

Edward answered in the affirmative.

"Rather young for such a responsibility, are you not?"

"I am turned nineteen," replied the youth, with a tone of confidence in his reply.

Producing Edward's letter, Mr. Sinclair proceeded to read aloud, "And wish for a good salary that might after a time enable me to complete my terms at the University, and take orders."

"Exactly; my friends at Oxford are looking out for me; but I thought you might hear of something in my line among your acquaintance, and that you would be glad to help me if you could."

"Certainly. Those that are willing to help themselves deserve to be helped. The economy you propose practising in order to attain your end is praiseworthy. Would you mind telling me why you think you have a vocation for the Church?"

"Well, I fancy I should like it; I have been brought up to think I should be a clergyman," said Edward, embarrassed by Mr. Sinclair's questions.

"And you desire to take orders?"

"Certainly; it is my wish, as it was my father's also," answered Edward, in a somewhat lofty tone, feeling injured by Mr. Sinclair's persistent interrogations, as well as by the searching gaze of the grey eyes fixed so intently upon him.

"A tutorship is rather a serious undertaking, as you probably know. I think, however, I may be able to help you in that direction, perhaps also in the other, should it hereafter appear that the Church is the most suitable calling for you," said Mr. Sinclair, kindly, though deliberately. He was reflecting how nearly his father had made an almost irremediable mistake in his own case.

Edward flushed with indignation; the prospect of having his merits scanned and weighed wounded his pride, and might have elicited some youthful indiscreet retort, had not the first part of the promise restrained him; he nearly lost patience again as Mr. Sinclair continued, "There is no more deplorable mistake, I may say no greater offence against religion, than to undertake its ministrations too hastily. Men do it sometimes in ignorance, often in thoughtlessness, but to my mind it is a wrong-doing of great magnitude, the evil of which is not confined to ourselves. I could not help you to take orders unless well assured that you entered the ministry in the right spirit."

"What business has he to preach to me?" thought Edward in the pause that followed, while Mr. Sinclair leaned back in his chair and appeared to watch the effect of his words. Edward's warm cheek grew redder and hotter, but he was prudent enough to keep his lips closed. The man before him could assist him to what he wanted, so he put up with the lecture, contenting himself by giving his irritated feelings full vent *in petto*. He was recalled to a more amiable mood by Mr. Sinclair's next words.

"You may rely upon my not forgetting you. It will give me pleasure to be of use to any member of your family; your abilities, of which I have heard, will make it easy to place you as a tutor. Sacred things, you know, belong to God. Human friendship cannot interfere with them."

Some deep feeling was in the soft luminous eyes resting upon him which Edward could not understand. He only saw that Mr. Sinclair viewed coldly his desire to enter the Church, and mentally pronounced him priggish, but on the whole he was tolerably satisfied with the interview. They conversed together for about an hour, Mr. Sinclair asking several questions concerning the young man's tastes and likings, which he answered, as he supposed, favourably for himself. At home he reported that Mr. Sinclair was not a bad fellow, and seemed to like him.

Christmas-time was not to be so dull at the cottage as Mrs. Moreton had expected. Many of the neighbours sent gifts which helped to fill the larder, and soothe her with the conviction that she was yet a person of consideration in the parish. On Christmas Eve, Jeannet came with a large turkey, a ham, and Mr. Sinclair's compliments. These were annual offerings from a certain farm, over the loss of which Mrs. Moreton had been lamenting for some days, while expatiating on the folly of sending such things to a bachelor, as well as on the extravagance that

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she knew must be going on at the Rectory. Dr. Clarke announced that a hamper of good things was on the road, and wished them a merry Christmas. There really seemed some probability of these good wishes being realised. Edward was in high spirits, asserting that the wheel of fortune would soon turn in his favour. Nita was glad because her brother was glad, and because it was Christmas, and also because Mrs. Nutwood, the village friend-in-need, was coming to cook the turkey and prepare the dinner.

Mrs. Moreton was benign and dignified; a little elevated, too, in consequence of Mr. Graves having sent word that his phaeton should take her to church on Christmas Day; but her satisfaction went up several degrees the following morning when the phaeton arrived, bringing a pot of real ripe strawberries, grown especially for Madam, as the messenger was charged to say—Mr. Graves having a vulgar horror of pen and paper, never wrote when a message could be made to do as well.

Mona smiled sweetly upon every one, but said very little. On this day she had been accustomed to accompany her father early to church, calling with him at the cottages passed on the way, giving Christmas greetings, and especially looking up the solitary old men and women, for whom a dinner was to be provided at the school-house. She had to walk alone to-day, or nearly so, as Edward darted off continually to the right or left, to exchange a word or shake hands with some old acquaintance.

The dark leafless trees looked dreary where they stood in clumps, although the sun was shining; but when the bells began to ring, sending their cheery sound over cottages, village-green, and fields, her spirits revived. To be downhearted amid positive blessings was not following the example or obeying the precepts of her beloved father. Then came the melody of the Christmas chimes, so sweet and so exhilarating. When earth itself was so glad, she must try to be glad too. Perhaps her father was near, longing to see her rejoice in the holy joy of the season; if so, he should not be disappointed. Looking up with a soft peaceful smile upon her face, she saw Mr. Sinclair coming from a cottage a little distance off. "Christmas has no merry chimes" for him, she said within herself, struck by his dull, weary expression. She knew but little of his personal history, only what the papers had said about his engagement, and an item of gossip that had oozed out during his brother's visit, to the effect that he was waiting for some caprice, entertained by the lady, to pass away, and then they were to be married. But with that she had nothing to do. He was her friend, and a very kind one, and she would at least offer him her good wishes. Perceiving that she quickened her pace at sight of him, Mr. Sinclair went forward to meet her.

"May I offer you my best wishes for the day?" asked Mona, timidly, half doubting whether silence would not have been the greater kindness.

"Thank you," he answered, taking her hand; "and may I return them?"

"If you please," she replied, and then found that she had nothing more to say. They had not met since the tea-drinking. Despite the solicitude he evinced in her behalf on that occasion, he had neither come himself nor sent to inquire after her. She remembered it, but did not permit herself to feel surprised. They walked together to the church, and separated at the door, Mr. Sinclair going to the vestry and Mona to her seat, all the happier for those few words exchanged, and the light that had for a moment shone upon her from those grey, thoughtful eyes.

Edward's wheel of fortune did not turn so soon as he expected. The Christmas week passed, and the first of the New Year also, without any word or sign from Mr. Sinclair. After having raised his expectations into certainties by the magic wand of a sanguine temperament, Edward became as unreasonably depressed and despondent because they were not fulfilled. He had now been at home nearly three weeks. Some of the little money he had gained was spent, and no more was coming in. Affairs were becoming serious. His sisters had not yet re-commenced their lessons, and Mrs. Moreton was beginning to fret, and sometimes chided him petulantly for trying her nerves. He took up a great deal of space in the small cottage, made the room untidy, and destroyed her comfort by his lounging ways.

"I wish you would make up your mind either to stay indoors or to go out. This perpetual opening and shutting of the door makes me cold," she said to him one morning when he seemed more restless than ever.

"I can't help it, mother. It is so hard upon me to be obliged to hang upon you, when I would so gladly work. I only want a fair field; just the chances that other people have. I wonder if that fellow Sinclair means to do anything for me. He is a long time about it."

"How can you speak so disrespectfully!" said Mona, in a tone of reproof.

"How can you speak so disrespectfully!" repeated Edward, mimicking her. "Oh, I forgot that Mr. Sinclair is your patron-saint, and—why, here he is!" and he advanced quickly to the door to admit him.

From Mona's embarrassed manner, it would have seemed that she, not her brother, had been guilty of speaking against the absent. Whilst she withdrew to the corner where she would be least observed, and bent her head over her work, Edward placed a chair near the fire, and offered to relieve their visitor of his hat. Mrs. Moreton was bland and gracious, willing to forget that it was the first time the new rector had been under that roof.

It was not long before Mr. Sinclair satisfied Edward's impatience, by explaining the object of his visit. "I have not been as successful as I hoped to be," he began, "but through a brother clergyman in London, I have heard of a mutual acquaintance requiring a tutor for his son. It is to go abroad, and the stipend offered is £150, which you know is more than is often given to a curate."

Edward's eyes danced with pleasure. The stipend was nearly double what he had begun the world with at Corneford, and the going abroad, he said, was of all things what he should like best. A grave look from Mr. Sinclair followed that announcement, and he remarked, "I have no doubt of the abilities of a young man who gave more than satisfaction at Corneford, but as this is a post of some responsibility, my friend will expect some other recommendations as well as mine."

"Which I shall have no difficulty in obtaining. I have lots of friends at Oxford ready to serve me," answered Edward, too jubilant over his new prospects

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to notice the gravity with which Mr. Sinclair was listening to him. Before leaving the cottage he gave him a letter of introduction to Mr. Buxton, and advised him to go to town the following day and deliver it in person.

"We do, indeed, thank you," said Mona, coming forward as he was going away. "You are very good to take so much trouble about us."

Taking the hint, Mrs. Moreton smiled sweetly, and expressed her thanks in a very pretty manner. Edward, believing himself already installed in the new office, was exultant. He insisted upon accompanying Mr. Sinclair home, and was, as Mona thought, officiously polite.

The scale now high in his favour would have sunk low in another direction, had he known what was passing in Mr. Sinclair's mind when, a few days later, meeting Mona in a walk, he asked if she thought her brother suited to the charge he was so anxious to undertake.

"I think so; I hope so. Do you doubt it?" said Mona, dismayed as well as pained at the question.

"His recommendations are excellent," rejoined Mr. Sinclair, "and Mr. Buxton is much pleased with his appearance. But living abroad is less easy for a young man in many respects than living in England. Your brother cannot have much experience of life."

"Is that necessary to make a good tutor?" asked Mona, anxiety creeping into the soft eyes, resembling then those of a fawn in pain.

"I might find him something nearer home," observed Mr. Sinclair, meditatively. But Mona was alarmed at the suggestion. Not only was Edward extremely pleased with the situation, but he had made a favourable impression on Mr. Buxton, and the employment was immediate, which latter circumstance was a consideration.

"I think he will try and do justice to your kindness," said Mona, timidly. "I know that my father thought well of his principles."

"Then I may be satisfied," replied Mr. Sinclair in a cheerful tone, hoping to remove the uncomfortable feelings his doubts had raised in her, and half angry with himself for having, even for a moment, clouded the guileless face that looked so patient and so good.

"If I could do anything for *you*, Miss Moreton, I should be very glad. You wish to give up your lessons here, and take a situation as companion or as governess in a family, do you not?"

"Wish," repeated Mona, dubiously, "I do not know what I wish."

"Would you like to leave home?" he asked, after a pause.

"I will do what my mother desires in the matter."

When the subject was referred to Mrs. Moreton, Mona was hurt at the willingness she evinced to let her go, and still more so to hear her rush into speculations over the result. Her heart failed her, not for want of courage to face a sterner lot than she had hitherto encountered, but because the severance from home, and the exchange of kindred for strange ties, made the future so very gloomy in her eyes.

It was quite the contrary with Edward. His first letter contained a glowing description of his new life; he liked both Mr. and Mrs. Buxton and his pupil too, though he feared that, owing to the lad's delicate health, he should make nothing of him.

A few days later Mona's fate had to be decided. She was returning from Payne's shop, where she had been making a few purchases in grocery, when she was accosted by Mr. Sinclair.

"I was just about calling at the cottage respecting the subject on which you permitted me to speak to you the other day. I have something to submit to your consideration."

He looked as animated as Mona was cold and languid. In her heart she was half annoyed with him for his endeavours to procure her what at the eleventh hour she discovered distinctly that she did not want.

"I hope my proposal will meet with your approbation," he said.

"Mamma will be very glad," answered Mona.

"And you?"

"Well, I suppose I am glad too," replied the young girl, trying to look pleased out of compliment.

"I wish you to find a situation in my sister's family. She is a widow recently returned to England from India with her only daughter, a girl of fourteen. Since I mentioned you to her, she has become so anxious to secure your services that, not to lose time, she is coming to the Rectory to-morrow."

"Your sister?" repeated Mona, flushing with surprise. "I did not know you had a sister."

"She is my half-sister, some years older than my elder brother."

"Perhaps she will not like me," suggested Mona.

"The question most important to decide is whether you will like her enough to live with her. I know very little of her disposition, not having seen her since she married and I arrived at man's estate, but she seems lively and good-natured, and has taken some interest in your history. It may be pleasanter for you to be with her than with total strangers."

Mona was of the same opinion, and was quite confounded at the way her mother treated Mr. Sinclair's proposition.

"How very officious of him!" she exclaimed, forgetting that only a few days before she had consented to her daughter's leaving home.

"You can do better than that."

"What can I do better?" asked Mona, disappointed, having now quite made up her mind that she wished to go. Mrs. Moreton did not specify what would be preferable, but continued to reiterate her determination that her daughter should not be a governess in Mr. Sinclair's family.

"Rather there than with strangers," replied Mona.

"I will not allow it. You must write to Mr. Sinclair and decline. Your father would have liked us to be altogether."

There was no prospect of inducing Mrs. Moreton to change her mind when, as in the present instance, her decision had been made through caprice, or, as might also be the case, when she felt some uneasiness about her own comforts, without the dexterous aid of her eldest child. Mona was obliged to refuse the offer so kindly made, which she did as politely as words would permit, and sent her letter early the following morning before the lady's arrival.

CHAPTER XIX.

"When is this pretty little paragon coming to see me?" asked Mrs. Fraser of her brother, as they sat over the fire after dinner.

"I am afraid your only chance will be to go to her. Since I proposed Miss Moreton to you, her mother has changed her mind, and will not allow her

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daughter to leave home. I am sorry, for she might have suited you, and been of great use to Fanny."

"And why will she not let her come to me? This is extremely unhandsome conduct, after bringing me down here," said the lady, ruffled at such unceremonious treatment.

"I brought you down here, I hope, not Mrs. Moreton; and I still have the pleasure of receiving you at my Rectory," said Mr. Sinclair.

"Miss Moreton would, I think, gladly come to you if permitted. Perhaps, if you will take the trouble to pay the mother a visit, you may win her over."

With this in prospect, Mrs. Fraser recovered her good temper, and consented to call on Mrs. Moreton the following day. Differing from her brothers in that she was small and slight, and they were neither, she was not less dissimilar in disposition. She had not the thoughtful gravity of Warren, nor the clear sight and light-heartedness which, in Cecil, seized and turned into ridicule the foibles of others; but she was essentially good-natured, and often shrewd, with the intuitive appreciation of character that is sometimes found where least expected. Though turned forty, she looked juvenile, and was rather pretty, with the manners and vivacity of a young woman. She was extremely self-willed, with no mean opinion of her own abilities, which, if not actually *nil*, were perpetually leading her into grave mistakes. Another peculiar feature was her incapacity to profit by a past experience, owing, in some degree, to the excessive admixture of the sanguine with a thoughtless temperament. Mr. Sinclair saw her depart on her errand the next day, determined to be successful, and cordially he desired it, believing, as he said, that Mona Moreton would be a valuable addition to his sister's household. But there was yet another reason. He did not wish to be shut out of her life, nor did he desire to be too near her, but he did wish to exercise a grave, fraternal care over her, and see her made as happy as circumstances would permit.

When Mrs. Moreton saw Mr. Sinclair's carriage stop at her door, her first impulse was to bewail the difference in worldly estate between the late and present rector. Her poor, dear Charles, who was such a good man, had never kept a carriage, and why should Mr. Sinclair? The liveried servant was also an offence, though the dress was of the simplest description—a groom's dark-blue coat, with silver buttons, and a silver band round the hat. She had never been able to persuade her husband to go beyond a gardener, a cook, and a housemaid.

The custom of being at home to visitors only when it was agreeable to see them was not among the ways of Hillesden, so when she saw a lady alight at the garden gate, fashionably attired in velvet and fur, she quickly slipped on her best cap, and was seated in carefully-assumed state in the best Rectory chair by the time her small maid-of-all-work had opened the door. Mona would have done it in her stead had not her mother peremptorily forbidden her.

"We must remember what is due to ourselves," Mrs. Moreton was saying, as Mrs. Fraser entered the room and gracefully introduced herself.

Of the two ladies, Mrs. Moreton was by far the most beautiful, but being cumbered by a weight of dignity she could not lay aside, and for which the cottage afforded no scope, she appeared to the least advantage as they sat talking together upon indifferent subjects, until Mrs. Fraser made known the real object of her visit.

Meanwhile, Mr. Sinclair awaited his sister's return with curiosity. Her absence seemed long, but the carriage wheels were heard at last, and soon the little lady came fussily into his study.

"How can you exist in such a hole as this? Why don't you build yourself a larger room? I should suffocate here; and such a fire, too! I cannot breathe in small rooms. Well, you don't ask me what I have done, nor what I think of Miss Moreton."

"I shall be happy to hear as soon as you have breath to tell me," said Mr. Sinclair, settling himself into a listening attitude.

"Oh, but what a silly, vain woman Mrs. Moreton is, and so pretentious! As if I did not know she was poor. And she talked so grandly, her daughter looking so distressed and mortified all the while, and so true and honest, and sweet besides. I mean to have her, but I must pay her mother's price. Happening to say that I did not mind salary, Mrs. Moreton stipulated for a hundred a-year, and I did not know how to go back from my word."

"What salary did you propose giving?"

"Seventy; and Miss Moreton actually told her mother that seventy pounds was handsome, more than she was worth, but Mrs. Moreton would not abate a pound, though her daughter sat with downcast eyes, ashamed and miserable. For her sake I concluded the bargain quicker—for bargain it was—and came away. Miss Moreton is to join me in London this day week."

"Well, I congratulate you on having achieved a victory."

"Or rather on having bribed the enemy to surrender," returned Mrs. Fraser.

"Can you guess what I mean to do? It will be some time before Fanny comes out, so I intend to practise a little match-making on Miss Moreton's account. I shall take her into society. She is the sort of girl when well-dressed to make a sensation, but I shall be a capital duenna, and will not let any one approach her but a first-rate *parti*."

"You are talking of marriage as the silly and frivolous do, not as of one of the grand realities of life, upon which much besides position or pleasure depends." Mr. Sinclair said this with a touch of austerity in his tone. "I should not think a girl of Miss Moreton's calibre would thank you for parading her attractions, and looking out for the highest bidder."

"If I give the young girl a chance of settling independently of a mother who does not appear the wisest of guardians, her friends ought to thank me."

"I suppose so," said Mr. Sinclair, slowly; "but I hope Miss Moreton's affections will not be hastily nor unworthily bestowed."

"On the contrary, most worthily bestowed. I mean to find her a husband, rich, handsome, and good."

"Perfection is not to be found," returned her brother, testily, forgetting that he had just expressed fears of an opposite tendency.

"I will try."

"There need be no hurry about it, she is very young," he answered, dipping into the ink the pen he had laid aside on his sister's entrance.

"I fear I am interrupting your studies too long," she observed, taking the hint, and beginning to gather up the wraps she had thrown down.

"I was engaged when you entered," he replied, evasively.

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But when Mrs. Fraser was gone his occupation was not resumed. He took up his hat and went out, exposing himself to the east wind, which in general he made a point of avoiding. He had no idea that his sister was so frivolous a woman, and began to fear that Mona Moreton was too young to be committed to her care. What was her age? Twenty or twenty-one. Helen Lestocq was twenty-five when he proposed to her, and in the full bloom of her imperial beauty. Mona Moreton's was of a more enduring kind; it would become more sweet, more touching, as years advanced, he thought to himself, "soft and lovely as the sunset tints upon an opal sky."

"What romantic nonsense," said Warren, pulling himself up in the midst of his meditations. "As I can have no voice in deciding her lot, I may as well not wish to hinder others from doing so."

And then his thoughts returned to Helen. Her superb beauty, as his brother designated it, reminded him of the cold splendour of those awful terrors that had nearly been his tomb, and seemed to separate him from the calm peaceful life he considered the happiest and the best.

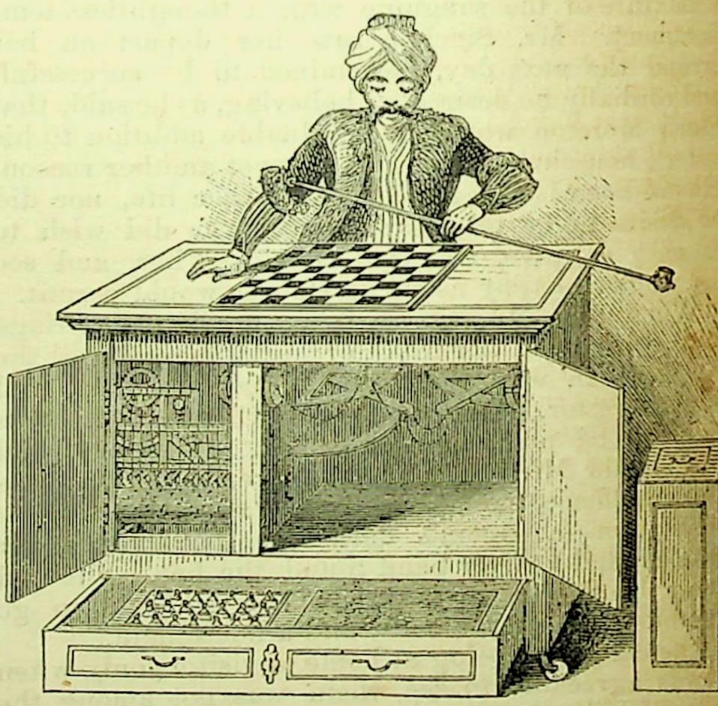
AUTOMATA.

BY JOHN NEVILE MASKELYNE.

IV.

I HAVE purposely reserved to this part of my papers upon Automata the famous chess-player, as it opened up a new era in the art—viz., the production of apparently intelligent androids. This figure, which for a long time baffled the curious and created intense excitement throughout Europe, was the ingenious invention of Baron Wolffgang de Kempelen, of Presburg, Hungary, Aulic Counsellor of the Royal Chamber, and constructed by him about the year 1769. De Kempelen was an ingenious man, who had made working models of improvements on Arkwright's cotton-mill, and Boulton and Watt's steam-engine; and it is said that, incited by the success of Vaucanson's flute-player, he attempted to rival that elaborate piece of mechanism. How he did so we shall see. Another story is that, being present at the court of Maria Theresa during some experiments in magnetism by one Pelletier, a Frenchman, De Kempelen declared, in the hearing of the empress, that he could make a figure more surprising in its mechanical operations than any of the wonders they had then witnessed; and the curiosity of this true daughter of Eve being excited, she exacted a promise from the baron, in pursuance of which he constructed his chess-player within six months. One other story—much more romantic, yet probable enough—of the idea leading De Kempelen to his famous android I reserve until the figure itself has been described. It was of life-size, in Turkish costume, sitting upon a chair fixed behind an enclosed table, or cabinet, three and a half feet long, two feet deep, and two and a half feet high. On the top of this was a chess-board eighteen inches square, and overlooking the board sat the figure, its right hand resting on the table, and the left, somewhat raised, holding a pipe, which was removed before the commencement of a game, the "automaton" then using this hand to move the pieces. The whole structure ran on four wheels, and could so be moved from one part of the room to another, and during such times the rich dress was thrown over the head of the figure, when its body could be seen to be filled with mechanism. There was likewise a door in the thigh, and here another similar arrangement of cylinders, wheels, and pulleys was exposed. When the machine was stationary the costume was drawn down to its original position on the figure, and the door of one of the two compartments in the table opened, a candle being held within to facilitate its examination by the spectators. When the scrutiny was completed the door was locked, and a second compartment submitted to inspection. These cupboards were of unequal size—that on the figure's left hand taking up about two-thirds of the whole space, and being apparently much more free from machinery than the small cupboard.

In our illustration the doors of the compartments are both shown open at the same time for the sake of convenience; as also is the drawer below, containing the chess-men, and a cushion to place under the arm of the figure during play. The small box standing by the side of the machine was frequently consulted by the baron or his assistants, and was said to contain the secret of the chess-player's movements. A winding-up ceremony having been gone through, the chess-player commenced by taking a knight from its original square, by its proper moves, quickly and



DE KEMPELEN'S AUTOMATON CHESS-PLAYER.

without error, over the other sixty-three squares of the board. In play it took white and first move; its head and arm slowly turned towards the piece to be moved or taken, and its hand opened, the fingers conveying the piece to the square selected, or, if necessary, removing it from the board. When the opponent's queen was in danger the figure nodded twice, and it shook its head three times when checking the king. If play was long delayed, it tapped its chest in seeming impatience, and went through similar movements if its antagonist placed a piece upon a wrong square during the course of the game; in the latter case setting the false move right by moving the piece to the position it had occupied upon the board previously. The figure then took

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the move itself, if there was advantage in so doing, as justified by the laws of the game.

Kempelen stated that the machine was a *bagatelle*, which was not without merit in point of mechanism, but that the effects of it appeared so marvellous only from the boldness of the conception, and the fortunate choice of the methods adopted for promoting the illusion.* Notwithstanding this, he made large sums of money by its exhibition in Presburg, Vienna, Paris, and London, at which latter place the chess-player was on view for about a year, commencing in 1783, at No. 8, Saville Row, Burlington Gardens. In a pamphlet, published by Stockdale in 1784, and attributed to Philip Thicknesse, F.R.S., the father of Lord Audley, we read: "Both figure and counter are railed off, and only one man attends withinside, and he is supposed to be the only person with whom the stranger actually plays, by causing the arm and the hand of the automaton to move the chess-men by some incomprehensible and invisible powers, according to the preceding move of the stranger who plays against the automaton; and that every spectator should think so, he always places himself close to the right elbow of the automaton previous to its move, then puts his left hand into his coat-pocket, and, by an awkward kind of motion, induces most people to believe that he has a magnet in his pocket, by which he can direct the movement of the Turk's arm at pleasure."

Many guesses were hazarded as to the means of accomplishing the movements, but they remained an unsolvable mystery for many years, notwithstanding several peculiarities of the figure, duly noted: such as one door being locked before another was opened, and the interior compartments being shown one after the other in unvarying succession; also that the winding-up ceremony was repeated, not at regular intervals of time, or after a certain number of moves, but whenever it seemed to strike the exhibitor that such an effect might well be introduced. In 1785 a French writer came very near the truth by declaring that there was a dwarf concealed within the machine, the noise of the winding allowing him to change from one position to another as the doors were opened and closed. The apparatus was really large enough for a full-grown man to creep into; and it is now an acknowledged fact that two, at least, of the workers of the figure were men with their full complement of limbs, and of the usual size. The exact means employed for hiding the worker (who, when the machine was first submitted to an audience, lay concealed in the cupboards) were hanging frames of collapsable machinery, behind which the man crouched; and by his shifting his position as the various doors were opened, the spectators were effectually deceived. The scrutiny being concluded, the man rose into the figure, and moved its hand and arm with the greatest ease.

The halcyon days of the "automaton" were its earliest, when worked by one Worouski, a cripple, who had lost his legs by a cannon-ball, and not been—like the Irish soldier in the song—rewarded with a pair of wooden ones in return. The chess-player, indeed, is said to have been constructed for the specific purpose of assisting this outlawed Pole to escape from Russia. In 1769 a revolt had broken out in a Russo-Polish regiment at Riga, in which Worouski, an officer, took part. The insurgents were defeated, and Worouski, minus his legs from the causes cited above, lay concealed in the house of a Dr. Osloff, who had succoured and tended him after the fight. In three months, at the house of this benevolent man, De Kempelen is said to have completed the work he took in hand, never anticipating the extraordinary success in store for his ingenuity. Dr. Osloff, who up to this period was not in the secret, first played with the automaton on the 18th day of October, 1769. The game being over, and the worthy doctor beaten, he exclaimed, "Well! if I were not certain Worouski is at this moment in bed, I should believe I had been playing with him. His head alone is capable of inventing such a check-mate. And, besides," said he, addressing De Kempelen, "can you tell me why your automaton plays with the left hand, just like Worouski?" Upon this the baron, satisfied that his mutilated friend would escape detection during their passage from the country, smiled as he told the secret of the Polish officer's prison-house to the warm-hearted doctor. Robert-Houdin had this story from the lips of M. Hessler, Dr. Osloff's nephew.

De Kempelen started with his automaton in a packing-case, Worouski occupying the most uncomfortable "officers' quarters" within the figure. De Kempelen at various points upon the road exhibited his chess-player, and its fame travelled far and wide, so that by the time he reached Vitebsk, on the road to the Prussian frontier, the Empress Catherine II had heard of the wonderful novelty, and commanded the baron to appear before her with it. With a heavy heart De Kempelen repaired into the enemy's camp, nor could Worouski have been without some misgivings, thinking of the scant "quarter" he would receive if his disguise were discovered. Arrived at the palace, the packing-case was conveyed to the library, and when the figure was rolled out the empress entered to play a game with it. During the course of this she made a false move, when the chess-player instantly swept all the pieces off the board. Notwithstanding this summary mode of ending the game, her Majesty was mightily pleased with the performance, and desirous of buying the figure; failing in this, the empress, anxious for a peep on the sly into this most difficult of all chess-problems, desired the dazed exhibitor to lend her the automaton for a few days, and take a holiday himself; and, the czarina's will being law, De Kempelen had to submit with as good a grace as possible. The dilemma was a serious one; on the one hand, detection of his trick and implication in the escape of a traitor; on the other, the suffocation or starvation of his imprisoned colleague.

Having seen De Kempelen safely out of the palace, the empress returned to the library, and, like another Fatima, opened the doors in the figure and the box—the "blue chamber" she panted to explore—but, to her chagrin, found nothing beyond the usual wheels, etc., and could not by any exhortation induce the machinery to move. The fact is the operator within had taken a step downwards (a way they have *not* got in the army), from being a major had become a left-tenant, to use a very aged Joe-Millerism, quitting the trunk of the figure for the chest, or packing-case, in which it had been brought to the palace, where her Majesty never

* "C'est une bagatelle, qui n'est pas sans mérite du côte due mechanisme: mais les effets n'en paroissent si merveilleux que par la hardiesse de l'idée, et par l'heureux choix des moyens employés pour faire illusion."

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thought of looking for the secret. Finding the figure could not be made to play, the empress recalled De Kempelen upon the day followng his dismissal, and he returned in time to save his *confrère* from the extreme pangs of hunger, and to reinstate him within the chess-player.

Escaping at length from Russia, with Worouski as safe and sound as the cannon-ball had left him, De Kempelen's mission was accomplished, and the chess-player laid aside. The baron, indeed, is said to have taken the machine to pieces, but to have rehabilitated it in compliance with the wish of the Emperor Joseph II, before whom it was next exhibited at Vienna. Its great success there induced De Kempelen to carry it to other cities, and eventually through Europe. The chess-player was "the rage" at Paris in 1783, and in the latter part of the same, and early in the following, year it was exhibited at Saville Row, London, as before mentioned. At one time, by special invitation of Frederick the Great, De Kempelen took the automaton to Berlin, and he is said to have sold the secret to that most inquisitive of monarchs. In 1803 De Kempelen died, having previously disposed of the chess-player to M. Anthon, who carried it over the whole of Europe, netting large sums by its exhibition. When Napoleon Bonaparte was in possession of Berlin in 1806, he played with the automaton, and attempted to deceive it by false moves, but the wary figure invariably swept the board upon these occasions. Here the secret was again sold, as was the buyer, Eugene Beauharnais purchasing the valuable information for 30,000 francs!

On M. Anthon's death M. Maelzel, the inventor of the "metronome" (time measurer), bought it, and brought the figure again to England, exhibiting it at Spring Gardens, in 1819, and in St. James's Street in 1820. Worouski was not now the worker of the automaton, M. Mouret having taken his place, and it was noticed that its play had deteriorated. Mouret has given a version of the mystery in M. de Tournay's "Palamede." In this he asserts that he had a wax taper within the figure, and the shifting of the pieces upon the board was made known to him by the movement of metal knobs (there being one under every square) which were attracted by magnets concealed in each of the chess-men. M. Mouret was romancing; the metal knobs were to add to the mystery, not assist the operator, who had a much more simple plan of viewing the chess-board by peeping through a hole in the vest of the figure. During Mouret's illness, a little old man named Alexandre, a very good player, was engaged by Maelzel to work the figure, and a Mr. Lewis was at one time the inside passenger.

Maelzel took the chess-player to America about the year 1833, and, after making a *tour* of the States, died on his return passage from New York. The figure then passed into the hands of M. Cronier, a mechanician of Belleville, France; and Robert-Houdin saw it at his house in 1844. Subsequently the chess-player made a return visit to America, where an amusing incident is said to have occurred in connection with it. Being taken to a small town for exhibition, the figure proved so great an attraction as to deprive a conjurer, located in the place at the time, of his wonted crowded audiences. Things went from bad to worse, and the beggarly array of empty benches became at last so wearisome, that one night the magician betook himself to the rival performance, after dismissing his own scanty audience. Here he found all going brilliantly before a large and excited assemblage, and, piqued beyond measure, he resolved to spoil the sport. Accordingly he called out "Fire!" and there was the inevitable stampede caused by that dreadful word. Then the conjurer had the gratification of witnessing the strange effect of the automaton heaving with some internal convulsion as the worker within struggled to escape. But the angry man missed his mark after all, for no one else noticed the upheaval, nor, had they done so, would any have had the curiosity, under the circumstances, to pause and inquire into the phenomenon.

At length the chess-player, becoming the property of Dr. John K. Mitchell, a physician of Philadelphia, U.S.A., was deposited in the Chinese Museum of that city, and—last scene of all, and ending of the eventful history of De Kempelen's handiwork—it underwent cremation at the destruction of the building by fire in 1858. Thus what had been a burning question for nearly a century, with as much mystery attaching to it as the veiled prophet, was appropriately settled, and, like many another marvel, "ended in smoke."

Some years back I commenced constructing an automatic chess-player of such small proportions as entirely to upset the idea of its even containing a child withinside; a figure, indeed, not weighing more than twelve or fourteen pounds, and as perfectly insulated and isolated upon a glass column as is Psycho. This project was laid aside for other, and, to the public, more attractive work. The fact is, chess—skilful and beautiful game as it is—cannot be made of a very engrossing character to a general audience, so I prepared other figures with endowments more popular and pleasing, before completing that for chess. I have not, therefore, abandoned the idea.

The Hurricane.

By sea and land the loosened tempest reigns.
The mountain thunders; and its sturdy sons
Stoop to the bottom of the rocks they shade.
Lone on the midnight steep, and all aghast,
The dark wayfaring stranger breathless toils,
And, often falling, climbs against the blast.
Low waves the rooted forest, vexed, and sheds
What of its tarnished honours yet remain;
Dashed down, and scattered by the tearing wind's
Assiduous fury its gigantic limbs.
Thus struggling through the dissipated grove,
The whirling tempest raves along the plain;
And on the cottage thatched, or lordly roof,
Keen-fastening, shakes them to the solid base.
Sleep frighted flies; and round the rocking dome,
For entrance eager, howls the savage blast.
Then, too, they say, through all the burdened air,
Long groans are heard, shrill sounds and distant sighs
That, uttered by the demon of the night,
Warn the devoted wretch of woe and death.
Huge uproar lords it wide. The clouds commixt
With stars swift gliding sweep along the sky,
All nature reels. Till Nature's King, who oft
Amid tempestuous darkness dwells alone,
And on the wings of the careering wind
Walks dreadfully serene, commands a calm;
Then straight air, sea, and earth, are hushed at once.

—*Thomson.*

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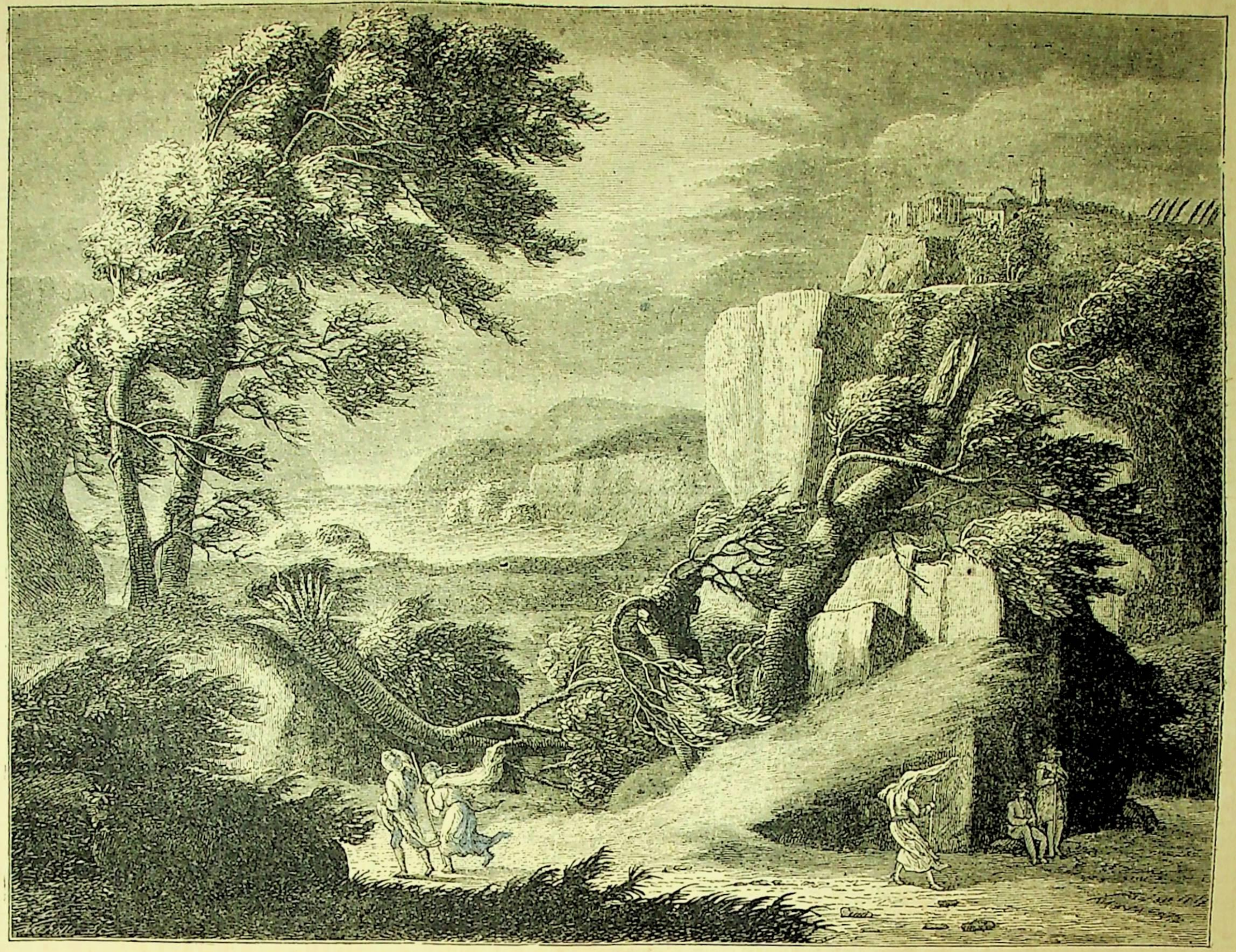

Gaspar Poussin.

THE HURRICANE.

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"WHEN GEORGE THE THIRD WAS KING."

CHAPTER III.—HIS CIRCLE OF FRIENDS.

It has been said, with certainly a large measure of painful truth, that kings—sovereigns—can have no friends; their rank, which distances the relation between the monarch and any subject, is supposed to forbid the confidence and familiarity essential to friendship. Perhaps it is difficult for the monarch to unbend without inviting, or becoming himself in danger of, a forgetfulness in his companion. We have, however, a considerable number of instances showing how pleasantly and easily George III put himself into amiable relations with those whose character he esteemed; nor did he ever invite a visit, nor make the acquaintance, of any person whose character was not such as to command the esteem of all good men.

Dr. Beattie, the poet, preacher, and philosopher, stood very high in the regards of the king, especially after the publication of his "Essay on Truth," written for the purpose of checking the mischievous influence of the writings of David Hume and other such sceptical teachers. Hearing that the doctor was in London, the king sent for him to Kew, and the account of the interview is surely interesting. The informality of it adds to its interest. The king and queen were both present, the queen, and most likely the doctor, sitting during the whole time, the king walking up and down the room. They both eagerly thanked him for his Essay. It might be read to great advantage now, in spite of our advance in French and German metaphysics, although we suppose it is an almost forgotten book. The king said he always kept two copies, one at Kew, which he instantly took down from a shelf in the room, and the other in London; "and I never stole but one book," said he, "in my life, and that was yours. I stole the queen's copy because I was so desirous to give it to Lord Hertford." Then the conversation fell off into the king's estimate of Beattie's poems, which it seemed he had read from regard to the essay. Beattie had been staying with the Earl of Dartmouth, the friend of Lady Huntingdon. "They say," said the king, "that Lord Dartmouth is an enthusiast, but surely he says nothing on the subject of religion but what every Christian may and ought to say." Beattie was a clergyman of the Church of Scotland, and the king was interested to know something about the service of that Church; and when the doctor told him that the extempore prayers would last usually for a quarter, and with some ministers for half an hour, he said, "That must lead to a great deal of repetition." The doctor assented that it did so. "That," said the king, "I don't like in prayers, and excellent as our Liturgy is, I think it is somewhat faulty in that respect." The conversation continued upon this matter, and upon the composition of the Church Liturgy, upon which he bestowed the highest commendations. "Observe," said he, "how flat those occasional prayers are which are now composed in comparison with those old ones." Many other passages of the conversation give most pleasant hints of the homely earnestness of the king's mind; and when Beattie, in taking his farewell, said, "I hope, sir, your majesty will pardon me if I take the opportunity to return my grateful acknowledgments for the honour you have conferred upon me," he immediately replied, "Sir, I could do no less to a man who has rendered so much service, by his writings, to the cause of Christianity. I shall always be glad of an opportunity to show the good opinion I have of you." And these were not merely words, for, unsolicited, within a month of the interview, he conferred a pension of two hundred pounds upon the doctor. This was in the year 1772, when the king was comparatively a young man.

We have cited this interview as very characteristic of the style of the king's likings. It was nearly at the same period of his life that the interview with Dr. Johnson took place, which Boswell has so copiously recorded. Books were not so generally distributed then as they are now. The king was a great book-collector; he had a rare library, and it was not difficult for men who desired to consult rare books to obtain an entrance to it; he even granted this permission to Dr. Priestley, with whose religious opinions he was utterly at variance. Johnson occasionally consulted the books which might be met with there, and perhaps not easily anywhere else; and the king gave commands that the next time Johnson came he should be informed. The great doctor knew nothing of the matter, and had scarcely seated himself comfortably when the king entered the room. The reader is probably well acquainted with that interview, which reflects at once so much credit on the sovereign, from the variety of literary interests and authors with which he expressed his knowledge and sympathy, and especially from the dignified courtliness of the language in which he complimented his great subject. He always thought highly of Johnson, and expressing himself once contemptuously of the troop of shallow sceptical writers of his time, he said, "I wish Johnson would mount his dray-horse and ride over those fellows!" It is a happy analogy of Johnson's ponderous style.

Little justice has been given to the king's *penchant* for literature and literary men; some he discovered, and assisted on the road to greatness; and the wild political turmoils so frequently raging round him did not interfere with the refreshment he appeared to receive from intercourse with calm and quiet minds. In 1782 he took the great Herschel under his immediate protection, appointed him his private astronomer, and gave to him a pension and a house at Slough, near Windsor; it was not wonderful, therefore, that when the great astronomer had fully verified his discovery of a planet, he should have conferred upon it the name of the *Georgium Sidus*. Some continental astronomers objected to the designation, and proposed *Uranus*; and it was Lalande, the great astronomer of Paris, who, at a time when we were at war with France, said, "The

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giving the name of Uranus to the planet of M. Herschel is an act of ingratitude to the author of that noble discovery, and an affront to that august and munificent patron of astronomy, the King of Great Britain, whose name ought to be preferred to every other, if that of the author had not a more forcible claim to our acknowledgments." Indeed, all literary and scientific men, and all the varied objects of their sketches, appear to have been interesting to this good king.

James Ramsden is well known in the history of science as a master subtle-machinist; his absence of mind also is well known. The king was famous for his exact punctuality in engagements. Mr. Jesse says the delay of a moment would have brought from him a rebuke something like the well-known one of Louis XIV, "Sir, you almost made me wait." The king had ordered Ramsden to prepare for him some curious optical instrument, and wishing it to be given into his own hands, no doubt that he might have some conversation and explanations from the ingenious man, he purposely named a distant day when he would be in waiting for Ramsden to deliver the instrument at Kew. The appointed day came, and there can be no doubt that the punctual king was true to his engagement, but the mechanician did not arrive; but that day, exactly twelve months after, he turned up at Kew; some important affairs were going on, and to his astonishment he could not be admitted to the king. "You have only to tell his majesty," he said, "that it is Ramsden. It is an appointment; the king expects me." And, at last, his importunity prevailed; the page in waiting announced his name to the king, who instantly gave orders for his admission. Receiving him with the affability with which all such men were received, he examined the instrument, conversed upon it, and expressed his satisfaction with it. At length he said, "I have been told, Mr. Ramsden, that you are the least punctual man of any in England, but I find that you can keep an appointment to the very day; the only difference is that you have mistaken *the year!*"

Perhaps this is the place to remark that when nearly all the prelates and statesmen were laughing and sneering at the folly of imparting education to the poor, and Joseph Lancaster and his scheme were equally denounced, the king sent for Lancaster, held a long conversation with him, subscribed to the formation of the British and Foreign School Society, took him under his patronage, and uttered that noble sentiment that "he trusted the day would come when every poor child throughout his dominions should be able to read the Bible." He was neither a profound nor an accomplished scholar. It would be almost a vain thing to expect such attainments in the busy and troubled life of a king. Yet Sir Walter Scott speaks of him as "a great bibliographer"—of course he meant *bibliopolist*—and "one who read rather for improvement than amusement." He was an immense book-buyer, but he gave instructions to his librarian never to bid against a professor, scholar, or book-collector of simple and ordinary means. His great competitor in the purchase of rare books was that other great bibliopolist, the Duke of Roxburgh. Thus the king formed the magnificent library of Buckingham House, containing sixty-three thousand volumes. He commenced the formation of this library when he was twenty-five years of age; but in 1767, when the Order of the Jesuits was suppressed, and their libraries turned out upon the world, he became possessed of some of the greatest rarities and treasures in literature; thus his library at last cost one hundred and thirty thousand pounds, and it is now the property of the nation, and known as "The King's Library," in the British Museum. We have seen that the king gave free access to it, when living, to men of reputation. Dr. Johnson expressed his astonishment at it, and thought it more numerous and curious than he supposed could be formed by any person in the time employed by the king.

To turn to the more immediate friendships of his household, we receive some light on the quiet domestic circumstances of the king's tranquil home life from the journals and letters, only recently published, of the venerable Mrs. Delany. The period, however, to which her descriptions refer may be spoken of as the prime, or middle period, of his life and reign. He first became acquainted with this fascinating and accomplished old lady in 1776, and she was then in her seventy-seventh year. She was a very remarkable woman. As a child she had sat on the knee of Lord Bolingbroke; as a girl she appears to have fascinated the somewhat cold and puritanical affections of John Wesley. She had been the friend and correspondent of Dean Swift; had been on terms of intimacy with the author of the "Night Thoughts," and had been one of the maids of honour to Queen Anne. The "Spectator" was almost too modern for her to speak of it; her mind was full of interesting memories of people and circumstances about which we delight to hear. In her old age she was full of grace and loveliness; not very well off; she had known many calamities, but was possessed of a most buoyant cheerfulness, and playful and animated as a girl of eighteen; and her letters recall a heart full of interest in all the joys and troubles of her many friends. When the death of her closest friend, the Duchess of Portland, necessitated some changes in the quiet routine of her closing days, the king and queen—who had of course known her well before—instantly took active measures to make her happy. When the king first saw her, with the graceful, but not always usual, deference of a comparatively young man to great age, he put a chair for her, and the old lady was confused at so great an honour, and hesitated to take it, until the queen said, "Sit down, Mrs. Delany, sit down; it is not everybody that has a chair brought her by a king." Then they invited her to see them at Windsor, and from that time there became such an intimacy between the old lady and the royal pair that the differences of rank between them and their humble friend seem to have been almost, if not entirely, lost sight of in the free and familiar manner with which they interchanged their visits. Upon the death of the Duchess of Portland, the king put a house at her disposal close to the Lodge at Windsor, and telling her he was aware of the additional expense the residence would entail upon her, signified his determination to bear part of the burden by settling upon her £300 a year. When she went down to take possession of her new residence, she found the king waiting on the spot to welcome her. He had not only thoroughly furnished the house, but he and the queen had attended to all the possible minutiæ for the old lady's comfort. The house was stocked with plate, china, glass, linen; the cellar with wine; and even the cupboards with sweetmeats and pickles. Then he showed her a sedan-chair, so

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that she might easily find her way to visit at the Castle, or attend, as she was invited to do, Divine service in the private chapel. Early the next morning we find one of the queen's ladies sent along to inquire after her health, and shortly after came bustling along the queen herself, telling the old lady that as with her they waived all ceremony, so they entreated her to waive all ceremony with them, and only to regard them as her friends. They left no possible want unthought of or unministered to, and, if we had time or space to quote, especially from the third volume of the second series of the correspondence of Mrs. Delany, we might find several pleasant, and some humorous, instances of their affectionate regard. No doubt the old lady was an exceedingly interesting person, but she was very humble, and, for the sphere she adorned, poor. It surely gives a fine insight into the solid and kindly character of the king's affections, and his wife's also. Surely, we say, as we read such things, a king like this deserved to be happy.

The king's choice of friends was remarkable for a king, and surely ought to reflect some admiration on his character. Singularly enough, probably one of his most intimate friends—for many years apparently his most intimate—was old Jacob Bryant, a simple, quiet country gentleman, of no large means, but a great, and even vast, scholar. His works were looked upon as curiosities when they were published, and the unwieldy quartos have not ceased to be regarded as curiosities by those who care to dip into the streams of mythological speculation. He lived at a little distance from Windsor, and it appears to have been the king's wont to drive over, usually on Saturday afternoon, when the two sat together for long conversations, which could not have been uninteresting. Bryant also was a visitor at the Castle, and an honoured one, as Miss Burney's journals show.

Of another order of friends one of the most beloved appears to have been the celebrated scholar, critic, and divine, Dr. Hurd, Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, and subsequently of Worcester; and this also reveals the simple character of the king, for the bishop was a man with no courtly connections, and he used himself to take pride in saying that his father and mother were poor, plain, honest farmer people. His works still retain a place of high estimation and regard, and only recently have received the honour of a reprint. The king esteemed him highly—so highly that he wished him to succeed Dr. Cornwallis as Archbishop of Canterbury; but he declined this honour, although pressed to accept the elevation. He died, at the great age of eighty-nine, in 1808.

The notes of the king to him give pleasant glimpses of the familiarity he could assume when he threw off the heavy sense of the cumbrous necessities for royal dignity and reserve. Here is one:

"Windsor, June 8th, 1798.

"MY GOOD LORD,—Having had rather a smart bilious attack, which, by the goodness of Providence, is quite recovered, Sir George Baker has strongly recommended the going for a month to Cheltenham; he thinks that water efficacious, and that an absence from London will keep me free from certain fatigues attending long audiences; I shall therefore go on Saturday. I am certain you know the regard that both the queen and I have for you, and that it will be peculiarly agreeable for us to see you at Hastleburg. I shall certainly revisit the waters some morning and undertake so charming a party; but that you may know the whole of my schemes, besides getting that day a breakfast there, I mean to remind you that feeding the hungry is among Christian duties, and therefore when I visit the Cathedral, on the day of the sermon for the benefit of the children of the clergy, I shall hope to have a little cold meat at your palace before I return to Cheltenham; I shall also come to the performance of the 'Messiah,' and shall hope to have the same hospitable assistance; both days I shall come to the Episcopal palace sufficiently early that I may, from thence, be in the Cathedral by the time appointed for the services of the church. The post waits for my letter, and I can only add that I ever remain, with true regard, and I may say affection,

"My good lord, truly your good friend,

"GEORGE R."

The king paid his visit to the good bishop, but did not get back to Cheltenham so soon as he appears to have intended. This visit was the occasion for a fine outburst of hearty, patriotic feeling, and has left many anecdotes behind it. He was an early riser, as we know, and before anybody in the palace was well awake, he was up walking about the old Worcester streets; but many of the people of the city were up also, and recognising him, followed him. Standing on Worcester bridge, he turned round, and said, "I suppose this is your new Worcester bridge?" "Yes, your majesty," said a cobbler, the nearest person to him. "Well, then, my boys," said the king, "let us have a cheer for old Worcester!" and he led off the cheer, heartily followed, we may be sure, by the crowd; he found, however, that there was no peace for him in strolling through the town, and he turned back to the palace. The next morning he was up at five o'clock, and this time thought the company of his equerries might not be altogether undesirable. He could only find a maid-servant, who was cleaning the steps of the hall; of her he inquired "where those fellows slept," meaning Colonel Digby and Colonel Gwynn; the girl showed him, and he called them up, the colonels leaping from their beds as if in a camp surprised by an enemy. The king won golden opinions at Worcester, and this was in the year 1788. Let the reader remember that it was less than fifty years since strong efforts had been made by some to bring the Stuarts back, and that Worcester had been famous in the story of the Civil Wars, and here was the king walking about its streets like a private gentleman, relying with confidence upon the affection and goodwill of the people. The quiet and excellent Bishop Hurd appears to have been the minister to whom the king looked in times of domestic trouble. It was before the date of the letter we have quoted, and upon the death of the little Prince Alfred, when the queen especially was overwhelmed with distress, that the king wrote the following note:—

"MY GOOD LORD,—The humanity which is not among the least conspicuous of your excellent qualities would, I am persuaded, make you feel for the present distress in which the queen and I are involved, had you not the further incitement of a sincere attachment to us both. The little one we are deploring was known to you, therefore you will not be surprised that the blow is strong. We both call on the sole Assistant to those in distress, the dictates of religion. I have proposed to

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the queen, and she approves of it, that I should desire you to come to us on Saturday, and bring Mr. Fisher with you, that on Sunday, in my chapel in the Castle, we may have the comfort of hearing you preach, and receiving from your hands the Holy Communion. I think this is a very proper time for renewing the baptismal vow, and though greatly grieved, I feel submission to the will of Providence, and great thankfulness for having for some years enjoyed that dear infant. GEORGE R."

And it is very significant of the king's attachment to Bishop Hurd, that in the year 1803, when, at the age of sixty-five, he had to take precautions against the probable immediate landing of the French army on our coasts, while he arranged his own removal to Chelmsford, if the landing were in Essex, or to Dartford, if in Kent, he arranged for the queen's safety in the interior of the country with his good friend the bishop in the palace at Worcester.

CURIOSITIES OF THE POST OFFICE.

THE returns annually issued by the Postmaster-General furnish many items both of an interesting and amusing nature.

The first thing which strikes us is the enormous magnitude of the business carried on by this department. The estimated total of letters, post-cards, newspapers, book-packets, etc., passed through the Post Office during 1877, reached the amazing number of 1,477,828,200, nearly fifteen hundred millions; or, taking the population of the United Kingdom at 33½ millions, an average of 44 missives per head. The letters were thus divided:

England and Wales .	883,968,700
Scotland	99,515,300
Ireland	74,248,200
	1,057,732,200

equal to more than 31 letters per head, or 36 for each inhabitant of England and Wales, 28 per head for Scotland, and 14 for Ireland.

The increase of missives of every kind over 1876 is 4·7 per cent. The total number of post offices in the United Kingdom was 13,763, and of road and railway letter-boxes 11,319, making more than 25,000 places for the reception of letters; of these London has 1881. In 1840 the total number of receptacles was only 4,500, and in 1867 17,225; thus showing an immense increase during the last decade.

The number of newspapers posted was more than 128,000,000.

The foreign correspondence of the country is also very large. In 1877 there were more than 30,000,000 of letters, etc., sent to European countries and Egypt, against about 25,000,000 received from the same quarters. The Postal Union Treaty seems to have facilitated correspondence, the subsequent increase in letters, etc., received having been 11·6 and 9·8 per cent; and on letters dispatched, 11·5 and 16·1 per cent.

The money-order offices open were 5,719, and more than 18,000,000 of inland orders were issued, for the sum of £27,870,177, averaging £1 10s. 4d. each.

The number of officials in the service on 31st December, 1877, was 45,506, of whom 11,473 were engaged in telegraph work. There were 13,763 postmasters, 10,000 clerks, and 21,000 letter-carriers, sorters, and messengers.

In London the *employés* numbered 10,665, of whom 5,900 were connected with the head offices in St. Martin's-le-Grand.

More than 102,000,000 of post-cards were used in the United Kingdom, of which England and Wales took 86,000,000, and Ireland only 5,000,000. The increase over 1876 was equal to 10 per cent.

Nearly 318,000,000 of book-packets, circulars, and newspapers passed through the post, of which about 256,000,000 were for England and Wales.

One of the curiosities of the Post Office is the Dead or Returned Letter Department.

Out of the whole number posted 1 letter in every 217 fails in some way or other, either by misdirection or non-direction, and only reaches the Returned Letter Office. The total failures for 1877 amounted to 4,873,625, but of these nine-tenths were enabled, on being opened, to be either returned to the senders or forwarded on with corrected addresses.

More than 28,000 letters were posted without being addressed at all, some of which contained in all no less than £9,303 4s. 4d. in cash, notes, cheques, etc. The importance of proper care in stamping and securing letters is shown by the fact that 52,856 postage-stamps were found loose in the various letter-boxes; while 12,525 miscellaneous articles were handed to the Returned Letter Office, having escaped from covers, many of them of a most flimsy kind.

Many amusing incidents enliven the dryness of the statistical portion of the Report. Although the old days of franking have passed away, when "fifteen couple of hounds," "two maid-servants going as laundresses," "a deal case with four flitches of bacon for Mr. Pennington, of Rotterdam," and "two bales of stockings for the ambassador to the Crown of Portugal," were included among the articles sent by post, many quaint and unsuitable objects were still forwarded in 1877, such as "a dormouse, four white-mice, two goldfinches, a lizard, and a blind-worm, all alive; medicine, cutlery, perfumery, ointment, articles of dress, vegetables, caterpillars, leeches, frogs, beetles, fish, a squirrel, and a stoat. A snake about a yard in length, which had been committed to the post for transmission in a box, was observed to be at large on the floor of one of the night-mail sorting-carriages on the London and North-Western Railway. After a good deal of confusion and interruption to the work it was killed. A small box, which reached the Returned Letter Office at Liverpool, was found, on being opened, to contain eight living snakes. A cheque for £9 15s. was found loose in a pillar letter-box at Birmingham, but the owner, who was traced through the Bank, was unable to explain in any way how it had got out of his possession."

It is said that the records of Fire Insurance Offices contain many cases of fires arising from the operations of rats and mice, but it is a novelty to find them exhibited as "letter-thieves." It appears that a country bookseller had a slit in his door, through which his letters were duly dropped, but there being no box to receive them, they fell upon the floor. Some of his letters, which had been duly delivered by the postman, not being found, it was supposed some one had fished them out through the crack

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under the door. However, when some repairs necessitated taking up some boards in the shop no less than thirty-one letters, six post-cards, and three newspapers were found, carried thither by rats, who had nibbled away the stamped corners, leaving the rest untouched, thus proving that the gum was the temptation. Some of the letters contained money-orders and cheques.

One of the most laughable items is the singular batch of letters addressed to the Postmaster-General, exhibiting the oddest conception of his duties and capabilities.

Thus a worthy bucolic in search of a customer for his pig writes:

"Dec. 31, 1877.

"John —— acting as Farmer here would be very much obliged to the Postmaster at —— if he would be so good as to name a suitable party at —— to whom he might sell a 30-stone pig of good quality well—for he understands it is the best place to sell. The pig is now quite ready for killing."

Persons in search of property also apply:—

"May 1877.

"Sir,—As I have no correspondent in London at present I adopt this plan of procuring one that I can transact business through—the matter I wish to call your attention to is this. To the estate of —— and the —— heirs—The papers were sent here once but have been lost.

"—— died in London about 45 years ago and left a large estate of which my client's interest would be about seventy-five thousand dollars at the time of his death. Will you please inform me what it is necessary for us to do in the matter in full. "I am, &c."

"Kansas Feb. 16, 1878.

"Honerad Sir,—My Grandfather Mr. John —— made a will on or about 22 Oct. 18— dated at —— leaving to his son, my Father, £1000, the interest to be paid to him half yearly, the prinsaple to be divided among his children at his death. My father died on the —— last leaving myself and one brother who wishes to look up collect the money for us."

The discovery of missing relatives is also a cause of consulting the omniscient Postmaster. A distressed wife writes:—

"Sir,—i right a Line two see if you hard Enny thing of my husband —— that was left at —— ill. pleese will you rite back by return of post as we are in great trobble.

"To Controul of the Dead Office, Newcastle."

A second appeals:—

"London, Nov. 5—1877.

"Sir,—i right to you and request of you sinsearly for to help me to find out my husband. i ham quite a stranger in London, only two months left Irelan l—i can find know trace of my husband—Your the only gentleman that I know that can help me to find him. thears is letters goes to him to —— in his name and thears is letters comes to him to the —— Post Office for him—Sir you may be sure that I ham low in spirit in a strange contry without a friend. I hope you will be so kind as not to forget me. Sir, I would never find —— for I would go astray, besides i have no money."

A third gives rather a wide field for search:—

"May 1877.

"Dear Sir,—I write to ask you for some information about finding out persons who are missing—I want to find out my mother and sisters who are in Melbourne in Australia i believe—if you would find them out for me please let me know by return of post and also your charge at the lowest.

"Yours, &c."

A brother, anxious for his sister's nuptial security, writes:—

"April 1878.

"Sir,—Will you, if you please, let me know if there is such a gentleman as Mr. —— in ——. i beleave he is a Chirch Clurdgman. There is a young man in —— who has been engaged to my sister and he says Mrs. —— at —— is his sister. i should very much like to know, if you will oblige me by sending. i thought if Mrs. —— was his sister i would rite and ask for his charctar because he is a stranger to us all.

"please oblige

"————."

A goldseeker, wishing to obtain the "Divining Rod" of mediæval superstitions, requests:—

"Tennessee Oct. 4. 1877.

"Dear Sir,—I want you to do me a kines to hand this to some good watch maker and tell him to see if I can by a instrument to tell where gold or silver is in the ground or if there is a instrument maid to find mettel—gold or silver—that are in the ground. If it will attrack it—A instrument for that perpos—I understand there are sutch a thing made. If so, be pleas tell me where I can by one and what it will cost me—It can be sent to New York to —— where I can get it—I want to get a instrument to hunt gold & silver—You will pleas write to me as I think if there are sutch a thing maid I could get one in your country—I send you a stamp."

An amusing individual, wishing to obtain a correspondent on general matters, sex and condition almost immaterial, though the little hint, "lady preferred," would almost seem to infer matrimonial proclivities, writes:—

"Indiana U.S. Nov. 29 1877.

"Dear Sir,—Enclosed you will please find a letter which I would like for you to give some young lady or gent—lady preferred—who you think would like a correspondent in this country. Will correspond on topics of general interest—For further particulars glance at enclosed letter as it is not sealed."

"To the person in whose hands this message may fall, I would like a correspondent in your city which I think would be of interest to each of us in the way of information.

"My home is in the central part of the United States—my age is 18—I am a partner in the manufacturing of ——. We are also dealers in —— work. I have travelled all over the United States and Canada. I can give you any information you may desire in reference to this country—this must necessarily be brief. Would like to discuss the habits & nature of our people—Today is Thanksgiving Day set apart by our President as a day of thanksgiving for our prosperity &c.; it is observed annually all over the U.S. It is principally observed by giving receptions, dinners &c. It is snowing today; it is the first day of winter we have had—The thermometer is ten above zero. All business is suspended today—Please state what day you receive this, as I would like to know how long a letter is on the road—if you do not wish to answer this please give to some of your friends who will—my address you will find on the enclosed card."

A Swiss teacher, who says, "I am old of twenty-two years," writes a letter, which is a curiosity of cacography for an intending "tutor in a good family."

"Switzerland, 3 Oct 1877.

"Sir,—You will excuse me of the liberty which I take to write to you, but as I know nobody in your town, I have not found an other way for find relations with some body honourable.

"I will ask you if you can procure me a place in the English Colonies or plantations as teacher in an institution or tutor in a good family. I am old of 22 years. I have gone a good course of study in the college and the gymnasium in ——, and I have held during a 1½ year in the pensionnat —— an place as teacher of French language and Mathematics. I can give you some good Certificates; I speak French, German and a little English. I should wish for be entirely defrayed of the charges of lodging, nourishment &c., to have a good salary and the voyage paid. These are my conditions; perhaps will you found something for satisfy them—I will give you a commission proportionably to the importance of the place. I hope Sir a favorible answer, and it is in this expectation that I am &c."

Various applicants write for employment:—

"Springfield Illinois U.S. 1 Jan. 1878.

"Mr. Postmaster if you would be so kind as to seek for us work as we are two coloured young men of —— Illinois, and

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would like to come to England and get work as Coachmen or race horse trainers, as we have been experance for twelve years practicesing training—if any further information about it we can be reckemend to any one that wish to hire us, pleas to advertise it in the papers for us."

An individual who wishes "to do as i would be done by," appeals:—

"June 20 1877.

"My Lords and Gentlemen,—I humbly beg your consideration if there is no law to stop persons from calling all manner of bad names day after day as it is annoying me very much in my calling as a Gardener and Seedsman; as I have applied to the office at —— for a summons for a little protection and they tell not, so i think it rather too hard for me as i have done all the good I have had the means to do with to the Hospitals and Institutions and all charityable purposes both in —— and elsewhere if needed, but i suffer from lameness with a ulcerated leg not being able for laborious hard work although i wish to do as i would be done by. Pleas to answer this at your leisure."

The following droll instance of schoolboy ire may end the amusing series:—

"—— School, Nov. 8, 1877.

"Sir,—Not having received the live bullfinch mentioned by you as having arrived at the Returned Letter Office two days ago, having been posted as a letter contrary to the regulations of the Postal System, I now write to ask you to have the bird fed and forwarded at once to ——, and to apply for all fines and expenses to ——. If this is not done and I do not receive the bird before the end of the week, I shall write to the Postmaster-General, who is a very intimate friend of my father's, and ask him to see that measures are taken against you for neglect. This is not an idle threat, so you will oblige by following the above instructions."

If Lord John Manners could satisfy all the above and similar applicants, he would merit the title of a "very well-informed man" indeed.

The Telegraph Department continues to increase its labours, and very few complaints of error arise, although when a message dispatched as "We have arrived all right" was transmitted "We have arrived all *tight*," some mental irritation might not unnaturally arise; however, such slips (of the telegraph) are very rare.

The Government Postal Savings Banks show a moderate rate of increase; but many careless depositors lose their pass-books; others dislike to be asked if their address is "permanent." One writes in reply: "No, D.V., for the place is very damp and unhealthy."

The advent of Christmas brings additional hard work and long hours to the busy Post Office officials.

About 4,500,000 of extra letters passed through the inland branch of the General Post Office at the Christmas and New Year's season of 1877, much of which increase reached the chief office on Christmas morning, requiring the use of 1,000 additional bags.

The average weight of the daily mail arrival at St. Martin's-le-Grand is 23 tons, and of dispatch, 43 tons; heavy days bring these up to 28 and 53 tons respectively.

Verily the Post Office Department "crescit eundo."

Varieties.

Adulteration of Hops.—We have long heard of old tea-leaves being re-rolled and re-sold, but it seems that hops are liable to the same fraud. The "Medical Examiner" says that the "Transactions" of the Medical Society of Upsala contains an account of an ingenious piece of rascality in the hop trade, said to be practised on a considerable scale in that city. Hops which have already been used for making extracts, or for brewing in the ordinary way, are damped with tincture of absinthe, or wormwood, freed from spirit by distillation, re-dried, and then placed upon the market as a genuine article, with or without the addition of a little fresh bloom. Owing to their increased bitterness they often command a better price than unadulterated hops.—*Medical Examiner.*

Keble College.—A member of one of the colleges, whom the Keble boat lately bumped, said of it, "Of course, they will; with the life which these men lead, they are in a constant course of training." "They do it for a corruptible crown," St. Paul says, "but we for an incorruptible." I never was anxious for scholarships to attract young men to Keble College. I looked on without dismay to the prospect that talented young men of Keble College might be attracted elsewhere. If Keble College was true to its principles, those who have to seek support by the endowment of other colleges would but leaven them for good, as another college did formerly for evil. Not talent merely, not learning, not clearness of intellect, not scientific acuteness, will win the world, or ever won it. Plato and Aristotle formed schools. God-given energy and faith and simplicity, victory over self, and endurance, converted the world, which hated, mocked, trampled on the truth, but was won to it. Let the members of Keble College put forth the same concentrated energy which they did in their boat, and they will be a power which people will wonder at, but which they will feel.—*Dr. Pusey.*

Egyptian Knowledge.—Egyptians were in advance of all nations in knowledge. Macrobius says that Egypt was "the mother of all arts," and in another place, that the Egyptians were the parents of the philosophical sciences, "omnium philosophiæ disciplinarum parentes." This learning is spoken of honourably in Sacred Writ, as, where Solomon's wisdom is said to have exceeded the wisdom of all the children of the East country, and all the wisdom of Egypt. Whatever they may have brought from Chaldea and the East, there was every cause to produce unusual observation and skill among themselves in their own country. The overflow of the Nile overturned all marks of property, and it was necessary, on the abatement of the flood, to survey the lands. Hence there was a very direct and obvious requirement for geometry, the invention of which is, by Herodotus, Strabo, and others, ascribed to the Egyptians. The measuring of the waters each season, the estimate of produce, the extension of irrigation artificially to parts less benefited by the natural cause of fertility, and many applications of art attended the peculiar conditions of the Nile valley. The Egyptian priests were freed from ordinary avocations and devoted themselves to learning. Royal personages were not superior to the priestly caste, so there was nothing extraordinary in Pharaoh's daughter being married to Moses as one of the priests at Heliopolis, as Josephus says he was. According to the Septuagint, a thousand years separated the flood and dispersion from the appearance of Abraham in Egypt, when there was certainly proof of high civilisation. Surely one thousand years would suffice for this development of life and learning under the conditions of Egyptian settlement.—*Stillingfleet's Origines Sacræ.*

An Italian Editor.—A correspondent of the "Times" lately gave an interesting account of Italian journalism, and, dealing especially with the "Fanfulla," a leading representative paper, thus describes the editor. The present chief is, he says, Signor Avanzini, a man between thirty and forty, whose very large and very bald head is a conspicuous object as you see him seated at a large table opposite the door through which you come in. At the same table, or at the desks in the corners, sit his chief coadjutors, Signor Pesci, a stout young man, not above thirty, and now one, now another of the amiable set, whose articles come out under a variety of *noms de guerre*—"Don Peppino," "Esel," "Jack la Bolina," etc.—better known to the world than those by which the writers were christened. Here and there, sitting on sofas or arm-chairs round the by no means large room, or standing up in the middle in animated groups, are a crowd of visitors, many of whom have probably as little to do with the work now going on as either you or the man in the moon. The work of "Fanfulla," as of all other Italian journals, is done in the daytime—say, between ten in the morning and four or five in the evening; for these people, wisely enough, dedicate the night to sleep or social pleasures. From ten to four or five the "Fanfulla" office is a talking as well as a working room—more of the former than of the latter. "Fanfulla" writes and all the time holds a *levée*. Business or no business, everybody has a free entrance. You go in, you come out; you sit down, you get up; you talk, you laugh, you read

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aloud, you spout poetry; you enjoy all the privileges of a thorough Liberty Hall. For the first three or four visits you feel shy and abashed and uncomfortable, you attempt some apology, you stammer out something about intrusion, you shrink in a corner, you hazard your remarks with bated breath, you lower your voice to a whisper, and move about on tiptoe. But the ice is soon broken, and you readily accommodate yourself to the humour of the place. Signor Avanzini, the chief editor, the *io Fanfulla* of the paper, sets you at once at your ease. No one comes in, no one goes out without catching his watchful eye, without being greeted by name as he enters, without being followed by a good-bye when he leaves. Of a stranger no questions are asked, or an introduction, if needed, is the shortest and most compendious, though by no means an uncourteous ceremony. Signor Avanzini is at work, but he sees every one; hears everything. Letters are brought in, and telegrams, and proof-slips; he attends to everything; reads a few lines aloud, or draws his pen rapidly over them; holds hurried consultation with his fat contributor, gives sharp directions to his nimble printer's devil; but all is done off-hand, without thinking, apparently, and, as it were, parenthetically. The work of the journal, one would say, is mere drudgery; the real business is the talk; and the talk is generally well worth attending to. The "Fanfulla" office is a news-mart of importance; it is a debating-room of no mean pretensions. Among the men who lounge in from the neighbouring House of Deputies, or from the "other place," you have ex-ministers and notabilities, with a sprinkling of poets or critics, playwrights and distinguished actors, to say nothing of "Fanfulla's" own correspondents in Italy or abroad—all witty gentlemen who ramble about the world, but all have *pied à terre* in the low *entresol* of Montecitorio, whence they all took their start.

TESTIMONIALS FOR ARTICLES OF DIET AND DRINK.—Dr. Hinckes Bird, medical officer of health, draws attention to the too common and very reprehensible practice of medical men and analysts helping the broad-casting of testimonials for almost anything, including alcoholic drinks—especially sherry and whisky. Does it at all follow that the public get the identical article of which, naturally, the advertiser would send the best possible specimen to the analyst?

CAIRO MEDICAL MISSION.—To other useful and beneficent works conducted by Miss Mary Whately at Cairo, is now added a free medical dispensary, managed by a medical man educated at the Beyrout College. English tourists or residents should do something to alleviate the sufferings and poverty of the oppressed natives of Egypt, who get little aid or protection from their own rulers.

WELL WALK, HAMPSTEAD.—The avenue of limes, leading from the heath to the chalybeate well and pump-room, was, a century ago, the fashionable resort and promenade of visitors to "the Wells." It is associated with the names of Richardson, Dr. Johnson, John Constable, Leigh Hunt, and John Keats (whose favourite seat was at its eastern extremity), and, indeed, with those of half the men of letters and art during the past century. It may be added that the old chalybeate spring, which first made Hampstead Wells a celebrated watering-place, has lately been analysed and found to contain more iron than the springs at Tunbridge Wells, though its flow has been slightly diminished by recent draining and building operations.

MEDICINE-TAKING MADE EASY.—A physician has written to a contemporary a recommendation of the new method of administering medicines in the form of effervescing lozenges. The operating ingredients are exactly the same in nature and quantity; the doses are equally effective; it is in the vehicle alone that the medicines differ. It were needless to attempt to describe the repugnance to swallow the dose in its old form exhibited by a youthful patient; a flavour of its nauseousness seems still to haunt the palate as one thinks of the frequently recurring administrations of his earlier years. Does not a shudder at the sight of a red-currant jam-pot even now pass through the maturer frame on the recollection of the vain attempts to conceal the disgusting flavour of the plant of Turkey by its admixture with the conserve of the fruit of the beautiful representative of the genus *ribes?* Thus much for the old, now for the new. Mr. Cooper's preparation presents itself in the form of a lozenge about the size of an ordinary acidulated drop, or rather larger, and much resembling that favourite sweetmeat in shape. When placed upon the tongue an effervescence immediately commences, such as would be produced by dry sherbet—and, indeed, the flavour of the lozenge is very similar to that of sherbet itself. By this flavour, aided by the continued effervescence, the obnoxious medicament is concealed so successfully as not to be apparent to the taste; so that a child willingly takes the whole dose as he would a sweetmeat, and, indeed, is utterly unconscious that the delicately prepared deception is other than an extremely pleasing bonbon. An amusing instance, in illustration of this, occurred the other day. A lady, whose family I have for years attended, and to whom I had recommended the adoption of these lozenges for her children, sent for me, and when I arrived informed me that her four little ones were ailing. They appeared healthy, but I prescribed and left. On calling the next day, the mother gave me an easy explanation of the matter. The children had obtained access to a bottle of the aperient lozenges. This fact speaks for itself as to their palatableness. There is scarcely a drug which cannot be thus compounded in any determined quality, and be administered with success. The question may be asked, have I found the effect produced as complete as under the old system? I answer, in most cases more so. The mode of consumption, quietly to suck the lozenge, mixes the drug more completely with the saliva and gastric juice (the secretions necessary to digestion), and it is thus introduced more thoroughly into the system than when swallowed as a draught.

STORKS AS GARDEN SCAVENGERS.—At Ferrières, the residence of Baron de Rothschild, for the last few years they have had in the kitchen garden a pair of storks, male and female, and also another pair in their enclosed nursery ground, where conifers, roses, strawberries, etc., are grown. These birds have been found most useful, destroying such pests as toads, frogs, adders, slugs, worms, mice, moles, snails, spiders, flies, etc. They walk about in the garden from morning till night, doing their work; they spoil nothing, break nothing whatever, either fruit, vegetable, or flower. It is very interesting to watch them when the men are digging or planting. They remain with them, clearing carefully the soil of worms, and when they see a man taking a spade, they have the instinct of dogs, and follow him. They give them as food ox-hearts and livers.

CHRISTMAS OF 1878 AT HOME AND ABROAD.—At the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, in Christmas week, the mean temperature was 32.7 deg., and 5.4 below the average in the corresponding week of 60 years. The mean was considerably below the average on the first four, while it showed a marked excess on the last three days of the week; on Christmas Eve the mean was only 20.8 deg., and 17.4 below the average, whereas on Saturday it was 42.4 deg., and showed an excess of 4.9. The lowest night temperature was 12.2 on Wednesday, and the highest day temperature in the shade 46.9 on Saturday; the extreme range in the week was therefore 34.7. An Englishman at San Remo writes:—"The day before Christmas Day I spent in the valley of Taggia, about five miles from San Remo. The day was bright, sunny, and as warm as a midsummer day; the valley itself abounded with magnificent groves of orange and lemon trees laden with their now ripe fruit. Many of these trees were as large as the largest apple-trees, and the fruit on them might be counted by hundreds. I have been accustomed to see orange-trees for years, but never before have I seen them in such perfection, growing, too, in the open valley. When standing on the bridge at Taggia, where Ruffieri first conceived the idea of that most touching of his works, 'Doctor Antonio,' and looking down this fruitful valley, the scene that met the eye was one which could hardly be surpassed and rarely equalled. Before quitting the bridge I sat long basking in the sunshine and enjoying the beauty of the prospect. In London, I see, gas is sometimes burnt all day, and rarely lighted later than three o'clock; here you can see to read till half-past five o'clock, which in itself is no small advantage in mid-winter."

DR. CHALMERS AND DR. STUART.—A correspondent points out that the amusing anecdote recently quoted from an Australian paper, is told with full detail in the "Life of Chalmers," vol. i., page 370.

ALCOHOLIC LIQUORS CONSUMED IN GREAT BRITAIN AND IN THE UNITED STATES.—Taking the population of the United States at 45,000,000, and the consumption at £93,000,000 sterling, the proportional consumption in the United Kingdom, with a population of 33,000,000, would amount to £68,000,000 sterling, whereas the consumption is actually £142,000,000 sterling, showing an excess of £74,000,000, and that the consumption of alcoholic liquors in the United Kingdom is more than double that of the same population in the United States. Since 1870 the consumption in the United States has diminished, whereas during the same period that of the United Kingdom has grown from £118,000,000 to £142,000,000. These facts have an important bearing upon the severe international competition which is now taking place, and may with advantage be considered in connection with education, pauperism, and crime.

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LAKE [illegible]AIKAL, S[illegible]BERIA.

(See Page 218.)

The largest fresh-water lake in the Old World (1[illegible]3,300 square miles). It is the Holy Sea of the Asiatic Russians.

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THE LEISURE HOUR.

BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,
AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND.—*Cowper.*

AU REVOIR.

"WAIT A YEAR."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A YOUNG WIFE'S STORY."

CHAPTER XX.

THE arrangement once made with Mrs. Fraser, Mrs. Moreton had no wish to depart from it; on the contrary, she took great credit to herself for cleverness.

"It is a high salary, my dear, and will enable you to benefit your family in many ways. You can also put by a little for Edward," said Mrs. Moreton, complacently.

Such preparations as were within their limited means were all finished the day before Mona was to leave home. Some things, by her mother's advice, had been obtained on credit.

"You will be able to pay for them in the spring; for, of course, you will receive your money every quarter," Mrs. Moreton had said.

When the last article was packed, and her mother

No. 1423.—APRIL 5, 1879.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

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was sitting cosily over the fire with Nita after the midday meal, Mona put on her hat and slipped out. There was one adieu to be made which filial love would not permit to be left undone. It was a fine balmy day towards the end of January when the sun perseveringly tried to shine in spite of the thin clouds that were equally persistent in endeavouring to veil it. Avoiding the village green, which would have been the direct road to the churchyard, because in no mood for the gossip and friendly condolence of the villagers over her departure, she made a *détour*, taking a bye-road which joined the other near the Rectory.

The windows were closed, the garden much neglected, and its whole appearance was so changed since they left it that it bore little resemblance to her former home. There seemed nothing to regret except that its master did not appear to like the place well enough to make himself comfortable in it. As she glanced towards the study a figure appeared at the window which must be Mr. Sinclair, for he had a book in his hand. How much she would like to wish him "good-bye," but there seemed little chance of it, as notwithstanding the tangible kindness he had shown the family, he not only avoided intimacy, but kept himself altogether aloof. Since the day he had talked to her about his sister she had never seen him to speak to. It was not unnatural that he should feel offended at her mother's caprice, but Mona would have been better pleased had he overlooked it.

The church was open when she reached it, and a few notes from the organ were swelling through the aisle. A village lad, supposed to have some musical talent, had been learning to play, and was permitted to practise in his leisure hours, inspired by the hope of one day enjoying the dignity of organist. Mr. Sinclair played it sometimes himself, and often instructed the rural aspirant, but there would have been no mistaking the present hesitating touch on the keys even if she had not seen the rector at his parsonage window. To take a last farewell Mona entered and walked about alone, her eye fondly resting upon every spot with which her father was associated. And longest she lingered before a marble slab set in the wall, "Erected in memory of the Reverend Charles Moreton, by his sorrowing and grateful parishioners." From thence she betook herself to her father's last resting-place, a spot behind the church, where reigned the deepest quiet, not likely to be disturbed by any chance lounger of the churchyard. She came to render an account, or rather to search herself. She had not done what she had promised to do, nor what she had tried to do. She had not been the comfort to her mother she ought to have been, and yet poor Mona did not know where she had been wrong. Circumstances had been against her, nevertheless she did not the less sorrow over the result. She was not so dear to her surviving parent as she deserved to be. In mournful meditation she rested against the cold stone. Her hat had fallen a little backward, and a ray of yellow light passing through the coloured glass of the window fell upon her head like a golden aureole. With her pure profile, thoughtful features, and statuesque attitude she might have sat for one of the mediæval saints that artists love to paint. When she stirred it was to cover her face, and fall into a passionate fit of weeping.

"Could I but know—could I but know what I ought to do!" she exclaimed, aloud. But no answer could come to her; the grave is for ever silent, giving back neither counsel nor affection. Yet Mona suddenly felt as if she were not alone; the leaves rustled behind her, and it seemed as if some mysterious presence was breathing near her. Recovering herself after a few seconds, she plucked a poor little stunted daisy that had managed to shelter itself near to the headstone of the grave, and picked her way back over the dew-besprinkled grass till she reached the pathway leading to the church and to the road. At the door of the former stood Mr. Sinclair, looking, as she thought, doubtful whether he should speak to her or not; she decided his apparent hesitation by turning in his direction, glad of the opportunity of saying "good-bye."

"Pardon my indiscretion," he said, coming forward immediately. "I hardly know why I took the liberty of following you, as I guessed where you were going when I saw you go by a short time ago. Will you try and believe that it was from some better motive than idle curiosity? Have I made a mistake in assisting you to leave Hillesden? If so I will at once communicate with my sister, and make it all right with her. You would rather remain with us?"

The last words, put interrogatively, obliged Mona to reply.

"Yes," she would have said, had she consulted her feelings, but judgment pronounced differently. "I think I ought to go," she said.

Mr. Sinclair could not do otherwise than walk home with her, but, unwilling to intrude upon her last evening at home, he left her when they reached the cottage, after conversing upon a multitude of topics equally uninteresting to both.

"When your new schools are built I will come back and be the schoolmistress of Hillesden, if you will have me," said Mona, at parting.

The 11·50 train took her to London on the following day. Mr. Graves and Nita saw her off, and her sweet gentle presence passed out of the widow's household for ever.

After her departure Mr. Sinclair visited Mrs. Moreton from time to time, but never got on with her. The old grievance of having been turned out of the Rectory when she would have condescended to remain there, though occupying an inferior position, returned in its pristine force. Nita was more friendly, but she was in every way a poor substitute for her sister.

Mrs. Moreton missed Mona's self-denying ways and thoughtful attentions, and sometimes indulged in a little railing against Mr. Sinclair for his officiousness in procuring her an engagement that involved their separation. And he missed her also. He missed the dark-robed figure, often seen at a distance, toiling through all weathers for a paltry pittance that would scarcely keep her in shoe-leather, and he missed her yet more from his Sunday congregation, where her interested countenance often encouraged him by the attention it exhibited. If he could speak to any good purpose, or rivet interest after her father, his labour, he told himself, was not in vain. Though personally they seldom came into contact, he nevertheless felt himself a poorer man after she had left Hillesden. He was not in love with her—that was impossible with the other tie constantly in his mind; besides, the sweet repose and tranquil enjoyment her presence conveyed had no affinity with the tumultuous pleasure and passionate admiration Helen Lestocq had inspired.

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It was a bright and cheerful reception that awaited Mona at her journey's end. Her brother met her at the station, and conducted her to Thomas's Hotel, where Mrs. Fraser was looking out for her with some impatience. Impulsive as kind, she received her like an old acquaintance, kissed her as if her heart were in the embrace, and soon seated her before as appetising a luncheon as the *chef de cuisine* would condescend to serve for three. Edward could not remain; he was too much occupied in assisting Mrs. Buxton to make the purchases necessary for their departure, first for Paris, and subsequently Nice, on account of Willy Buxton's health.

The apartment into which Mona was introduced appeared spacious and comfortable, warmed by a large fire, and rich crimson draperies hanging from the windows and doors. The thick piled carpet, yielding under the feet, prevented the idea of cold, though no sun was shining, and the view without was cheerless. The windows looked upon the brown bare branches of the trees in Berkeley Square, which in summer time would not have disgraced a gentleman's park could they have kept their leaves fresh and green, instead of dingy and dusty. Mona liked her new quarters very much, notwithstanding that, for the next few days, London was in a fog, and when that passed the north-east wind swept the street, and nearly cleared the square, except of the carriages that rolled by to take up their station before "Gunter's," or a few young women, miserably shawled, sent on some errand round the corner that pampered men-servants would not undertake themselves.

Edward came again after some days, and this time it was to say "good-bye." Mrs. Fraser, half recumbent in a luxurious chair, was resting her feet on a soft footstool before the fire, complaining to herself that the winter time in England was very dreary, when he entered; and Mona, with her pupil, was at work in the adjoining room.

"Your brother is going to leave the fogs and draughts of England for the sunshine of the south; why should we not go there too?" said Mrs. Fraser, when Mona appeared, in obedience to the summons to meet her brother.

"If all be true that I hear both of its climate and beauty, the marvel is that all who can do not go," returned Edward.

"I hate living in an hotel, but do not know where to settle myself, and I like what is bright and cheerful," pursued the impressionable widow; "and there is your sister looking dazed at the new idea. Would you like to go, Miss Moreton?"

Addressed so suddenly, Mona had some excuse for hesitating; but when the question was put again, after a good half-hour's discussion, she was equally at a loss for an opinion. Separated from her family, it would be pleasant to be near Edward, and yet Hillesden was within two hours of London, going from door to door, railway included; whereas the places named in Edward's itinerary were nearly a thousand miles away.

"Yes, yes," said Edward, answering for her; "I am sure she would like to go."

His own day-dreams at present were connected with travelling; all the novelties he expected to hear and see, took such hold of his imagination that he thought it must be the same with her. The steady-going pace he had lived in the neighbourhood of Hillesden, or might always live if he remained at home, did not now offer much to commend it. They were both in the bloom and freshness of life's morning, and might, he thought, reasonably enjoy a few pleasures before its day declined.

The new idea once entertained, Mrs. Fraser followed it up with eagerness. She obtained from Edward all the information he could give, or even surmise, and talked about it all the evening after he was gone, as if she were in earnest. By repeated sketches of what she would like to do, Mrs. Fraser enlisted Mona's interest at last. What a change it would be for her, far greater and more interesting than that which had already invaded the monotony of her past life! A seed sown on fertile soil bears fruit either for good or for evil. After three or four days more spent in complaining of the English climate, and sometimes braving it to visit a friend, or do some shopping with Mona, Mrs. Fraser returned home one afternoon in a state of excitement.

"My dears!"—that term included both Mona and her daughter—"it is all settled; Mrs. Combermere is going to Cannes, and we are going there too!"

This announcement wrought differently upon the two listeners: Mona sat still, with downcast eyes and two pink spots deepening rapidly upon her cheek, while Fanny Fraser flung aside her book, hugged her mother with delight, and skipped about the room.

"And when are we to go, dear little mother?" she inquired, arresting her ecstatic demonstrations to ask the question.

"At once; as soon as we can get ready. We will begin our preparations to-morrow."

But before to-morrow came the impulsive little lady had mentally made the principal part of her arrangements. Her black servant—partly nurse and partly maid—had been told to get ready, and promised a younger assistant, to be obtained through Mrs. Combermere in Paris. Mrs. Fraser hesitated about a courier, and finally decided to do without, the difficulty of finding a good one being paramount in her mind. "Your Uncle Cecil is somewhere in the south, he will assist me in procuring what I want when I am there," said Mrs. Fraser.

The widow being rich enough to gratify a caprice like the present, and having no one's permission to seek, the preparations went on smoothly.

When Mona saw that it was real earnest she wrote home and told the news, adding that, since she could not be with them, the next best thing was to be near her brother. Mrs. Fraser, after a little delay, also wrote to Hillesden to make known her intentions to Warren Sinclair.

CHAPTER XXI.

Mr. Sinclair was not in a hurry to open his sister's envelope. Mr. Gorts had sent him a line on some parochial business, requiring an immediate answer, just as the letter brought by the post was laid before him. He wrote his reply, naming an early hour for meeting at the other end of the village, and went forth after breakfast to keep his appointment, forgetting the unopened letter left at home until he was some distance from the Rectory. "It will keep; it is only some chit-chat from Frances," he said to himself, leisurely pursuing his way. But when the business was over, and he had done what he came to do, he thought his sister might have something to tell him about her new inmate, and how they got on

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together. Hitherto he had purposely abstained from visiting Frances in London, but he was quite prepared to be interested in any communication she had to make. Nita had told him that Mona wrote cheerfully, and seemed happy, and he had felt that, with that piece of intelligence, he ought to be satisfied. The interest now awakened went far beyond his expectations as he read the hurried lines in which Mrs. Fraser announced her plan of exchanging the fogs and dreariness of a London winter for the clear blue skies and elastic air of the south of France. Under the first impulse of surprise he thought of remonstrating, but his calmer sense told him that not only remonstrance would be of no avail, but that there was no reason for his offering it. Mrs. Fraser, fresh from India, would so naturally prefer a bright and warm climate to a damp and dull one, and would have the additional incitement of finding her brother Cecil wandering or located there. Well he remembered the pleasure and exhilaration he had derived less than a year ago from a few months spent in the land of the myrtle and olive, where the grey-green aloes, often with their tardy flower, bordered the road, and roses bloomed in December. Upon one sentence in the letter he particularly fastened, permitting it to dwell on his mind and lead it into a train of thought far from agreeable: "Miss Moreton is very glad to go—her brother is already gone. We are packing as fast as we can."

Turning from the fireplace, where he had been ruminating, he caught up a time-table, and after studying it, rang the bell, ordered the carriage round in half an hour, something to eat immediately, told Jeannet to prepare his carpet-bag for two nights, and then sat down, trying to understand himself in the extreme disapprobation he felt of this new scheme. He did not like this sudden rushing to Cannes or Nice, or to any of those winter season places. He did not like Edward Moreton being there, nor that his sister should follow him, and yet his judgment acknowledged that she might be useful to her brother. Would not her steadiness and practical sense be a counterpoise to the blind self-reliance, not to use a harsher term, of the other? Secretly, Mr. Sinclair had not the high opinion of Edward he wished to have. He feared that there was in him a want of stability, a weakness of character which the lax principles, often encountered abroad, would powerfully assail. Thinking as he did, he ought to have been glad that Edward's sister would be near him. "She may keep him straight," he said; but all the same, he was not pleased to think that such guardianship was necessary.

It was about four o'clock when Mr. Sinclair was shown into his sister's sitting-room at Thomas's Hotel. She was there alone. Miss Moreton, she said, was putting on her things to go out shopping, and after that they meant to take a drive round the park. As she was speaking Mona entered, so changed in the three weeks she had been away from Hillesden that Mr. Sinclair started. As far as he knew there was no alteration in the black dress, except that it clung to her more gracefully, and the plain straw hat, trimmed with a crape bow or a piece of ribbon, was replaced by a bonnet, so shaped as to show off her dainty head and the pure outline of her face, which, as it coloured with surprise at seeing him, was, he thought, the most sweet and winning he had ever seen.

"So your brother is already gone off to Nice with his pupil, and you are going to follow?" he said, taking her offered hand. "I am sorry that it is so. Your brother at least would have been better off in England."

Mona could not gainsay this opinion. Something about Edward made her uneasy. It would be hard to quarrel with youth for lightheartedness, yet she thought him possessed of too keen a relish for personal enjoyment to suit a position of great responsibility. It added to her anxiety to remember that he was to be absent for some months with only Mrs. Buxton and her son, to all intents and purposes his own master in many ways over which the lady could exercise no control. All this passed in her mind while Mr. Sinclair was speaking, and made her answer somewhat irrelevantly.

"I am glad to be going too."

"Are you?" He spoke in a tone of indifference, as if his mind were absent, and then turned away, standing at the farther end of the room, where he could watch what was passing in the street.

The weather that day was neither so cold nor so dreary as it had been. The westering sun was trying to make the scene more cheerful by casting a few amber beams upon the houses near, and the home scene, that is, the room in which he was, combined as much luxury and comfort as could be enclosed within its walls.

Only Mona and himself were present, Mrs. Fraser having gone away to put on her bonnet. Surprised, and a little disappointed, that he took no notice of her, Mona looked at him hurriedly while putting on her gloves. He was very grave, and had that expression of suffering she had often seen when he thought himself unobserved.

"Did you leave my mother and sister well?" she asked, going towards him.

"I believe so—at least, they were well when I saw them last, a few days ago."

"But you are not well, the cold country fogs are telling upon you," said Mona, raising her eyes full of compassion and kindness to his face, for she knew that Mr. Sinclair was more of an invalid than he cared to own. "You should try the south, too." The words were no sooner uttered than she saw her mistake, and blushed over it. Unwittingly she had trodden on tender ground, and was even roughly made aware of it.

"I have no intention of going southwards," he answered, in a tone so abrupt and harsh that it probably shocked his own ears, for he quickly added, "Pardon my rude speech; I was not thinking whom I was answering." Then, as if he had suddenly taken a resolution to be communicative, he asked her, without any preface, "Do you know anything of my private history, Miss Moreton? Surely what my sister knows you know also? Frances cannot be long reticent, either of her own affairs or those of others."

"She has told me something," replied Mona, with hesitation; "and something we read in the paper which related your accident on the ice."

"Has my sister told you that during my idle life at Cannes, last year, I became engaged? It was to the most beautiful woman of the season. We were to have been married last autumn—that is about the time I came to Hillesden," he said, stopping to make this notch in his memory, "but because I took up my clerical orders, unable to be any longer false to my ordination vows, she has not only deferred our

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union, but refuses to see me for a twelvemonth? Has Frances told you?" He spoke with such unmistakable contempt either for himself or the lady, or both, placing each in the most unfavourable light, that Mona knew not how to answer, though he looked at her as if expecting a reply.

"I am so sorry," she began, not perceiving what else to say.

"There is nothing in it to make you sorry," he said. "God forbid that any sorrow of mine should rest on your young shoulders. You have had some of your own, which I would gladly lighten if I could. I do not mean to quarrel with mine, especially as I have myself chiefly to blame, but to bear it as best I can. I never knew it answer to fret over a burden from which you cannot escape. I am telling you why I cannot go to the south, or, rather, I am leaving you to infer that Miss Lestocq is there. Faithful to my promise, I observe my twelvemonth's banishment; to that I am in honour bound. What further complications may arise hereafter it is impossible to say."

Mr. Sinclair's manner was almost fierce whilst he was speaking of Helen; but his manner softened as he paused and spoke to Mona about herself, asked if she were happy in her new life, and made special inquiries respecting the character and abilities of his niece. "Educate her to be a good woman, not a trifler," he said, "and both teacher and scholar will have their reward."

Mr. Sinclair drove and dined with them, both that day and the next. He even did violence to his masculine dislike of shopping with ladies, and accompanied them wherever they went.

"Warren will make a better husband than Cecil," said Mrs. Fraser, when Mr. Sinclair was out of the room, having put his kindness to the test by demanding several fidgeting services at his hands. "He is so patient."

"I wonder at Miss Lestocq," remarked Mona.

"Very likely it is only a surface quarrel, which I shall be able to make up when I know her," said Mrs. Fraser. "Those misunderstandings frequently have their root in pride, in cherishing resentment for some little punctilio which has been thoughtlessly invaded. Very likely Helen Lestocq will be thankful if I bring about a reconciliation, and Warren too. He must marry, his Rectory wants a wife."

"He has been telling me that he has to wait a twelvemonth for her," replied Mona. "Rather cold-hearted she must be."

"But seriously, the fashionable beauty has been badly treated. I do not wonder at her being in no hurry to live in that dull, uninteresting Rectory."

"It was my home, and a very happy one," replied Mona. "I never wished for any other."

Mrs. Fraser lifted her eyes to her young friend's face with a startled look, and then dropped them as quickly as she had raised them, saying, "I beg your pardon, my dear, I have a habit of speaking thoughtlessly. It is right and amiable to reverence the home of one's childhood; but I hope to find you a better than that some day."

"Impossible," was the word in her heart, for she was thinking of her father; but Warren Sinclair's entrance at that moment changed the expression of the meek gentle face into one of embarrassment.

"I have half offended Miss Moreton by stigmatising your Rectory as dull and uninteresting," said Mrs. Fraser, gaily, "and your countenance confirms my opinion. You look doleful enough to frighten the poor people of Hillesden out of their religion. You had better come away with us for a change. Come, and I will undertake to set all right between you and Helen Lestocq. In all probability she regrets the estrangement as much as you do, and only waits for some advances on your part to say so."

"I shall wait the twelvemonth," replied Mr. Sinclair, decidedly.

He went home, and returned in two days time to see them off. Servants and luggage being already dispatched to the station, he conducted his sister to the carriage.

"Come and join us, Warren," she said, her last words as she withdrew her arm from his.

"I have my work in Hillesden," was the reply.

"Uncle Warren has charged me to write to him once a fortnight," said Fanny, with a dash of triumph in her voice as she took her seat, the last to get in, "and has promised me a gold watch and chain if Miss Moreton gives a good account of me when we come back. You will, won't you, dear?" she said, addressing Mona, who smiled in answer just as the horses were moving, and that smile was the last impression the travellers left behind them.

LEGAL ANECDOTES.

V.—DULNESS ON THE BENCH.

READERS of our former papers under this title may possibly imagine that the judges are, as a rule, a very witty class of individuals, who continually air their jocular propensities by brilliant *bon-mots*, and by amusing remarks from the judgment-seat.

As a fact, however, the great majority of the judges of modern times have been a singularly quiet, not to say dull, class of men, with minds intent on the due administration of the law, and with but little in their mode of dispensing justice, save great learning and impartiality, to cause them to be remembered when their judicial career has ended.

We will mention a few judges of the ordinary judicial type, with whom it has been our lot to come in contact during the past quarter of a century.

Baron Platt comes first to our recollection—"a truly British judge," he delighted to call himself; and if a large and powerful frame, a jolly countenance, and a deep stentorian voice are the qualities which distinguish such a being, Sir Thomas Joshua Platt was happy in the possession of all those endowments. He had been a good speaker at the Bar in London and on the home circuit, with, it was said, but poor legal acquirements; but on the Bench he had the good fortune to be the junior judge in the Court of Exchequer, his seniors being Lord Chief Baron Pollock, with Barons Parke, Alderson, and Rolfe, four men of illustrious attainments, legal as well as general, whose judgments and opinions Baron Platt invariably acquiesced in when presented to him, writing, "I agree.—T. J. P." on the manuscript, often without opening it! "It would be presumptuous in me to differ from—or even to read, with a hope of understanding them—the judgments of such men," we once heard him remark. Baron Platt delighted to sit in solitary grandeur at Nisi Prius, and upon the trial of prisoners, and both these duties

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he performed with singular ability, his good common sense and thorough knowledge of the world often making up for the want of any niceties of legal distinction, and rendering him always a great favourite with the jury. This judge, like many others down to and including those of the present time, was very severe on witnesses who would not "speak out;" they should "lose their verdict;" he would not "allow their expenses;" he would "commit them," etc., etc. "What *are* you?" roared he to a burly witness some six feet high, who spoke with the voice of a maiden of bashful fifteen. "I am a butcher, my lord," replied the witness, in a whisper. "Then if you are a butcher, man," thundered Platt, "speak like a butcher, can't you?"

Baron Platt remained junior judge of his Court until his retirement in 1856, when he was succeeded by Baron Watson, a judge of a singularly quiet and reserved manner. Baron Watson had commenced life as a soldier, and actually led a charge at Waterloo! He was a sound and good lawyer, his long, pale face as much a stranger to a smile at any time as his lips were to a joke. He was a judge but a very short time, and died suddenly on the Bench at Welshpool in the spring assize of 1861.

Baron Rolfe, whose name we have just mentioned in connection with Baron Platt's position on the Bench, was altogether a remarkable man. He united to an almost feminine face, with a perpetual smile upon it, singular determination and firmness, and was so profound and excellent a lawyer that, although a Common Law judge, he was, upon the creation of Lords-Justices in Equity, raised to that dignity over the heads of several old and distinguished Equity judges, and such distinction was but the stepping-stone to the Chancellorship, which supreme office he reached in 1852, with the title of Lord Cranworth.

The most important case ever tried before Baron Rolfe, when a Common Law judge, was that of the celebrated murderer Rush, who was convicted before him at Norwich in March, 1849. The case was remarkable for the manner in which the prisoner—who defended himself—put every obstacle in the way of the proceedings, and attempted to escape a conviction. Baron Rolfe, with rare coolness and patience, heard and decided every question as it arose, listened to the endless objections and speeches of the prisoner with imperturbable calmness, and brought the trial to a close after it had lasted for a week. When, upon the Baron being elevated to the peerage as Lord Chancellor, a discussion arose as to what his title should be, and the witty Baron Alderson suggested that he should be designated Lord *Killrush.*

Upon the elevation of Baron Rolfe he was succeeded on the Exchequer Bench by Sir Samuel Martin, who, during the long period of twenty-four years he held office, gained the reputation of being one of the hardest-working judges known. He seriously stated in his evidence before the "Judicial Business Commission, 1856," that, so far from fifteen Common Law judges being required, he himself, with five assistants, could comfortably get through the judicial work of the country! An instance of his great fondness for labour occurred on the Spring Northern Circuit, 1858. Leaving heavy work in London one Tuesday evening, he proceeded by night mail to Lancaster, where next morning he commenced with the trials of prisoners. By Friday afternoon all the Lancaster trials were over, and as the commission day at Carlisle was fixed for the following Monday, the Baron returned to London by the earliest available train, reaching the metropolis about four on Saturday morning. On the Monday, by mid-day, he was at Carlisle, and, being congratulated by his brother judge, who had remained in the north, upon getting Saturday and Sunday as a holiday, he characteristically replied, in the strong Irish brogue he never completely conquered, "Well, I didn't have much of a holiday, brother. I got to my house in Eaton Square at five on Saturday morning, and lay down for an hour or two, and when I had finished my breakfast and read the paper, I was so thoroughly sick of doing nothing that I took a cab to Serjeants' Inn and released the Judge at Chambers, and took his work till past seven at night. Sunday I did get, but it was a very long day!"

Baron Martin would in all probability be sitting on the Bench at the present day, for he had an amazing amount of health and vigour, but severe and increasing deafness compelled his retirement in 1874, when the Bench lost one of its most acute, learned, and industrious occupants.

A remarkably learned lawyer, and very quiet old judge, was the late Justice Crompton. He was of the ancient school of lawyers, and witnessed the passing of the Common Law Procedure Act, and of other statutes for the amendment of the law, with great fear and anxiety. Unlike Justice Maule, whom he succeeded on the Bench, he seldom uttered a joke save of a highly professional character. Only two the writer recollects as emanating from him. "An old servant of mine," said Baron Parke to him one day, "wishes to sell" (here followed a long explanation, to which Justice Crompton evidently was *not* attentive); "now, Brother Crompton, you are a real-property man—what is the cheapest conveyance you know of?" "The cheapest *conveyance* I know of, brother," said Crompton, "is the Citizen steamboat; it takes you from Chelsea to London Bridge for a penny."

"Look here, Crompton," said Justice Cresswell to him one day, "here's a man at Chambers made an *affidavit of increase** before me." "Well, make an order to enlarge the waistband of his trousers," dryly interrupted Crompton.

With all his hardness and dryness as a lawyer, Justice Crompton was a wonderfully kind and pleasant man in private, and especially in his own home and family circle. While waiting to commence his breakfast one morning, he heard a squabble going forward downstairs between the butler and footman, as to whose duty it was to carry up the urn. Hastily leaving the room, and descending to the lower regions, the learned judge exclaimed, "Oh, pray, *gentlemen,* don't dispute about such a trifling matter as this," and, seizing the urn, carried it up to the breakfast-table himself.

Justice Wightman, like his brother Crompton, was a great exponent of the law, and cared apparently for little else. He was a great "leading junior" when at the Bar, and never attained to the dignity of Q.C. What is very remarkable about his legal history is, that though engaged in an immense business at the Bar, he never "led" a cause in his life. He especially hated everything connected with *politics,* and once declared his character in a very few words. Being waited upon by a deputation from an influential political party, he was asked, *inter alia,* "Now,

* Increase of *costs* beyond those allowed on taxation.

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Mr. Wightman, what *are* you?" "Gentlemen," he replied, very calmly, "I am a *Special Pleader*," and bowing to the deputation, he left them.

The name of Baron Channell will bring to the remembrance of many of our readers a judge of singular learning and ability, distinguished by great affability and kindness of heart. He led for some years the home circuit, but wanting the force of speech—dare we call it impudence?—of many of his brethren at the Bar, he was not always successful in his appeals to the jury, and was far more in his element when debating an obscure and difficult point of law before the "full Court."

One peculiarity attributed to the more ancient judges Baron Channell certainly brought down to his own time. He was a great *gourmand*, and at one o'clock precisely, whatever the state of the case being tried before him, the Court adjourned for lunch, and an excellent lunch it was for the stout old Baron of the Exchequer. In this peculiarity he differed from many if not most of his judicial brethren at the present day, whose lunch is generally a piece of bread or small chop. An admirable illustration of the difference of the judges in this respect occurred at Exeter not many years since. When the courts of assize are at any distance from the judges' lodgings, the judges' cook, who travels round circuit with them, usually asks the judges before starting for court in the sheriffs' carriage in the morning, what he shall send them down for lunch.

Baron Channell and Justice B—— were descending the stairs side by side, when the cook, in his spotless "jeans," made the usual inquiry. "Oh!" said Channell, who was senior judge, in the short, clipping words and style peculiar to him, "send me my lunch at one punctually, mind. I'll have—let me see—I'll have a basin of clear mock turtle, and a chicken, and some peas and potatoes, and an apple-tart, and —and some sherry and seltzer; at one, mind, not later." "Yes, my lud," replied the cook, and turning to Justice B——, "what shall I send your lordship?" "Oh, thank you, cook," was the reply, in the slow, solemn, and almost mournful voice of the brother judge, "I'll have what *I* have at half-past one, then it won't disturb Baron Channell. I'll have, if you please, at half-past one, *a piece of stale seed cake and some camomile tea*."

HANSTEEN'S TRAVELS IN SIBERIA.

III.—SIBERIAN HOMES: FROM TOMSK TO IRKUTSK.

I WILL now describe the arrangements of a Siberian peasant's house. In the room where the family assembles there is a large oven, which serves to bake the bread, to cook the dinner, and to warm the apartment. In front of the stove is a metal hearth. Early in the morning an immense log is set on fire, and when the flames die out the cinders are spread along the metal hearth. A glazed earthen vessel, in which the dinner is prepared, containing meat cut up in small pieces, with sour-krout, is placed within the oven and its door is shut. At midday the glazed vessel is taken out, and the dinner is found cooked by itself, as it were. When the peasants come into their dwelling in the evening—often wet and half frozen—they stretch themselves on their stomachs on the oven, and, raising up their heads a little, thus converse with the other inmates of the house.

Our hostess had a spacious kitchen, with a fine large English oven on the opposite side of the courtyard. The kitchen was covered with carpet. The tables and benches had been scraped so beautifully clean and white that she would not permit Nielsen to polish his samovar* there; he was told to do that in the courtyard. Once having discovered that some water had dropped from the samovar in the passage before my door, she pointed out to him his delinquency, and ordered him thenceforth to bring it up in a bowl, that such irregularities might not again occur. He told me that she often took her meals with her people in the kitchen, conversing with them by the stove.

Her drawing-room presented a singular contrast to the primitive simplicity of manners here observed. It was well furnished. Two magnificent mirrors, which had cost 130 roubles, each consisting of a single plate of glass, reached from the ceiling to the floor. The obras (images) were adorned with jewels. Stepanida, our hostess, waited on us, looked to the fires, and sometimes brought us gauffres; and one morning showed me eleven fowls which she had bought for me, for a rouble and twenty kopecks. I tried often earnestly to express my thanks, and after some blundering she seemed to comprehend me. Nielsen, by his gestures, often succeeded in making himself understood.

One day I asked this excellent woman, showing her the first volume of "Ivanhoe," whether she would not like to read it, telling her it was an amusing work. She threw it aside, saying she did not comprehend scientific subjects. I explained that the book was in Russian, but she would not look at it, which made me suspect she did not know how to read. The life of a merchant in these countries is a singular mixture of magnificence and simplicity, yet much that is sound and vigorous pervades it.

Although Stepanida was not learned in book-lore, she was accomplished in all practical matters. On the 5th January six sledges arrived at her house, each sledge drawn by three horses, loaded with eighteen large chests of fine tea sewed up in lamb-skins. Her husband had sent her this large consignment from Kiachta, near the place where the fair of Maimaichin was held. In two hours' time she had forwarded it all farther on to Nijni-Novgorod. This duty over, she presented me with four Chinese apples (Kilaiskii-Jabloki, as she called them). They were rather black, and as hard as a stone, having been exposed to thirty degrees of cold during two months. By her advice I threw them into some water, and when, some little time afterwards, I took them out unfrozen, they proved to be a large-sized apple with an exquisite flavour of bergamot. This fine fruit could scarcely thus have ripened even in the south of Europe, and in Siberia the trees do not produce any kind of fruit. It is not that the necessary heat is wanting, but the winter is so extremely severe that their roots suffer. All the fruit consumed is received from Bokhara or from China.

On the 6th January, which is Christmas Day with the Russians, Stepanida came early in the morning, and took away the lamp of the obras (image), perhaps because I had told her that our Christmas had already passed; but all the same she brought me some gauffres and other cakes. Shortly afterwards the popes entered the house, singing "Gospodi fromilio" (Lord, have mercy upon us!).

* An immense tea-kettle, or urn.

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Mr. Due returned from Narym, bringing many curiosities, amongst which were two grinders and a long tusk of an antediluvian mammoth. From the Oural to Krasnoiarsk the country is so destitute of stones that the inhabitants of this zone have rarely in their lives seen a stone or flint; but these immense teeth are found in large quantities on the banks of rivers, and serve, instead of lead, for weighting the nets of the fishermen dwelling between Tomsk and Narym.

On the 15th January we bade adieu to our good hostess. In thanking her for her kind hospitality we kissed her hand, and we had in return a kiss on the cheek, as is the custom here. The visit of two European travellers must necessarily be an event in the life of a Siberian merchant's wife. Our servant Nielsen remained the last in the room. In giving him her hand to bid him adieu, she pointed with her finger to the dirty spot on the floor, and made him understand that it would give her some trouble to restore the boards to their pristine purity. My faithful attendant left them with much regret, for he had been kindly treated by Stepanida, whose servants had helped him in every way. Due remarked that, with her serious air, she appeared really handsome; in fact it was expression alone that was wanting to render her eminently beautiful.

We arrived on the 19th January at Atschinsk, where the government of Jeniseisk (which includes Eastern Siberia) begins; and we soon discovered this, much to our satisfaction. We now saw labourers occupied in filling up large hollow places in the snow, and pyramids of stones destined to repair the roads in summer; but that which pleased us most was to enter large government stations, where travellers can have a clean and well warmed apartment, and give orders without being troubled by the proprietor of the house. Our journey became very agreeable. The sky was serene; only a moderate degree of cold prevailed; the scenery was picturesque, with hills and forests around us, as we approached Krasnoiarsk (Krasno, in Russian, means "red," and iarr, "steep banks of a river," whence the name of the town), situated on an abrupt red bank of the River Jenisei.

When we called the next day on the governor, Alexander Petrovitsch Stepanoff, a lively agreeable man about forty-seven years old, we found him in his cabinet, surrounded by various objects of art and natural history—minerals, stuffed animals, collected in his district, Chinese vases, carved lamps, etc. On his table I perceived a pretty pocket-almanack, and read with surprise, "Almanack of Jenisei, by Ivan Petrov." It contained articles in prose and verse, by Stepanoff, such as a journey from Krasnoiarsk to Kiachta, illustrated by a view and a representation of the Mongol deity Schigemune, contributions in prose and verse, by other authors of Krasnoiarsk, and a collection of Mongol proverbs, all in the Russian language. Stepanoff presented a copy to each of us, writing a few complimentary words on the title-page. We received an invitation to dinner, and from that day forward took all our meals at his house, in company with the young authors, contributors to the almanack.

This man of highly developed tastes showed us a plan for the enlargement of the Residency, on which spacious streets were traced, with vast public establishments and gardens, etc., the execution of which was sanctioned by the emperor's signature. According to this plan, it will become the most beautiful town in Siberia. Art will add to the attractions which this lovely spot derives from nature.

The kind-hearted governor one day asked me whether I wished to see Turuchansk. "I was afraid the difficulties of the journey were almost insurmountable." "But," he said, "what can there be impossible for you with the means at your disposal? I was at Turuchansk myself two years ago, and I will accompany you. It is a very interesting excursion. You descend the river during ten days; and to return, men are harnessed by hundreds to draw the boat against the stream. It would take you about a month, there and back." I accepted his offer, considering it a piece of good luck that had befallen me, for I wished to extend my magnetic observations as far as possible to the north.

In the evening he surprised us by a new spectacle. He had a Tungusian youth in his house; and an old countryman of the boy having arrived to see him, he had given orders that the two Tungusians should dress themselves in their holiday attire. They entered the room after dinner in the most singular costume imaginable. The boy had a very large quiver slung across his shoulder, filled with long arrows, and a bow in his hand; on his head a helmet, embroidered with black and white beads. These Tungusians had their cheeks tattooed with blue spots. The old man wore the garb of a schaman, or sorcerer. He had a huge tambourine, on which he executed some dreadful sort of music with a shoe-brush; sometimes with the wooden back of the brush, sometimes with the soft part, rehearsing a sorcerer's incantation with such forcible, though half-suppressed, groans, that you might fancy you heard the distant roar of some wild animal. His convulsive movements caused a number of bells attached to his helmet to jingle, whilst a multitude of steel ornaments hanging to his costume, long, narrow, and sparkling, resembling blades of knives, swung round him with a very inharmonious click-clack. Sometimes, seated on the floor, his legs crossed, he would throw the brush up in the air, and tell one's fortune according to the way it fell! The features of the Tungusians are very different from those of any men I have ever seen. The boy was splendid—a very Cupid of a boy.

It is fortunate that the winter in Siberia, when the frost becomes most intense, is so serene and still. We could go with a lighted candle before the door of the house to examine our thermometers without the flame waving, or being at all disturbed by the outer air. If this were not so, neither man nor beast could exist out of doors. When you walk you are inconvenienced by the collar of your great-coat, which is raised up and tied round the throat with a scarf, a fur cap covering the head and ears, so that only the eyes, nose, and a part of the mouth are exposed to the air. The vapour caused by respiration attaches itself in the form of small crystals of ice to the parts of the coat which surround the face, and on the least movement these crystal points touch your cheeks, and you feel as though you were being scorched alive. It is almost impossible to travel many miles in this condition. If you proceed slowly, you suffer from the cold; if quickly, what with your over-coat and heavy boots, you are out of breath, and a kind of panting is produced in the lungs. I have often seen blood issuing from the nostrils of the horses; but when I have called out to the peasants to slacken their pace, they have always replied "It is nothing."

On the 1st February we arrived at the small town

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KIACHTA, THE SIBERIAN OUTPOST TOWN ON THE CHINESE FRONTIER.

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of Nijni-Udinsk. An unfortunate accident now befel Nielsen. He fell from his seat on the luggage-sledge into a deep hole hidden by the crushed snow, and the sledge went over his body. These travelling vehicles cut a very narrow track for themselves; and to prevent their upsetting, beams are attached on each side, forming the figure /\ called olvadi. Each time the sledge is on the point of upsetting, the olvadi keep it up. Nielsen falling from the side, found himself thrust under them, and was dragged along with the sledge at a rapid rate. Out of this dangerous condition it was in vain he tried to rise. When extricated, with the assistance of the peasants, he managed to walk some little distance on foot, but not without suffering extreme pain; and when the luggage-sledge rejoined us, I was astonished to see him so pale, and to hear him exclaim, "God be praised, I see you again! I was afraid I should not do so!" and then he burst into tears. The details of the accident being related to me, a doctor was summoned, and to our great surprise he did not find any bone broken, nor any sprain, although the entire weight of the carriage had been on his body. He was bled, and rubbed with soap liniment. He wished to fulfil his duties, and it was impossible to prevent him, but long afterwards he felt pain in the spine and between his shoulders.

Two days before this accident, one of the horses fell as the carriage was rushing on with extreme rapidity, and the iron tore the animal in a terrible way. The peasants unharnessed him from the troika, and continued their route! It was an afflicting spectacle to witness the poor wounded animal's unavailing efforts to rise and follow us! He was left pitilessly there. Nielsen informed me later, that at the moment he fell off the sledge, he had remembered the poor animal's fate, and had imagined that such might be his own. Had I not expected help to come for the wounded animal, I would have made him be put out of pain at once.

Having now our interpreter Gustav again, we dismissed Schlau. From the daily purchases he had made for us, and perhaps by cheating the peasants of what they should have received, he had amassed a sufficient sum to enable him to buy a sledge and horse to convey him back to Tobolsk, where, we afterwards heard, he set up a wine-shop. We continued our journey to Irkutsk, and arrived there without further accident on the 7th February.

IV.—AT IRKUTSK, AND VISIT TO KIACHTA.

IRKUTSK is the residence of the Governor-General of Eastern Siberia, and also of an archbishop. The town is situated on a plain, about 1,200 feet above the level of the sea, but so far from it, that when the Angara is frozen, the air is deprived of all moisture. The climate is so very dry, that immediately after a fall of rain the unpaved streets are covered with dust. From the month of January, when the river is frozen, the sky is beautifully serene; not the smallest cloud can be discerned until the month of March or the beginning of April, at which period the ice disappears. At a temperature of 30° the sun rises and sets with gorgeous splendour, resembling a burnished disk of gold, and the stars shine out with a brilliancy unknown in our own country.

The town consists of wooden houses, with the exception of the public buildings and mansions of the richer classes. A handsome convent is seen on the farther side of the Angara, a gymnasium, and a spacious bazaar (Gostinni Dvor) containing shops, where all kinds of merchandise are sold. The Russian churches are magnificent monuments of the Byzantine style of architecture. They have generally five cupolas, the centre one being the highest, and supporting a large perforated iron cross. At St. Petersburg and Moscow the churches have their cupolas covered with copper gilt, and sometimes they are painted in lively colours, principally green. The great number of magnificent edifices viewed from a distance, especially approaching them, as we did, at sunset, give an imposing aspect to the Russian towns.

The Angara, which flows out of the Lake Baikal, skirts Irkutsk on the northern and western sides; the small lake Uschakova is on the east; the Irkut (which gives its name to the town) empties itself into the Angara towards the north. Irkutsk lies in a most advantageous position; it possesses eighteen churches, amongst which one is Lutheran and one Catholic.

When installed in our lodging, I paid a visit to the prefect of police, Colonel Mouravieff, for whom I had received a letter from the minister Palmstjerna. A gentleman in green uniform, of noble presence, and displaying seven decorations, came forward to meet us, and to my great satisfaction he addressed us in German. We heard that a Chinese fair would be held in the frontier village of Maimaichin, where free barter, especially of tea and sables, takes place annually, amounting to many millions of roubles. This fair opens by a grand *fête*, lasting three days, at the beginning of the Chinese so-called "white month," which falls in the middle of our month of February. We made up our minds to be present at the fair on the 12th February. Therefore we directed our course southwards, our sledge coasting along the Angara and the Lake Baikal.* The ice with which it was covered being as pure and transparent as crystal, the smallest object at the bottom of the water was easily discernible. A chain of mountains of moderate height extends along its southern coast, and a flotilla of imperial vessels is employed during the summer to keep up communication between the various points of the lake. A lieutenant of the Russian navy is in command of it, who inhabits a house on its border, called on that account Admiraliteistvo (Admiralty). This "Baikal Admiral" invited us to dinner. In the midst of our repast, with glass in hand, he bowed and exclaimed, "deres sundhed" (to your health). We were surprised to hear these Norwegian words uttered, but he explained that he had formerly belonged to a war vessel, commissioned to make a scientific voyage round the world. During its detention at Arendal, the officers were daily invited to dinner by the rich merchants of the town. He had observed that the company, in nodding to each other, said, "deres sundhed," and the polite Russian had not forgotten the salutation.

The sky was of a clear azure, and the pine-trees bordering the river sparkled as though bedecked with thousands of diamonds. We passed the towns of Verchne-Udinsk and Selenginsk, and on the 15th arrived at the ancient Russian citadel of Troitsko-sarfsk, which has now become a city, and is four versts distant from the frontier town Kiachta. The evening after our arrival we repaired to Kiachta, and

* "A great fresh-water lake 397 miles in length from S.W. to N.E."

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thence to Maimaichin, which lies about 300 steps farther off, to satisfy our curiosity by seeing a Chinese village. The frontier line between the two empires is indicated merely by an iron palisade, which apparently was crumbling away with rust. Upon reaching the gate of the city we came to a long and very narrow street, where cords were suspended from house to house, on which numberless tiny flags floated—red, yellow, green, blue—intermingled with transparent paper-lanterns, covered with singular-looking arabesques. Down the street a wooden tower two storeys high had been erected, with representations on each side of colossal deities, whose faces expressed the most horrible passions. The streets were not paved. The small houses on the side of the public path being windowless, presented a gloomy aspect. Some Chinese merchants seated before their doors were warming their hands over a large chafing dish. To keep out the cold the soles of their shoes were an inch thick, composed of paper several times folded, with leather underneath. We also saw camels just arriving from Pekin, laden with immense chests of tea.*

On the first day of the festival the director of the Russian custom-house took us to a grand dinner at the sargutschei (the chief officer at Maimaichin). Every third year a new sargutschei is sent here from Pekin. This dignitary wore a yellow stone in his cap, denoting his rank, which, according to the Russian regulations, must not be higher than that of a lieutenant. The next day we made a visit to the Chamba Lama (chief priest of the Buretes), the second in rank after the Dalai Lama. He had heard that we intended one day paying him a visit, and that we should like to be present at the celebration of their religious ceremonies. We were received by most deafening music, consisting of wind instruments, triangles, gongs, etc., performed by three hundred lamas, standing in two rows, arrayed in their beautiful ecclesiastical dresses, holding wooden globes at the end of long varnished poles, on which the sun, moon, and all sorts of gold arabesques, were painted. On the staircase we were met by the Chamba Lama, a man of remarkable corpulence, who wore a red velvet *burnous*, and a large gold medallion with a portrait of the emperor, encircled with precious stones, suspended by a green ribbon round his neck. After exchanging compliments by the aid of two interpreters (our Gustav, who translated from German into Russian, and a Russian, who translated from Russian into Mongolian) we were led into the temple, where all the lamas during this interval had formed into four long rows, extending up to the altar. They now began the chants preceding their full religious ceremony. Afterwards, on entering their house, they offered us tea, brandy, and cold viands. The Chamba Lama regretted not being able to find a cook at Irkutsk who could have prepared us a meal more in accordance with our taste. He wrote his name and titles on a bit of paper as a souvenir of this interesting visit, and he begged, when we returned to St. Petersburg, that we would relate to the emperor that we had witnessed the worship which the Buretes offer to the Deity. On the 27th we returned to Irkutsk. This little excursion brought us in contact with new peoples, and we witnessed customs which were extremely interesting. I have always considered it the most agreeable episode of our journey.

* Since the visit of Professor Hansteen to Kiachta, the overland trade between Russia and China has largely increased, and is now of considerable importance. A recent traveller (Mr. Alexander Michie) writing on this subject, remarks: "The Chinese town of Maimaichin is surrounded by a modern palisade, and looks mean enough externally, but improves vastly on acquaintance. The streets are regular, wide (for China), and tolerably clean. The houses are solid, tidy, and tastefully decorated with pretty little courtyards and ornamental screens for doors. The Chinese settlers have evidently improved by contact with the Russians, for the style of their houses at Maimaichin, where the Chinese are only sojourners, away from their own country, is superior to what one usually sees even in fashionable towns in China proper. The *Yamun*, or Government office, is at the far end of Maimaichin, and beyond it is an open square which is considered neutral ground between Russia and China. On the Russian side of the square we pass through a gate and are in Kiachta. . . . Kiachta itself is but a small place, and contains few inhabitants except the commissary and his dependents, and the Russian merchants who are engaged in the China trade. The general population lives at Troitskosarfsk, which is a good-sized town, about two miles from Kiachta. We were agreeably surprised to find so much refinement in this outpost of Siberia. The houses are mostly large and comfortable; all are built of wood, and mostly of round logs, dovetailed together at the ends, and caulked with moss, giving them a massive warm look even from the outside. Those of greater pretensions are faced inside with plain wood, painted white, which, with their red or green painted roofs, give a cheerful air to the whole place. The churches are a great ornament to the town. They are all three built of brick, and whitewashed, the tall cupolas being painted green." Mr. Michie says that the tailors and milliners of Kiachta are as particular about getting the latest Parisian fashions as their contemporaries are even in the principal towns of Europe and America. "A morning visit in a shooting-coat to a merchant of Kiachta would grievously shock his sense of propriety." "English bottled porter costs twelve shillings a bottle."

According to a still later traveller (Mr. Knox), Troitskosarfsk has about six thousand inhabitants, and Kiachta about twelve hundred. They are in telegraphic communication with Shanghai. Couriers travel from Kiachta to Pekin in twelve days."—Ed.

SHIFTS OF AN EMIGRANT IN CANADA.

I.

HOW it all came about need not be explained, since you are, I dare say, not very deeply interested in my biography; but ten years ago, in the month of August, and in the crowded thoroughfares of this big city of London, I formed a resolution. I would emigrate to Canada, a land of unlimited resources and glowing prospects.

At the core of my resolution there probably lay the worm of poverty; at any rate, I gladly availed myself of a half-fare passage across the Atlantic.

Time was brief; the ship sailed on the morrow. My arrangements were quickly made. My carpet-bag was filled with clothing, and away I whirled by rail from King's Cross to Liverpool.

Arriving here late at night, and having no courier to precede me, I turned in at the first public-house I met, finding myself forestalled by a number of people bent upon the like voyage. Secure in the consciousness that I had not much to lose, I fell soundly asleep, spite of the thrilling chorus of the "Star-spangled Banner," kept up by a circle of Yankees, whose joy at the speedy termination of their long exile knew no bounds.

The bedroom and the bed were not conducive to continuous sleep, but the night passed, and morning came, damp, and misty, and uninviting.

My ship was the Nova Scotian mail-ship of the Allan line, and she lay out seaward, in the mouth of the river. Steam was up, a long ribbon of black smoke extending towards the Atlantic, and soon the tug pulled up to the wharf. Boxes and bales were tumbled on board, as though they were proof against injury, and I began to rejoice in my possession of so little of the world's goods.

Considering the amount of business to be transacted in a very brief time, the reinstatement of order on board the vessel was quickly managed. I travelled "steerage," in company with a numerous and somewhat heterogeneous mixture of Irish, Scotch, and Swedes.

Now to the art of travelling by sea, I found, upon

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my descent below, all the berths taken up, so was fain to content myself with a hammock slung "'tween decks," my carpet-bag being placed in a convenient corner. Being able to sleep under almost any circumstances, I was comfortable enough, except when, a wave more pressing than its brethren dashing into my hammock and my slumbers, I awoke to wring my clothes. We were not early birds, for our fiddler, with a fiddler's invariable jealousy, begrudged us an hour's rest, and those Swedish maidens knew both how to dance and sing.

Strangely assorted as was our living freight, I must testify to the general good behaviour of all on board with whom I came in contact.

A young Scotchman, and a Canadian stripling returning from Australia to his home in Toronto, were my immediate comrades. We clubbed together for eating utensils and so forth.

Once out of sight of Liverpool, the weather cleared, until, steaming between the Scotch and Irish coasts, on our way to Londonderry, our sight was regaled with a beauteous landscape. Hill and valley shone with golden light, reflected from the ripened, but as yet unharvested grain. Soon Londonderry is reached, and left behind; the grim features of the Antrim coast melt into distance, and our vessel's course lies due westwards. We have left behind us not merely an island, but a continent; the first soil we touch is that of the New World.

The first few days at sea were uninteresting enough, for all the beauty and all the mirth at our command were saddened and marred by sea-sickness. Upon such occasions, when the sea runs high, and the hatches are fastened down, the nerves and stomachs of steerage passengers must be strong indeed to resist the dolorous infection. I was never sea-sick in my life during the short trips which I had made, nor did my good fortune now fail me.

There came a calm, bright day, bringing relief to very many of our poor suffering steerage passengers, who came tottering upon deck exulting in new life, like the reprieved from execution. Then our fiddle came into play, and one especially pretty Swedish girl gave voice to her charming national melodies.

Steerage fare is not at all bad under the circumstances, nor can anybody fairly complain of uncivil treatment or insufficient rations on board the Allan line of steamships. Beer and spirits may be had at reasonable rates, whilst sick passengers are kindly furnished with dainties by the cabin steward. Although, doubtless, this practice is strictly *sub rosâ*, it is one more honoured in the observance than in the breach.

Nothing but water, water, and again water, for over a week, when an unwonted feeling of chill leads many of us novices to inquire the reason of so marked a change in the temperature. "Iceberg ahead!" rings out from the "forward watch;" whereupon each eye is strained to greet the stranger.

Soon it looms into sight; a towering mass, a rainbow-suffused pinnacle of ice. We leave it in the distance, and are soon basking again in the sunshine. Many more icebergs follow during the next two days, sometimes a dozen at a time. Their appearance is very fine, but they have been often described.

Our next sensational stage effect is afforded by a "school" of whales which deployed into line upon the lee of our vessel. These mammalia soon sink beneath the waves, and attention is directed to the increasing numbers of sea-gulls screaming overhead, knowing, as we all do, that these presage the speedy sight of land.

But now we are in the gloomy depths of Newfoundland fog, a fact of which our dismal, but salutary, bell admonishes us. None but a practised eye could perceive the coast, although we were close upon it. By-and-by, however, with the lifting of the mist, I saw a dark outline which I was told should be the Straits of Belle Isle, and the dismal island of Anticosti. This we passed quite closely; some of the crew, indeed, maintained that they heard wolves barking.

Night fell, when not even the excitement engendered of the certainty of seeing Quebec upon the morrow prevailed to hinder my sleep. Off Father Point our pilot comes on board, the captain resigning his command.

There was an end of fiddling, singing, and merriment; thought and expectation sober all of us.

Quebec lies before us, a menacing pile of fortifications; terrible by nature, rendered more terrible by military art. It is the Gibraltar of the West, the scene of the memorable strategy eventuating in the final overthrow of French power in Canada; the grave of the gallant Wolfe.

The city of Quebec resembles any old French city, in its narrow streets and dingy houses. The inhabitants are still French in custom and in language, quiet and reserved, yet tenacious of old monarchical ways and modes of expression.

Winding one's way through the antiquated alleys of this famous city, the lounger meets with civility on every hand, yet a cold formal civility.

My impressions of Quebec are given from a subsequent experience, for the steamships of the Allan line stop at Point Levi, upon the opposite shore of the St. Lawrence river.

We arrived late at night, and whilst the cabin passengers either prosecuted their journeys by rail or sought the hotels, those of the steerage picked out the softest boards in the Government Emigration Sheds, whereon to spread their clothing. I did not relish the idea, savouring, as it did, too much of the workhouse, but, having surveyed the neighbouring country for a mile or two, lay down beneath a tree and sunk to rest.

I should say that I had purchased a ticket for Toronto on board the vessel, this city being represented to me as the centre of business for Upper Canada, now known as Ontario. This I need not have done, had I been as wise as I am now, for passengers are forwarded by Government to any part of the province where their interests may call them.

I slept well, although the mosquitos had already marked me for their prey. My money was expended; my ticket alone remained to me. I was able, however, to buy a loaf of bread, which I carefully husbanded.

I went by train to Montreal, which, again, I reached at nightfall. Accosting a policeman, he directed me to the station-house, where, for the first time in my life, I passed the night in a cell. Next to me, and separated by only a thin partition, was a cell wherein raged an Amazon who had been confined for stabbing the husband she had once vowed to cherish.

There was, above my head, a stretcher, which kept drop—dropping in a very suggestive manner. I do not know the nature of the liquid to this day.

With the dawn I was afoot, making my toilet by a convenient horse-trough. I entered the railway

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train once more, and was soon speeding towards Toronto. The rails were, ten years ago, in a terrible condition, the cars being, every now and again, almost jerked from the track. Since then great improvements have been made, whilst the internal arrangements of the trains were even then excellent.

Toronto was reached towards the afternoon of the following day, when I made my way to the emigration agent's office. Being strongly dissuaded from suffering myself to be sent to the back settlements of of Muskoka, whither alone, at that time, the authorities would send immigrants, I was fain to seek a livelihood on my own account. My reasons for not going to Muskoka were sufficiently cogent. I had neither friends nor money, neither was I used to hard manual toil, and, even supposing I could stand it, still my awkwardness must necessarily be to my disadvantage. I would seek employment in or near the city, trusting to find my level in due course.

Night fell before I had formed any settled plan of action. In no very hopeful frame of mind I lay down upon the ground in a retired spot, and fell asleep. I was up betimes, and as soon as business was fairly begun, sought out the likeliest places I could think of, with the view of securing employment.

I had in early life served an apprenticeship to engineering, and could use the tools fairly, although circumstances had prevented my learning the profession thoroughly. To the engineering shops I wended my way, but met with poor success, gaining only promises of consideration in case a place should be vacant. I should here state my age—twenty-two—an element of no mean order in the probabilities of success.

Twilight fell around me again as, for the third time since leaving Quebec, I resigned myself to the lot of a night out-of-doors. In itself, there was no hardship in this, but my loaf was gone, and I was penniless.

Absorbed in no very pleasant thoughts, I had walked a distance of some four miles from Toronto, upon Yonge Street, a principal highway, when, from the open door of a tavern, I heard voices in a loud tone. Wearied and footsore, I made bold to enter, finding mine host, a strapping Irishman, in wrestling attitude with another man. I joined the sport, gained mine host's good will, and was engaged as hostler, at the not very magnificent figure of two dollars per month. The smallness of the remuneration did not affect me, for I was glad to have a roof over my head once more; moreover, a hostler has it in his power to make good pickings, as I subsequently found, at times when I have been the dispenser of fees, and other Canadian hostlers my clients.

"What can you do?" my employer very tersely asked me.

"Anything," replied I, with equal promptness.

"Come, now; there is my waggon and team upon the road; drive it a half mile, turn it round, and draw up in my stable."

I essayed the task, with but indifferent results, however, as, in turning round, the light rack-work of the waggon came asunder, and I left the major part of it upon the highway.

"Guess you're no driver," remarked my patron. "Can you chop?"

I signified my willingness to make the attempt; and, not heeding my hands, which soon blistered under such unusual exertion, I chopped a great portion of the wood-pile into firewood. At later periods of my experience I have not found the labour distasteful; in fact, I rather like the exercise.

My endeavours seemed to please my patron, and I was introduced to a well-laid supper-table, after which my hopes rose and my spirits began to brighten. At five o'clock each morning I rose, lighted the fires, split the wood for the day's consumption (no mean item in winter), led the cattle to pasture at the distance of a mile, and swept the bar-room. After breakfast I was often kept busy with the farmer's teams, or cleaning out the stables. I had, moreover, to dig potatoes, and perform sundry duties pertaining to a man-of-all-work.

I did not intend to remain longer than for the period I had engaged, nor did I. A slight difference arose between us; my positive refusal to drink with all who asked me was one ground of complaint. I left at the end of my month, with a few dollars in my pocket, and entered again the city of Toronto. Good fortune led me into companionship with one of my sea-companions, through whose kind assistance I found a desirable boarding-house.

I again tried the engine-shops, but without any immediate success, although I often wished, in after times, that I had awaited my turn of fortune at a decent trade, rather than embark in questionable occupations in a circumscribed area, where unwarrantable curiosity might seek to injure my prestige by pointing at prior callings.

My landlord, a decent Scotchman, interested himself on my behalf, so as to secure my employment in a large pork-packing house, where, at one dollar a day, I aided in putting numberless pigs into pickle. The after-operations were not so distasteful, but preliminaries went very much against my grain. To help in hoisting so many hundreds of poor "grunters" by the leg through a hatchway, to watch the life-stream flowing from beneath the butcher's cold blade, were repulsive duties, upon which I do not even now care to dwell. Carrying the carcasses was very hard work into the bargain.

I left this place at the end of a fortnight, and took to "shingling" houses.

Shingles are thin slabs of wood, which, in Canada, take the place of slates for roofing purposes. In that wooden country, timber subserves a variety of purposes; all the side-walks are thus constructed. Wood being a better non-conductor of heat than stone, the roadways are in Canada very pleasant in summer time.

The weather was now growing cold; I was indifferently clad and not in very good health, suffering from change of climate and manner of living. I fulfilled my little contract and left the job, resting upon my oars for a week. My landlord again came to my aid, introducing me into the warehouse of a prominent druggist firm where, as porter, I helped fill the orders for all sorts of villainous chemicals. It was warm, indoor work, far preferable to either of my previous occupations.

In a certain street of Toronto is to be found a modest door, whose device sets forth the presence behind it of a secretary to the St. George's Society, an institution designed to aid destitute Englishmen, who are unfortunately to be met with in even that young country. It is not wise, as a rule, to cling to the cities; far better try a small country place; but then very few immigrants arrive absolutely without

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means or friends. Certainly no tradesman or labourer bred should stay in Toronto; in my own case matters were different.

I weighed my chances minutely, and yet think I did right. Further, my designs were of such a nature that I could not leave Toronto before testing their worth. My ambitions were far from being confined to manual labour. In laying hold of the first chance that offered, I did no more than I would counsel anybody to do under like circumstances.

Upon the first convenient occasion, yet before replenishing my wardrobe, I repaired to the office of the leading Toronto newspaper, and, addressing the proprietor, solicited employment. He spoke me fairly enough, saying that my inexperience of Canadian politics must debar me from successfully attempting the press. Telling me to return upon some future occasion after more matured experience in the manners and ways of the country, we parted.

Several other positions of standing were played for by me, but with no result, for I had no introductions. Matters were in this state when, one morning, as I was up to my ears in blue vitriol and chrome-yellow, a gentleman, agricultural implement manufacturer of some note in a village fifty miles west of Toronto, and who had seen my name upon the St. George's Society list, engaged me. I was to work at the trade, which my previous knowledge of engineering enabled me to do. My salary was to be nine dollars per week, and railway fare paid.

Winter was rapidly drawing on, and I had seen and heard enough of the terrible destitution to be met with in the cities to be heartily glad to secure employment certain, at any rate, to carry me through the cold season.

Good mechanics are often known to work for a bare subsistence at times when work is scarce; many cannot even procure food or fuel; some starve or die of exposure.

Beyond doubt, many mechanics are too extravagant, often intemperate, and nothing of the sort ever occurs in the villages, yet it is as well people should know that Canada has no workhouse—nor, indeed, much sympathy. A man must stand upon his own merits, for most are too deeply engaged in personal schemes for making money to notice or care whether others sink or swim.

THE SPRING GARDEN.

OF all the flowers that blow, none seem so welcome as those which gladden our eyes in the early spring, that cheerful season, bright emblem of Christian hope, when nature is rising out of its winter grave, with all the freshness and vigour of renewed life. Nor is the spring garden at all deficient in real beauty. Flower for flower, it fairly holds its own in comparison with even the showy "bedders" of summer. Where will you find a bed that, for the time it lasts, equals the beauty of a bed of hyacinths? What summer flower exceeds in brilliancy the scarlet anemone or the glowing orange ranunculus? What more elegant than the sweet-scented double white narcissus? What better "effect" is produced in plain gardening than a well-arranged display of snowdrops, crocuses, scillas, and hepaticas, with their white, gold, blue, purple, and pink, brought out into their full glory by a bright sun, and lighting up the borders with a gleam of floral jewellery?

But, alas! the drawback of spring gardening is that its beauties are shortlived, whereas the summer beds, when once filled, are good for at least four months of uninterrupted beauty, and it is this which, when bulbs were costly, made spring-gardening a luxury for the rich alone. Humbler folk with small means were content to set little clumps of snowdrops and crocuses, and a few of the hardy daffodils, here and there, just to redeem the place from utter desolation through the dull months, and wait patiently till the time came for the sowing of annuals. But the Dutch growers have done so much in the way of improving and, at the same time, cheapening an infinite variety of hardy bulbs, which will suit all soils and climates, that a very real pleasure has been brought within the reach of even slender purses, and the spring garden is now almost as much cared for as the more gorgeous floral display of summer. It is too late now to do anything for the present season, but this is the time for noting "effects." Look round your neighbours' gardens and see what combinations please you the most, or are superior to your own, and see if with the help of the following hints you cannot strike out something better for yourself next autumn.

Assuming that the simple rules of cultivation, which are given to the purchaser in most of the bulb catalogues, are attended to, the secret of success in spring gardening lies in the arrangement and grouping of the bulbs and other spring flowers. Say that you have in a corner of your garden a flower-bed with a background of evergreens. What more charming place could you have for a mass of hyacinths, say three or four dozen of the "mixed bedders," which are very cheap, set at regular distances, about six inches apart if you are rich in bulbs, eight or nine inches if you must spin them out? Your bed, it is taken for granted, is not a dark corner of heavy sour clay, but is in good condition, thrown well up above the level, enriched with good, thoroughly-rotten dung, leaf mould, decayed turf, etc., and in every respect suitable for the purpose. The first step is to *plan* your bed before a single bulb is set. To do this neatly take as many of the common garden "tallies," or short sticks, as you have bulbs, and put one for each bulb's place. Having arranged them so that when seen from the windows they do not cover one another in stiff lines, but are evenly distributed over the bed, commence setting, beginning, of course, at the back, and avoid trampling the ground when once a bulb is planted. Let the holes be six inches deep; some say four inches, but six is better, especially in the colder climate of the north and north-midland counties. The greater depth will rather keep the bloom back, and perhaps save it from destruction by frost. But whatever the depth may be, let it be uniform all over the bed, to secure, as far as possible, uniformity of flowering. Strew a little sand over the bottom of the hole, and set the bulb, pressing it gently down; dust a little sand round it, and fill in the earth, leaving a stick to mark the position of each bulb, for a reason which will appear presently. If you did nothing more, what a picture you would have in the following spring! the many lovely shades of hyacinths contrasting with one another, and all set off by the dark green background of the shrubs forming a frame to the picture. Still, it is not perfect yet; you want a carpet, or grounding, as well as a frame; this is obtained by dibbling in between the bulbs, the object for which the sticks were left, some dwarf-growing

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plants, such as aubrietia, alyssum, pansies, or the lovely little clear blue forget-me-not of the woods, myosotis sylvatica, or, better still, M. dissitiflora, which is more dwarf in its growth and neater in its ways than M. sylvatica, which becomes ragged and "leggy" as the season advances. If you live in the country, you may go with a basket and trowel and dig up roots of the former, but a sixpenny packet of seed sown in August will save you all the trouble, and give you much better plants. The grounding plants being all in their places, and the finishing touches given, remove the marking sticks, and *wait for your reward* in spring.

If your bed is too large to be wholly given up to hyacinths, or if the purchase of so many would exceed what you can afford for spring gardening, they may be flanked with early double tulips, which are very cheap. As a corner bed, perhaps, the front edge is in three scallops. If so, take the large centre scallop for hyacinths, and let the two side ones be filled with the gorgeous Rex Rubrorum double tulips springing out of a carpet of myosotis. Some prefer a grounding of alyssum saxatile compactum, but the contrast of the rich red of the tulip with the delicate blue of the forget-me-not is far pleasanter to the eye than the yellow of the alyssum, which is rather a tawdry combination. Again, few things are more exquisite in a garden than a bed of the double white tulip, La Candeur, rising out of blue myosotis or pink silene. It is in this blending of colours that the art of spring gardening lies, though this has hitherto been, in great measure, overlooked by amateur gardeners.

Lawn beds, of course, allow much wider scope for talent in design, but they involve a very considerable pull upon a slender purse to fill them properly, and unless they are well filled they had better not be done at all. In any case, the best effects are not obtainable in them, either in spring or summer; there is a stiffness about them which is far from pleasing. But if they are to be utilised, spring *plants* must be largely pressed into the service as well as *bulbs*, or the effect will be poor.

Leaving the hyacinths and tulips, we come to another class of bulbs, the narcissus tribe, of which there is a great variety. First in order of time come the daffodils, that, as Shakespeare says,

> "Come before the swallow dares, and take
> The winds of March with beauty;"

and those who think that daffodils may be passed by with contempt as "such a common flower" should see them at the Royal Horticultural Society's spring show. They have one drawback, certainly; they were our grandmothers' favourites, and in these novelty-seeking days, grandmothers and their tastes are alike out of date. Still, a flower that braves the keen winds of March, and gives us something wherewith to fill the flower-pot when blossoms are scarce, is not altogether to be despised by anybody. But few people are aware how great a variety is embraced by the class popularly spoken of as daffodils. Then we have the polyanthus-narcissus, a nosegay in itself, with its many-blossomed head; the double white narcissus, sweet in every sense of the word, and the double yellow jonquil, both equally valuable for cut flowers, for clumps between evergreens, for the shrubbery border, or for massing with other bulbs in the back lines of large beds. It may be noted here, in passing, that the pleasure of a spring garden may be greatly prolonged by setting late-flowering bulbs by the side of earlier ones; as the first blooms die off the others take their places, producing a floral "dissolving view." The plan has this advantage, too, that the bed being still in beauty, there is not so much eagerness to get in the summer bedders, which are often planted out much too soon, and get sadly nipped by the late frosts and keen winds, when "lingering winter chills the lap of May." What a variety of beauty, for example, is presented successively to the eye through the spring months by such a bed as this: a semicircular mound with a row of evergreens at the back; in front of them six low half-standard or bush roses, with clumps of daffodil, polyanthus-narcissus, bulbous iris, and (for later flowering) gladiolus between them. At their feet a line of late tulips set in clumps of five; then a broad belt of double white narcissus, double yellow jonquil, and Queen Anne's jonquil, a distinct and beautiful variety, but rather expensive; below these again, in the widening semicircle, a longer row of Rex Rubrorum and Yellow Rose, or La Candeur double tulips in alternate clumps of three or five; outside these again, and forming the edge of the bed, clumps of snowdrops, scilla, crocus of various colours, and pink and purple double hepatica; the whole bed being studded, or, as the heralds would say, *semée*, with polyanthus of various colours, or with pansies. In such a bed there would be something to gladden the eye from the very beginning of March to the end of May, and each year the effects might be varied with a little taste.

Did space permit, there is still a great variety of plants and bulbs to be spoken of, but not even the commonest spring garden should fail to reserve a place for anemones, ranunculi, and double daisies. The expression "floral jewellery" was used just now, but what could so thoroughly justify the expression as a mixture of the fiery scarlet anemone with the pure white double tulip, harmonised by a setting of blue myosotis, aubrietia, or golden thyme? or a red tulip amongst white anemones, the too glaring contrast being toned down, as before, by an appropriate setting? What, again, more dazzlingly beautiful than a well-grown bed of ranunculi, comprising every shade of colour—pure white, yellow, orange, rose, crimson, brown, and even jet black? But it is not given to every one to grow a really fine bed of ranunculus at the first trial. In poor, thin, hungry soils it is difficult to make it succeed at all. The ranunculus will do best in soils where its cousin, the common field buttercup, is abundant. The red and white daisies hardly need description, but they add materially, and at a very trifling cost, to the beauty of a spring garden, if set alternately as an edging, lighting up the border in a marvellous manner. A dozen plants of each will, in the course of the first summer, produce as many plants as are sufficient for any average-sized garden, as they may be parted to any extent. They have been brought to great perfection by the trade growers, especially the white, the blossoms of which are frequently as large as a half-crown. Nor must we pass over the iris, at once so cheap, so hardy, so beautiful, presenting a curious and varied combination of colours that rival, in many of their quaint forms, even the expensive orchids, which can be extensively grown only by the rich, whilst named iris may be had for 2*s*. or 2*s*. 6*d*. a dozen. They are, moreover, remarkable, says a Dutch catalogue, "as being one of the very few

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excellent hardy flowers that successfully resist the dust and smoke of even the largest cities," a point well worth the notice of the amateur who tries to get a little beauty out of his town garden. They are quite hardy, will grow in almost any soil or situation that they are likely to find in an ordinary garden, and, when once planted, will take care of themselves; but it should be observed that they do not keep well when out of the ground, therefore, when lifted for the purpose of digging the bed, or when newly purchased from the grower, they should be put in their places as soon as possible.

After two or three seasons' acquaintance with the bulb catalogues, which are to be had for the asking, any one with taste may find an endless source of interest in planning beds, rooteries, etc., in the autumn, and watching the gradual development of the design in spring. It would, indeed, be difficult to say how a guinea could be spent in any way that would afford so much innocent gratification as in the purchase of an annual box of bulbs, whilst there is also this further consideration, that a fresh stock is not required every year. Most of the bulbs in common use are perfectly hardy, and not only remain to you after the flowering season is over, but they also multiply very rapidly, and allow you to expend your annual outlay in trying new combinations every year, thus materially increasing your pleasure.

Varieties.

For Want of a Stamp.—In the memoirs of the Baroness Bunsen, the following anecdote is told of Mr. Waddington, the Yorkshire gentleman who married Miss Port, the accomplished and beautiful adopted niece of the famous Mrs. Delany. Mr. Waddington lived with his young wife in a retired part of Wales towards the close of last century. There was no country paper of any kind published within forty miles of Llanover, and the chief dependence for news was upon the arrival from London of the "Morning Chronicle," which came in the evening. But as there was no post-delivery, Mr. Waddington would never accustom himself to look forward to the arrival of letters or newspapers, and unless there was any reason to *expect* letters, the newspapers were never considered of sufficient importance for any one to be sent four miles on purpose to fetch them. Although few men have been more truly, though secretly, a father of the fatherless, or have lent large sums with greater generosity to assist friends in distress, yet he had a peculiar aversion to the expenditure of any avoidable small sum, and he did not conceal that the payment of turnpikes was an object of consideration which often turned the balance against sending to the Post-office. On one occasion he lost several thousand pounds which he had lent to a friend, from his determination to save the postage of a letter of inquiry as to the payment of the policy of insurance. The friend died suddenly, the policy was not paid, and the whole sum was forfeited.

The "Deserving Poor."—Mr. Kitto, Rector of Whitechapel, has published a needed caution to the charitable:—"I cannot help thinking that there is in some quarters too great a tendency to assume that poverty must always be the result of improvidence or crime, and to forget that it is not only the depraved and worthless, but the weak and feeble also, who are pushed aside in the race of life by the active, the vigorous, and the strong. And we find what we might reasonably expect to find, that in a time of depression accompanied by severe weather there is an increase of suffering which is gradually but surely extending. It is no sufficient answer to this statement to say that the Poor Law guardians are ready to employ all the able-bodied, or that the applications to the guardians have not materially increased. It is well known that in many unions the guardians refuse to grant any out-door relief at all, and who would encourage the deserving poor to apply for admission to the workhouse so long as there was any hope of better times by-and-by. Nor, again, is it at all to the point to urge that because some sturdy beggar has declined the proffered employment, there can be no real distress. The able-bodied idlers who bawl out their wants in West-end squares, and then relieve them in the nearest public-houses, are beneath contempt, and should be taken care of by the police; but let us be careful lest the boisterous obtrusiveness of pretended want should cause us to withhold our sympathy and help from the numbers of the patient, unmurmuring, suffering poor who often need our sympathy, but whose wants are never so keenly felt as in hard times like the present."

American Enterprise.—The Americans, who are selling watches in Geneva, files at Sheffield, and cattle in Yorkshire, are competing with England in almost every branch of trade and manufacture. Mr. James Hill, who furnished the locks used in the construction of the Walsall Hospital, writes: "When the first order came to hand, I had not begun to receive consignments of the American locks in question; but, as soon as they arrived, I submitted samples to the architects, and they unhesitatingly decided in favour of them for the remaining portion of the contract. This applies more particularly to my registered rim-locks; and out of a total of eighty rim-locks supplied, only sixteen were of English make. . . After all, it is only a question of degree. The broad and stubborn fact remains that sixty-four American locks have been fixed in an English hospital side by side with English locks, and 'within a stone's-throw of where locks are made;' and it is also undeniable that the architects preferred the American locks to the sixteen previously supplied."

Cental, or New Hundredweight.—A recent Gazette contained official notice of the new imperial weight of a hundred pounds, according to the Weights and Measures Act. "Whereas it has been made to appear to the Board of Trade that a new denomination of standard weight of a hundred pounds, being a multiple of the imperial weight of one pound ascertained by the said Act, is required, they have caused the same to be made and duly verified and deposited in their custody. And whereas the Board of Trade have given to the said new standard weight the denomination of 'cental, or new hundredweight,' her Majesty is pleased to approve of the 'cental, or new hundredweight,' as a new denomination of standard, and doth direct that the same shall be a Board of Trade standard in like manner as if it was mentioned in the second schedule to the Weights and Measures Act, 1878. There is also published a schedule setting forth the scale of errors to be tolerated in local standards when verified or reverified by the Board of Trade."

Chinese Trade.—In 1870 the total value of exports to China from this country was £6,363,391, in 1873 it was £5,017,334, and it has gradually dwindled, till in 1877 it was only £4,611,231. During this same space of time the total value of the imports from China has increased from nine millions odd to thirteen millions. The significance of these figures is the more apparent when it is remembered that the goods manufactured in this country are the very goods needed by China. Woollen manufactured goods are almost unknown in China. On the other hand, every article of clothing on the backs of the middle class and poorer Chinese of both sexes is made of cotton. Only the rich can afford to wear silk, while all alike—rich and poor—use cotton hose, even in the depth of winter. Then, too, cotton cloth is used for a variety of purposes peculiar to the Chinese. An incalculable quantity is annually consumed for the purpose of thickly lining the coffins of the dead, dressing the temples upon special occasions, and as shrouds, etc. Thus there is practically an inexhaustible field in China for Manchester goods, and yet in spite of this there is less exported to China, it appears, than is sent to the Gold Coast, to Brazil, or to Peru.

Poisonous Wearing-Apparel.—The poisoned shirt of Nessus is no mere historical legend. Physicians and analysts have discovered that poison lurks not only in articles of domestic use, but of personal clothing. A recent trial revealed the fact that many children had been killed by violet powder containing arsenic, which is also the cause of mischief in green wall-papers, and in green dresses and flowers. Dr. Alfred Taylor has lately called attention to various poisonous colouring matters besides arsenic. Cases of poisoning of the blood, as well as of skin-disease, are recorded from mauve gloves, magenta flannel, bronze-green neckties, and other portions of dress. Dr. Taylor says that "no gloves or other articles of dress worn next the skin should contain anything soluble in water. Such substances are liable to be absorbed when moistened by the insensible perspiration, causing herpes or eczema, or entering the blood and causing symptoms of constitutional poisoning."

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THE LEISURE HOUR.

BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,
AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND.—*Cowper.*

MRS. RADFORD'S "AT HOME."

"WAIT A YEAR."

CHAPTER XXII.

WHEN Mrs. Fraser, with her attendants and Mona, reached the south, it was just at that turn of the season when the lovers of pleasure are grasping the intoxicating cup with both hands. Some because it is the fashion, and the supply abundant; others because the Lenten days are coming when they must draw apart, at least for a time, from the vanities and frivolities in which their souls delight, and make believe that they have no pleasure in them. It was in the middle of February, about a fortnight before the Carnival, which was to usher in an outward pause in the ceaseless chase after amusement.

They only stopped a short while at Cannes, and then turned their thoughts to Nice, where the Combermere family had established themselves, Mrs. Fraser willingly leaving the peaceful beauty of those

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villas, embedded in trees and shrubs, which the sundown bathed in an oriental glow of pink and amber, reflected over the Alpine spurs, here called Les Estrelles, for the gayer town, which faintly tries to be a little Paris.

Nice in the early days of February may well astonish those who, bred in the simple habits of country life, can find interest enough in watching nature awake from her winter sleep, when the snowdrop, her first and fairest offering, raises its head from the brown soil and shakes its milk-white bells, unharmed by the rough breath of the frosty air. The townsman, accustomed to see a poor, pale sun striving to pierce the misty veil that hides his face, will look on here with surprise and delight. Oh, the magic power, the capacity for happiness, that seems born in the vivifying air, giving elasticity to advancing years and hope of something yet to come to those long familiar with dulness. To Mona this was an enchanted land, so new, so charming; for they had left London at its dreariest, and found this southern paradise at its brightest. It mattered not what the place was called, all was beautiful: the lofty palm rearing its noble head, or bending down its branches in graceful curves; thickets of grey olives, near or afar, nestling in hollows or crowning the lower hills; and last, though not least to the eye to which such sights are fresh, acres of the darker velvet-green of the orange-trees, laden with fruit, like golden stars glancing in the sunlight.

Mrs. Fraser chose Nice because she had friends there, and consequently should have more society. Captain Orde had not been seen. Vainly his sister had searched the visitors' list, and made inquiries at all the hotels; he had not been heard of. Obliged to depend upon herself, she speedily selected an apartment to her taste on the handsome esplanade facing the sea, the most fashionable situation, called the Promenade des Anglais, because built with English money, a plea that was permitted to stand when the French, after the annexation, tried hard to change its name.

She had been two days established in her apartment when a name in a new list of strangers caught her eye.

"Oh, here is Mrs. Radford's address; we parted in India two years ago. How glad she will be to see me again. How nice, she lives close by."

That being the case, Mrs. Fraser went on foot to pay her visit soon after luncheon was over, taking her daughter with her, and leaving Mona at home.

It may not be told how often the dazed girl, to whom everything around was fresh, was attracted to the window looking out on the broad sea and on the gay idlers, who trailed their long skirts over the gravelled walk, oblivious of dust or damage, or the masculine gossips who accompanied them.

Mona stood and watched, eagerly scanning every youthful-looking figure that passed. It was a novel excitement to be expecting at any moment to recognise her brother. All at once she started. From a group of men smoking together nearly opposite the window, one detached himself from the rest as a victoria was passing, and stopped it. Within were two ladies rather wrapped up, for the afternoon air was getting chilly. If her eyes did not deceive her, the gentleman was Captain Orde. The likeness to Mr. Sinclair, the superior height, the quicker yet more graceful movement—it was not the one, it must be the other. Judging from the animation of the three, this was a pleasant meeting. They separated at last, the carriage moved on, and Captain Orde returned to his companions.

Whilst Mrs. Fraser lamented the absence of her brother, Mona had been secretly rejoicing over it. The easy-mannered, fashionable man had left an unfavourable impression on her mind. To her simple experience his gaze was bold, his raillery foolish, his laugh cynical. He might be an approved specimen of the world to which he belonged, but Mona felt that she could have no sympathy with it nor with him. And now she would often have to bear his company. Not only must he naturally frequent his sister's house, but Mrs. Fraser insisted upon being accompanied by her when she went into general society, and there the young girl felt she would be certain to meet him. It might be foolish, but the impending intimacy with Mr. Sinclair's brother was the little drop of gall she would have to taste from day to day.

Mrs. Fraser, on her return, was brimming over with contentment. Her friend had an "at home" that evening, and she had promised to go to it with Mona.

"May I not stay with Fanny?" asked Mona.

"By no means; I want you, and have already bespoken Mrs. Radford's interest in you. We shall not go till after nine, when Fanny will be going to bed. Mrs. Radford's house is one of the most frequented. You will see so much to interest you. There is a ball at the Préfecture to-night, and as many of the guests will attend it afterwards, you will see the gay world at its best. I hear from Mrs. Radford that Miss Lestocq is to be present, and Cecil is here, just arrived from Florence. I forgot to ask the name of his hotel."

Mona's scruples were nearly overcome. At her heart was a curiosity that made her objections grow fainter and fainter, as Mrs. Fraser repeatedly told her that she could not go out alone, and did not think her maternal duty required her to leave Miss Moreton to watch the slumbers of her pupil, or mount guard at the lonely fireside. And Mona was, besides, willing to make some sacrifice of her inclinations to see the peerless beauty that had made so deep an impression upon Mr. Sinclair's life—one who, holding his troth, could be so indifferent to his happiness. How is it that gifts both rare and good are often flung into the lap of those who set no value upon them? Mona did not care to answer the question.

"You look very nice and pretty," said Mrs. Fraser, inspecting Mona before her cloak was wrapped about her, as she stood to be examined in the austere simplicity of a high black silk dress, made after Mrs. Fraser's instructions. "An 'at home' is not a party. You may dress as you like, high or low, elaborately or simply. It is quite a quiet affair. I shall have one myself when I know a few more people, and shall have settled with Mrs. Radford which would be the best evening to choose. I shall take an evening, as that will interfere less with Fanny than a morning; besides, I like it better."

After Mrs. Fraser's description of an "at home," Mona was surprised on arriving at Mrs. Radford's to find the hall filled with large plants, towering high, the staircase bordered with flowers, and to step from the soft radiance that fell over the green foliage into a blaze of light, with a low murmur of many voices echoing around her. The lady of the house being at the moment in a farther room, there was time to take

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in the novel scene before she was made aware of their arrival. The first view was bewildering, feathers and silken sheen and smiling faces everywhere. A few were attired as simply as Mona herself, but the most sparkled with jewels, or were adorned with flowers and lace that might have made the fortune of several poor families. Wherever the wax lights and flowers had left a space, china, bric-à-brac, or some dainty toy filled it up. But all this, though pretty and elegant, was as nothing compared with the living men and women who were moving, chatting, and smiling around her. The patrician air of some, the animated face of others, the extravagant toilet of a few, and the inane or jaded countenances of several, were passing in review before her when her attention was diverted by Mrs. Fraser presenting her to the lady of the house. The introduction over, and a few polite words exchanged, Mrs. Fraser found Mona a seat, and left her for a few minutes alone, promising to return after speaking to a lady of her acquaintance in the next room. Left to herself, Mona extracted amusement from watching what was passing, and was so absorbed in making her observations as to be guilty of a visible start when a low, clear voice suddenly addressed her.

"What, my brother's parishioner! The last person I expected to see here." Captain Orde held out his hand, and to Mona's vexation established himself in the chair next her, which some one had just vacated. "I knew you were here, because I have just seen my sister, but I have not yet recovered my breath lost in surprise. What can have brought the Sleeping Beauty of Hillesden to such a modern Babel as this?" he asked, regarding her with some amusement, and a little admiration too, as embarrassment and annoyance, and perhaps the heat of the room, had tinted her cheek with a deep carmine, enhancing the beauty of a face which was at all times attractive.

"I suppose I may answer 'necessity,'" she replied, glancing at her black dress. "If Mrs. Fraser has spoken of me, you already know why I am here."

There was a frigid dignity about her which, instead of repelling the captain, only seemed to divert him, for, though he answered in a regretful tone, mischief sparkled in his eyes.

"Ah, I see, I am not forgiven. Does the rector forget to inculcate the naughtiness of bearing rancour when he gives his pastoral exhortations?"

Some one singing in a loud bravura style enabled Mona to turn her attention away from him, but her respite did not last long.

"What do you think of her?" he asked, as the lady left the piano. "She is one of the belles of the room."

Not liking to say what she really thought of the bold beauty pointed out to her, she merely observed, "She looks very tired;" and might have added, "and talks very loud;" for just then her voice was heard above others, assuring some one who complimented her on her performance that she never practised, and was as hoarse as a raven.

"Well, perhaps our demure parishioner would look tired also if she enjoyed life after the fashion of the greater number of these ladies."

"They look more acquainted with weariness than enjoyment," replied Mona; "at least, those two sisters dressed in grey do, and several others also."

"And yet you have fixed precisely upon those for whom the evening's amusement is not yet begun. In an hour's time these rooms will be comparatively empty, and these tired-looking young ladies, as you describe them, will have betaken themselves to more animated scenes. 'Tired' means with them unamused."

"*There* is one who does not look wearied," observed Mona, as a lady of great beauty appeared in the doorway, her creamy silk dress of faultless make, though simply trimmed, showing her tall, imposing figure to great advantage. Following the direction of her eyes, Captain Orde murmured something she did not hear and left her. Presently he had the lady on his arm, and was conducting her to a chair, bending over her when seated, and talking eagerly, with a grace and politeness not seen in him before.

Though not feeling in harmony with the society around her, Mona was amused. She was pretty much left to her own thoughts, for her hostess, after introducing her to her neighbours, a young lady who did not choose to talk, and a young man with whom she had little in common, quitted her. Yet not the less did she find ample occupation in watching the guests. There were mothers, looking helpless and fatigued, indulging in a quiet yawn behind their fans while listening to some uninteresting talker, and girls waiting impatiently, as she now believed, for the signal of release from the staid scenes before them, in order to enter upon the wider and gayer arena of the ball-room. But from all this her eyes continually reverted to Captain Orde and his handsome companion. The good understanding between them was marked, yet peculiar. She saw him resign his seat to another gentleman with the same smile with which he had appropriated it, and stand by, apparently equally content, while the lady conversed in an equally animated manner with her new cavalier.

"I suppose that is the way in fashionable life," mused Mona. "People talk and look as if dreadfully in earnest one minute, and forget the next."

Still, Mona was interested, more especially in one direction. A third gentleman, distinguished-looking, with a foreign order at his button-hole, had joined the group, and Captain Orde stood more aloof, idly playing with the fan which Mona had seen him take from the lady's hand. Presently there was a movement; the lady rose, took the arm of the foreigner, and crossed the room to speak to a friend, one of those who looked tired and bored. This latter, no longer young, was dressed in the hue so suited to a chaperone, a pearly grey, with sufficient black lace about it to give her a duenna-like appearance. A few words passed, and then the lady in grey swept by Mona in search of Mrs. Radford, followed by the others.

"Are you coming?" asked the young beauty, stretching out her hand for the fan Captain Orde was holding.

"Presently."

They were within a little distance of Mona, and would pass nearly close to her chair.

"Here is an importation from Hillesden, just arrived. Would you not like to see one of my brother's parishioners?" asked Captain Orde, glancing in Mona's direction.

"And what good would that do me? I shall have time enough to make their acquaintance when I accept my fate," she answered, turning her face, brightened by a dimpled smile, towards him.

Then this was the lady whom Mona had really come to see. There was no denying her claims to

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beauty. She had been pre-eminent for it when Mr. Sinclair first made her acquaintance; she was so still. But what harmony, what possible congruity of tastes, could exist between this brilliant creature, accustomed to a life so gorgeous, and the quiet, over-shadowed existence led by the rector of Hillesden! What could that little parish, with its village politics, its rustic interests, its simple inhabitants, offer to gratify one who delighted in scenes of this description? What—and Mona was half shocked at her irreverence—what could Mr. Sinclair himself be? Mr. Sinclair, whose occupations were so serious and so solid, who, when not poring over folios at home, was visiting his poor, going from house to house, teaching, exhorting, and delighting to spend in God's service the days that had been so mercifully preserved to him? What could he be in the estimation of this child of fashion? What could bind together two beings apparently so uncongenial? It were hard to say, unless the bands of a true and deep affection, which, despite all inharmonies of character, held their hearts.

"We will go now, I am getting tired," said Mrs. Fraser, interrupting Mona's reflections before she had found any satisfaction in their exercise.

"So soon! But you are not going to the Préfecture?" observed Mrs. Radford, trying to detain her friend.

"No; but I have not yet recovered from my journey. I shall see you to-morrow; we have so much to say to each other."

Mrs. Fraser slipped gracefully away and met her brother in the corridor, already cloaked for departure. "Will you come home with me, Cecil?"

"Not to-night; I have another engagement. At what hour will you be visible to-morrow?"

"Any time you like. I breakfast at ten."

This was said hurriedly as Mrs. Fraser and Mona were about to pass into the cloaking-room. "A handsome woman that Helen Lestocq; rather on too large a scale for my taste, but being little myself I naturally prefer the smaller specimens," said Mrs. Fraser when seated in her carriage to go home. "You, being middle-sized, can afford to admire either," she added, with a laugh.

"Was Mr. Sinclair always grave as he now is, or do you suppose him to be much altered?" asked Mona, irrelevantly.

"Altered! Yes, I should hardly have known him again. Though four years younger than Cecil, he looks at least four older. That fall into the glacier has made an old man of him. If we could but get him out here we might grind away some of the old life and make him young again. He cannot be more than thirty-four, yet you might add on ten years to look at him. Miss Lestocq is just the person to take the fancy of a man like Warren, though I should not have supposed he would have taken hers."

Mona had no answer to give; her head was aching from the light, her brain giddy with the phantasmagoria still passing before it, and her senses dulled and deadened by the mixed odours of perfumes and flowers. She could not help regretting that she had left home for a life so artificial as this.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The following day, when Captain Orde came to see his sister, Mona was engaged with her pupil. If she hoped to escape his notice she was mistaken. Her rule not being very strict, Fanny no sooner heard her uncle's voice than she jumped up and went to greet him.

"Halloo! my little Fan, are you there? Where do you come from?" he asked, submitting to her caresses.

"That is my schoolroom, where Miss Moreton and I sit and study," replied the girl, glancing back over her shoulder. "We leave this room for visitors. I am to have a great many different masters, becaus{ mamma wants Miss Moreton to go out with her."

"Where is Miss Moreton?"

Fanny pointed to the next room, and Captain Orde went in that direction, stopping in the doorway with a show of humility. "Is it permitted to an erring mortal like myself to approach the bower of sleeping Innocence?" he asked, in the half serious, half comic tone he seemed to delight in adopting towards Mona, and which jarred upon her extremely.

"It seems that I have not the power of preventing it," she returned, with as chilling a manner as she could assume, and really angry at his persistent *persiflage*.

"Which means that you would if you could. Oh, fie! Miss Moreton! What would my brother say to hear of such persevering resentment in the heart of his *protégée*—I beg pardon, his parishioner, I mean. He objects to your being called his *protégée*."

"I am not conscious of resentment; indeed, such a feeling would be unjustifiable; but Captain Orde must perceive that the office I hold, and the work I have to do, are incompatible with interruptions from visitors."

"But I am not a visitor; I am part of the family—the naughty part, if you like, yet not utterly irreclaimable. You might do me good if you would try—ah! that means you won't," he continued, as Mona shook her head, "not that you can't. Do you not know that no living man is beyond the reach of improvement. Try and think more favourably of me. I have secret convictions and am trying to grow principles; will you not take me in hand? There is something in me not yet come to light—in fact, not to be too modest, I may say there is a great deal capable of development. Try me."

By this time Captain Orde had seated himself at Mona's round table, and was looking at her with comic entreaty.

"Now, Fan, would you like to have me for a fellow-pupil?" he asked, addressing his niece.

"But what could Miss Moreton teach you, you great, big man?"

"She might teach me to be good."

Fanny laughed, and repeated her uncle's request to her mother, who then entered. Mrs. Fraser's bright little face became clouded immediately.

"Will you kindly explain to Captain Orde that my labours will be worse than vain, and our studies a complete farce, if he comes into this room and interrupts us?" said Mona, speaking to Mrs. Fraser with an earnestness that greatly amused the intruder.

"Come, Cecil, we will go and see the Lestocqs. So early a visit will appear affectionate," observed Mrs. Fraser, without noticing Mona's appeal.

"Au revoir, Miss Moreton," said Captain Orde, bowing politely, and rising to follow his sister; but when he was in the next room he laughed at the discomfiture he had occasioned. "That young lady has conceived a dislike to me because on one occasion, taking her for a village damsel, I paid her

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some foolish compliments when I encountered her in the Abbey grounds at Hillesden. She holds up her dainty head as high as a tragedy-queen stepping the boards. To tame her and make her like me will be almost as good as taming a shrew."

"What do you mean, Cecil?" answered Mrs. Fraser, somewhat aghast at his threat. "That would do neither for you nor her."

"*That*," returned Cecil, emphasising the word, and speaking with a bitterness far exceeding the importance of the occasion. "I never alluded to anything so comfortable. An elder brother, with less than the fortune of a younger, must never think of marrying unless he is willing to sell himself for money, and could endure to appear a sort of dummy at home, and to hear his wife perpetually using the first personal pronoun. As I could bear neither the humiliation of being number two, nor the restraints of an economical household, believe me, I have no designs upon any one, least of all upon Miss Moreton."

Mrs. Fraser would have been ashamed for her brother to know how much she was relieved by his candour; it had been no part of her projects on behalf of Mona to admit her into her own family, though very anxious to see her well settled in some other way.

They found the Lestocqs in a cheerful apartment on the third floor in a locality not altogether unfashionable. The widow, with a little assistance from her father, was able to make both ends meet in a quiet way. Her daughter's beauty, added to their connection with General Miller, made them welcome in many houses, and as every expense, not absolutely necessary to hold their place in society, was rigidly avoided, they continued to keep up an appearance of being richer than they really were. Cecil Orde knew their income to a penny. In one of the weak moments when he listened to his fancies, he had made himself acquainted with the amount, but no one else knew it, not even Warren Sinclair.

The room into which Mrs. Fraser was ushered was simply furnished but had no aspect of poverty or meanness. It had in it a gilt consol, three mirrors, a sofa, a *chaise-longue*, a few arm-chairs, and other chairs in dark red velvet, of an economical shade, but over and above were several nick-nacks lying about, peculiar to a lady's taste, which rescued it from the stiff and gloomy character often incidental to a season lodging.

Mrs. Fraser's early visit appeared to give pleasure both to mother and daughter as well as to herself. Perhaps the beauty of Helen Lestocq was a trifle less dazzling by day than by night, but it was nevertheless remarkable. The mouth had a hard expression sometimes, but it often relaxed into smiles which were very bewitching where they fell. One such was given to Captain Orde when he seated himself by her side, leaving the two elder ladies to talk together.

"Give an account of yourself. Why have we not seen you earlier in this long, long winter?" asked Helen Lestocq, emphasising the adjective.

"An account of myself!" repeated Cecil. "That would not be very interesting, nor is there much to tell since I went to England. When I was tired of shooting I looked up a few of my friends, and when I was weary of them I went to Paris, and when tired of Paris, to Florence, and thence I came here."

"Did you go to Hillesden?"

"Yes, and found Warren looking ill, morose, and unhappy. You are really behaving badly to him."

"Do you think so?" she asked, with one of her softest smiles. "He deserved to be punished. I cannot even now contemplate my altered prospects with any patience; besides, since that one interview at Geneva, he has never asked me to change my mind."

"And would you if he did?" said Captain Orde, fixing his bright, searching eyes upon her.

"Perhaps not, but let it be remembered in my favour, and against him, that he has not offered any remonstrance, direct or indirect, since he went to Hillesden. He writes to mamma occasionally, never to me."

"Did you not prohibit him from writing?"

"A man in earnest will sometimes force the sentry," replied Helen.

"And get well punished for it," returned Captain Orde.

"Now tell me how you have passed the winter."

"Not so badly but that I am sorry it is likely to be my last—my last of life; for Hillesden will be only vegetation."

"You have a larger circle of acquaintance here than you had at Cannes. By-the-by, you seem pretty intimate with the Count Marinski. Where did you meet with him?"

"At Vienna, when I was travelling with the Millers. The general had an introduction to him. He invited us to his country house, where we were almost royally entertained. He has one of the finest private picture galleries in the country."

"And is reputed to be rich in everything but sense."

If Helen did not appreciate Captain Orde's remark she smiled on him as usual. He was the only one among those who crowded round her whose presence or absence had any effect on the pulsation she called a heart, and he was the one who seemed especially singled out to take the *rôle* of friendship. If she listened to others it was with simulated interest, and for an object definite, though secret; for him it was real.

Captain Orde knew well that if he and Warren could change places in fortune they would change in another position also; but as that could not be, he was willing to make the best of circumstances as they were. Without for a moment meditating treachery to his brother, he enjoyed Helen Lestocq's partiality, its charm being enhanced by the intimacy this prospective relationship appeared to sanction. The caprice of deferring her marriage was not disagreeable to him, but he had hitherto acted loyally towards both. He looked upon Helen as his future sister-in-law, and had no desire to see any one but Warren carry off the prize. Incapable of an equal depth of feeling, he had beheld his brother's faithful attachment with admiration, and his late patient submission with surprise, not understanding that fine sense of justice which from the first had made excuses for Helen's disappointment. If any change had taken place in Warren's feelings Cecil did not know it; to him she was the affianced of another, and that represented a certain interest for himself, with which no stranger must interfere.

Mrs. Fraser's visit was returned in the early part of the following day in the same informal manner. As they were to be sisters by-and-by, both parties agreed to dispense with ceremony in their future intercourse. Before the visit was over, Captain Orde lounged into the room. It was not long before he

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thought of making Helen acquainted with another member of the family.

"Where is Fan? You have not yet seen Fan," he observed at one of the pauses in the conversation, looking round the room as if expecting her to appear. "She must make your acquaintance, or, better still, you hers. Come with me," he said, rising, and with a glance inviting Miss Lestocq to follow him.

"Do you mean your niece, or are you speaking of some pet terrier?" asked Helen, showing no disposition to move.

"And there is the recent importation from Hillesden also to introduce to you, my niece's governess. Since Miss Moreton has gained my sister over to her side I require an excuse to pass the threshold of her apartment."

"Miss Moreton and Hillesden—her name is not unfamiliar," observed Helen, trying to connect them.

"Pray don't, Cecil!" said Mrs. Fraser, interrupting her desultory talk with Mrs. Lestocq, as her brother took hold of the handle of the door. "I beg of you not to intrude upon Miss Moreton so unceremoniously."

The request was made too late. Before the sentence was completed, Captain Orde was inside the adjoining room, and Helen Lestocq, led by curiosity, had followed him. What she expected to see she did not know herself; nothing very interesting, perhaps, for Hillesden was as little in good repute with her as Nazareth of old to the ancient Jews. What she saw was a young girl standing before a table in the grace of early womanhood, whose black dress set off to more than its natural advantage a sweet, fair face, delicately tinted, but which rapidly flushed to a deep rose at this unexpected intrusion. Helen was too true a connoisseur not to recognise at once that she had before her no ordinary type of female beauty, one over which the poisonous breath of human passions had not passed. Purity, candour, and truth affixed their ennobling stamp on features perfectly chiselled. The whole appearance of the girl was quiet and simple—a little too grave, perhaps, but very gentle. The introductions over, Helen observed that Miss Moreton cast an uneasy glance at Captain Orde, which plainly signified a wish to be left alone. Though not without a certain dignity, that look was sufficiently deprecative to be also provocative to one of his temperament.

"He will tease her," thought Helen, "and that will interest him." To this weak fear on the part of Helen Lestocq, Mona owed the superficial friendship that this woman of the world sometimes testified for her when thrown into her society; and Mona, on her side, was able to sound, as far as her ignorance of certain traits of worldliness allowed, the character of the destined mistress of Hillesden Rectory.

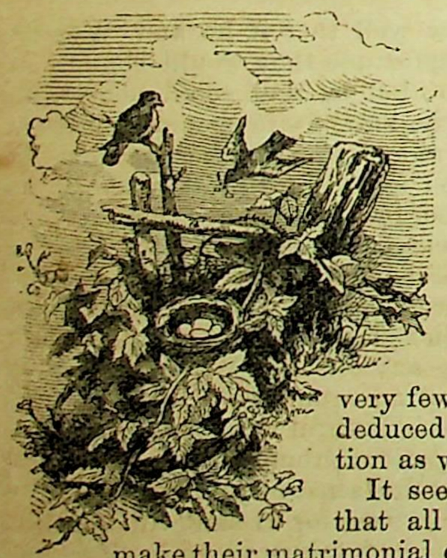
"How will she get on in your little village?" asked Mrs. Fraser of Mona, one evening as they stood over the fire after a dinner party where Helen had, as usual, commanded general admiration.

"I don't know," returned Mona, evasively. "I should never have supposed her to be engaged to Mr. Sinclair—their minds must lie far apart."

Mrs. Fraser shrugged her shoulders, and said that a man's head was often turned by a pretty woman, and that they must not be hard upon Miss Lestocq for getting a little enjoyment out of her life before she settled down into village obscurity—sentiments which Mona heard with silent wonder.

NATURAL HISTORY ANECDOTES.

THE PAIRING OF BIRDS.



The pairing habits of birds, and the various degrees of conjugal devotion exhibited by different species, are very interesting subjects in the study of ornithology. Our knowledge on these points is necessarily limited, and only a very few general laws can be deduced from such information as we possess.

It seems tolerably certain that all our raptorial birds make their matrimonial engagements for life, and, whether in the nesting season or at other times, they may most commonly be observed in pairs. First among his tribe, and first, indeed, among all the birds of the air, must be placed the eagle; and of him we know that he is a faithful, attentive, and devoted husband, seldom travelling far abroad save when accompanied by his wife. He takes some share in the duties of incubation, but his chief occupation during the nesting season is in purveying food for his wife and family, a labour of love very indifferently appreciated by neighbouring shepherds. When accident deprives an eagle of his mate, he seldom remains very long a widower, but where and how he manages to procure a substitute for the dear departed it is not very easy to see. Eagles are essentially solitary in their habits, and with us are very rare indeed, so much so that the number of pairs breeding annually in the British Isles might, without great difficulty, be ascertained. It would almost seem that an eagle, on losing his mate, would have to deprive some other eagle of his partner, or else go without a wife. How this matter may arrange itself I do not know, but the difficulty is of frequent occurrence, and it is apparently got over somehow. A few years ago a pair of eagles made their eyrie in one of the north isles of Shetland. In the nesting season, when building was almost completed, the female bird was shot, and the male soon afterwards disappeared. He was absent only a few days, and then returned, bringing with him a new wife, who made herself quite at home in the nearly-finished nest, where the pair succeeded in raising a brood of young eaglets without further molestation. Where the second wife came from I am not in a position to say. It could not have been from any eyrie near at home, for eagles in that part of the country are very scarce, and to find an eligible partner at that season of the year unattached must have been a very hard task indeed.

Ravens are very faithful and affectionate as

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wedded folks, and, like eagles, pair for life. Being vastly more abundant than eagles, they must experience comparatively little trouble in procuring substitutes when accident, nature, or the nemesis of murdered sheep deprives a fond corbie of his mate. One very hard winter a pair of ravens haunted the fields around my father's house, committing dire havoc among our poultry, geese, and ducks. They were old offenders, and wily in proportion to their age and experience, so that for a long time they defied our best-directed efforts for their destruction. At length I managed to shoot the female, and fancied that her fate would deter her surviving mate from continuing his unwelcome visits. But he seemed to increase rather than diminish his attentions, and in a few days' time appeared with a new wife. Her I shot in the first week of their honeymoon; but, after what I considered a scandalously short period of mourning, my friend presented himself with number three. The nesting season began soon afterwards, and the happy couple, betaking themselves to fields and pastures new, soon dropped out of my acquaintance. This is a marked case of birds pairing while what we call the pairing season was still some weeks distant.

With the habits of rooks I am not very well acquainted, having acquired most of my bird-lore in a treeless land where rooks are rare visitors. I believe, however, that, like most gregarious birds and beasts, rooks care little about their mates, save in the mating season, although there is little doubt that they resume their conjugal relations year after year, and occupy the same nest for many successive seasons. But they are rarely to be seen consorting in pairs during the autumn and winter seasons, from which it may fairly be inferred that the matrimonial bond is less tightly drawn in their case than in that of some of their immediate congeners.

Hooded crows are very nearly as affectionate partners as ravens, and they form very lasting connections. One pair I knew well for many years, and it happened that they were easily distinguishable from others of their kind. The male had a stiff leg, which hung down when the birds were on wing, and the female was known from her unusually diminutive size. These birds had a strong liking for one particular part of the cliffs near our house, and, although the actual site of the nest was changed every year, the general locality was always the same. I am sorry now to think how very often the eggs of that pair of hoodies found their way into my hands, but the nest was always built in such a very tempting position that no merely human boy could possibly have resisted taking possession of it. Crafty and sagacious in other things, hooded crows are singularly confiding and guileless in their choice of sites for their habitations, and in this respect they contrast strongly with their raven cousins, who invariably select the most unapproachable positions for their eyries. The pair of hoodies which I have just mentioned were stupid enough on one occasion to build their big clumsy nest actually below high-water mark, and the whole lumbering fabric was swept away by a spring tide. I once shot a hoodie in the breeding season, in a fit of rage at finding him engaged in plundering an eider duck's nest which I had been carefully watching for some time. I knew his nest well enough, and had left it alone; so I considered that he had not treated me in a gentlemanlike manner in robbing that of my *protégé*. He suffered the extreme penalty of the law for his offence, but my heart was afterwards much softened towards his widow and family. They, poor things, were left without the bread-winner, and the mother crow had to take entire charge of the establishment. She worked very hard, early and late, for her five hungry children, and I take pleasure in thinking that I helped her and them to many a "square" meal. The brood was safely reared, and finally launched upon society, but I was careful not to mention to any of my good friends, the neighbouring farmers, who it was that had acted as foster-father to the orphan rascals. T. EDMONDSTON.

A CURIOUS FRIENDSHIP.

A pigeon, whose mate had been shot, and who was consequently a solitary, unfriended bird, attached himself strongly to a hen. He accompanied her in her walks abroad and her duties at home. At meal-times he would assiduously bustle about, and draw her attention to the choicest morsels of Indian corn, that delicious refection! He took his natural rest perched upon her back; in short, this pair of friends were inseparable. The hen became very anxious to sit, and her mistress accommodated her with some eggs and a nest. The indefatigable pigeon remained beside her while she sat, and cooed forth many remarks to beguile the tedium of her occupation. What a pity that we cannot tell whether the hen understood his conversation! He was even willing to share the fatigues of nursing, a proof of friendship no mother could fail to understand and appreciate. When the hen got off to feed, he would bustle on to the nest, stretch out his wings as far as they would go, and attempt to supply her place. We grieve to have to record that this joint nursing was not successful. No chickens resulted from that goodly nestful of eggs.

Both birds were the property of a family residing in a village near Aylesbury, Bucks. They form another proof of the fact that the "lower animals" are not only capable of conceiving strong affection for man, but that they occasionally manifest tenderness towards each other, and that, too, when they belong to separate orders or families. E. S.

A SITTING GANDER.

A most curious taste developed itself in a gander appertaining to a farmer at Riverhead, near Redburn, Lincolnshire. This singular bird was determined to hatch. He first of all selected a wet stone, as the object of his maternal affection; then a discarded tin kettle; and, last of all, he was discovered assiduously brooding on a waistcoat of his master's. It was finally decided to gratify his most unusual taste for family cares and responsibility, and he was provided with five eggs. To the lasting triumph of his sex, be it said, he brought off his brood triumphantly! But, alas! his subsequent elation somewhat resembled the overwhelming pride of a bachelor who can sew on a button and make a bed, and who consequently imagines himself a greater authority in household matters than all the generations of women who have yet seen the light.

In the fulness of his heart, and the delight of release from long captivity, this deluded gander took such extravagantly long walks, that he walked his poor little goslings into their untimely graves.

We must "draw a veil" over the grief of the

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afflicted parent; but can we not imagine the sensation it would cause in the farmyard, and the impressive morals it would enable all hens, ducks, and geese to point to their respective mates, as to their necessary ignorance on family matters, and the terrible consequences of their rashly undertaking duties for which nature unfitted them? E. S.

A REVENGEFUL DOG.

It is not often we have to record anything unamiable concerning dogs; and if what I am going to relate appears to contradict our knowledge of dog nature, it must be noted that in this case the evil deed probably took its rise from intense affection. A family whom I know had two dogs, one of them a big creature. This big dog and a small companion went out with their master, and when at some distance from home passed a pond situated at a little way from the road. Both dogs ran into the middle of the pond, and when there, in a spot whence it was impossible to reach them, the big dog seized hold of the little one, dragged him beneath the water, *and held him there* until the breath had left his body. During this scene his master tried in every possible manner to force the creature to lose his hold of the weak and struggling little dog; he called to him in his most authoritative voice, he threw his stick at him, he hurled large stones, but to no purpose. It was not until the small dog floated dead on the surface of the water that the big dog swam back to land! Jealousy was the only explanation that could be given of the act. The children had fondled the small dog and had taken less notice than before of his big companion. M. A.

MONSTER ENGLISH FISH.

Mr. R. Norman, of Great Yarmouth, in an article on monster fish, in the "Fishing Gazette," a weekly paper devoted to the affairs of Anglers, says:—"I never go up to London without paying a visit to John Cooper, of St. Luke's, the well-known taxidermist, and am always amply rewarded, every room in the house being full of splendid specimens of his proficiency in this most beautiful art. The largest pike Mr. Cooper has ever preserved weighed over 38 lb., and another splendid fish, from Loch Erne, in Ireland, caught by Captain Archdale, was nearly 36 lb. The largest carp scaled 15½ lb., and several other very fine specimens have passed through his hands. As may be expected, he has had many Thames trout, and 14 lb. 9 oz. was the top weight of these silvery beauties. A fine tench scaled 5¼ lb., and a remarkably large roach of 2½ lb., from the Hampshire Avon, is on my notes; also a bream of 8¼ lb., a barbel of 7 lb. 14 oz., and a chub weighing 6 lb. I particularly noticed a most beautiful river-trout of 3½ lb., but perhaps the most remarkable specimen, taking them altogether, was a rud (or roud, as they are called here), of no less than 3 lb. 9 oz. This fish measured over 17½ in. in length, and was taken by Mr. G. Lambert, July 6th, 1876, without a winch. Mr. Cooper also informed me he had preserved two remarkably fine barbel, weighing 14 lb., caught the same day by a gentleman at Teddington in the year 1875. Many a good perch has also been immortalised by him, the largest weighing about 4 lb. This fish was taken in one of the Norfolk Broads many years since. Forty-five years ago I caught a perch of 5¼ lb. in March, full of spawn, and another in the June following of 5 lb. 3 oz., which would no doubt have scaled 6 lb. in the spawning season, being 2 in. longer than the other fish. I have offered half-a-sovereign for a 5 lb. perch without success during the last thirty years, although many over 3 lb. and under 4 lb. have been brought to me, besides those taken with my own rod during that time. As for that Serpentine nine-pounder, I don't believe in it, nor the Dagenham perch either; and as a proof of this, when Whittlesea Mere was drained, the largest perch found in the nets was under 4 lb. This lake, the largest in East Anglia, contained nearly 2,000 acres of water, and wonderful stories are still extant of monsters taken many years ago in the great 'White Sea,' as the Fen men called it. Some years since I bought a very old painting of a pike on an oak plank, with the following inscription, in very quaint-looking letters:—

MONSTER PIKE,
Caught in Whittlesea Mere,
Weighed 52 lb.

The largest pike I ever caught weighed 36¾ lb., in the latter part of June, 1832; it was just over a yard and a-half in length, and had swallowed another *esox* which many London anglers would call a good fish, and this monster in March would, no doubt, have been a forty-pounder. In November, 1850, I caught two fine pike within an hour; one was 48 in., the other 42 in. long."

The Morning Call.

THE haunts of fashion, duly paid,
The morning call is often made;
But often too in fashion's mart
Her forms with friendship have no part.

Not so where less punctilious rule,
Less ordered round, the feelings school;
Here looks and deeds unfettered play,
And impulse owns a wider sway.

No formal call is this I ween,
This humble, homely, quiet scene,
Whose charm is in its sweet content,
With artless love so aptly blent.

Stray sunbeams gild the cottage floor,
The whitewashed wall, the open door,
And shimmer brightly round the pair
Of toddling neighbours standing there.

Soft lips are pressed to chubby face;
While gazing on this fond embrace,
Two buxom mothers smile to see
How well their little ones agree.

Ah, happy homes where toil is cheered,
And simple pleasures are endeared
By love, the pledge of that to bloom
More strong, more pure, beyond the tomb.

S. E. G.

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From the Picture exhibited in the Royal Academy by Joseph Clark, 1878.

THE MORNING CALL.

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UTOPIAN EXPERIMENTS AND SOCIAL PIONEERINGS.

BY THE REV. M. KAUFMANN, M.A., AUTHOR OF "SOCIALISM: ITS NATURE, ITS DANGERS, AND ITS REMEDIES CONSIDERED."

IV.—DURING THE REFORMATION.

BEFORE Luther made his perilous entry into Worms as the champion of the Reformation, his friend, Spalatin, anxious for his safety, reminded him of the fate of his forerunner, Huss. Luther's noble reply was, "Huss was burned, but not the truth with him." This pregnant saying applies both to the religious and social movements, which, crushed for a time in the previous century, revived once more and reached their culmination in what has been called "the Protestant Revolution." The social pioneerings fostered by the Primitive Church, and the "tender humanities of Roman Catholicism," by mediæval sectaries and the early precursors of the Reformation, were followed up by those Utopian experiments of the sixteenth century—the Peasant wars of Germany and the Communistic efforts of the Anabaptists. There is a close, though not a historical, connection between the Hussite wars and these movements; just as the Peasants' War itself formed, according to Louis Blanc, the prologue of the French Revolution. All Utopian movements are only so many successive symptoms of the same social malady, whilst Utopias themselves are the prescriptions, and Utopian experiments the treatment, applied to the chronic disease in the social organism at successive epochs in the history of society.

As the early establishment of Christianity in the Roman empire led to a social regeneration, so the re-establishment of Primitive Christianity in feudal Europe at the time of the Reformation was accompanied by a fresh attempt to free mankind, not only from religious thraldom, but also from social bondage.

It has been pointed out that the Reformation not only created considerable economic changes of a *material* kind, but was itself hastened on by "social progress, one aspect of the economic side of which shows itself in the discovery of the New World, and the consequent revolution of prices."

To what extent this affected the position of the English peasantry has been shown by Mr. Seebohn in his remarkable little book on the Reformation.* Material improvement and a more extensive distribution of comforts among all classes, and the awakening at the same time of a spirit of cupidity and curiosity by reason of these discoveries, became also the occasion of discontent with their material condition among the masses all over Europe. For it is not in periods of the most abject condition of the people that social dissatisfaction is most deeply felt or experienced. It is when pressure is partially removed that the "imperious demand for progress" makes itself heard. It is during the dawn which precedes a new era of freedom that the "insurrection of the human mind" breaks out most violently against the abuses of absolute power in Church and State. This we see accomplished in the great religious and social convulsions of the sixteenth century.

The first manifestation of this great movement, regarded in its social aspect, was the formation of the "League of Shoes," towards the close of the fifteenth century, under which name the peasantry living in the boundaries of Switzerland first formed themselves into a secret alliance to shake off the yoke of their feudal oppressors. From thence the movement gradually spread towards the north and east of Germany, until it assumed the character of a formidable organisation, which, for good or for evil, was closely connected with the religious movement of the time. Thus the programme of the party demands "Christian union and fraternity." In the banner of these "shoeless ruffians" figured the Virgin Mary and St. John, the Pope and the Emperor, a peasant kneeling before the cross, a *bundschuh* (*i.e.*, a peasant's clog), and under it the motto, "O Lord, help the righteous."

During the discussions at the Diet of Worms, in 1521, threats of a general rise of the peasantry were heard in the streets without, and a placard was found posted on the walls of the town-hall, stating that 400 knights and 8,000 foot were ready to defend Luther against the Romanists. It had no signature, but underneath were written the ominous words: "Bundschuh, Bundschuh, Bundschuh." This was supposed to have been instigated by the potent knight Von Sicknijen, the "German Ziska," who, it was hoped at one time, would head the common people in their attempt to liberate themselves from Romanism and Feudalism at the same time.

It is interesting to watch these struggles for social freedom three centuries ago, as almost a perfect parallel between them and the present Socialistic conflict in the same country may be established, as indeed the attempt has been made by Engels, the friend of Karl Marx, in a preface to his short history of the Peasants' War. Then, as now, a *Culturkampf*, *i.e.*, a struggle between the ecclesiastical pretensions of Rome and the secular power of German princes, accompanied the Socialistic ferment; then, as now, the democratic section of the industrial towns inclined them to side with the revolutionary party. The gates of Würtzburg were thrown open to the rebel army, and the citizens received them with acclamation. But then, as now, too, the fear of a needy Proletariat demanding material equality terrorised the *bourgeoisie* into submission and the sacrifice of constitutional liberties to secure themselves against the turbulent section of social levellers. Then, as now, leaders of undoubted power, moral worth, and exalted station, had, like the eloquent scholar, Ulrich von Hutten, and the valiant knight, Florian von Geier, headed the movement; and then, as now, too, there was a mixed multitude of malcontents, the rabble, with their demoralising influences in the camp of the rebels, and the communal insurrections of towns—in fine, then, as now, society was in a confused state of mutual distrust, class antagonism, and seething discontent; whilst along with the cry for State centralisation in favour of the masses, discord and disunion prevailed among the Socialist party, which made them victims of treacherous demagogues like Goetz von Berlichingen, and brought their plans into confusion, until all ended in utter failure.

Fifty years after the suppression of the Bohemian

* "Era of the Protestant Revolution," p. 227.

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revolt described in the last chapter, the growls of discontent which had been heard for two centuries throughout Western Europe were re-echoed by the peasantry of Germany. In England, the rising of Wat Tyler; in France, the *Jacquerie*, seconded by the mutinous population of Paris; in the Flemish towns, the democratic movement, led by Philip von Artevelde, had preceded the agrarian revolution of Germany. As distant peals of thunder, attended by the lightning flash, precede a powerful storm, so these repeated popular outbursts, succeeded by the refulgent blaze of the "new learning," ushered in the wild tempest of the Reformation period. Popular aspirations could now no longer be repressed, and the expressions of the people's wrongs could now no longer be silenced.

> "And, cloud-like in their increase,
> All their grief
> Broke, and began the overwhelming wail
> Out of a common impulse, word for word."

The grievances of the German peasantry were heavy feudal burdens and exactions, universal distress among the people, caused by an unjust expropriation of the small holders of land by seigneurial cupidity and legal chicanery. An agrarian Proletariat was created where reminiscences of the freedom of their ancient Germanic village communities had not yet been entirely extinguished. The insolence of local magnates and rising princes compelling the peasant* and the burgher to minister to their expensive luxury and wasteful prodigality, swelled the torrent of popular indignation, whilst the oppressive measures of the patrician merchants of the towns roused a spirit of rebellion among the small tradesmen and craftsmen, and so increased the number of malcontents throughout the length and breadth of Germany.

Joss Fritz, a soldier of commanding presence and great natural eloquence, suddenly appeared in the Black Forest in 1512-13, to organise an insurrection among the peasantry; but the conspiracy was betrayed before the contemplated rising could take place. Nevertheless, the rebellion spread under cover of secrecy, and found adherents in Swabia and Franconia, and soon the charming environs of the Neckar and the Rhine, now frequented by the modern tourist, became the scenes of cruel war and savage devastation in the conflict which ensued between the serfs and their masters.

The demands of the peasantry were comprehended in the twelve articles, and are, apart from the vague impracticability of some among them, extremely moderate. They were as follows:

1. The right to choose their own pastors.
2. They would pay tithes of corn, out of which the pastor should be paid, the rest going to the use of the parish, but they refused to pay small tithes.
3. They would be free, and no longer serfs and bondmen.
4. Wild game and fish was to be free to all.
5. Woods and forests to belong to all for fuel.
6. No services of labour to be more than was required of their forefathers.
7. If more were required wages must be paid accordingly.
8. Rent, when above the value of the land, to be properly valued and lowered.
9. Punishments for crimes to be fixed.
10. Common land again to be given up for common use.
11. Death gifts (*i.e.*, the right of the lord to take the best chattel of the deceased tenant) to be done away with.
12. Any of these articles proved to be contrary to the Scriptures or God's justice to be null and void.

The demanded reforms were refused, and an army was sent to reduce the Swabian peasants to obedience under the command of Truchsess, who crushed the revolt with his trained soldiers in several battles near the Danube, the Algau, and the Bodensee, inflicting heavy loss of life among the vanquished. This happened in 1525. Six thousand peasants now assembled in the valley of the Neckar to avenge the slaughter of their brethren in the south. The first victim of their wrath was the young Count of Helfenstein, who lived at the castle in the town of Weinsberg, and who had, by his overbearing cruelty, provoked the deadly hatred of the peasants. They stormed the town and castle, under the leadership of Florian Geier, Wendel Hipler, and Little Jack Rohrback. The count's offer of ransom was refused. "He must die, though he were made of gold," was the relentless reply of the exasperated peasants. Hipler counselled moderation at a council held after plundering the castle and monastery. But Little Jack held another council of his own in the depth of night, and then every knight and noble in Weinsberg was doomed to death. As day was breaking the count and other noble prisoners were led forth, surrounded by a circle of pikes with the steel points inward. The tears and pleadings of the countess, with a babe in her arms, availed nothing. The peasants stood in two opposite ranks, with a passage between the points of their pikes. A piper of the count mockingly led the way, inviting his late master to follow in a dance of death. The count and nobles were compelled to follow. The ranks closed upon them, and they were soon pierced to death. A wild peasant woman stuck her knife into the count's body, and smeared herself with blood. And so, unknown to the other leaders, and to the remainder of the peasantry, "Little Jack," on that terrible morning, had revenged the thousands of his comrades slain by the Swabian lords, blood for blood.*

Other enormities followed: abbeys were sacked; castles were razed to the ground; cities were pillaged by the infuriated populace. They plundered the granaries, emptied the cellars, drew the seigneurial fish ponds, and burnt the convents, and all this in revenge of wrongs suffered through centuries of oppression. Acts of retaliation, however, on the part of the defenders of public order, followed, in which the savagery of the nobles surpassed even the cruelties of the rebels. Bands of peasants were hewn down by disciplined troops under Truchsess. One night, after a bloody battle, in which several thousand peasants were slain, the piper of Weinsberg, taken among the prisoners—the same who had piped the dance of death at the murder of the Count of Helfenstein—met his fate. In the presence of the survivor of the count, and by orders of the commander, he was fastened with an iron chain, about two feet long, to an apple-tree. With their own hands the nobles helped in building a circular pile of wood round the victim, and then set fire to the pile. In the depth of night, and amid the

* Menzel, in his history of the Germans, alludes to a case in point to show the overbearing insolence of the landed aristocracy of the period. In several places the peasants were compelled to beat the water of the moats during the night so as to keep the frogs from croaking, lest the spiritual or temporal lords inhabiting the castles should be disturbed in their sleep by the noise.

* Seebohn, "Era of the Protestant Revolution," pp. 139, 140. "A yell of horror," adds the historian, "was raised through Germany at the news of the peasants' revenge. No yell had risen when the count cut peasants' throats or the Swabian lords slew thousands of peasant rebels. Europe had not yet learned to mete out the same measure of justice to noble and to common blood."

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groans of the wounded and dying peasants on the battle-field around them, and the drunken revelry of the camp, might be heard the laughter of these nobles as they watched their victim spring shrieking from point to point of the fiery circle, within which he was slowly roasted to death. Such was the revenge of the nobles upon the peasantry.

Still the movement spread. Spires, the Palatinate, Alsace, and Hesse, accepted the twelve articles. From Loraine to the Austrian Alps, from the Lake of Constance to the confines of Westphalia, the Peasants' War filled men's hearts with fear, and Hutten's prophecy was on the eve of its fulfilment: "Should it come some day to an insurrection of the people, it will not be a question how much this person or that person has contributed in bringing about this catastrophe, and who deserves the vengeance of the people. The innocent and guilty alike will have to suffer in the midst of blind violence and confusion."

It is unnecessary to follow throughout the whole course of this unfortunate outburst of popular indignation. It would be harassing to describe the bloody scenes which were enacted, and the heartless reprisals of which both sides were guilty. Suffice it to say that 100,000 peasants lost their lives in the rebellion, or twenty times as many human beings as fell during the Reign of Terror in the French Revolution.

There were two tendencies at work during this great rebellion. There were the efforts of the peasants simply to shake off ecclesiastical and feudal tyranny, and there were the efforts of the religious enthusiasts to bring about a realisation of the Millennial era and the total regeneration of society on the principle of primitive equality.

It is true the peasants did not always keep to their moderate programme of social reform, as when one of them said to the Count of Tübingen, "Brother George, thy body is as my body, and my body is as thy body; thy property is my property, and my property is my property in Christ; we are all brothers and equals." But such cases were exceptions. The battle cry, "Omnia Simul Communia," was raised not among the peasants, but by the Communistic fanatics among the Anabaptists. Müntzer, the chief of this extreme party, demanded the confiscation of all ecclesiastical property to assist in establishing a *universal community of goods*, and he wished the German empire to be, at the same time, transformed into *a Republic, one and undivided*—that is, in other words, he anticipated three hundred years ago the demands of Modern Socialism in Germany.

Thomas Müntzer was a minister of Zwickau, and a disciple of Stork, the same who drew Luther from the Wartburg to put down enthusiasts of Wittenberg. Müntzer, deposed from his cure, retired to Altstatt, in Thuringia, with a view to advance far beyond the extreme party at Wittenberg, and establish here a kingdom of God upon earth in equality and community of goods, intending to compel the ruling princes to submission, according to his own confession.* He became the chief agitator of the Peasants' War, and revived in the town of Mühlhausen the social order of the Hussites on Mount Tabor.

His eloquence, inspired by a mystic fanaticism, his prophetic utterances and vehement denunciations of the existing state of things, his strange fantastic mien, and evident intense earnestness, supported by a supernatural appeal to dreams and visions, produced a deep impression upon the common crowd, already sufficiently excited by the stirring events of the hour. Words like the following fell upon the public ear as sparks into a powder magazine:—

> "We have one common father Adam; whence, then, comes this diversity of ranks and of goods? Why groan we in poverty while others have delicacies? Have we not a right to the equality of goods which, by their nature, are made to be parted without distinction among us? Return us the riches of the time being, restore us that which you retain unjustly."

On the other hand, in his religious mysticism and wild denunciations against the corruptions of the Christianity of his day, and his high aims at the subjection of the flesh and the renovation of human nature, he manifests the intense spirituality of Savonarola. The materialistic leanings of Modern Socialism are absent in the leader of the Anabaptists, although his followers, in establishing a Communistic society in Münster, sadly departed from the austere morality and ascetical simplicity of their spiritual ancestor.

> "We fleshly human beings," he says, "must become gods by the incarnation of Christ, and by Him must be taught to become etherealised and entirely transformed into His likeness, so that our earthly life may be translated into the heavenly."

As a "prophet of revolution," he stands midway between the ascetic mysticism of the Mediæval Revivalists and the austere sobriety of Puritanism.

Müntzer shared the common fate of Social Revolutionists. He was placed on the horns of the formidable dilemma either to carry out what the social condition of those he led rendered impossible in the then stage of social evolution, or to stop short in his course according to the dictates of reason and conscience, and so offend the extreme section of the surging masses behind him, propelling him onwards. He passed the Rubicon, and decided in favour of extreme measures; he established community of goods in Mühlhausen, where he exercised, as the apostle of Communism, an unlimited power for nearly a year, and from whence he sent forth the following wild proclamation, hoping to extend his kingdom far beyond the city:—

> Arise! fight the battle of the Lord! On! on! on! Now is the time; the wicked tremble when they hear you. Be pitiless! Heed not the groans of the impious! Rouse up the towns and villages; above all, rouse up the miners of the mountains. On! on! on! while the fire is burning! On! while the hot ground is yet reeking with the slaughter! Give the fire no time to go out, the sword no time to cool! Kill all the proud ones: while one of them lives you will not be free from the fear of man! While they reign over you it is no use to talk of God. Amen.
> Given at Mühlhausen, 1525. Thomas Müntzer, servant of God against the wicked.

The struggle thus invoked by the deluded visionary overtook him but too soon, and placed him and his poor followers, whom he had organised for defensive warfare, in imminent danger. The Landgraf of Hesse, the Duc of Brunswick, and the Electors of Mainz and Brandenburg marched their troops against him, and the armies soon stood facing each other near the town of Frankenhausen. The insurgents were troubled. A proclamation appears recommending them to surrender, and, on condition of delivering up their leaders, promising full amnesty. There is hesitation in the camp, and some are ready to capitulate. Müntzer rises and addresses them in words of burning eloquence, which rouse up the old enthusiasm and fill his followers with supernatural confidence. "To-day we shall behold the

* Gieseler, "Ecclesiastical History," v, p. 344.

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arm of the Lord," he cries, "and all our enemies shall be destroyed." At this moment a rainbow appears, and as the rainbow, too, is the emblem on the flags over their heads, and they regard it as a rare prognostic of Divine favour, Müntzer remarks the effect and takes advantage of it. "Fear nothing," he exclaims, enthusiastically, "I will catch all the balls in my sleeve." The signal of attack is given in the enemy's camp; the army is put in motion; the peasants stand still like a rock. They sing the hymn, "Come, Holy Ghost," and wait for Heaven to declare in their favour. But behold their ramparts are broken down, death rages in the midst of them, dismay takes hold of their ranks, they flee in all directions panic-struck, 5,000 perish in the general disorder and discomfiture which follow. Müntzer seeks refuge in concealment, but is discovered, imprisoned, and finally beheaded.*

Thus ends the first episode of Anabaptist Communism. Its success was ephemeral and by no means encouraging. The interruption of productivity among the members of the new society, the idleness, and rapid consumption of the available means resulting from former savings, were the only results of a temporary Communism under a despotic theocraticy. Resting, as it did, on economic fallacies, and subject as it was to political misrule, the ultimate fate of this Utopian experiment must have been social disruption and general indigence, even if the society had not been put down by main force.

Another experiment, similar in kind, but, if possible, still more disastrous in its ultimate development, remains yet to be mentioned, the establishment of a Communistic Commonwealth in the city of Münster, the capital of Westphalia, from 1534-35.

A number of Anabaptists, exiled from Switzerland, had settled in Holland, and among them John Matthias of Haarlem, a man of scanty erudition, but gifted with popular eloquence, soon attained influence and notoriety. One of his disciples was Bernard Rothmann, who belonged to that class of harmless but uneasy spirits who, possessing culture, religious earnestness, and moral worth, but wanting balance of mind, are apt to exercise an unsettling influence on those around them. Rothmann was Protestant pastor of Münster, and, after having passed through various phases of religious belief, had embraced with genuine zeal the new doctrine, and now sought with the ardour of a new convert and the fervid eloquence of a social innovator to render his party dominant in Münster. In this he was vigorously supported by Knipperdolling, a citizen of some position, distinguished for his undaunted courage and thoroughness of purpose, as well as for his turbulent spirit and personal vanity, to whose baneful influence are ascribed many of the subsequent excesses of the Revolutionary party.

By the united efforts of these two energetic agitators an entire revolution in the municipal government of the city was effected, and the principal power was lodged in the hands of Matthias and John of Leyden, who suddenly appeared on the scene to establish the new "Kingdom of Heaven." This victory was not obtained, however, without a struggle with the ruling powers, which was attended by considerable violence and destruction of property, but ended in the final triumph of the Socialist party. A community of goods was now established. All the availing property in the city was collected into a common treasury, and under the dictatorship of Matthias, the necessaries of life were distributed to all by the deacons appointed for this purpose, Rothmann being one of them. To spread their tenets beyond the confines of Münster a military expedition was dispatched into Holland and Friesland, with Matthias at the head. He lost his life in the campaign, and was succeeded by his brother in arms, John of Leyden.

This remarkable man was a strange compound of the religious enthusiast and licentious impostor. Of striking personal appearance and dignified bearing, and undoubtedly gifted with quick intelligence, he knew how to impress the multitude with a deep sense of his own superiority. When left in sole possession of the field, and endowed with supreme power in the newly-founded Commonwealth, he became soon, however, the victim of his own insatiable ambition and inordinate love of sensuous enjoyment. He threw off by degrees the original character of prophet and assumed the prerogatives of royalty, without abdicating altogether his spiritual pretensions. He received the adulation of the people as King of Zion, and his court soon became noted for all the pompous luxuries and effeminate enormities of an Asiatic seraglio; nor were there wanting the proverbial cruelties and petty tyrannies of Eastern despots in this newly-founded "Society of Equals."

Teaching the reconciliation of the flesh and the spirit, the citizens of Zion indulged in festivities and sensuous delights which strangely contrasted with the earlier austerities of the prophets of equality and the severe teaching of Müntzer.

These proceedings were brought to a close by the fall of Münster after a prolonged siege, conducted by the prince-bishop, from whom the city had revolted, and so the state of anarchy was brought to a close. For two years John of Leyden had been absolute ruler; he was only twenty-five years old when the city was taken, and when, after cruel tortures, he laid his head on the block. His body was exposed in a wire cage in the belfry of St. Lambert's Cathedral, where his bleached bones were still exhibited during the last century, a horrible monument of this last episode in the history of Social Pioneerings during the Reformation period.

Thus ended a movement which, fourteen years before, had begun with comparatively moderate demands for social reform, in a wild Socialistic extravaganza. As the struggle went on, the rebels had become more and more exasperated by virulent opposition and defeat, until at last the "robust vandalism" of the peasants was succeeded by the mad frenzy of the religious visionaries, and the dying movement in its final gasp spent itself in the irrational effort of the Münster Communists. Thus what had commenced as a protest against the self-indulgence of the few at the expense of the many ended in the unbridled self-indulgence of all, until, with the exhaustion of means, famine and the sword put an end to the terrible saturnalia of deranged enthusiasts. Their blind delusions and lawless extravagance retarded the progress of social reform for centuries. Men, like Erasmus and More, the author of the Utopia, who in their writings had encouraged the revival of ideals of universal equality, recoiled with pain and horror from the effects of their own words, whilst the actual leaders of the German

* Merle d'Aubigné, "History of the Reformation" (Tract Society's ed., vol. iii. p. 383).

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Reformation, like Luther,* alarmed at the consequences of such philosophical speculations in the rising of Münster, and the enormities of John of Leyden, used all their influence for the suppression of the movement.

In the short and imperfect sketch we have given of the two great Socialistic movements during the Reformation we may see exemplified the truth of the following words, containing as they do the calm verdict of a candid judge on the Socialistic ideal: "Its character as an ideal is highly vague and flexible. It is very largely shaped by the individual minds that hold it. It has a germ in it fruitful of good, and herein lies its power; *but that germ of good has been mixed from the very first with evil elements, which have at times displayed themselves in extraordinary iniquities.*" † We have seen in the foregoing the truth of the latter statement. In the next paper on the Social Pioneerings of the Moravian Community we shall have an opportunity of noticing the more wholesome influences of the same ideal in a state of society slowly and peacefully developing out of similar beginnings in making Christian self-denial and self-sacrifice for the common good the rule of life, and so in avoiding Socialistic revolutions introducing lasting and beneficent social reforms.

SHIFTS OF AN EMIGRANT IN CANADA.

II.

It was towards the latter end of November, and winter had already set in, when I reached my new home. Railway communication being wanting, I travelled twelve miles by "stage" through a very well cultivated section of country. A peculiarity of Canada is its being assorted into colonies of settlers from various parts of the world, so that one may pass for hours through a tract of country where nothing is ordinarily spoken but German, emerging suddenly into a Celtic communion of Highlanders or Irish. Settlements of Swedes and Russian Mennonites are also to be met with, although these, together with the Icelanders, chiefly affect the North-Western Province of Manitoba.

Skirting the German county of Waterloo, with Berlin for its market town, my road led me into the Scotch township of Dumfries. The entire village of Ayr was Scotch, a nationality with which I had never had much to do, yet my admiration for the ploughman-poet secured me the esteem of my neighbours.

It is matter of regret, I have always thought, that there should be such bitter party-feeling in Canada, not only between one religious denomination and another, but between Upper and Lower Canadian, Liberal and Conservative; above all, between English and Scotch. Society is in a primitive Homeric state, ripe for epic *fiasco*, only that people seem agreed to shun dangerous weapons; newspaper hectoring serving the same ends without loss of blood.

I settled well to my work, joined a literary and debating society, wrote a little, gave some lessons in German, and became a recognised light in the little community.

All through this my first winter I was very happy. To tell the truth, I did not feel the cold, although I sometimes worked out of doors with my shirt-sleeves rolled up, in a temperature several degrees below zero. I am told it is thus with new-comers from Europe, who, however, in the course of a year or two, feel the severity of the winter season keenly enough.

I worked on all through the following summer, when, trade being in a bad state, many hands were discharged, and I was shifted from workshop to office desk. Whether the confinement disagreed with me, whether other causes existed, I know not; but I felt unwell, and the nervous fear of being deemed lazy made me feel more uneasy yet.

However, another winter drew near with no better trade prospects: the whole country was in tribulation. I had to leave, with the promise of a re-engagement in case of better days dawning.

I then took one or two small contracts to paint houses, as well as some roofing. I painted the factory of my late employer from top to bottom, slinging myself, by an arrangement of pulleys, from the peak and corners of the building, which was built of wood, and beneath which foamed a mill-race upon the one side. I was thus enabled to traverse the entire surface of the outside walls; nor, although ordinarily badly calculated to scale dizzy heights, was I affected with giddiness.

Glad as I was of anything to do, and loth though I might be to reduce my very limited stock of money in idle expectation of better times, I knew both that these transient shreds of work were delusive in nature, and that I must either live half the coming winter upon credit, or change my place of abode. I chose the lesser evil, and, armed with an introduction from one of my late patrons, a well-to-do miller, to his brother, proprietor, in part, of the largest engineering establishment in Canada, set forth one bright October morning by stage. I was not cut off from my friends at Ayr, for the town to which I was bound lay at a distance of only twelve miles from that village—the same town from which I had originally departed.

Although qualified to work at the trade, I was obliged to lay hold of that which was offered me—the running of certain machinery at low wages. The work was both hard and dirty, yet I continued in the occupation and in the town for two years.

My connections were better than my calling might seem to justify. One clergyman and two lawyers, besides other men in respectable positions, were my pupils in languages. My remuneration, however, was not much, nor could I form a successful class.

Occasionally I did duty as fireman when my own machine stood idle. Shovelling in firewood beneath a grimy stationary boiler is not an especially lofty calling, nor intimately allied with the Muses, yet I managed to harmonise the two. A lecture which I gave upon "The Poetic Principle" brought me some fame but no money, my expenses being barely covered. So I drew closer to my furnace fire, which demanded all my attention, since, at one period, certain defects in the boiler threatened the absent-minded attendant with an explosion.

Times were yet dull all through the country. I had been in the habit, as often is the case in Canada, of "lying over," week after week, doing nothing at all. My funds, never high, showed signs of dissolution, so I looked about me for other employment, in the

* His enemies taunted him with the saying, "Luther has led the people out of Egypt (*i.e.*, Popery) through the Red Sea (*i.e.*, the bloody Peasant wars), but left them behind in the wilderness (*i.e.*, the final effort to free themselves from serfdom)."

† Quarterly Review, No. 288, art. "1877," p. 397.

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now confident assurance of being able to find something or other. I had latterly been boarding at an hotel, and here boarded also a young man of inventive talents, who had an improved window-fastening of his own contrivance on exhibition. Procuring from him some samples, I set forth, one fine morning towards autumn, to canvass the country along the route between Galt and Guelph. My success was greater than I had expected; my window-fastenings stood me in the stead of currency.

Arriving at Guelph, after a week's canvassing, I was worth more than I had earned for the past six months, so that I approached the town magnates with much complacency. I took several good orders for my window-fastenings, which I usually attached myself. Many of the palatial residences, as well as some score smaller houses, yet boast specimens of my handicraft, and will for the next half-century, my fastenings never wearing out. I should say that I subsequently made my own models, subject to certain alterations and improvements; for, even had I desired to continue procuring them from their first adapter, he was not to be found. Bent upon my professional advancement, I one day entered the sanctum of the oldest weekly newspaper in Guelph. Unloading my Spartan coinage, I eulogised my wares to the skies; nor was my eloquence ineffectual. I fastened the windows for both the proprietors and many of the printers. My good fortune had but commenced; the enthusiasm which I brought to bear secured me an engagement as sub-editor upon the "Daily Advertiser," constituted a "daily" during my term of service, but not owing to my literary exertions.

The terms not suiting me, I exchanged this genial occupation for manual labour in a sewing-machine factory, this time as skilled mechanic, working by the piece. The wages which I was able to make were very high—at the outset, about six pounds per week; but my employers cut down the prices every now and then, until I was unable to exceed two pounds. This would have answered very well, but slackness came on again with the winter, and I had to lie idle two or three weeks for every one week of labour. The work was clean and pleasant. I always liked mechanical work when accompanied by the hum of machinery, for I can then think much better than under quieter conditions. Some of the most agreeable days of my life have been spent in the workshop, especially at this particular factory, but it is another question to be tied to manual toil for life, since eminence cannot be attained, and one sinks into a subordinate grade of being.

I had now been three years in Guelph, altogether five and a half years in the country, yet, beyond supporting myself decently, was not very much richer than when I first landed. I had gained much, however, in experience, and knew how to turn my hand to anything, an essential accomplishment to the Canadian settler. I felt no *mauvaise honte*, under circumstances the most unusual, nor doubted my ability to gain my subsistence. Armed with a batch of improved window-fasteners I gaily sauntered out of town and took the rail northwards. I did not intend leaving the friendly town of Guelph, where I had made many friends, if some enemies. My tour was of an extended nature, covering the entire districts north of Guelph and ultimately of Toronto. I travelled in an immense circle, taking every hamlet upon my way, sleeping in farmhouses or wayside taverns. My course was that of a tourist rather than of a pedler; the natural beauties of the northern counties of Ontario were all visited by me in turn. Sometimes travelling by rail, sometimes by boat, I penetrated the pine-clad and rocky fastnesses of Muskoka, gleaning information from the settlers themselves with regard to the capacities of the soil and prospects of success for the settler. Falling in at one period with a gentleman travelling for a firm in Montreal, I shared his carriage for many hundreds of miles, selling my wares at wholesale prices. Delays in procuring materials, with some pecuniary losses, dashed to the earth my hopes of making a fortune, and terribly sunburnt, but hale and with sound appetite, I returned to Guelph, not, fortunately, without some reserve funds.

I now procured fitful employment in a law-office, copying "deeds" and general law matter. Much confidential correspondence was also entrusted to me, but not much salary. A member of the firm, however, chairman also of the School Board, exerted his interest to secure me an engagement as teacher of German and French in the high and public schools of the county. My certificate was taken at very short notice, and without any serious preparation, my time being much occupied, I was engaged at the salary of one hundred pounds per annum.

The school system of the town was about undergoing a radical change—new buildings to be erected, new principal and staff to be employed; so it was not my fault that I did not keep the place more than the six months for which I had engaged.

Nobody was engaged in my place; the office I had held, together with many others, was temporarily abolished. I paid some back debts, and surveyed the situation afresh.

My hopes of being at some future time re-engaged were not immodest. I would not resign them and my hardly-acquired prestige, to begin life anew, away from all my acquaintances. My fasteners once more stood me in stead, but my route lay in another direction. I had been kept hanging round the town so long, in the vain hope of employment, that my money was running low. What little I had left I kept at Guelph, relying upon my little friend, the window-fastener, to carry me through. Disappointed at several delays at the foundry whence I was supplied, and the weather growing too cold for windows to require opening, I canvassed for a firm of photographers, whose speciality it was to enlarge copies of pictures.

I managed to live, indeed, but very little more; and, at a time when I had thought to have surmounted all my difficulties, suffered greater hardships than I had, perhaps, ever experienced in a life singularly free, from its commencement, of surroundings which contribute to render life desirable.

My slender means swallowed up in the maw of exigencies not to be ignored—clothing and food—my photographic scheme being of no use for want of a little reserve upon which tranquilly to await the collection of my dues, I was at one time forced to dig upon the roads, in spite of an acute inflammatory attack. Walking, ultimately, fifty miles nearly barefooted, and with lacerated feet, to a certain city, I engaged once more as ostler, only too glad to tide over the winter in any calling whatever.

My strength recruited with the gentle advent of spring, a little money again in my pocket, I made my way to Guelph, still my proper place of abode. I

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was immediately re-engaged in my old law-office, where I remained a year and a half. Some of my time now began to be bestowed upon the neighbouring Registry Office, where, finally, I was exclusively retained.

I could breathe once more in freedom, yet my salary was none too high. They have an ingenious faculty in Canada for extracting as much work from a man as possible, for as little as will support animal life.

Unfortunately it is not merely the native Canadians who are to blame in this matter of indifference to the wants of a stranger; the old country settlers are worse—more selfish, more callous. They have all struggled themselves, and do not view their fellow-strugglers kindly. My remarks, indeed, chiefly apply to the unfriended stranger of the non-working classes, and I would warn "gentlemen in reduced circumstances" that they will be regarded with distrust, and probably be treated with contumely. It is possible the reception of such might be no better at home. Certainly, my further acquaintance with the native Canadians left upon my mind a very high sense of their worth and friendly qualities.

Having formed a Roman Catholic connection, I was introduced to the Superior of the Society of Jesus, which has a station at Guelph. The experiment was being tried of founding a college, and I was offered the post of assistant teacher. The fathers being all French or French Canadians, my knowledge of English, my native language, was likely to be of service. I taught German and elementary Latin as well, living in the establishment and gradually forming the habits of a hermit. Although my salary was not high, I was amongst men whose own acts of instruction were given for nothing at all, and I was as comfortable as I could desire to be. Had my opinions been the same as theirs, and had I been resolved to lead a single life, here I would have liked to remain, but my irresolution on this point, together with an ardent desire to revisit England, forbade this.

Having been a year and four months under the friendly roof of a body of men whom I shall ever esteem, I left the college and the town of Guelph towards the end of August last year.

My desire is, at some time or other, to return to Canada, for, spite of my harsh experiences, I like the country and people. Travelling by water to Montreal, down Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence, I reached Quebec once more, after an absence of nearly ten years. Embarking on board the Allan line's good steamship Moravian, I landed at Liverpool in due course, thence travelling to London. My experiences, kind reader, end here, but I have not by any means exhausted the subjects of the shifts which I, an English emigrant, was put to in Canada. No matter how closely one may write, it is always possible to read between the lines, nor have I done more than sketch the leading features of my varied life. Some closing remarks may be expected of me; these I will give as briefly as possible. Let nobody emigrate to Canada who can do well at home, unless, in the interests of his growing family, he is content to undergo some trials at the outset. Labourers are on the whole better at home. Small capitalists may in Canada invest to advantage in land and house property, or loan money upon mortgage security. Good mechanics, except bricklayers, carpenters, and blacksmiths, are not needed, but a handy man can always command a living. The best thing anybody with a little capital can do is to take up land, which may be bought for a trifle either in Ontario or Manitoba, the North-Western Province. This is chiefly a prairie region, entirely free from timber, and may be cultivated at the cost of merely scratching the surface of the soil.

Let a man establish himself in Canada, however, and he will not regret it. Schools are good, education free. Canadians grow up divested of all feelings of servility such as gall a large portion of the populace in older countries—feelings which all classes must regret, but which are so difficult to modify in crowded lands. Canada is a land of vast if undeveloped resources, loyal to the British Crown, and the home of a handsome and virtuous people. For the rest, the already quickly growing national sentiment will remedy the minor evils which I have rather meant to hint at than declaim against.

Varieties.

Bishop Fraser on Smoking.—Having been invited to attend a meeting on the subject of juvenile smoking, the Bishop of Manchester writes: "Sir,—I am unable to attend the meeting which it is proposed to hold for the purpose of endeavouring to diminish the habit of tobacco smoking among young boys. It is an evil, and, it seems to me, a growing one, which I have often observed and deplored. Whatever may be thought of the habit of smoking generally, I believe that medical authorities are universally agreed that it is physically most mischievous to young people under the age of eighteen. The moral effects consequent on the too frequent association of this habit, with others of a pernicious tendency, are not less hurtful to the character. It has often been a matter both of surprise and regret to me that parents seem so indifferent to both these classes of consequences to their sons; and though I have no practical remedy to suggest for what I regard as a great and increasing social evil, I hope the meeting which you are going to hold will help to fix public attention both on its proportions and its effects. It was stated in a leading article in the *Times* a short time ago that so sensible is the German Government of the mischief wrought by the habit on the constitution of growing lads that in many towns the police forbid boys under sixteen to smoke in the streets, and that the offenders against this regulation are punished by fines, or, in default of payment, even by imprisonment."

Prison Charities.—Many bequests in the City which in former times were left for the benefit of poor prisoners have more recently been diverted to other charitable purposes, their usefulness in their original form having been superseded by modern regulations. The trustees have just made grants to hospitals and other institutions for the convalescent to the extent of nearly £1,500, the money being voted in all cases only after the strictest inquiries as to the claims of the respective institutions to public support.—*City Press.*

Zulu Kraals.—The military kraals of the Zulus are, in point of fact, fortified depôts, where the various regiments assemble for their annual training, or mobilise in time of war. The kraal is usually about 500 yards in diameter, and fenced round with a dry stake and wattled fence, about 5ft. in height, difficult to breach and still harder to storm, as it is well surrounded by an *abatis* of prickly pear, bush thorns, and other formidable obstacles; inside this fence are thrown up the men's huts, and a smaller ring is generally erected in the centre, in which the cattle are kept. The king's kraal is at Ulundi, or Undini, almost in the centre of the country. Six regiments, numbering about 7,000 men, are quartered here permanently. Another important kraal is situated a few miles to the north of Rorke's Drift. This was the headquarters of Sirajo, a brother of Cetewayo's; it was burnt shortly after hostilities opened, and the chief's son killed in the engagement. Most of the other kraals are in the neighbourhood of Undini, so that the king is constantly enabled to inspect his troops.

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THE LEISURE HOUR.

BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,
AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND.—*Cowper.*

MONA'S EXPOSTULATIONS.

"WAIT A YEAR."

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE season was advancing, and the Carnival, with its follies and its mad revelry, was at hand. Edward, who at first frequently dropped in at Mrs. Fraser's when his engagements permitted, was becoming slack in his visits. He was generally in too great a hurry to give more than five minutes at a time to his sister, and was also very reticent respecting the place and manner in which he spent his evenings when he was not at home. With Miss Lestocq he was an acknowledged favourite, a kind of pet and useful cavalier whenever she was in need of his services. To him she transferred by degrees the interest she at one time professed for Mona, who witnessed the intimacy with a foreboding of evil for which she often took herself to task. Yet, argue against it as she would, a black shadow of coming ill was continually hovering about her. From words acci-

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PRICE ONE PENNY.

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dentally dropped by others, as well as from Edward's own careless observations, it was too evident that the young man was imprudent in the choice of his associates—that the things he loved best and enjoyed most, were not only those incompatible with his office and duties, but such as were inconsistent with the position and character of his father's son.

In vain Mona expostulated, kindly and gently, as it was in her nature to do, but firmly also. Edward not only turned a deaf ear, but was often offended by her remonstrances. The bright life around him was so pleasant, the sky, the air, the busy stir of active idleness, perpetually going on, was alluring, and his handsome face and gentlemanly manners were an easy passport into the society he found so fascinating. He did no harm, he said to himself, why should Mona wish to deprive him of recreations so innocent?

"According to Mona, everything agreeable is wrong," said the young man, complaining of his sister's strictness to Miss Lestocq one day, as she joined them after another of these rather frequent altercations.

"You are lucky to have a sister to look after you," observed Captain Orde, who overheard his complaints. "I have requested her to take me in hand, feeling certain that a few good counsels from her would be of essential service to me, but she has declined."

Edward glanced sharply at him. Like Mona, he found it difficult to know when Captain Orde spoke in earnest and when in jest.

"I scarcely think you would permit her to interfere with your amusements."

"I should not mind being *advised*," he answered, arching his eyebrows as he emphasised the last word. "That is no expense to either party."

"But Mona has such old-fashioned notions; she is not like other girls," said Edward, petulantly.

"No, she goes in for the deeper offence of rising above them. The most part are satisfied not to sin against the moralities of the world; and if they succeed, which they rarely do, they are triumphant in their impeccability, and can afford to look down upon the good young ladies like your sister, who are really out of place in this generation. We are too bad for them."

Mona looked at him, wondering if he were defending or covertly ridiculing her, a habitual uncertainty as to his meaning making her give more attention to his words than they deserved. But Cecil was not really ill-natured. He could not help seeing the weaknesses of people, young or old, more distinctly than their good qualities. The one amused him and the other he usually passed by without notice. The latter made no impression, the former asked for indulgence, which he was willing to accord—the indulgence of one so familiar with folly that no phase of it surprised him.

The point in dispute between brother and sister on this occasion was the public masked ball of the Carnival, which Edward wished to attend and Mona inveighed against, as being inconsistent with his present office and future aspirations.

"There is no harm in it," persisted Edward; "and if there were, that concerns myself. It is not surprising that I should wish to see a little of life when I have the opportunity."

"And wicked life has, of course, more attractions than any other," observed Captain Orde, with immovable gravity. "I am afraid the trail of the serpent is often found in the wake of curiosity. Our great forefather only wanted to share his wife's wisdom when she had taken the start of him; a very natural wish, and you see what mischief came of it."

"I doubt not you have often been to the Veglione yourself, Captain Orde," retorted Edward, his handsome face all the handsomer for the crimson flush that suffused it at being so undisguisedly quizzed.

"I have; I have been nearly everywhere where Folly jingles her bells, and have seen a good portion of the evil that is done under the sun, and if I could be a boy again, if I could start afresh in the race of life, I would undo almost everything I have done, and do what I have left undone."

"Are you serious?" asked Miss Lestocq, surprised to hear sentiments betokening such self-disparagement fall from his lips, "or are you endeavouring to support Miss Moreton as the weaker party?"

"I am saying what I think to-day; to-morrow I may have altered my opinion. You know I have the peculiarity of changing it easily, as I do my coat or gloves. Don't look at me with such pity, Miss Moreton, it is this *facilité*, as our neighbours call it, which preserves me from being a bad man."

"Everything by turns and nothing long, you mean," said Helen. "Miss Moreton is ready to read you a lecture on instability of character."

"And I am prepared to prove that true wisdom is with me. By brooding over our wrongs we learn to resent them; by dwelling upon our misfortunes they master us; the one may bring us to the Old Bailey, and the other to Bedlam; whereas, by often changing the course of the current the channel remains unworn. Besides, where there are many changes there are many chances. My mind may some day produce something that connoisseurs will pronounce good. Meanwhile, nonsense and folly are capital safety-valves. *Vive la bagatelle!*"

After sauntering slowly to the window and back, he seated himself by Edward, who had been loudly applauding his concluding remark, and said, seriously, but in a low tone, "If I were you I would not vex my sister—except under a very strong temptation," he added.

"But were I to listen to Mona she would not let me do anything I like."

"Very possibly," answered Captain Orde, coolly. "Woman is man's natural enemy; but follow the wisest teaching, and heap coals of fire upon her head."

"That means let her have her own way. Not if I know it," said Edward, lapsing into boyish phraseology more emphatic than polite.

Mona was not able to prevent her brother from going to the ball. It closed a day of harmless folly by a night of mad revelry among maskers and dominos, where licence outweighs respectability. Nor could she prevent his intimacy with certain families whose habits and modes of thought were especially such as her father would have condemned.

A few idle words from companions more idle than himself were sufficient to turn Edward out of the old paths in which he had been taught to walk. He began by degrees to drift from his moorings, to think lightly of the obligations of the Sabbath, to forget the parental instructions, to frequent Sunday receptions, and to indulge in other laxities—small at first, but which had one inevitable result, that of weakening the wholesome "scruples" a man contracts

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in a religious home. His natural buoyancy of spirit, increased by the exhilarating climate and his vigorous health, made him feel happy in all this, in spite of Mona's forebodings and admonitions, and a few twinges of conscience now and then, but it was the happiness of thoughtlessness.

There were many receptions and balls, some even a little compromising, where a good-looking fellow like him found a cordial welcome, besides *matinées*, *thés dansants*, and many sorts of amusements. In a place like Nice, where the snare of the fowler is so easily set, how can the unwary escape if they have not the curb of principle? Edward was peculiarly situated, and ready to become an easy prey. Mrs. Buxton and his pupil did not want him in the evening. After eight o'clock, and often before, he was free to spend his time as he pleased, and, unhappily, was strong enough, as he thought, not to miss the hours abstracted from sleep, night after night. Mrs. Buxton often supposed him to be with his sister when he was very differently employed, nor did she generally know when he returned home late, his prepossessing manners and appearance, with a silver key, occasionally used, easily securing him admittance at all hours. And all this led to an outlay he found it difficult to meet. He had given up every idea of saving anything out of his salary; it was an utter delusion, he told Mona; and one day he surprised her by asking the loan of a few pounds as soon as she received her first quarter.

"I cannot lend it," she answered, decisively. "Mrs. Fraser advanced me ten when I first went to her, part of which she made me spend upon my clothes, and ten more I already owe in Hillesden. With such a salary as she gives me I cannot live in her house in beggary. However little, I must have something in hand for the next quarter. Besides, if I can spare a pound or two it must be for mamma, and I thought you would have done the same, Edward," said Mona, looking somewhat reproachfully into his face.

"Most willingly, if I could," he answered, with ready speech but an embarrassed countenance. "When we go back to England, perhaps, I can do something. Of course I wish to help, but here there are so many expenses. In gloves alone I am obliged to spend lots of money."

Mona did not see the obligation, and said so, but her words were worse than idle, and only had the effect of rendering her brother's visits fewer and farther between.

CHAPTER XXV.

Lent had come; the gigantic Carnival had perished in flames as usual; the bells of Folly ceased to tingle, and the wail of the mourner, metaphorically speaking, succeeded, for troops of people hastened to early mass, to cry *peccavi*, and have their foreheads smeared with ashes, the darker the brand the more contented the penitent. The peasant from the country, the market woman from the stall, the respectable housewife, and the lady of fashion, alike passed through the same valley of humiliation, with this difference—that the superstitious would on no account diminish the value of the ceremony by removing the mark before the following morning.

Yet Lent brought its amusements after a fashion of its own, in which pleasures and duties were too judiciously arranged to interfere with each other. The other half of the community followed suit. There were morning prayers in the church, and carpet dances in the evening; handsome dinners, and snug, sociable dinners; something for all tastes. The clergy denounced worldly vanities, and exhorted to abstinence in a general way, leaving the point at issue to each one's conscience. Some understood the recommendation in the strict sense, others in degree, so that the forbidden pleasure, like the hurtful morsel of Mohammed's pig, being unspecified, varied according to individual opinion.

Mrs. Fraser was for gradations, and gave small dinners and friendly receptions. Edward Moreton was frequently invited but rarely put in an appearance, so that it was quite a surprise to Mona when, on entering the drawing-room dressed for one of these simple dinners at which Mrs. Fraser expected her presence, she encountered her brother.

"Oh, Mona!" he began, hurriedly, "I can't stop five minutes, but I wanted particularly to see you. Will you get me to-morrow morning a dozen pair of the best kid gloves, all pale and pretty colours, number six and three-quarters? I want them by twelve o'clock."

"Six and three-quarters?" she repeated, in a tone of wonder and bewilderment, for the size betokened they were not for himself.

"Yes, it is a bet, I owe them to one of the Miss Cuthberts."

"Oh, Edward?" began Mona.

Her brother had only time to raise his hand in deprecation of the impending lecture when the door opened to admit the Lestocqs. Helen smiled her sweetest, expressing pleasure at meeting him there, but he quickly told her he could not stay, that he had only called to give his sister a commission, and must be off directly, as he was expected at home.

"You should have given it to me; I might have executed it more cheerfully," observed Helen, struck with Mona's seriousness.

Indeed, Mona both felt and looked unhappy, an unhappiness so mixed with anxiety that it seemed to add the stamp of years to her pensive countenance. What was Edward doing? Contact with others, his superiors in position, was already exercising the baneful influence of a false—in his case of a mad—emulation. And where was it to end? She did not like the Miss Cuthberts; they were of a new type to her—pretty overdressed dolls, with bright faces, always laughing and joking, and surrounded by young men wherever they went. They might be girls of fortune, and probably they were so, for their parents gave showy entertainments; but in style and appearance, which must be accepted as indications of character, they were not such as ought to attract a steady, hard-working young man, without other expectations than those to be realised by his own toil. And to think of Edward betting and rushing into an intimacy of that kind. What would come of it but evil—expenses which he would be unable to meet? and if so, what was to become of him? A lifetime overcast was the only answer, for a mistake early made has been known to dog the footsteps as the shadow of a crime, even to the end. And who would help him if he got into difficulties? There would be no alternative but to snatch away the bread from his widowed mother, and plunge her into want and distress. Poor Mona thought of Mr. Sinclair's repudiated warning, and heartily wished that Edward had never left England, feeling herself compelled to acknowledge that her faith in him was failing. Nor was this all. Over

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and above was a sting of something like remorse, the bitterness of self-upbraiding. Had she been quite true to her conscience, had she not once silenced a secret voice that whispered possibilities she refused to entertain—now, alas! seen to be by no means improbable? Would Mr. Sinclair consider she had been untruthful in the matter?

Morbidly exaggerating her own share in what she feared was almost a deception, she passed through the ordeal of the little cosy dinner with a weary heart, smiling at the wrong time, and saying "no" for "yes" and "yes" for "no." But ever through her mind ran the torturing question, If Edward went wrong, what was to become of him? She might grant his present request; it would be but the sacrifice of a couple of pounds, difficult for her to spare, it is true, but not impossible with the self-denial to which she was accustomed; but there was a limit to her resources, as he had already found there was to his own. He must be made to feel the incompatibility of expense and extravagance with his position; but who would undertake a mentorship so unpalatable? For a moment her thoughts turned to Mr. Sinclair, but only to be immediately withdrawn. To apply to him was substantially to injure her brother's prospects. Might he not take alarm at the responsibility he incurred by leaving the child of his friend in hands so unfitted to guide him? Yet how could she satisfy her own conscience without injuring her brother? This was a painful question.

This evening, the dinner party being larger than usual, the second room was thrown open. Driven, in consequence, from the shelter of her private nook, Mona, full of heavy thoughts, unfastened the window and stepped out upon the balcony, closing it after her as well as she could, glad to escape for a short time the observation or meaningless chatter of any who might wander into the room. The moon was at its full, casting a trail of golden brightness on the sleeping waters, as peaceful a scene as the stars above could shed their mild radiance upon, and in great contrast with her own heart. In front was a corridor of lamps, like sparkling jewels strung together, extending the whole length of the esplanade and circling round the shore. The dark line beyond, far away over the sea, was broken by the Antibes beacon, which glimmered softly on one side, and by the revolving light of the port on the other, so regular in its changing colours that Mona mechanically arrested her reflections to watch their variations. "Every bit of nature is beautiful here," she thought, in dreary admiration, "but, ah, to be back in Hillesden once more!"

Even as the wish was formed, she remembered an incomprehensible sentence in her mother's last letter. "This cottage life has been a miserable episode. Nita and I are bearing it tolerably well because we know that it is not to last for ever."

What did that mean? A distrust difficult to analyse fastened itself upon her mind. Her mother must be meditating some fresh scheme or move; but what? Instinctively her mind turned to Mr. Sinclair, but what could Mrs. Moreton be plotting against him? All business matters had been long since settled, and their two lives were totally unconnected. What could she now have in common with the grave, isolated rector, whose sole interest was in the working of his parish and schools? But for the uncongeniality of their respective characters she would have imagined the old notion of Mrs. Moreton becoming his housekeeper had been revived. Could this be? The warm blood tingled in her cheeks in spite of the thin, sharp air that was blowing across the balcony where she stood, as she remembered that Nita had said Mr. Sinclair was looking ill and went about with difficulty. "The effects of that exposure to cold," she mused, mentally referring to the accident in the glacier. "If it had been his brother, it would have done him no harm, but Mr. Sinclair is not strong." Having arrived at this conclusion, she went back to the other idea. If he were ill he would want some one to take care of him. How strange if, after all, that office should be undertaken by her mother.

Some one here fastened the window behind her, and turning round she saw Captain Orde arranging a shawl over the white shoulders of Helen Lestocq, whose sparkling beauty and happy *insouciance* contrasting so forcibly with the object then occupying her mind, awakened her indignation. Could Mr. Sinclair see Helen now in her conscious powers, or she him in the calm prosecution of his pastoral duties, whose feelings would have received the deeper shock, whose tastes the greater outrage? But Mona could not at the present moment afford to give her thoughts to Mr. Sinclair. She was anxious about her brother. What if he contracted debts that all their efforts could not meet? what if, in the thoughtlessness of youth, he wandered into a path that could only terminate in sorrow and disgrace?

The sight of Captain Orde, just then standing alone, suggested the idea of consulting him. He was not so good as Mr. Sinclair, and therefore would, she hoped, be more tolerant of Edward's failings. From him too she would hear the truth, or at least be able to gather it from his characteristic way of speaking. In spite of herself she was beginning to like him, and getting accustomed to his causticity, which she often fancied more assumed than real. He knew the world and could judge more wisely than herself, and would probably be able to allay or confirm her anxiety were it possible to get him to talk seriously. Mona tapped at the glass and he opened the window, expressing surprise at seeing her there.

"Star-gazing, Miss Moreton?" he began, in a bantering tone, and stopped. Some heavy care lay upon that pure, pale brow, an expression so sad that he could not fail to notice it. "If not star-gazing, you must have been self-communing, and the result is not favourable. Can I assist you to some more satisfactory conclusion?"

Mona looked up, as it seemed, into Mr. Sinclair's face, for the serious kindness in it was peculiarly his. At that moment the brothers were alike. Her heart was warmed into confidence, and she had no difficulty in speaking. After pouring out her fears, she implored Captain Orde to tell her if he knew anything to Edward's disadvantage.

"Where does he go? With whom does he chiefly spend his time? Mrs. Fraser invites him here in vain, and yet Mrs. Buxton half complained to me that he was seldom at home. We are so poor now my father is gone, that debt in his case would signify irremediable dishonour," said Mona, with a touch of pathos in her eyes as well as in her voice. "What do you know?"

"Nothing that should make you look so darkly upon his doings. He is not worse than other young men—your humble servant, for instance. Do you think so very badly of me?"

With that handsome face looking down upon hers, and his bright, glancing eyes brimful of mischief,

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unable to be entirely honest, she took refuge in silence.

"Will you not answer me?"

"May I be true?" replied Mona.

"Which means, may I say something not very agreeable to hear. Thank you, I would rather be spared. Take my word for it, that to admit anything against yourself is suicidal. The world will believe much if you acknowledge a little."

"But Edward cannot afford to be put on a level with you. He is the only son of a widowed mother, who can but give him her affection and blessing. He must win his own bread and toil for his repose, dependent on the world's verdict for success—all that he has, all that he can have, hanging upon that censure or praise. He is not like you, rich and independent, able—"

"Rich!" repeated Captain Orde, raising his eyebrows in a comical manner, and turning towards Helen, who then approached. "She said *rich*, did she not? My dear lady, if to see all the good things of life poured into the lap of others, and to be fed oneself upon husks and kernels, suffering alternately from inanition and dyspepsia, is to be rich, I am a Crœsus. I do not live—I scramble through existence. We open our hearts, and sunshine flows into them. We dance, and sing, and joy in everything—except in tribulation," he slowly added—"I do not wish to exercise a virtue so sublime."

"But a good man will even do that," said Mona.

"Then give your brother a chance of becoming one, by leaving him a little liberty to abuse."

Pained, because too much in earnest to understand a jest, Mona drew aside with a half-smothered sigh, feeling that serious counsel was not to be expected from that quarter. Was there no alternative but to let things go on as they were? To consult with Mr. Sinclair was a step so important, she hardly liked to think of it; and yet he was her last resource, her only friend on whom something within told her she might rely.

The days that passed did nothing to allay her anxiety. Her brother kept aloof, perhaps unwilling to encounter her grave questionings. She must wait. Lent was nearly over; palm branches, separated from their natural graceful growth, and twisted into stiff forms after various patterns, were prepared for the priest's blessing. After the ceremony, many of the youth of both sexes, streaming from the churches where these symbols had been hallowed by the sacerdotal touch, paraded them in the streets, and finally carried them home, to bring joy and prosperity throughout the rest of the year.

Easter was at hand—Easter, with which we are accustomed to associate brightness even when the heart is not awake to the joyful mystery it celebrates, that central pivot on which the eternal life of millions is suspended. To those for whom it is little more than an epoch in the season, it is often the signal for change. Visitors who have drained the cup of pleasure in one place are desirous of going to another. Captain Orde was one of these. In a few days he intended to leave Nice. His itinerary was not made; Rome, Naples, Sicily, Norway, and Lapland were talked of. Either end of Europe; the subtle, elegant Southern or the rough, hardy Norseman had equal attractions for this purposeless idler.

Mrs. Fraser proposed to join him a month later, at which her brother laughed and shook his head. He liked his liberty too well to be hampered with a family, and advised her, if she wanted company, to induce Warren to go with her. "It will do him good to be wakened out of his sleepy life at Hillesden; Helen will find him all the livelier."

But in spite of his apparent carelessness, Captain Orde, before he left, made a few inquiries into the character and habits of Edward Moreton, and had the satisfaction of assuring his sister that he knew no harm of him.

"And what do you know of the Ridleys?" asked Mona, very little comforted by his opinion. "Mrs. Fraser will not visit them, and I know he is intimate there."

Captain Orde did not answer for a moment—did not even smile; he was thinking that her ingenuous face had not the unclouded look that would have harmonised so well with its usefulness; that thought, a trifle too deep for her years, lurked in the curves of the mouth in spite of its sweetness. "I should call the Ridleys good-natured, harmless sort of people," he said. "Society does not put them in the corner, and why should we?"

"WHEN GEORGE THE THIRD WAS KING."

CHAPTER IV.—TROUBLED ON EVERY SIDE.

"FARMER GEORGE" has frequently been the epithet of contempt with which those who have been ignorant of the man have expressed their opinion of George III. Lord Byron, in the most disgraceful poem which ever fell from his pen, speaking of the king, says:

> "A better farmer ne'er swept dew from lawn;
> A worse king never left a realm undone."

The first line is more thoroughly true than the poet was aware of. "Farmer George," in some sense, may be said to have anticipated the Mechis, Webbs, and other great practical farmers of our day. At that time we were dependent upon our husbandry; we had not emerged into the modern grandeur of an immense manufacturing, although already something of a commercial, nation. Under the name of "RALPH ROBINSON, Windsor," the king published his letters, addressed to Arthur Young, whose name is even now renowned in the "Annals of Agriculture," the title of a periodical of which he was the editor. The king had been impressed by the method of husbandry pursued by a Mr. Duckett, of Petersham; he had tried the method himself, and he wrote the letters to explain and elucidate the system, and to enforce on country gentlemen that method in the cultivation of their lands. "I will attempt," he says, "to describe his (Mr. Duckett's) mode of cultivation rather than it shall remain longer unnoticed in your Annals." Arthur Young appears to have had no idea at the time who his correspondent was, but asks Mr. Robinson to write again upon matters with which he appeared to be so familiar; so Ralph Robinson wrote again, and yet again. It is not wonderful, therefore, that the king attained to the distinction of the designation of "Farmer George;" and, indeed, when in the country, he was pretty active in "looking well to his farms," and this was the occasion of many an odd rencontre.

One day, near one of his farms, he observed a clown-

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ish boy hanging over a gate which he was in no hurry to open for the unknown but royal pedestrian. The king, in his usually abrupt but kind manner, asked, "Well, boy; who are you?" "I be a pig boy," replied the ill-mannered urchin. "Who do you work for?" "I has no work now; they won't employ I." "Why not?" asked the monarch. "Because all the lands here about belongs to Georgie, and they don't want I." "Georgie—Georgie! who is Georgie?" demanded his majesty. "Whoy, he be king, and lives up at Castle there, but he does no good for I." The kind monarch was amused at the boy's simplicity; and not at all offended at his roughness, he gave him a scrap of paper with a word upon it to his farming bailiff, directing that he should instantly find him something to do which might make him more able to appreciate the merits of "Georgie."

The humorous stories which abound of George III—of "Farmer George's" free intercourse with people of all classes round his residences of Kew or Windsor—have, no doubt, conveyed the idea to some that his manners were wanting in dignity and royalty; but this can only arise from a very partial and imperfect acquaintance, either with his character or his habits. Perhaps the true absence of royalty and dignity would have been exhibited had he been careful to keep up "the king" when he went into folks' kitchens, talked with old women by their firesides, or with travellers whom he happened to meet on the road. There is no absence of dignity, while there is the presence of a charming courtesy in the many conversations preserved to us with men of letters; and his behaviour in the Cabinet, and with his ministers in general, must be admitted, even by those who doubt the wisdom of his actions, to have been characterised by singular magnanimity. Even Mr. Thackeray says, "There was something grand about his courage." It was not an easy period during which the king held the sceptre. From the commencement of his reign to its close, it was a time of singular trouble, and we are surely guilty of no exaggeration, and only express a sentiment which people of all parties must admit to be true, when we say that, probably, England never had a sovereign who was, for the greater part of his reign, surrounded by advisers so unwise and incompetent.

Domestic agitations were prevalent in the country, and especially in the metropolis. A large portion of the reign was given over to the agitation of mobs; first, the turbulence of the great Wilkite Riots renewed again and again; then disturbances in consequence of the commencement of the reign of machinery, especially by the discovery of Sir Richard Arkwright; but these were trifling in comparison with the No Popery Riots in 1780. That wild and lawless burst of popular insanity, beneath the fanatical leadership of Lord George Gordon, the son of the Duke of Gordon, fell like a thunderbolt on the metropolis. The tempest rolled and raged along through all the principal highways and streets in atrocious outrages through many days. The carriages of unpopular peers and highest officers of state, bishops, archbishops, chancellors, and great law lords, were stopped; their owners taken from them, their robes and clothing torn from their bodies, and they themselves kicked, wounded, and maltreated. The infuriated popular tempest beat round the Houses of Parliament, and set fire to Newgate. Dr. Johnson says, in a letter to Mr. Thrale, "I walked out to look at Newgate, and found it in ruins, with the fire yet glowing. As I went by, the Protestants were plundering the Sessions House at the Old Bailey. They did their work at leisure, in full security, and without trepidation, as men lawfully employed, and in full day." From the 29th of May to the 8th of June, these riots raged with increasing intensity. This is no place to attempt to describe the stream of well-known incident; it has been so well set forth in history, and portrayed with such graphic strength in fiction, and in Cowper's manly verse, that we may presume all our readers to be acquainted with the events. The only person who seemed to retain his self-possession was the king, but he could get no one to act. He urged and remonstrated with Lord North, the *insouciant* prime minister, but he urged and remonstrated in vain; at last the king called the council himself in his own name. London was literally all in flames, and still the council was confused and declined to act. At last, undecided to stir a step to do anything, they left to the king a most unfair and unrighteous amount of responsibility, and then he plainly told the lords of the Privy Council he would accept it, and if they hesitated to give him their advice, he would act without it. In an evident and painful anguish of mind and heart, he declared he would order his guards to the door, mount his horse, and, heading them, go forth in person and disperse the rioters by force. "I lament," he said, "the conduct of the magistrates, but I can answer for *one*"—laying his hand on his breast—"*one* who will do his duty." What must have been the weakness of that government which needed such an argument to quell such an outrage? And still the king had to act for himself. He sent for Wedderburn, the attorney-general, who counselled the king that if a riotous assembly gathered to perpetrate felony, such as burning houses, and the civil power was inefficient, the law justified the employment of the military. The king then dictated a letter to Lord Amhurst, the commander-in-chief, Wedderburn writing it, at the king's dictation, kneeling at the council table. Even while all this was going on new flames were being kindled; two attacks upon the Bank of England failed, but the prisons of the Fleet, the Marshalsea, and the King's Bench had all been broken open, the prisoners released, the prisons consigned to the flames. The skies at night were red with conflagration. The neighbourhood of Holborn—most rife then with every vilest wickedness and debased sensuality, and yet abounding with buildings, residences, and distilleries, giving an incentive to plunder—was especially doomed; pails of gin were handed about among the crowd, spirits flowed along the kennels at the time when the king, unable longer to endure the supineness of his ministers, interposed. There were thirty-six conflagrations raging in different parts of London. Such was the state of things when the king took it upon himself to order out the guards; and Bishop Newton—no mean authority—thinks that if the king had not then acted upon his own determination, the entire cities of London and Westminster would have been heaps of ashes. It is said that throughout the long period of the riots the king never retired to rest, but walked about the palace the whole night, himself on guard, lest any attack should be made endangering his own wife or family.

If such were the difficulties of the king in a matter so imminent, and circumstances so palpably disastrous, we may form some idea of the difficulties he

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had to encounter in matters more remote The self-will and dogged obstinacy of the king have often been commented upon; but the story of his reign presents repeated instances in which he seems to have been the only man in the government with any will at all, and with little light from other minds to modify the determinations in his own. No doubt the happiest administration for him personally was that of Lord North. North had been the king's companion from his childhood; he really was a good creature; lymphatic good-humour was the characteristic of his temper. Circumstances and events which threw the king into a state of nervous irritability dropped upon North's temper like a spear upon a feather bed; nothing perturbed him. Once, in the House, while a member was pouring a long stream of fiery invective upon him and his government, he sat, his head upon his shoulder, and his eyes closed, as if fast asleep. The indignant speaker pointing to him, spoke of him as fast asleep. North said, so loud as to be heard by the whole House, "I wish I had been!" On another occasion, a member referred to him as "a thing." North quietly replied that the designation did not trouble him much, for he knew the honourable member only wanted to be *the thing* he was! Nothing disturbed him. He was the only minister the king had, until the younger Pitt came, for whom he felt respect or affection; but the incapacity of his government has passed into a proverb; he did not serve the interests of the king much, and when it is remembered that he was, perhaps, the best of the royal advisers, and his ludicrous and lazy indifference is understood, we may be prepared to sympathise with the difficulties of a highly nervous and scrupulously conscientious man like the king.

Through many periods of his life the king was subject to alarming illnesses; but the first great affliction which fell upon his family and the nation was about the year 1788. It is a curious circumstance that the first precognition was intimated from the mind of Mrs. Siddons, the illustrious actress, after one of her visits and private performances before the royal household; her wonderful study of, and entrance into, the obscure diseases of the mind, led her to express a fear which was soon verified in fact; but the king himself was the first who plainly expressed his presentiment of the coming calamity. Music was his favourite passion and recreation; and, after one of the concerts in the palace, he went up to Dr. Ayrton, and laying his hand on his shoulder, said, with gentle benignity, "I fear, sir, I shall not be able long to listen to music; it seems to affect my head; it is with difficulty I can bear to hear it." And then he made the commonplace, but scarcely the less affecting remark, "We may be very great, but the best of us are all frail mortals!" The cloud soon descended, and the government was plunged in strange confusion. We can only draw a veil over personal and family conflicts, which, to say the least of them, are shocking to every sacred sensibility. The period of restoration to sanity came, and, singularly, as the king himself had been the first to express the presentiment of his illness, he was the first to settle the question of his restored sanity. He had been in the habit of holding short conversations, which led to the indulgence of this hope. One morning a Captain Manners was mentioned as being in an adjoining room. "Let him come in," said the king; "he is not only Manners, but good manners." A looking-glass on a pier had been covered with green cloth, that the king might not see how greatly he was emaciated. He asked the reason of the green cloth being hung there. The answer was, "To prevent the reflection of too much light;" and the king instantly replied, "How can that be, when it is from the light?" And this simple and undesigned circumstance seemed to settle that connection of ideas which is another way of describing sanity.*

But if we retrace our steps and notice some of the agitating circumstances of the years immediately preceding, we can scarcely wonder that they tended to unhinge a mind which, however firm, was cruelly beaten upon for many years by the roughest storms. Many of the trying circumstances in which the king was placed reveal the magnanimity of his nature. In August, 1786, as he was stepping from his carriage at the entrance to St. James's Palace, Margaret Nicholson made an attempt upon his life with a sharpened knife, making a direct thrust at his heart, which he avoided by a backward movement; then she followed it up by another thrust, the point of the knife entering his waistcoat, but being turned aside. Of course, the horror and indignation of the bystanders was intense. She was seized, and perhaps in great danger of her own life, but the king shouted to the multitude around, "Do not hurt her! You see, poor creature, she is mad, she is mad! Be sure you do not hurt her; she has not hurt me!" Of course, whatever might be the cause, such an attempt was likely to create great excitement; but it showed the tenderness of his heart that he took means that the old lady, Mrs. Delany, should not know of the attempt on the night on which it was made, lest she should have a bad night. He was the first, on returning to Windsor, to inform the queen, and he insisted instantly on their walking together on the terrace, that the people might be assured of his health and safety.

In the year 1800 he was shot at twice in one day: in the morning, while reviewing the guards in Hyde Park; the would-be assassin seemed to escape; but, in the evening, the second and more serious attempt was made as he entered his box at Drury Lane Theatre. The pistol was discharged, and two slugs passed just above the head of the king. Michael Kelly saw the whole transaction. He says the king drew himself up for a moment, stood firm, then advanced to the front of the box, showing himself alive and safe to the whole of the house. The Lord Chancellor and the Earl of Salisbury entreated him to retire, but he peremptorily refused, saying to one of them, "Sir, you discompose me as well as yourself. I shall not stir one step." Sheridan was in the house that night, and Michael Kelly and Mrs. Jordan, the celebrated actress, led off a verse of "God save the King," improvised by Sheridan on the occasion:

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* The king was always in the habit on Sunday evenings of reading aloud a sermon to the queen and his children. On the first Sunday that he was restored to his family after the first attack of his sad malady, he took up the book of sermons to read, as was his wont, and, turning over the leaves, he stopped, and, pointing his finger to the title of one of the sermons, he turned round to Lady Charlotte Finch (who was governess to the royal children, and always present on these occasions) and said to her, in his quick way, "Lady Char, Lady Char, *that* never forsook me during the whole of my illness." The words were, "TRUST IN THE LORD." [We have received this touching anecdote from Lady Louisa Finch, who had it from a granddaughter of Lady Charlotte Finch, and therefore she knows it to be authentic.—ED. "L. H."]

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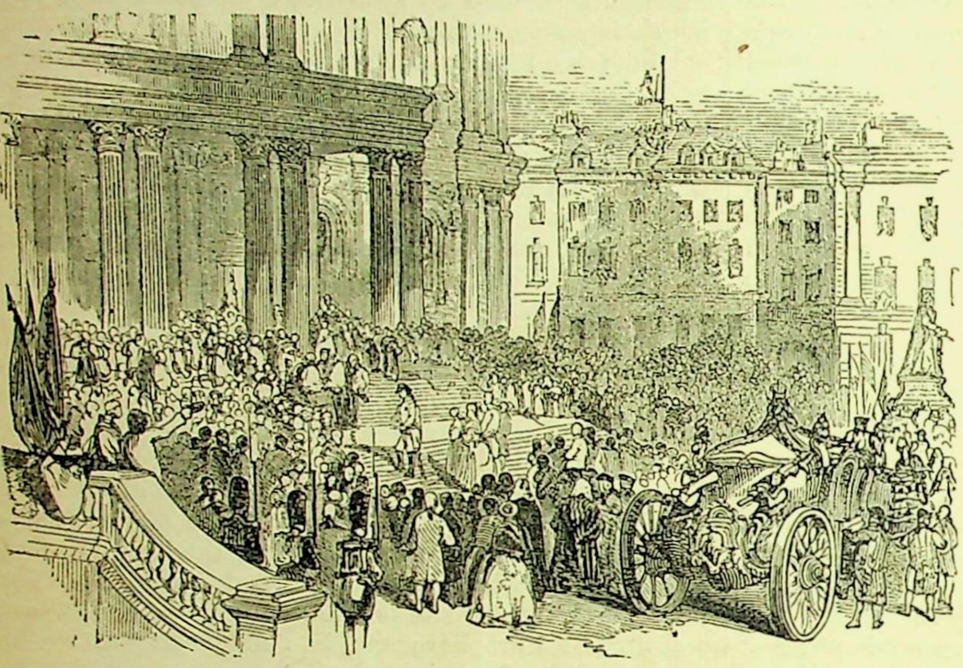
"From every latent foe,
From the assassin's blow,
God save the king!
O'er him Thine arm extend;
For Britain's sake defend
Our father, prince, and friend,
God save the king!"



THE KING GOING TO ST. PAUL'S TO RETURN THANKS AFTER HIS ILLNESS.

It was called for three times by the audience. One of the most interesting accounts of this little agitating episode may be found in a letter in the "Memoirs and Correspondence of Hannah More." In this instance also the assassin, James Hadfield, was insane. The poor fellow was committed to Bedlam for the rest of his days.

Other ordeals through which the king passed were even yet more fearful, and yet more calculated to test that personal courage of which we have spoken as a singular attribute of his character. At the close of the last century, the war with France, and many other national calamities, had created almost a famine price for food; it was a time of terrible political turbulence, and we have seen that it was an age of mobs. Seditions were rife on every hand; the people were ready for any mischief. It was in October, 1795, when the king passed through what may be truly called a tremendous day. He was proceeding in his cumbrous gilt coach to open Parliament; two hundred thousand people surged around him like a living sea, crying, "Bread! bread! Peace! peace! No king! no king!" In the carriage with the king were the Earls of Westmoreland and Onslow; when they had proceeded some little distance, a pistol was fired; the ball perforated the glass, but went through the window on the opposite side. The two lords manifested considerable alarm, and seemed to fancy the situation was getting somewhat warm. The king said, "Sit still, sit still! We must not show any fear, whatever happens!" And we are afraid we must convict him of a kind of bravado, in that, instead of leaning back in his carriage, he continued to show himself, with great self-possession curiously examining the hole through which the shot had passed. When he stepped from his carriage at the House of Lords, he said to the Lord Chancellor, "My lord, we have been shot at." But in delivering his speech from the throne, his manner was perfectly quiet, and gave no indications of the imminent danger in which his life had been placed a few minutes before. Stepping from the throne, while the peers all round him were engaged in exciting animadversions on the outrage, he said, as he was entering his coach, "Well, my lords, one person is proposing this, and another is supposing that, forgetting that there is One above all who disposes of everything, and on whom we can alone depend." The outrages in the progress to the House were trifling compared with those which greeted the king on his return. The mob was mad in its virulent violence; stones rapidly showered upon the carriage; the windows were completely smashed; several of the stones hit the king. "One stone," says Lord Onslow, "went into the cuff of the king's coat, where it lodged; he took it out and gave it to me, saying, 'I make you a present of this, as a memorial of the civilities we have received in our journey to-day.'" He kept his senses quite cool and complete as the mob hurled and heaved up, threatening to overturn the coach. He beckoned some of the guards to come nearer, but glancing over the crowd as he saw a soldier apparently about to cut down an innocent person, he called aloud to him that he was mistaken, and thus saved the person's life. It was about the same time that the queen was struck on the cheek by a stone hurled through the window of her carriage. The king offered a thousand pounds reward for the discovery of the miscreant, but in vain. So threatening, however, seemed to be the attitude of affairs, and the fury of the lower classes at this time, that the king told Lord Elcho he thought it not improbable he should be the last King of England. It is no exaggeration to say that the personal character of the king saved the monarchy.

REVIEW IN HYDE PARK.

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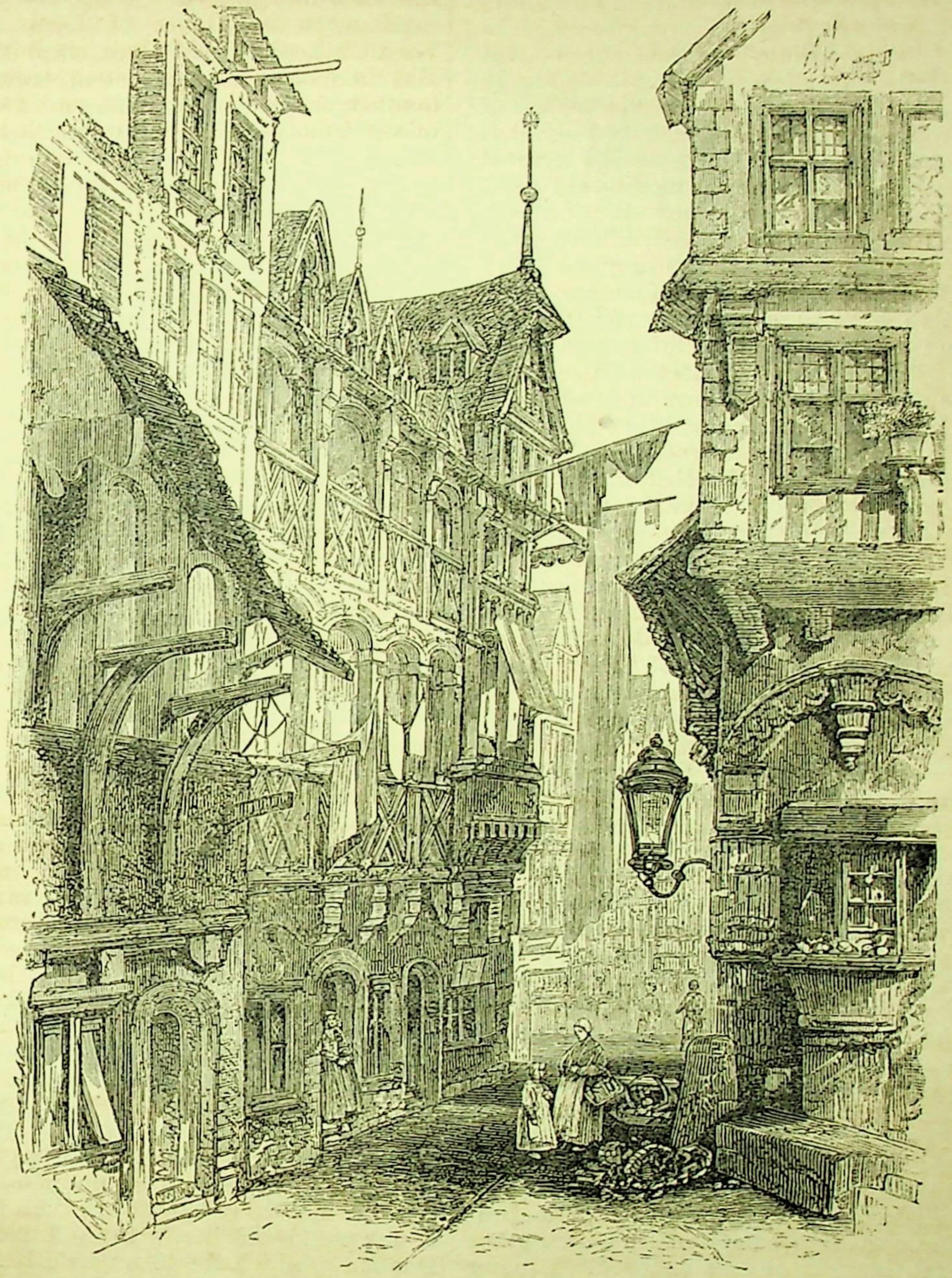
THE FRANKFORT JUDENGASSE.



THE HOME OF THE ROTHSCHILDS.

FAITH and race are not the only barriers that separate the Jew from the Gentile. The Jew is gregarious, and loves to flock together with those of his own kith and kin, whatever their remove may be. This propensity shows itself clearly in all great centres of population partly inhabited by Jews, where the children of Israel have at all times huddled together in the same streets or districts, either from choice, or compulsion, or both. During the middle ages, the public authorities took great care to assign separate districts to the Jews, and not to allow them to intermingle their dwellings with those of the Gentiles. The reason of this was twofold. In the first place, the dislike for the Eastern race was extreme among the people at large, from the highest to the lowest. The antipathy displayed among Gentiles of different nationalities for each other at the present day is as nothing to the feeling with which the race of Abraham was looked upon throughout Europe in those benighted mediæval ages. The merest contact with the Jew was abhorred, even amongst the lowest classes. Sir Walter Scott, in "Ivanhoe," describes the cell in which Isaac of York is permitted by Cedric to spend a night; and Anwold, Cedric's serf, replying to a question from the pilgrim who happens to find shelter under the same roof, says, "The unbelieving dog kennels in the cell next your holiness. St. Dunstan! how it must be scraped and cleansed ere it be again fit for a Christian!" This is as true a picture as any that could be devised. Hence it is most natural that the civil authorities endeavoured to confine the Jews within districts set apart for them, so as to comply with, or rather pander to, the national prejudices of their subjects.

The second reason for erecting a partition wall against the Jews had both humanitarian and inter-

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ested considerations for its foundation. The Jew must be kept apart from the rest, so as to be able to protect him against the rage of the populace which in so many instances was kindled against the ancient people by the priests, oftentimes leading to dastardly massacres of the unoffending Hebrews, regardless of age and sex. Again, he must be protected—that is to say, his life and limbs must be guarded against impending assassination, because the mediæval rulers, whenever they found themselves in monetary difficulties, would fleece the Jews to the utmost, taking away from them whatever property of theirs they could lay hold of; and in order to do so, it was, of course, much more convenient to have them all gathered together in one place, than to be obliged to look them up in different places. In this way we meet with separate streets and lanes set aside for the Jews in most of the large towns of Europe. In London, the Old Jewry, which is now full of companies' and solicitors' offices, used to be the head-quarters of the British Jews, and must have been so far back as a hundred years ago; for Crabtree, in the "School for Scandal," speaking of Charles Surface's habit of patronising Jewish money-lenders, says, "If the Old Jewry were a ward, I believe Charles would be an alderman. No man more popular there." At the present day, Petticoat Lane and the surrounding portions of Whitechapel harbour the bulk of the Jewish population of East London. Paris has its Rue des Juifs, with adjoining parts of the Marais; Strasburg has its Rue des Juifs, with no more Jews in it than in the Old Jewry of London. On the other hand, we find a Jüdenstrasse at Berlin, a Judenstadt at Prague, a Ghetto both at Rome and in several other cities in Italy; and last, not least, the Judengasse at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, of which we purpose now to say a word or two.

Of all the districts set aside for the Jews in any city of central Europe, the Judengasse (Jewry), with its surroundings, called Judenmarkt (Jews' Market), Judenmauer (Jews' Wall), etc., is decidedly the most interesting. The Jews of Frankfort used at all times to occupy an exceptional position among those of Germany. They were by preference designated as *Reichskammerknechte* (valets of the Empire); and in consideration of certain services, chiefly of a financial nature, they had to render to the Emperor, they enjoyed special protection at his hands, and the title of *Schutzjude* (privileged Jew) was a passport to absolute immunity from those persecutions to which other Jews were constantly more or less exposed. Among the incapacities imposed on them at Frankfort there were some very strange ones. The large square before the Town Hall—the notorious Römes—is divided by a gutter in two halves, called Römerberg and Samstagsberg. The Jews were not allowed to step on the former, but only on the latter; by crossing the gutter they incurred a heavy fine. In some places prohibitive inscriptions were found, like "*Ein Jud und ein Schwein darf hier nicht herein*" (No Jews nor pigs admitted here). Again, at one time they were obliged to wear brass rings on the fringe of their coats; and at another they had to fix a piece of yellow cloth on the lower part of their backs, for the purpose of being distinguishable from the rest of the community. But the one paramount feature by which they were distinguished from all the rest of the people, was the legal compulsion of living all in the same street, in which they had to find accommodation, however large or however small their numbers might be.

The prohibition of living outside the gates of the Judengasse was repealed about seventy years ago, at the time when the Grand Duchy of Frankfort, under the dominion of Karl von Dalberg, Prince Primate of Germany, belonged to the Rhenish Confederation, which consisted of a set of vassals of Napoleon I. Since that time most of the wealthier Jews have removed from its precincts, and its population at the present day is quite a promiscuous one; yet the place has preserved its interest almost intact, so far as architecture and "edility" is concerned, as a glance at our engraving will show to those of our readers who have not had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with it by inspection. A visitor to Frankfort would never think of leaving before having seen the far-famed Jewish quarter. A portion of the Judengasse was burnt down a few years since, but enough remains to make it worth any tourist's while to go a little out of his way to see it. Let, then, our readers imagine two rows of houses, occupying about a quarter of a mile in length, all of them reduced to the smallest width imaginable, and each of them raised to such a height as to afford accommodation to the largest possible number of people. It is rather from the rear than from the front that this curious arrangement becomes readily perceptible. Any one passing along the Judenmauer, and looking so high up as to almost rick his neck, must notice the tops of the houses, some of which are barely wider than his arm is long, with interstices between them, looking very much like teeth with spaces left between them, or like point-lace of the Vandyke pattern. There are, perhaps, half a dozen storeys to each house, and every storey would accommodate a whole family, although it might have no more capacity than a good-sized stable.

At one end of the Judengasse there used to be the old-fashioned synagogue, a cold, dismal-looking place, which has since made room for a new synagogue, more modern both in appearance and ritual, and which is considered one of the leading sights of Frankfort. Half-way between this edifice and the eastern gate of the Judengasse there is the Rothschild House, a building in which all the members of the Rothschild family of the last generation were born. The first Rothschild, Meyer Amschel by name, used to live in this house long after the Jews had been allowed to live in Christian districts, and his widow actually died there, not more than a few years ago. It may be remarked that this interesting family is supposed originally to hail from Roeskield, in Denmark, which the Germans call Rothschild.

The story of the Rothschilds greatly resembles one of the Arabian Nights' tales, with this difference, however, that in their case truth is stranger than fiction. Meyer Amschel Rothschild was carrying on the business of a banker in the Judengasse, and among all those who knew him he enjoyed the reputation of combining great commercial probity with extreme shrewdness. In the course of the war that followed the French Revolution, from 1792 till 1815, Frankfort and the surrounding districts of Hesse were among the first places to which the inroads of the "shirtless" soldiery of the French Republic, about the year 1795, extended. In those days there lived the old Prince Elector of Hesse, who, during the American War of Independence, had actually sold his subjects to the British Government to fight for King George on the borders of the Rappahannock and Potomac. This old miser had hoarded up an immense treasure, by fair means and foul, valued at full eight million thalers, or about £1,200,000 of our

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money. When the French invaded his dominions, they were particularly eager to possess themselves of this treasure, and the Elector was at a loss how to get it into a safe place. In this emergency he asked Rothschild to take charge of it. Rothschild did not care to embark in such a dangerous venture, for the French, he thought, would be sure to find it out, and visions of drumhead court-martial and summary executions were prominent in his mind. However, upon the Elector declaring that he would take all risk himself, and not even ask for a receipt, Rothschild consented at last. The immense hoards of gold and jewels were conveyed to his residence in the dark of night, and buried in his garden at the moment when the French scouts entered the city. They at once made for Rothschild's house, where they expected to find the coveted treasure. However, so well were these millions hidden that the marauders were glad to lay hold of Rothschild's own money, amounting to about £6,000, which he made no endeavours to conceal; so that by losing his few thousands he saved the Elector's millions. When the invaders had left Frankfort, Rothschild dug up some of the Elector's money and devoted it to some business transactions. In this he was very successful, and after a comparatively short time, he managed not only to recover from all his losses, but actually to increase his fortune to such an extent as to become one of the wealthiest bankers on the banks of the Rhine. After the treaty of the peace of Luneville, in 1801, which was soon followed by the treaty of peace of Amiens, concluded between Bonaparte and England, the Prince Elector returned to his states. While in exile he had heard of Rothschild's house having been pillaged by the ragged regiments of the French Republic, and so he naturally inferred that his beloved treasure must have vanished into thin air. On seeing Rothschild again, he at once asked him, in the most despairing tone in the world, "Have the rascals left me anything at all?" How great and joyful was his surprise when the faithful steward informed him that the treasure was intact, and made it clear to him that by throwing out the small fry in the shape of his own more modest capital, he had preserved that big fish he now offered to restore to its legitimate owner, together with five per cent. interest from the day on which it was lodged with him. The grateful prince not only insisted upon Rothschild indemnifying himself for his losses out of the wealth entrusted to him, but also made him keep the millions for another twenty years, at the low rate of two per cent. interest per annum.

The first Rothschild, who died in 1812, left five sons and five daughters. The former established themselves in five of the principal cities of Europe—viz., Amschel at Frankfort, Solomon at Vienna, Nathan Meyer in London, Charles at Naples, and James in Paris. While Amschel became the head of the family, Nathan was the most active and enterprising of the brothers. As early as 1798 he had settled in England. It was he who managed first to possess himself of the news of the Battle of Waterloo as early as twenty-four hours before Lord Palmerston, the then Secretary of War, heard of it, and by means of this advantage he cleared nearly a million sterling. He died suddenly in 1836, and his death produced a perfect panic on the Stock Exchange. His brother Amschel survived him a number of years. The patronage enjoyed by him and the others at the hands of the various European sovereigns to whom the Prince Elector had related the story of his own treasure at the Congress of Vienna, gradually increased their wealth beyond all proportions, so much so that the very name of Rothschild has been proverbial for a modern Crœsus these fifty years and more. The Emperor Francis I of Austria, who contracted many loans through the Rothschild firm, bestowed letters of nobility on the family. Of Baron Amschel Rothschild, of Frankfort, it is related that, in 1848, one of those Socialists who clamoured for equality of possession came to him and asked to share his wealth with him. The baron, handing him a florin, said, "This, my friend, is the amount that will fall to your share if my money is equally divided among all your brothers." It was reversing the case of Canning's friend of humanity and the needy knife-grinder. The disappointed Socialist never returned to the charge.

In our engraving the Rothschild house is shown, with the "old lady" standing at the door. But a few years ago any one passing through this street could have beheld one of the most curious collection of Jewish types from all parts of the world, for Jews would flock to Frankfort from Poland and from America alike. The sight is no longer the same now, there being now a very large sprinkling of Gentiles in the "gasse," as the Jews of Frankfort affectionately term it. Despite their being cooped up in the very smallest space imaginable, and with most inadequate sanitary arrangements, the Jews used to keep up their health much better even than the inhabitants of broad, spacious streets, with large mansions, showing that their habits are more correct from a hygienic point of view than those of Gentiles. On the whole, whatever there remains of the Judengasse is well worth seeing, and the sooner our readers look at the original the more chance they will have of seeing it, for the Judengasse is now gradually being "improved out of existence."

J. A.

READING FOR THE BLIND.

THERE has been much discussion of late, especially on the Continent, as to the possibility of an agreement on the method of teaching, among the managers of the several institutions throughout Europe for the instruction of the blind, so that in future all blind persons taught in those institutions in any part of Europe shall be able to understand one another. At present, owing to the differences in the methods of teaching followed in the several countries—*e.g.*, French and German—blind persons cannot understand each other unless with the greatest difficulty. An attempt to bring about unity of method has been already made more than once, but with no success worth speaking of.

The earliest authentic record we appear to possess of any attempt to provide means by which the blind might be enabled to read, describes a plan of engraving letters in wood, but in consequence of their being sunken instead of raised, they were practically useless. In the middle of the seventeenth century, M. Moreau endeavoured to obviate this difficulty by casting moveable leaden types, but for the want of funds he was unable to develop his schemes, and no remarkable advance was made until the year 1784, when M. Haüy embossed paper from metal types, adopting the large and small italic

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letters. Thirty-seven years, however, elapsed before his plan was introduced into England.

In 1821 the Lady Elizabeth Lowther brought over from Paris some of the books embossed upon M. Haüy's plan for the use of her son, now Sir Charles H. Lowther, Bart., of Swillington and Wilton Castle, Yorkshire. She also procured types, by means of which he might emboss other books for himself. With the assistance of a clever man-servant, Sir Charles Lowther embossed St. Matthew's Gospel and several of the Epistles, and he may therefore be considered to have been the first to read and to print embossed books in this country. The original printing-press and types are still preserved at Swillington.

The twenty years which followed this introduction of embossed books into England were destined to inaugurate a new era for the education of the blind. The noble pioneer in providing literature for the blind at large was Mr. Gall, of Edinburgh, who, between 1827 and 1834, published some elementary works, and the Gospel by St. John, printed in an angular type. The benevolent Mr. Alston, of Glasgow, followed in his wake, and after printing a few elementary works in the Roman letter, he produced, in the following year, the New Testament, and soon completed the whole Bible.

It soon became evident that the unaltered Roman letter was not decipherable by the mass of the blind, and the consequence was that other benevolent individuals devoted themselves to the construction of new types. Mr. Lucas, of Bristol, and Mr. Frere, of Blackheath, arranged their alphabets upon a simpler plan than those of Gall and Alston, but they encumbered their systems with so large a number of contractions, that they were beyond the mental capacity of more than half the blind population.

Here we may remark that more than half of the blind are upwards of thirty years of age (*vide* Census, 1871); and when we consider that the majority are deprived of sight by accident or acute disease, we can well imagine how their nerves have often been shattered, and that they are unfitted for any great mental exertion.

This brief introduction brings us to the origin of the great work for the blind which is known as

MOON'S SYSTEM.

When Mr. Moon lost his sight in the year 1840, he at once devoted himself to the acquisition of the various systems then in use. He soon discovered the defects referred to above; but, nevertheless, he searched for the blind in Brighton, where he resided, and endeavoured to teach them by one or another of the existing plans. In a few cases he was successful, but with others he was not so. His want of success led him to reflect upon the causes of failure, and he ultimately constructed a system embracing very simple characters for the alphabet, which is composed principally of the Roman letters in their original, or in slightly modified forms, combined with *Full Orthography*. By this arrangement only nine characters of very simple formation, placed in various positions, completed the alphabet. Eight of the letters are identically our common printed letters, fourteen others consist of parts of our common letters, the unnecessary strokes being omitted, and the remaining five are new characters.

For five years Dr. Moon endeavoured without success to teach a boy to read by the older systems, and to this disappointed hope of teaching the lad may be traced the introduction of the type which has since proved such a boon to many thousands in our own and foreign lands. After ten days' instruction in the new system the poor boy could read easy sentences.

The work of embossing in Dr. Moon's type was commenced in 1847, and for some years was carried on at his private residence. In course of time, however, more commodious premises were required. Ground was consequently purchased upon which the present buildings for preparing the books, etc., have been erected. The foundation-stone was laid by Sir Charles Lowther, Bart., on the 4th of September, 1856. The original structure at first appeared to be of considerable size, but it soon proved to be too small, and from time to time enlargements have been required to meet the increasing demands for the books.

It was estimated when Dr. Moon introduced his type, that but very few of the adult blind accustomed to work could read by the systems then in use. Undoubtedly this was due to the complex forms of the Roman letters and the difficulties experienced by the blind in the study of stenography.

Dr. Moon's type may be said to be universal, he having adapted it to 122 different languages and dialects, and the success it has achieved is marvellous and gratifying in the extreme. Wherever it has been tried it has been readily acquired and easily retained.

The library for the blind in this type now comprises, in addition to the Holy Scriptures and a large number of single chapters, 30 volumes of religious works, 55 biographical, 48 tales and anecdotes, and 27 books of poetry; besides 4 volumes of the History of England, 2 of geography, 4 of Biblical dictionary, 4 of natural history, 1 of astronomy, various astronomical and geographical maps, pictures of animals, etc.; 2 spelling-books, a grammar, and several elementary books for schools; also many volumes in foreign languages. Upwards of a hundred thousand volumes have been issued since the commencement of the work.

The circulation of the books, as already mentioned, has not been confined to Great Britain and Ireland, large numbers having been sent abroad to America, Australia, China, India, New Zealand, France, Germany, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Russia, Turkey, Poland, Norway, Sweden, Africa, Syria, etc., etc. Copies of the Lord's Prayer, and other small portions of Scripture, have been sent as specimens to Lapland, Iceland, Greenland, Labrador (for the Esquimaux), the Fiji Islands, and Japan.

Dr. Moon has frequently visited the Continent on behalf of the blind. During a tour he made in 1858–9–60, through Holland, Germany, and France, he could nowhere find a type by which the adult blind could read. However, upon making a trial with his own system adapted to the Dutch, German, and French, his success was so signal in teaching several to read who had previously tried in vain by the older methods, that he at once resolved to prepare fresh books in those languages. A large number have been printed, and are now in use. Home-teaching societies and free lending libraries have also been established in several of the continental cities and towns.

To meet the requirements of the large number of the blind poor (to whom Dr. Moon's system is so admirably adapted), home-teaching societies and free lending libraries of Moon's books have been established. The work of home-teaching societies is to

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send teachers to search out and instruct the blind at their own homes, as it would not only be inconvenient but impossible to provide a sufficient number of schools in which to teach the adult blind to read, many of them being upwards of eighty and ninety years of age. Upwards of fifty of these societies have been formed in Great Britain and Ireland, and several abroad.

Sir Charles Lowther, to whom we referred as being the first reader of embossed books in England, is a very liberal supporter of Dr. Moon's work. We find upon reference to Dr. Moon's "Light for the Blind," that Sir Charles possesses a full library of these embossed books. He has been a noble benefactor to the blind in generously presenting a large number of them to various home-teaching societies and free lending libraries for the blind. He has during the past eight years presented more than 10,000 volumes to them.

For the foregoing statement we are indebted to a blind contributor, who is evidently a warm advocate of the system which has conferred benefit upon him. There is, however, much difference of opinion as to the best system of typography. In the case of the blind poor there is little room for choice, as they have to take what is provided for them by their benefactors and helpers. But among the educated blind the preference for Dr. Moon's system is far from general.

From one of these we have received the following notes on

THE BRAILLE SYSTEM.

The variety of systems in use for teaching the blind to read, prevented, and to some extent still prevents, that universality of action in their education which is essential to its completeness and thoroughness. Most of the mechanisms by which letters or characters are brought into relief upon paper are expensive. Books thus printed, however subsidised by the funds of the philanthropic, cannot become universal, or reach those for whom they are intended, and who are, as a class, needy. There are, say, half-a-dozen founts of type and plants for printing where one or two would suffice, if only one or two alphabets or systems were in use, and the range of the literature consequently remained and remains extremely limited as well as costly.

With a view to bettering this state of things it occurred some time ago to some blind gentlemen of means, leisure, and education, to band themselves together into an Association with the object of discovering the best methods of education by touch; to produce the best apparatus for enabling the blind to read, write, and acquire a knowledge of geography, music, and arithmetic; to promote in every way the higher education, social well-being, and profitable employment of the blind. Hitherto all legislation to this end has been conducted by the seeing, whom it is now clearly understood are not fully competent to deal with the subject. The blind are the only leaders of the blind who can practically investigate the merits of the multitudinous systems and contrivances which have been invented from time to time for their benefit. Hence the members of the executive council of the association must, by its rule, be blind, or so nearly so as to be obliged to use the finger instead of the eye for the purpose of reading. Starting with this condition and from this standpoint, they proceeded carefully to examine the various embossed types and methods of education, and after some years of patient labour have come to certain decisions. Chief amongst them is the declaration that Braille's dotted system is the one above all others best fitted, at any rate for juvenile education, if not for meeting the daily requirements of the intelligent blind of all ages.

In the first place it is the only one which can be written by a blind man, so that he can afterwards read what he has written; it is the only one which lends itself completely to musical notation; it occupies far less space, a most important matter, than all others; and equally important, it is by far the least expensive in the manufacture of its type, or stereotype plates, and in its printing. Various, too, have been the improvements effected by the council in many of its details, such as in abbreviations, and the mechanical means of writing and printing it; and the daily increase in the number of those who use it fully attests its superiority. Many, especially blind women who have hitherto been able to earn little or nothing towards their maintenance, are now employed in writing out embossed manuscript copies of educational and other works which have not yet been printed; these books are bound and put into circulation. and are found to be of great use.

Any blind person who can afford to pay more than the price at which embossed *printed* books are sold, can now have any work he wishes for written out in the Braille type. There is a steady increase in the demand for embossed books and other apparatus for the education of the sightless, a proof that the standard of education is rising.

The association is now endeavouring to supply the want of class-books, which is felt in every well-managed school where the blind are educated.

Different institutions still use different systems of embossed printing for reading purposes, but wherever writing is taught the Braille system is used. As it is impossible to give even a good elementary education without the use of writing, it follows that this system is employed wherever a good education is attempted, and that books published in this type must therefore come eventually into general use. The character is legible, and as I have said before, occupies far less space than any other, and it is well for the blind, whatever reading system they may eventually prefer, to be thoroughly familiar with the written character which they will have to use all their lives, unless they follow some occupation which impairs their sense of touch.

By writing is here meant a process which, to the blind, supplies the place that, with the seeing, is held by pen-and-ink writing, and consists, by the use of a little guiding frame, and a small, blunt-pointed style, in the production of certain combinations of elevated dots. The writer starting from right to left, reverses the form of each letter of his alphabet by what may be called *repoussé* work, with the aid of the style; so that when the paper is turned over, the series of dots come into relief, and can be read off by the finger in their proper shape and combination from left to right; and it is astonishing to observe how little practice is necessary to acquire the habit or trick of reversing the combination or shape of each group of dots which form each letter; when the pupil is writing, indeed, he has to learn to do nothing more in this respect than every compositor has to do when he is setting up ordinary type, only the blind man makes his own letters as he goes. It is,

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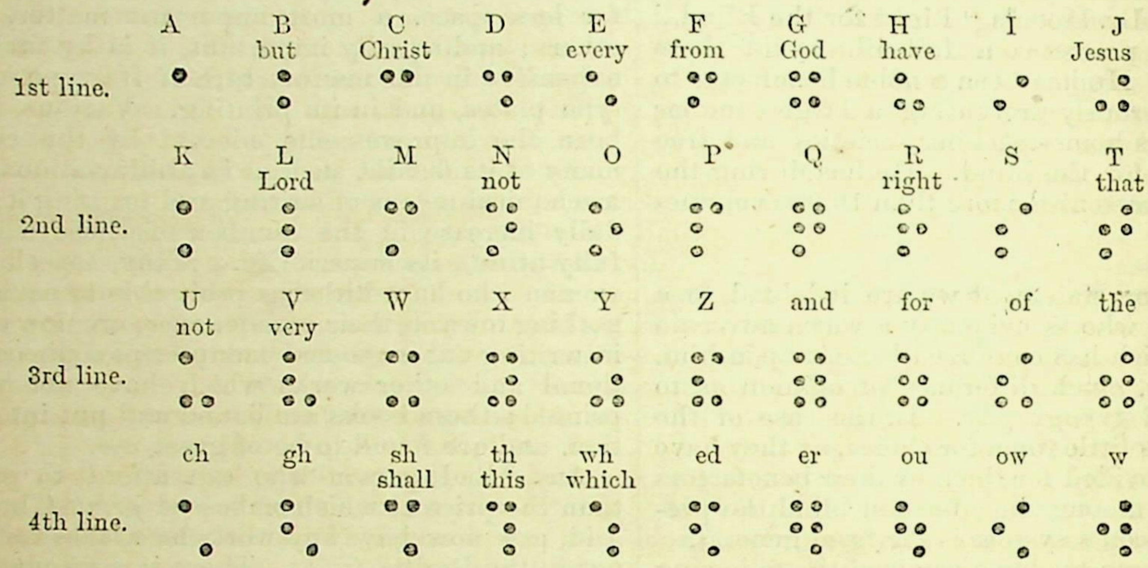
in fact, nothing more than a perfect development of the old-fashioned pin-point pricking, which, however, never deserved the name of writing.

The alphabet is formed by the combination of dots, certain arrangements of which also represent some of the words in most frequent use, as will be seen from the diagram. The dots are in high relief for the touch, although in the diagram printed in black ink.

tion, have received the attention of the association, and through its agency are being improved and widely circulated.

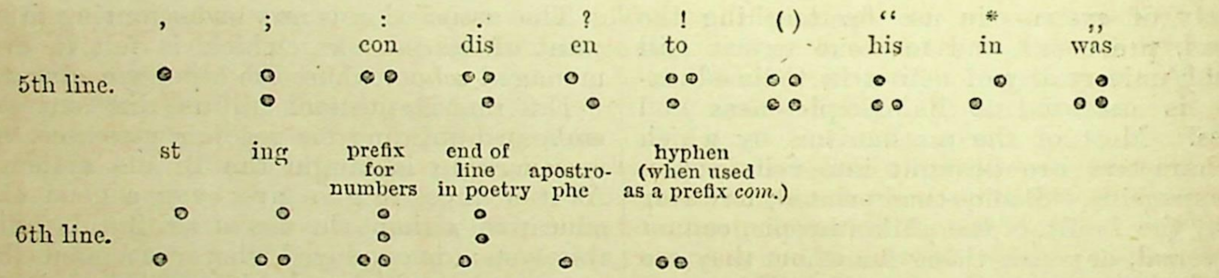
Now when it is remembered how limited, and of what simple description of necessity are the handicraft trades which can be practised by the blind, and how, consequently, the competition is great and the pay small, it will be evident of what importance a

BRAILLE'S ALPHABET, WITH CONTRACTIONS.



The signs of the 2nd, 3rd, and 4th lines are formed from those of the 1st by the addition of lower dots.

The signs of the 5th line are the same as those of the 1st, except that they are written in the middle and lower holes.



The signs of the 1st line when preceded by the prefix for numbers stand for the nine numbers and the cipher.

The stereotype plates from which books are printed are produced in precisely the same manner, only that instead of paper thin sheets of tin are used, on which the dots are elevated, and the manufacture of these same plates opens out a new field of remunerative employment for the blind, who at this work can earn from ten shillings to one pound per week, while the want of educational and other books, which has been so long felt, can be soon overcome by merely setting plenty of blind stereotypers to work.

Already the association has thus enormously enlarged the range of literature available for the blind. It has published at a low rate many standard works which have been hitherto literally sealed books to the sightless.

Besides the Scriptures and many hymns, these works include selections from the poems of Macaulay, Gray, Tennyson, Milton, Longfellow, Coleridge, as well as the entire plays of "Macbeth" and "Hamlet," to say nothing of a mass of rudimentary educational matter that was before beyond the reach of the blind. Geography, in the shape of improved elevated maps, etc., cunning devices for teaching arithmetic, and last, not least, every appliance for the application of the Braille system to musical nota-

high-class education is to them. For only in the field of intellectual occupation have they any chance of competing fairly with their seeing brethren. It is on this account that the blind, when properly educated, succeed better as tuners, teachers of music, and organists, than in the mere manual labour of basket and brush-making, etc.

There is no reason why a person without eyes should not be just as good an author, poet, or musician—either as instrumentalist, vocalist, or composer—as if he were endowed with the great gift of sight, be he once properly educated. But there are a hundred reasons why he can never compete with the seeing in mechanical labour, not to mention the superiority of the cultivating and elevating influences of the intellectual means of bread-winning. Such work, therefore, as it has been shown the British and Foreign Blind Association is engaged in, surely deserves large recognition, and though hitherto any deficit in the accounts has been met by the liberality of the honorary secretary, it is evident that if the work for the future is to be permanent, the expenses should be more nearly met by the annual subscriptions to the institution and by the sales of the books.

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ARITHMETICAL SQUARES.

THE Arithmetical Problem which we published last year has brought us numerous letters, from which we make a selection.

I.

In the "Leisure Hour," 1878 (p. 591), is given Herr Meyer's arrangement of the numbers 1—64 in a square, having the same total (260) in each of the horizontal and vertical lines and the diagonals. This is compared with two similar squares which do not yield the like product in the diagonals; but as they give the Knight's Tour, which Herr Meyer's does not, they must still be considered as unrivalled. Herr Meyer's performance comes solely within the province of arithmetic, having no reference to the moves of the chess-piece in question.

In this paper I lay before the reader my solution of a regular series of such problems. From what I have observed in working them out, I believe that any sequence commencing with 1 and ending with a square number can be so arranged in the form of a square as to give the like total in each of the horizontal and vertical lines and diagonals.

This total is always the product of the square root of the last number by half the sum of the first and last numbers.

Let x = last number; the first is 1. Then the total of each line in the square is—

$$\frac{1}{\sqrt{x}}\left(1+2+3+\ldots+(x-1)+x\right) = \frac{1}{\sqrt{x}}\times\frac{x(x+1)}{2} = \sqrt{x}\times\frac{x+1}{2}$$

Suppose the sequence of numbers to be so arranged is 1—25, then $x = 25$, and the total is—

$$\sqrt{25} \times \frac{25+1}{2} = 5 \times 13 = 65$$

The plan on which I usually proceed is to arrange the diagonals first, beginning with the top left-hand corner, where I place 1, and at the other corner of the diagonal I place the last number in the sequence; the intermediate spaces in the diagonal I fill up with the numbers which are in arithmetical progression from the first to the last. 1 being the first term, the difference (d) will be—

$$\frac{x-1}{\sqrt{x}-1}$$

which in the case of 1—25 gives $\frac{24}{4} = 6$; and the numbers forming the diagonal will be 1, 7, 13, 19, 25. By this arrangement, where the last number of the sequence is odd, the central number of the sequence will also be the central number of the square (as in figs. 3, 5, 7). To impart an air of finish, the other diagonal should also be composed of numbers in arithmetical progression; in odd sequences it will have the same central number as the first diagonal. This will admit in some cases—probably in all—of the second diagonal being a sequence.

Having formed the diagonals, the next step is to make the verticals right. This presents no difficulty; the puzzling and tedious operation is to get the horizontals equal. One line may be considerably in excess of the requisite total, another much under; and the numbers must be shifted, as required, up and down in *their own verticals* to adjust the balance. If this cannot be done with the verticals as first arranged, they must be altered prior to trying the horizontals again. The proper arrangement may not be arrived at until after hours—sometimes days or weeks—of manœuvring, but I am prepared to support the theory that all such sequences admit of the arrangement.

Fig. 1.

2	9	4
7	5	3
6	1	8

Sequence 1—9.
15 every way.

Fig. 2.

1	15	14	4
12	6	7	9
8	10	11	5
13	3	2	16

Sequence 1—16.
34 every way.*

Fig. 3.

1	21	10	22	11
5	7	18	12	23
24	17	13	9	2
20	14	8	19	4
15	6	16	3	25

Sequence 1—25.
65 every way.

Fig. 4.

1	28	35	27	4	16
30	8	6	24	17	26
33	9	15	18	25	11
23	32	19	22	5	10
3	20	34	13	29	12
21	14	2	7	31	36

Sequence 1—36.
111 every way.

Fig. 5.

1	34	45	23	44	18	10
43	9	29	46	21	15	12
42	6	17	24	20	39	27
7	38	36	25	47	19	3
28	16	30	31	33	11	26
14	35	13	22	2	41	48
40	37	5	4	8	32	49

Sequence 1—49.
175 every way.

* This is produced by writing the numbers in their regular order, and then reversing the two diagonals. A square of 256 terms is divided into 16 squares of 16 terms each, then 1 to 16 is arranged into the first square, 17 to 32 into the next, and so on till the 16th is completed; and these squares similarly arranged will complete the large square.

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Fig. 6.

1	39	4	56	21	58	52	29
62	10	16	9	51	23	30	59
60	15	19	48	63	31	11	13
2	44	54	28	32	45	6	49
18	61	50	33	37	5	42	14
43	3	34	41	22	46	47	24
38	35	57	20	7	40	55	8
36	53	26	25	27	12	17	64

Sequence 1—64.

260 every way.

Fig. 7.

1	66	78	69	67	3	74	9	2
63	11	64	13	77	76	8	12	45
54	25	21	20	59	55	22	57	56
72	52	53	31	17	32	40	37	35
28	38	29	44	41	43	34	47	65
10	33	39	50	30	51	68	73	15
19	58	60	62	23	4	61	36	46
42	70	7	75	6	26	48	71	24
80	16	18	5	49	79	14	27	81

Sequence 1—81.

369 every way.

Fig. 8.

1	99	98	4	95	2	94	93	9	10
59	11	49	56	87	29	33	83	20	78
74	57	21	22	79	84	85	30	27	26
18	28	89	31	68	66	40	36	64	65
52	62	54	55	41	50	48	46	44	53
86	5	16	88	51	60	47	67	43	42
63	58	7	61	25	35	70	8	96	82
23	72	71	97	37	12	6	80	73	34
38	81	24	77	19	75	69	17	90	15
91	32	76	14	3	92	13	45	39	100

Sequence 1—100.

505 every way.

Of the foregoing squares, figs. 2, 3, 4, 6 are built on the plan described. All except No. 1 (which cannot be so treated) and No. 8 have the same diagonal composed of numbers in arithmetical progression, proceeding from 1 to the last number in the sequence; and in all but No. 1 the first and last numbers of the sequence are also the first and last numbers respectively of the square. In every case all the pairs of numbers equidistant from the centre of the diagonals are equal to the sum of the first and last numbers in the sequence.

In conclusion, I am not aware of the existence of any similar solution of this set of problems; but enough is here shown to prove that all sequences from 1 to a square number can be so arranged. But it is quite another question, and to me a matter of some doubt, whether the sequence 1—64 can be made to give the Knight's Tour in addition to the equal horizontals, verticals, and diagonals.

W. H. W.

Varieties.

Pocohontas.—It seems that measures are being taken for the purpose of raising a monument to the memory of this historical and heroic Indian lady. She died at Gravesend, as certified by the following entry in the register :—"1616, May 21, Rebecca Wrolfe, wyffe of Thomas Wrolfe, gent., a Virginia lady borne, was buried in the chancel." Up to the present time there is not even a tablet by the grave. A good deal of the romance of the story evaporates when Mrs. Rolfe is substituted for the Princess Pocohontas! It is like the "Maid of Athens," known in later life as Mrs. Black! However, the story is truly a romantic one, and has been immortalised in prose and verse, on canvas and in marble. When the Prince of Wales was visiting, now many years ago, the studio of a famous American sculptor at Rome, a statue of the Indian damsel was the chief object of interest. "Who was Pocohontas?" asked more than one of those present. The Prince of Wales at once told them, and we have some idea that the early knowledge of the romantic story was derived from the "Leisure Hour," in which the history, with illustrations by Sir John Gilbert, had appeared; and which we know was well read in the Royal household, under the guidance of the noble and good father of the Prince of Wales.

Mr. Brassey, M.P., on Trades Unions.—In a recent lecture at Hastings, Mr. Brassey said that trades unions might secure an earlier advance of wages in prosperous times, and delay a reduction in adverse times; but if they tried to exact terms which rendered it impossible that the trade in which they were employed could be carried on at a profit, its speedy cessation was inevitable. The latest reports of the most powerful trade unions clearly show how little could be effected by their instrumentality to arrest the downward movement in wages when trade is depressed. Trade unions, he went on to say, did wrong, not only in objecting to piecework, but in giving no positive and direct encouragement to diligence and superior intelligence amongst their members. He considered that no corporate body, under any plea, was entitled to deprive the individual workman of his freedom.

Bad Handwriting.—It is a very grand thing to edit a magazine, but when you have to write a leading article on six out of every seven days in the week, you do not feel very much inclined to pore half the night through over more or less illegible contributions sent to you by unknown ladies and gentlemen. I used to make about fifty deadly enemies *per mensem* in the "Temple Bar" time, owing to my inability to read crabbed manuscripts; and even now, when I have nothing whatever to do with any kind of editing, the unknown ladies and gentlemen persist in sending me bolsters of "copy," accompanied by polite requests that I will read them, and tell the writers what I think of their productions. I candidly own that I do not think anything of them, for I never, by any chance, look at them. If I did I should not be able to pay the butcher, nor could I pass the butterman without blushing. If people could only be made to understand that a journalist has to work for his living, and that time to him literally means bread.—*G. A. Sala, in the "Illustrated News."*

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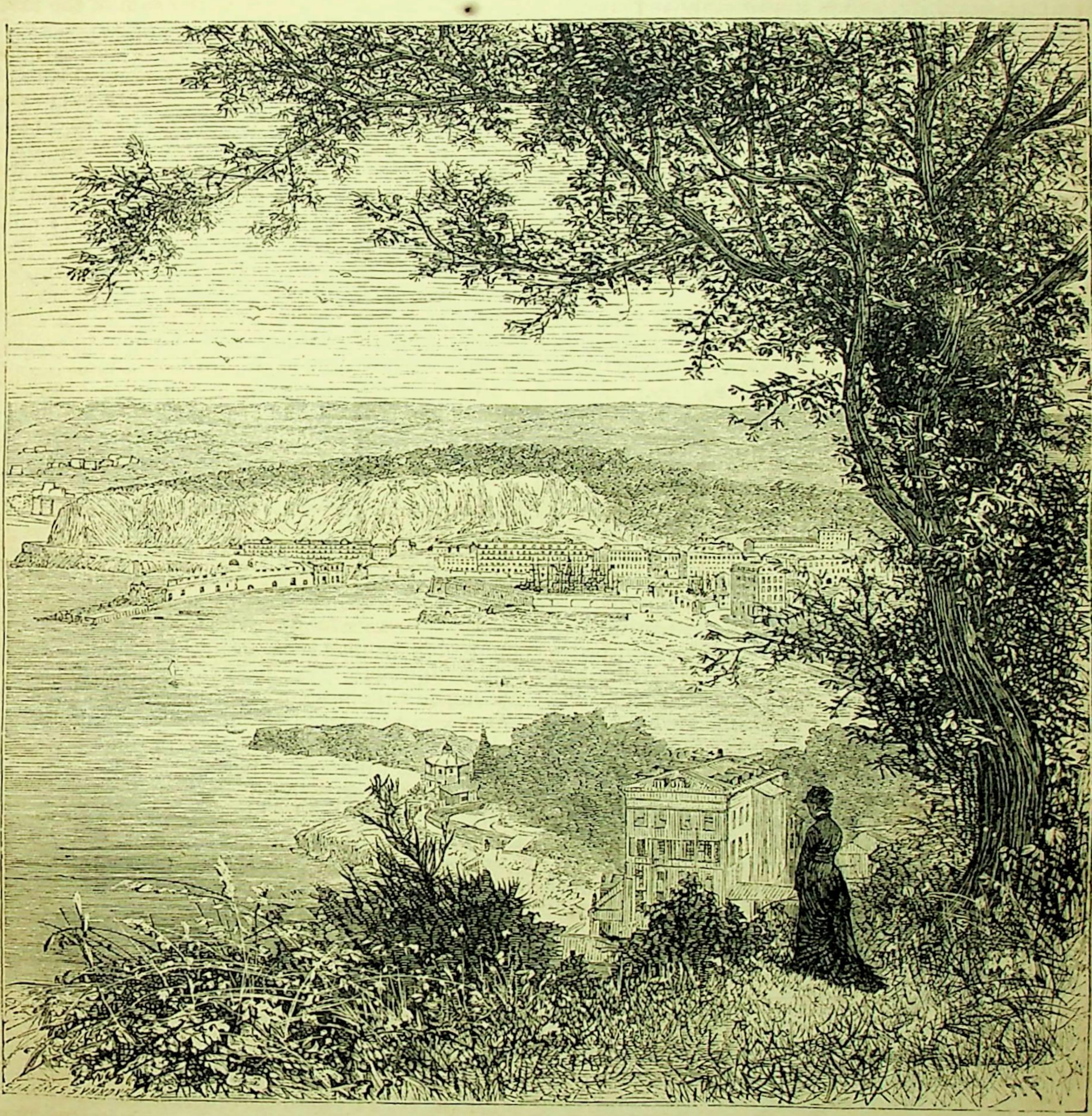
THE LEISURE HOUR.

BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,
AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND.—*Cowper.*



AT NICE.

"WAIT A YEAR."

CHAPTER XXVI.

TO do Mrs. Fraser justice, she had done her best to make Miss Moreton happy. The anxieties that sprung up around the young girl were from sources out of her power to lighten or remove. It was no fault of hers that the natural bias of her character, as well as a certain versatility of temper, occasionally verging upon frivolity, unfitted her to give the sympathy and counsel that were sorely needed. It was no fault of hers that Mona stood alone, fearful of coming evil she was powerless to avert. Neither her mother nor Mr. Graves were competent to deal with the heavy thoughts that troubled her, and to Mr. Sinclair, the kind friend who could perhaps have helped her, she dared not apply.

Captain Orde had not relieved her anxieties respecting her brother, that was hardly to be expected.

No. 1426.—APRIL 26, 1879.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

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He was a man of the world, and viewed events and their colourings from a standpoint altogether different from her own. He had assured her that he knew no actual harm of Edward, that the result of the inquiries made for her satisfaction was that her brother was not worse than other young men.

"You must allow him a little rope, Miss Moreton," Cecil had said, without considering that in a place where the business of life is chiefly pleasure, and in which society does not always either give or exact a brevet of respectability, so lax a principle is fraught with peculiar danger.

"Not worse than others!" how little consolation can accrue from being weighed against a multitude, the Divine, not the social balance, being the one that must eventually decide our individual value. "Not worse!" repeated Mona, as she stood mechanically watching a few stragglers on the Promenade, from which the hot April sun had chased the greater number of visitors who, on cooler mornings, frequented it. "'Not worse than others!' that is no commendation for my father's son. Oh, Edward, have you forgotten him?" She was expecting her pupil's drawing-master, and hearing footsteps, turned round.

It was not he, but Captain Orde, in company with Miss Lestocq, who immediately joined her. They were talking of the closing season, the friends gone or going, and of Cecil's approaching departure, when the drawing-master entered and Mona took a chair near the table where Fanny had already prepared her sketches. Helen placed herself at the other end of the room and Captain Orde did the same. The room was too small for secrets, even if they had any, but neither just now appeared to wish to converse. Helen was serious and Captain Orde silent. He was watching Mona, whose face, reflected in the glass opposite, hung over a piece of tapestry-work, unconscious that the expression of every flitting thought was visible to those behind her, and that one of the two was really sorry for the carking care, the long dark lashes resting on the cheek only slightly veiled.

"I will not tell her what I saw yesterday," thought Captain Orde, recalling the face of Edward Moreton as he had seen it flushed with eagerness and exultation over the green cloth at Monaco; "only a youthful indiscretion, perhaps, but she may take it too much to heart. Nevertheless, I will give him a word of warning before I go."

"You are grave, Cecil," said Helen, breaking in upon his apparent abstraction.

"And you are not gay."

"How can I be?" retorted Helen.

Cecil's dark eyes turned quickly upon her. There was a querulousness in her voice, a faint echo of something akin to sorrow, which made him look at her attentively. The whirl of gaiety was relaxing, but Nice was bursting into verdant beauty, and much enjoyment for those who could extract it from natural sources still remained. Helen, however, found no pleasure in the country—no admiration for its sapphire sky, no joy in its myrtle-scented woods, where the fragrant thyme thrust its roots among the rocks, and the restless lizard played in the sunshine under the stones. Such scenes brought her no interest, or rather associated themselves with others awaiting her in a tame village, where the summer horizon was always hazy and the winters brown and cheerless.

"I am tired of everything," she remarked, fretfully—"almost of life."

"Of this life, this butterfly existence," said Captain Orde, correcting her phraseology. "Unlike me, you have a better one in prospect. In a short time you and Warren will have made up your differences, and on my return home, some six months hence, I shall find the present *promessi sposi* cooing like gentle doves in their quiet aviary at Hillesden. When you burn the yule log at Christmas I shall be there. You know you *must* marry him," said Captain Orde, dropping his half-jesting tone, and suddenly speaking with decision.

Helen bent her head, and a pinker shade passed into her cheeks. She knew that must be her fate. With all the attractions given by her unusual beauty, all the homage that had been paid to it, she was left with no alternative but that or the chances of another year. The season was virtually over. Society was settling upon its lees; those members of it whom courtesy designates the *haut ton* had left or were leaving. Count Marinski was gone, ending his acquaintance with Helen by a flourish of compliments, repeated with his hand where he supposed his heart was placed, and now Cecil Orde was going, intending to be away or wandering for an indefinite period. All these things were against her notions of happiness, but they could not be altered.

Playing absently with a bunch of sweet Parma violets which Cecil had brought her, she plunged into the old subject of Hillesden dulness, asking afresh questions that had been frequently answered.

"If we could but live at the Abbey," she said, harping upon the often considered grievance. "That might have consoled her for having to spend her days in the country. A fine residence, or the high-sounding name of one, would have done something towards reconciling her, but a dull, uninteresting parsonage presented but a dreary picture. A thought suddenly occurred which she immediately translated into language. Carelessly as we do many things, trifling in themselves, yet fraught with unknown weal or woe, in idle curiosity rather than with design, she asked, "If Warren had died in that glacier, who would have inherited his property?"

"My unworthy self," answered Cecil, speaking gaily, and then suddenly flushed to a swarthy hue as his eyes met Helen's, earnest, eager, and yearning.

They told a tale that quickly sent the blood back cold to his heart. Staggered, confounded, his mind almost turned from its balance by the one glance he encountered, he pressed his hand to his brow, covering his face as if to shut from view something that would not bear inspection.

"Cecil! oh, Cecil! I did not mean it," said a weeping voice.

On removing his hand his face was deadly pale, and Helen, more touchingly beautiful in her new character of penitent, was gazing on him through a mist of tears. Neither of them perceived the ghastly countenance reflected in the mirror opposite, nor even surmised that the hideous unspoken regret had been witnessed by a third party.

Their conversation, carried on in English, had in no way disturbed the drawing lesson, and Mona heard without heeding the murmur of their voices until the name of Warren Sinclair caught her ear. By some rapid impulse she lifted her eyes just as Cecil replied and caught the mute answer of Helen's, remaining with her own fixed upon the glass, dilating with an expression of terror and horror blended together, while her cheek blanched and her heart turned

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sick. And for some time she continued to gaze, horribly fascinated, as if under the influence of the snake said to bewilder his victims before devouring them. What had she heard? Only a commonplace question that might have been asked and answered by the town-crier, so simple and innocent was its character. What had she seen? Was it a woman of flesh and blood like herself, or was it a fiend that had assumed those lovely features to shadow forth a regret which, according to the strict interpretation of the Decalogue, was murder?

For one brief moment Helen had lost herself in speculation; she had had a glimpse of what might have been if one of those accidents that come sometimes to crush the life out of others had happened to her. She did not love Mr. Sinclair, she did love Captain Orde, and believing herself only separated from him by the vulgar question of money, the chance, once so near, of attaining all she desired, a fortune and the man she now loved, drove the warm blood to her heart in a passionate impulse, all the stronger that the idea had never presented itself before. It could not be said that Helen had no conscience. She felt the enormity of her offence, even before Captain Orde's colour had changed, before he rose from his seat and was moving away from her.

"Cecil! Cecil! was I mad?" she exclaimed, in her turn hiding her face in her hands. "You know that life has its dark moments when our thoughts are not our own. How, then, can we be answerable for them?"

"Yes; you must have been mad, or I am a maniac myself. For the love of all that is not utterly bad or base, let me think that you are mad," he answered, with an attempt at calmness, which his ashen cheek and a convulsive twitching of the moustache round his mouth belied.

Mona had at length unriveted her gaze from the mirror, and was again hanging her head over her work while the lesson proceeded. Master and pupil pursued their studies, ignorant how great a tragedy had been, in thought, enacted within a few feet of them. No one looked at Mona, no one watched her trembling fingers or noticed the pallid cheek, nor did she raise her eyes again until she found herself addressed in a low voice by Captain Orde.

"Will you go to Miss Lestocq? She is not well, and I think requires some womanly aid. She seems hysterical. Have you no salts, no scent-bottle, at hand?"

Twice he spoke before Mona, usually so ready to minister to the comfort of others, appeared to understand what was expected of her. It was Captain Orde who, first observing a scent-bottle in the work-basket before her, took it up and put it into her hand. Slowly she rose from her chair, and looked around as one waking from a dream, or one reluctantly performing a disagreeable task.

"Miss Lestocq is in the little room adjoining the *salon*. I took her there, fearing she might disturb Fanny, or be herself inconvenienced by some chance visitor. Her illness was quite sudden. As soon as she is better, persuade her to go home and not wait to see my sister."

Captain Orde endeavoured to call up his usual careless smile, but only succeeded in disfiguring his handsome face with a look so grim as to be hardly recognisable, but he waited till Mona, coming out of her trance, moved forward with him. He seemed desirous to make sure of her good offices. Motioning her to the room where she was to find Helen, he stood still until she had entered it, and then went away.

Hearing the sound of footsteps, Helen looked up quickly, exhibiting a countenance very different from her usual one. She was sitting near the open window, paler than Mona had ever seen her before, with red circles round her eyes, now moist and dull, and her throat slightly convulsed with sobs she was doing her utmost to repress. As Mona approached slowly and with hesitation, Helen snatched the scent-bottle from her as soon as it was within reach, and applied it to her nose, sniffing vigorously, until her colour returned and her eyes resumed somewhat of their natural light. Had Mona been a statue she could not have better represented marble in its coldness and rigidity. Not a word, not a sign, not a glance of sympathy or concern, was visible as she stood beside the sick woman, waiting for the moment when she might execute her commission by delivering Captain Orde's message. She knew its importance. Obviously it was wisest for Miss Lestocq to hasten home and avoid a meeting with Mrs. Fraser. Any aid from herself, any token of compassion, it was impossible for her to offer; so Helen was left to recover at her leisure.

"Whose is this?" she asked, when sufficiently revived to give particular attention to the scent-bottle.

"Mine," answered Mona, abruptly. "Mr. Sinclair gave it me," she added, in a hard tone, giving back Helen's glance of curiosity with one of defiance.

Angry beyond measure, almost loathing the unnatural woman before her, Mona's gentle spirit was exasperated into rejoicing at this opportunity of wounding her, as she saw she had done, without knowing why. A broad line, deep and clear, separated her henceforth from this heartless being, who, in thought at least, had anticipated without a pang the death of a fellow-creature, nay, who would have secretly welcomed the direst catastrophe to the man to whom she was bound by ties that are usually the sweetest and dearest our nature can know.

"It was mine once. How came he to give it to you?" asked Miss Lestocq, turning round, the better to examine Mona's countenance.

"He gave it to me," repeated Mona in the same hard tone, not deigning to afford any explanation, a tone which made Helen regard her earnestly and fixedly, as one awakening from a dream. This young girl had lived in Hillesden on intimate terms probably with its rector. She was "the brother's parishioner," about whom Cecil delighted to jest. She was young and pretty, sweet and gentle, in the early grace of womanhood, unspoiled by the world, sensible and tender, often conspicuous for simplicity of manner among the brilliant girls surrounding her, a delicate flower amidst a showy parterre—in other words, a pattern woman for a minister's wife.

All this passed through Helen's mind with a rush that almost took away her breath. Whilst she, confident in the power of her charms, and in Warren's infatuation, had lived away from him, studying only her own feelings, he had had opportunities of becoming acquainted with a character to which she now did involuntary homage. Who would have thought of such an incident occurring in the tame, uninteresting village of Hillesden? For an instant she envied Mona the very qualities she was naturally disposed to despise. "Were I like her; could I but circum-

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scribe my tastes, be content to live, 'the world forgetting, by the world forgot,' I might be happy," she thought; but it was the prospect of a happiness that in reality gave her no pleasure, for a moisture springing from some secret source was dulling the blue eyes, more accustomed to brighten and flush with conscious power than melt in grief.

"I feel ill. It has come upon me so suddenly I cannot understand it," she said, looking towards Mona for some token of sympathy naturally to be expected under the circumstances.

None, however, was forthcoming. Mona continued to stand statue-like, except for the kindling eye, which flushed with a new expression.

Improbable as it appeared, Helen thought she read intense dislike in that strong gaze. Had her sin shaped itself in language she could have fancied Mona cognizant of what had passed between herself and Cecil, but knowing that no word had been uttered to betray her, she was fain to give another explanation of this frigid, unusual manner.

She saw in Mona Moreton a rival—a formidable one if this rustic simplicity had not been overshadowed by her prior advantage, Warren's troth. Yes, Miss Moreton was her rival; yet a suspicion of the kind had never before crossed her mind; never had it occurred to her to connect this young girl with Hillesden. What else could mean the angry light now flashing in those eyes, naturally so soft and sweet? She had heard Cecil's jest about the cooing doves, for he had said it aloud, and jealousy was kindling hatred.

Helen smiled to herself; the decision so difficult a little while ago was easier now. Her union with Mr. Sinclair must take place; her mother would be broken-hearted if it did not. Mrs. Lestocq's health required in the winter a milder climate than Hillesden; what more natural than that her only daughter should sometimes accompany her? Then there would come a break in the village monotony, and if one, why not more? Helen continued to smile; the soft colour came back to her cheeks, and lingered there some minutes after Mona, having given the message with which she was charged, had returned to her seat in the other room.

Three months or nearly so were yet wanting of the year fixed by Helen for the separation; would it not be a graceful act on her part to shorten the period by asking Warren to join her at Nice? She had no fear from the law of retribution, latent often, yet oftener starting into activity when least expected, no misdoubting over her own cold part in the drama played between herself and Warren, and, as for the episode just enacted, Cecil must know as well as herself that it was only one of those lightning flashes of the brain for which we are not responsible. He was a man of the world, who could balance contingencies without assigning undue importance to one above another. He had been shocked, so was she, when the wicked thought stood naked before her. She did not mean it; she could not mean it, he knew she did not. Was there not some high authority to exonerate her? Did not Milton say that evil thoughts might come and go, so much against our will as to leave no stain behind?

Having succeeded in soothing the small sting that conscience had perpetrated, and argued away the unshed tears, proceeding more from vexation than an aching heart, she laid aside Mona's scent-bottle and joined her.

"I am going home now. Tell Mrs. Fraser I could not wait any longer, but say nothing of my indisposition; it is not worth mentioning," said Helen, drawing a soft fleecy shawl over her shoulders, and then went away, confirmed in her suspicions by the coldness with which Miss Moreton had returned her "Good-morning."

STILLY SOUNDS.

One of the charms of existence in this noisy world is the recurrence of hours of quiet and repose—those seasons which, brief and fleeting as they are with most of us, we look forward to with pleasurable anticipation. In the midst of the clamour and bustle of business we often long for calm and silence, and when the quiet and the calm come to us in our solitude, we conclude, without thinking much about it, that we have the silence as well. But it is not exactly so; if it were, our solitude would be far less soothing and satisfactory; indeed, it is a question whether we should enjoy it at all—whether we should not gladly turn our backs upon it and betake ourselves again to the world of sound. Happily we are not driven to act so, simply because things are so ordered in the world that one of the rarest things to be met with by those who do not go in search of it, and even by those who do, is absolute and perfect silence. Nature will not hold her breath, so to speak, but is always addressing us, if not in the grand deep tones that astound and appal us in the voices of tornado and tempest, then in the still small voices which appeal to us in a kind of inarticulate language that all may recognise who choose to listen to it, and all may equally ignore who choose to disregard it.

I have returned home from the City after an active day, and, alone with my books in my arm-chair, I can muse or read in silence if I like, for there is nothing to annoy or disturb me. But there are sounds which, whether I am conscious of them or not, do yet contribute to the repose I am enjoying. I know it is so, because if they cease on a sudden I am aware of their ceasing, though I am not aware of their continuance as long as they continue. There is, for instance, the gentle and fitful babbling of the fire in the grate, the talk of the tiny leaping tongues of flame, and the scarcely audible horn-blowing of the occasional gas-bubbles from the Wallsend. Then there is the purring of puss upon the rug, who will not pause in her song for a minute until Sally brings in the supper-tray. Then there is the "bee-like bubbling hum of the City, boiling over with its scum," which, although I am three miles distant from it, I can summon at any moment I will from now until long past midnight.

Or, it is a bank holiday in summer-time, and I have left the City scores of miles behind, and reclined on a mossy bank on the skirts of a wood clothing the summit of a hill; I look out upon a glorious landscape where the horizon-line is the farthest visible verge of the broad Atlantic. The silence and the grandeur are all my own, for not a soul is near; and one might easily imagine that all nature was dumb, so calm and still is everything around. I have but to listen attentively, however, to recognise sounds which one would essay in vain fully to describe. There is the small low twitter of the wren, whom I

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see hopping along among the twigs and dry bents in the hedge; there is the soft sleepy rustling of the heavy-headed seed-grasses, as their long slender stems wave in the scarcely perceptible breeze; there is the fitful whirr of wings in the wood, and now and then the musical note of finch or sparrow; and from far away I catch the tremulous caw of the rook, and perhaps the familiar two notes of the cuckoo, who is just now piping his farewell, seeing that, as we all know, "in August go he must." Anon the wild bee hums a short ditty as he rises out of the cup of the meadow-sweet, and after a few bars is again dumb as he plunges head-foremost into another open blossom. Then a swarm of gnats, sweeping round my head, pipe their infinitesimal treble, audible only to a practised ear, and that but for a moment. All the while there is a voice in the neighbouring wood occasioned partly by the rustle of leaves in the tree-tops, partly it may be by the movements of the dwellers among the branches or in the close under-wood beneath, a sound so soft and shy that it is stilled at once by the flutter of a butterfly's wing.

In the evening I have come down to the sea-shore, and am wandering along the beach in the darkening twilight. The tide has gone down, and the sea, just pausing between ebb and flow, is smooth and to appearance tranquil as a mill-pond. But at regular intervals there is a low-toned, dull thud, beating time, as it were, on the thin margin of foam that fringes the water-line. It is that ever-recurring wave, that pulse of old Ocean which has been throbbing ever since the dawn of time; now dashing with thunderous roar, and strewing the land with wrecks; now caressing it gently as the touch of a mother's hand on her sleeping babe. And now, as twilight glooms towards night, I am aware of another sound, which seems to come from the cliffs, which, rising some hundred and fifty feet above the beach, stretch away westward in a crescent-shaped curve, half a mile or more in extent. What is that plaintively mysterious sound which, like a prolonged sigh, fills all the air, and seems to rise and fall on the wings of the gentle zephyr, too feeble to raise even a ruffle on the face of the tranquil deep? That continuous sighing and, to my ear, sorrowful sound, is what dwellers on the coast call the sough of the sea. I should not hear it at all just now but for the semicircular form of the cliffs, which make a sort of whispering gallery, focussing, so to speak, the vibrations of the atmosphere occasioned by the motion of the waves far away, miles out in the offing. Out there a stiff breeze is blowing, which may soon rise to a gale or grow to a storm before morning. The fisher who hears the sough knows well enough what it means.

The sounds one hears when wakeful in the dead of night are not always soothing to a nervous subject. Pompey's pat, pat, on the stairs when, like a good dog, he makes his round in the small hours, is often alarmingly suggestive of the stealthy tread of the burglar; the rattling of a loose window-frame is easily mistaken for somebody tampering with the lock of the chamber door; and the scamper and squeak of a mouse behind the wainscot is the reverse of gratifying. But there are other sounds at night compensating and soothing: the little brook, for instance, which runs along at the bottom of the garden, or "murmurs under moon and stars in brambly wildernesses," "which all night long singeth a quiet tune," and all day, too, though in the daytime we never hear or notice its babbling and bubbling over its pebbly bed. Then there are the poplars and the willows on the bank, who clap their thousand palms together at the touch of the night-wind, as though giving it a joyous welcome. There is the pattering of the soft summer shower on the roof and window-pane, and there are many other sounds,

> "Little noiseless noises,
> Born of the very sigh that silence heaves,"

which steal on the quiet of a summer night in the country, and which it were impossible to describe because we cannot discover their source. We are aware, however, of the absence of such anonymous natural sounds when they cease, for in the depth of winter we hear them not—they are frozen out of existence. "When the frost has made a silence," as Keats says in one of his sonnets, what a dumbness seems to pervade all nature! In town or city we scarcely notice this, or are aware of it; but the observant dweller in the country knows it well. Often, when sitting in the chimney-corner of a winter's evening, he will recognise the sudden advent of frost by the dead silence out of doors, by which the east-wind jailer announces his arrival. And when the iron frost breaks up, the imprisoned sounds are set free again. An interesting instance of this was given in a charming book, published some thirty years ago, entitled "Letters from the Baltic." The writer was a lady. She states that while residing in one of the Russian ports she had retired to rest one night during the prevalence of a long and bitter frost. She slept soundly, but was awakened about dawn by the rapid succession of small explosive sounds, as though a vast multitude of tiny beings were clapping their hands. As to what could produce the sounds she could not form the slightest notion; but after a careful search she found that they were produced by the bursting into leaf of innumerable buds on a spreading tree which grew near the window of her room. The frost had gone, the wind having changed to the south in the night; the spring-time had trodden on the heels of winter, and all nature was hurriedly getting on its green dress to welcome its arrival.

Taking a stroll just after sunset on the evening of a sultry day, I am aware of a chorus of stilly sounds, some sufficiently explainable, but others, and those not a few, the origin of which is hard to tell. There is the soft, dull fluttering of the legions of white moths, whose swarms whiten the meadows almost like a fall of broad-flaked snow. The meadows are bounded by a brook, and the moths come dancing up and down over the surface of the water in crowds, chasing each other in play, rarely rising much higher than one's head or deigning to touch the grass, but not seldom alighting on the water. There is heard the "plopping" sound of the trout or grayling as he rises to Master Moth and gobbles him up. There is the bagpipe of the beetle, "wheeling his drowsy flight"—a blind musician he is reckoned, and not without reason, seeing that he is apt to come bumping against one's hat or one's face when in full career. There is the soft rippling splash of the water-vole, as he traverses the stream diagonally (he is never seen to swim straight across) on his way to his nest, marking a thin line of diamond light athwart the glooming surface. There is the whispering, which is sometimes a kind of whistling, in the sedges that line the banks, as, moved by the night-wind, they chase each other, attended by, or alternating

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with, a frequent clapping sound, as their broad flat blades come in contact with each other. On the yonder side of the stream, at some forty paces distant, there are a dozen or so of old elms, their breezy tops the home of a colony of rooks. The rooks have all gone to bed nearly an hour ago, but they are not gone to sleep; whether they are giving and receiving curtain lectures you don't know, but if you listen attentively you can hear them chaffering (not cawing) in a very low and subdued key, as though they had some serious business to settle before they close their eyes. This nocturnal conference among rooks will occasionally last for hours, and will even break out into a squabble as late as midnight before it is finally done with. The quivering of the aspen-leaves, the melancholy moan of the pendent willow-branches washed by the running water, and the talk of the water itself as it gurgles and dimples in little whirlpools, and ripples over obstructing pebbles and boulders, altogether make up a concert of quiet sounds specially soothing and satisfying after the hubbub and turmoil of business.

The distance which lends enchantment to the view will also lend enchantment to sounds which heard too near are quite the reverse of enchanting. The clash and clang of a peal of bells, oppressively deafening in close proximity, are changed into exquisite music at the distance of a couple of furlongs or so. The roar of the cataract which stuns us as we stand in face of it, becomes a pleasing monotone as it rises and falls on the swelling gale which tells of its action from afar. The cawing of rooks in their flight homewards at eventide, a discordant sound in itself, is resolved by distance into a pleasing harmony. Indeed, there are few natural sounds, however violent, and however caused, which are unpleasing at a distance.

Familiarity with any sound whatever—and this is a curious fact—will not only render it tolerable, but will entirely neutralise its effect on the ear. People who dwell in the near neighbourhood of continuous noises become in time quite insensible to them; that is to say, they hear them only when they choose to hear them. I was intimate for many years with an artist whose studio was immediately over the broad stretch of a weir which crossed a rather wide river diagonally. The rushing fall of water never ceased by day or night, and the artist never heard it save when he listened on purpose, and was, he assured me, sometimes unconscious of it for weeks together. On one occasion I expressed some doubt as to his perfect unconsciousness of the persistent roar of the falling water. Then he proposed a singular test: "Take these pins," he said; "go behind that screen and drop them on the floor one at a time; I will count them to you as they fall." He was right; he counted them correctly as they fell on the boarded floor, though I who dropped them could hear nothing but the noise of the weir and his voice pitched in a different key. I asked him how it was in the dead of night. "Then," said he, "when all other sounds have ceased, the sound of the weir comes back, but to me it is far away, and I can banish it entirely if I choose."

DUGALD STEWART.

Of all the philosophers of the "Scottish School", none has left a more honoured name, or exercised a more beneficial influence, than Dugald Stewart. Reid, the chief founder of the school, excelled him in genuine metaphysical power, and Sir William Hamilton, its latest and most illustrious champion, was his superior in mental energy and philosophical erudition; but as an able and eloquent expositor of mental philosophy, as an enlightened public teacher, and a liberal moulder of noble minds, Stewart has had few equals in this or in any other age. His name, peculiarly honoured in the past generation, has by no means faded from the national memory, and is frequently recalled in terms of high admiration by the more thoughtful of our public men. The Marquis of Hartington, when he addressed the students of the University of Edinburgh in his capacity of Lord Rector, spoke of Dugald Stewart as the very model of an academic philosopher, and an inspiring teacher of studious youth. He also mentioned the names of some of the distinguished men who had been the philosopher's pupils, and had drank in wisdom at his lips. Among these promising young noblemen and gentlemen who boarded in his house, or enjoyed his intimate friendship, were the Marquis of Lansdowne, Earl Russell, and Lord Palmerston. These eminent men, who all attained the front rank in British statesmanship, were always proud to acknowledge their obligations to their great Edinburgh instructor.

"Perhaps few men ever lived," says Sir James Mackintosh, in his sketch of Dugald Stewart, "who poured into the breasts of youth a more fervid and yet reasonable love of liberty, of truth, and of virtue. He loved to see his disciples distinguished among the lights and ornaments of the council and the senate. Without derogation from his writings, it may be said that his disciples were among his best works." This testimony from so competent a judge in no respect exceeds the truth. It would be difficult to exaggerate the influence for good exerted by Dugald Stewart upon many of the best men of his own generation by means of his lectures and writings, and still more, perhaps, by his spirit and example. His benevolence was equal to his literary and philosophical genius; and men of all political parties have concurred in attributing to him qualities which raised him above vulgar prejudices, and gave him a position in his day like that of an ancient Grecian sage.

The life of this celebrated man was purely that of a scholar and philosopher. He was born in an academic atmosphere, and imbibed the spirit of learning from his earliest youth. His father, Dr. Matthew Stewart, was Professor of Mathematics in the University of Edinburgh, and the successor of Maclaurin, who had been appointed to the chair on the recommendation of Newton. He was born in his father's official residence, within the walls of the college, on the 22nd November, 1753. Not many yards from the spot of his birth, but outside of the college, stood the house in which, eighteen years after, Walter

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Scott first saw the light. Having completed the preliminary period of his education at the High School of Edinburgh, where he enjoyed the instructions of that admirable scholar, and man of Roman virtue, Dr. Alexander Adam, young Stewart studied two years at his native university, and then proceeded to Glasgow, in order to attend the lectures of Dr. Reid, the great philosopher of the day. At this early period of his life he wrote that remarkable "Essay on Dreaming," which he afterwards published in his "Philosophy of the Human Mind."

Owing to his father's declining health, he was called, while only nineteen years of age, to teach the mathematical classes in the University of Edinburgh. So ably and successfully did he act as his father's substitute, that, on completing his twenty-first year, he was appointed his assistant and successor. His mathematical attainments were of a high order, and in this respect he resembled not a few of his countrymen, such as Brougham, Chalmers, Carlyle, and Edward Irving, men who, though chiefly renowned for other and higher things, were in early life deeply attached to the study of mathematics. In the earlier part of his academic career his intellectual exertions were prodigious. In the absence one session of Dr. Adam Fergusson, Professor of Moral Philosophy, he consented to supply his place by giving a course of original lectures. This service he rendered with consummate skill and success, while at the same time he taught two mathematical classes, and gave lectures on Astronomy. He thus did the work of three professors, and during the whole season showed no symptoms of mental exhaustion. But when, at the close of his labours, he set out on a journey to London to recruit his energies, he was so physically weakened by his intense and protracted exertions that he had to be lifted into his carriage.

The connection of Dugald Stewart with the poet Burns is highly creditable to the philosopher. In his country house at Katrine, Ayrshire, in October, 1786, Mr. Stewart entertained at dinner the wonderful ploughman, who had not yet visited Edinburgh, and whose fame had scarcely travelled beyond his native county. He had the discernment and the generosity to perceive and acknowledge the extraordinary genius of the peasant bard whose name is now a household word over the whole world. It is not every metaphysician who would have been either able or willing to assist in discovering Burns, or in introducing him to the polite society of Edinburgh. But Stewart was more than a philosopher versed in abstraction, or preoccupied with the learning of the schools. He was a man of a generous heart, ready to acknowledge true merit of every description, and to honour worth in the humblest ranks of life.

When Burns went to Edinburgh on the invitation of Dr. Blacklock, Mr. Stewart showed him the kindest attention, and frequently met him in society. He was present in the house of the venerable Professor Fergusson on that famous evening when the youthful Walter Scott, alone of the whole brilliant company, was able to win the thanks of the Ayrshire bard by mentioning Langhorne as the author of the affecting lines that gave rise to a print of Bunbury that happened to be suspended on the wall. The scene has lately been described in this magazine (see p. 729, 1878); and no further account of it need be given here. But the meeting in one room of Stewart, Burns, and Scott, men of different tastes and powers, each of them destined to gain a great name in their country's literature, is an event of historic interest, and a fit subject for the muse of poetry and painting.

In 1785 Mr. Stewart was appointed to the chair of Moral Philosophy, which had been rendered vacant by the resignation of Professor Fergusson. Thus early in his life was assigned to him that department of academic instruction for which he was best fitted by his powers and acquirements. During the quarter of a century he filled this chair he was the philosophic oracle of the university. He became the source and centre of metaphysical speculation and liberalising influence. He expounded with rare eloquence the doctrines of his master Reid, and gave to the "Philosophy of Common Sense" an influence and a fame it had not previously possessed. He did not servilely adhere to Reid in all matters of metaphysical or moral importance; but he was the most eminent of his disciples, and did more than any other man to defend the characteristic tenets of his philosophy. The eloquence of Mr. Stewart in the class-room, whether he read his lectures or indulged in extemporaneous illustration, was of a most inspiring kind, and his admiring pupils, as they listened, willingly yielded themselves to the spell of his genius. In metaphysics he did not aim at much originality, as he thought it sufficient to elucidate the general principles laid down by Reid with extraordinary acuteness. But in many departments of Mental Science he displayed a power of analysis and description which gave him a leading place among the philosophers of his day. His generosity of spirit, his love of liberty and hatred of intolerance, constantly appeared in his lectures on Moral and Political Economy. He confessedly became a power for good, not only in the university but over the whole country. His fame as an elevated and inspiring teacher specially attracted the attention of various noble families in England; and the consequence was that a considerable number of young Englishmen of rank were sent to Edinburgh, either to board with the professor, or to have the advantage of his public tuition. But the influence of Mr. Stewart was peculiarly felt in Edinburgh literary society. He gradually gathered round him a group of young men who revered him as a Socrates and a Plato; and he infused into their minds that love of freedom which enabled them to contribute to the intellectual and political advancement of the age. The spirit that gave rise to the "Edinburgh Review," and made it so famous for criticism, was in a great measure due to the enthusiasm and personal character of the Professor of Moral Philosophy. Jeffrey, Cockburn, Brougham, Horner, and others of like renown, all owned Stewart as a master at whose feet they were ready to sit for instruction in the higher branches of human knowledge.

In 1810 Mr. Stewart retired from the active duties of his office in consequence of Dr. Thomas Brown having been appointed conjoint professor. Soon afterwards he left Edinburgh and took up his residence at Kinneil House, a seat of the Duke of Hamilton in Linlithgowshire, on the shore of the Firth of Forth. Here he spent the remainder of his days in dignified but not idle retirement. In this Scottish Tusculum he devoted the undiminished powers of his mind to philosophical pursuits, and the publication of his contributions to metaphysical and

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moral science. For eighteen years, indeed, after his retirement from the university, he led a life of great literary activity, and gave the world ample evidence of the extent and variety of his speculations. He published in succession his "Philosophical Essays," his "Philosophy of the Human Mind," his "Philosophy of the Moral and Active Powers," and his Preliminary Dissertation, in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," on the "Progress of Metaphysical, Ethical, and Political Philosophy." He also prepared elaborate and critical biographies of Reid, his great master, Robertson, the historian, and Adam Smith, the father of Political Economy. These and other fruits of former labour and lettered ease raised his reputation as a philosophic author to an enviable height, and gave him a place in British literature of which he cannot be deprived.

Mr. Stewart was remarkable among his contemporaries for the comprehensiveness of his intellect and the range of his attainments. We have already alluded to his powers as a mathematician. But it ought also to be mentioned that during his university career he frequently performed the duties of the Natural Philosophy chair, then held by the accomplished Dr. John Robison. He also taught for several months the Greek classes in room of that admirable Hellenist, Professor Dalzell, and at various times he occupied the place of Mr. Playfair, the Professor of Mathematics. It is even known that he lectured on Logic for Dr. Finlayson, and on Rhetoric for the successor of Dr. Blair. Here we have one man, who made no pretensions to encyclopædic knowledge, unostentatiously but effectually proving himself able to teach any one of the classes in the curriculum of arts that qualify for the degree of M.A. There have been few instances in any university of such versatility of power or variety of academic attainment.

But one thing in connection with the course of instruction given in his native University disappointed and grieved Mr. Stewart in no small degree. His colleague in the Moral Philosophy chair practically renounced the philosophy of Reid, and propounded an antagonistic system of his own. Dr. Brown was a man of brilliant metaphysical powers and great general accomplishments, but his attack on the philosophy of Reid is now admitted to be a mistake, and his System of the Mind, founded on "Simple and Relative Suggestion," is generally abandoned as a fallacious display of metaphysical ingenuity. Sir William Hamilton, the greatest British metaphysician of the present age, has triumphantly restored Reid to his pedestal, and done justice to his eloquent and accomplished expositor. Brown, who in the exercise of his marvellous subtlety broke away from the Scottish school and threatened a breach of its continuity, has been displaced from the position he took up, and Stewart, though inferior to him perhaps in acuteness and originality, has been shown to be the sounder philosopher of the two, and likely to keep his place among the acknowledged champions of that philosophic system which is one of the best barriers yet erected against the scepticism of Hume and his disciples.

Beloved and admired by a widening circle of friends, this distinguished man completed his earthly career in 1828. Six years before his death he was, in a great measure, prostrated by a severe attack of paralysis. For a great part of that time he was dependent on the assistance of those around him for daily comfort and the supply of his ordinary wants. But he bore his affliction with philosophic fortitude, and was also cheered, we believe, by those hopes and consolations that spring from the Gospel of Christ.

During the latter period of his life Mr. Stewart enjoyed a sinecure office worth £300 a year. Kinneil House, where he lived for eighteen years, was liberally placed at his disposal by the Duke of Hamilton, a leading member of that political party of which the philosopher was the ornament and pride. His published works, also, while they augmented his fame, materially added to his income. On the whole, while he was never a rich man, Mr. Stewart enjoyed through his busy and public-spirited career what was in his time considered a handsome competence. His life was eminently that of a philosopher, and his character commanded universal admiration. Scotland, which has produced many eminent professors of philosophy, has not among the lights of her universities a man more justly honoured or widely influential than Dugald Stewart.

This is not the place for a formal account of Mr. Stewart's philosophy, or a critical estimate of his works. But we must add that his services to that sound and solid philosophy which has flourished in the universities of Scotland have been universally acknowledged. One leading distinction of the Scottish school is the application of the Baconian method of observation and induction to the phenomena of the human mind. Another and more characteristic distinction is the assumption of certain principles which admit of no formal proof, but yet are necessary to all true progress in philosophy. One of these principles, and among the most important, is the existence of the external or material world. Reid and Stewart maintained that we perceive that world *immediately*, or without the intervention of any ideas or images. We know it as a fact, however unable to explain it. They held, in short, that the existence of matter, or the world outside of us, is necessarily to be assumed, and admits not of any logical demonstration that is proof against the assaults of the sceptic. So it is with other fundamental truths admitted by the mass of mankind, and questioned only by speculative sophists. Thus, according to the Scottish school, there must be philosophical as there are mathematical axioms, truths in relation to mind and matter which appeal to and are confirmed by the common sense or universal experience of mankind. Without such axioms or admitted truths all reasoning is vain. Metaphysical speculation, after its airy flights, has to return to the humble but solid ground of common belief, if any progress is to be made in mental science or the philosophy of human life.

The best judges have bestowed high praise on Mr. Stewart's writings for their literary as well as their philosophical merits. Their style is the very perfection of eloquence and purity; but their generous and elevated spirit is their highest quality. "It would be difficult to name works," says Mr. James Macintosh, "in which so much refined philosophy is joined with so fine a fancy, so much elegant literature with such a delicate perception of the distinguishing excellences of great writers, and with an estimate in general so just of the services rendered to knowledge by a succession of philosophers. They are pervaded with a philosophical benevolence which keeps up the ardour of his genius without disturbing the serenity

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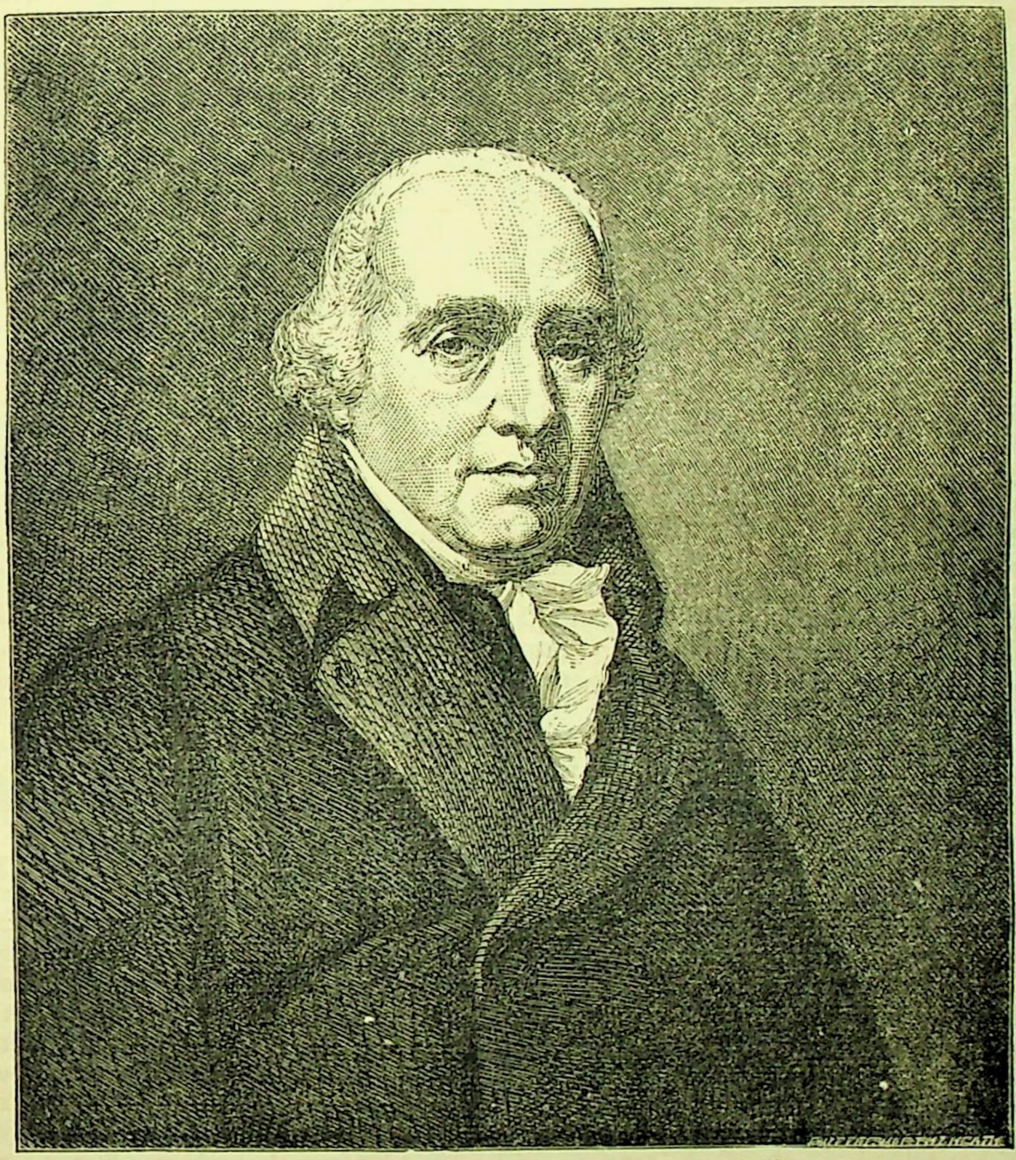
of his mind, which is felt in his reverence for knowledge, in the generosity of his praise, and in the tenderness of his censure."

Mr. Stewart was twice married, first, in 1783, to Miss Helen Bannatyne, a Glasgow lady, who died four years after her marriage; and afterwards, in 1790, to Miss Helen Cranstoun, daughter of the Hon. George Cranstoun. This latter union, which lasted during the remainder of his life, eminently contributed to his happiness. In addition to a widow, he left behind him a son and a daughter. The death of Temple, she remembered, often acted as her father's amanuensis, and wrote many lectures to his dictation. I afterwards learnt that most of the lectures on Political Economy which Mr. Stewart prepared for his class about the beginning of this century were found to be in Mr. Temple's handwriting. These lectures were published for the first time in the collected edition of Mr. Stewart's works, superintended by Sir William Hamilton, shortly before his death. The life of the illustrious philosopher Sir William did not live to write; but it has been admirably



From the Portrait by Raeburn.

DUGALD STEWART.

a second son, in 1809, had been to him a great affliction, and had actually hastened his retirement from the duties of his chair. The son who survived him became a lieutenant-colonel in the army, and was a man of some literary distinction. The writer of this sketch once had the happiness of meeting the daughter, Miss Stewart, an accomplished lady, who resembled in feature and mind her distinguished father. She conversed freely of her father's domestic life, and spoke of the numerous young men of promise who had boarded in his house, or had enjoyed the privilege of his friendship. She specially mentioned the Hon. Henry John Temple, afterwards Lord Palmerston, as a favourite pupil of her father, and a youth of a most obliging disposition. Young written by Professor Veitch, of Glasgow, one of our living philosophers, who amply sustains the credit of the Scottish school as represented by his great master, Hamilton.

Immediately after Mr. Stewart's death a public subscription was commenced for the erection of a suitable monument to his memory. The admirers of the philosopher immediately raised a handsome sum, and the monument took the form of a beautiful Grecian temple, with a cinerary urn in the centre, erected on a conspicuous part of the Calton Hill, Edinburgh. This monument, designed by Playfair, an eminent architect, is admitted to be one of the finest ornaments of the Scottish metropolis.

J. D.

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AUTOMATA.

BY JOHN NEVIL MASKELYNE.

V.

HAVING now nearly completed a survey of all automatic myths or substantial triumphs, and brought the subject to our own time, little more remains than that I should mention my own automatons. My principal achievements in this line are now before the public, and many full descriptions of them have appeared in the chief publications of the country. It will be unnecessary for me to do more than quote one or two of these critiques, and say a few words respecting the scientific theories set up respecting my figures, and the attempts at imitating Psycho.

The first automaton I produced was the above-named whist-player, of which the great authority, "Cavendish," writing in "The Field" newspaper, says: "In order to convince ourselves that there was no deception, we requested Mr. Maskelyne to admit us to a private audience with Psycho, and to allow us to bring two personal friends to play with the figure. To this he readily assented, and it is quite certain, therefore, that the figure can play hands accidentally dealt, without any prior knowledge of them. Having thoroughly examined the glass isolator, which resembles a transparent chimney-pot, on which the box and figure are placed, we cut for partners, and it was our good fortune to be Psycho's partner. We personally shuffled and dealt the cards. We handed Psycho's cards to Mr. Maskelyne, who placed them one by one into a quadrant before the figure, and the play then commenced."

W. Pole, F.R.S., Mus. Doc. Oxon, in an excellent article entitled "Whist-playing by Machinery," says: "A table is prepared on the stage, three persons from the audience are invited to play, and Psycho makes the fourth. After cutting for partners, the deal takes place, and Psycho's cards are taken up by Mr. Maskelyne, and placed upright, one by one, in a frame forming the arc of a circle in front of the figure, the faces of the cards being turned towards him, and away from the other players. When it is Psycho's turn to play, the right hand passes with a horizontal circular motion over the frame till it arrives at the right card; he then takes this card between his thumb and fingers, and, by a new vertical movement of the hand and arm, he extracts it from its place, lifts it high in the air, and exposes it to the view of the audience, after which, the arm descending again, the card is taken away from the fingers by Mr. Maskelyne, and thrown on the table to be gathered into the trick. . . . It will be well at once to dissipate any notions about confederacy, packed cards, and so on. There is conclusive evidence that the play is perfectly *bonâ fide*. Any person may join in it, the process is precisely of the usual character, and it is certain that Psycho's hand is played under the same circumstances as that of any player at a club or at a domestic fireside."

Dr. Pole also gives a hand "offering some interest," which he witnessed, and declares that "Psycho's play was evidently dictated by judgment and principle." He concludes, "Standing beside this little wooden doll, apparently isolated from any human agency, and seeing it not only imitate human motions, but exert human intelligence and skill, the effect seemed weird and uncanny, and I could hardly wonder at the spiritualists, who seriously conjecture that Psycho may be one of the manifestations comprised in their own psychological creed."

As will be noticed from these descriptions, Psycho is pretty well open to inspection. The little fellow is only twenty-two inches high, but to prevent suspicion of a child being concealed therein, I invariably invite any number of persons to examine the figure and the box upon which it sits (fig. 1), both of

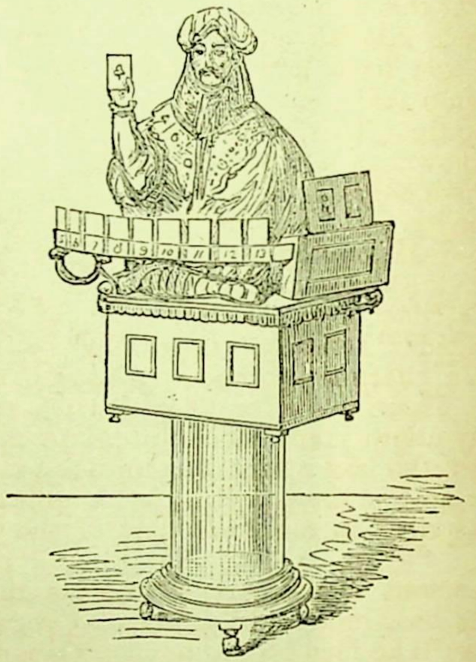

Fig. 1.

which I have offered to fumigate with chlorine gas. Having thus disposed of human agency, I proceeded to demolish scientific theories—electrical, pneumatic, and other—by isolating the android upon a clear glass cylinder placed upon a wooden tripod (both open to scrutiny), and I have covered the stage with floorcloth. Curiosity belongs to every age, and to all ages; young and old vie with each other in pursuit of what has so far proved a "Will o' the Wisp"—viz., Psycho's "secret and intelligent force." None have yet discovered the mild-looking Hindoo's motive-power, though gentlemen have brought magnets upon the stage, and I have submitted the automaton to such and many other tests. I have felt constrained to decline some, though, on Psycho's behalf, such as the hydropathic treatment suggested by one wag, to deluge the figure's interior with cold water. Even Sir Wilfrid Lawson would shudder at such treatment of inoffensive machinery, and Psycho, good-tempered as he is, would certainly turn "rusty" if such an application were attempted.

The little whist-player has paid the penalty of popularity in having several very indifferent attempts at imitation linked with his name, and those who have never seen Psycho may undervalue him if they

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take for granted that some of the devices exhibited in the country as his near relations have any family likeness, even, to the original. Some of the imitations to which I refer have a child concealed in the box beneath the figure. It will astonish those who have never tried the experiment, into what small space a child can be packed. Here, of course, the same scrutiny cannot be submitted to as in Psycho's case, whose box, chest, and trunk are open to all and sundry—the mechanic, the anatomist, and the custom-house officer—as only his secret is hidden from observation. The imitator may pass a stick through the box to prove there is no one within; just as the Indian juggler thrusts a sword into a basket where a lad lies secured, both stick and sword passing between the limbs. At Gloucester the negligent exhibitor of a pseudo Psycho allowed one of the doors in the box to come open, revealing the poor little fellow's horror-stricken face; but the merriment of the audience was great at this untoward incident. Some imitators let you look into an empty box and empty figure, and after you have left the stage the machine is placed upon a table, out of which a child will creep into the figure. This is accomplished by the aid of what is known as a "bellows table," a conjurer's device, where beneath the false top is an expanding leathern cavity. In this the boy lies concealed, and when he leaves it, springs press the leather "bellows" close under the upper part of the table. The cloth up to this time covering the front of the table, the expanded "bellows" may now be removed, leaving it a charmingly innocent-looking article of furniture. There is yet another way where the exhibitor may allow you to look into, and apparently see through, the box where the child lies curled up; this is managed on the principle of an optical illusion I have described in a former part of the "Leisure Hour."

Many persons would say, "Suppose there is a child in the box, how could a lad play a good hand at whist?" The fact is, the boy would not do anything beyond obeying a private signal from the exhibitor, only turning the arm of the figure round the quadrant until he got the sign to stop; then he would raise the card from its place and play it. Just in the same way does the learned pig, Toby, pick out "the biggest rogue in the company" at the behest of his master.*

Perhaps I should mention that whist is not Psycho's only accomplishment; in addition, he rapidly works out sums proposed by the audience in a way sufficient to have gladdened the heart of a Babbage; and (as even an automaton in his time plays many parts) he has shown remarkable "clairvoyant" powers in the imitation of handwriting he had never seen, or in picking a card from the pack after the card had been privately marked and the card shuffled. He also indicated, by striking upon a bell, the suit, rank, or number of spots upon cards held by persons in the assembly. Besides this (when the "Spelling Bee" epidemic was at its height) Psycho would spell any word chosen by the audience.

After over four years of public life Psycho is still as popular as ever; but I contemplate certain alterations, which I trust may be considered improvements, in his mechanism, by which his dusky face shall give expression to the varied feelings that might animate a mortal under like circumstances, at the good or bad fortune of himself and partner. In relation to my statement as to a chess-player, in the March Part of the "Leisure Hour," I also intend adding mechanism enabling the android to play chess or draughts.

My next incursion into the realm of the automatons was in the construction of Zoe (fig. 2), an android devoted to sketching and writing.

Fig. 2.

I have explained the principle of several drawing automatons already; Zoe does not partake of the character of any of these, as they could go through prearranged motions only, whereas Zoe is quite unlimited in her capacity for rapidly giving us the "counterfeit presentment" of all celebrated personages. Zoe is carried amongst the audience and nursed by them; the pedestal upon which she sits is examined and afterwards insulated from the stage by a sheet of thick glass placed beneath its feet. Then, crayon in hand, the Grecian maid proceeds to limn the features of any well-known persons the audience choose by show of hands. Zoe also assists Psycho in his calculations, marking down the totals of the sums he works out with great accuracy. Though completed and produced subsequently to Psycho, my drawing automaton is really his senior in point of conception. Some ten or eleven years back I had the ideas but found my theory difficult to put in practice. Happily, in this figure I have succeeded in baffling my friends the imitators, as there is not room enough in Zoe's body to conceal anything beyond the mouse or bird—both theories suggested, one in jest, the other in earnest—supposed to set the works in motion.

My latest additions to automata are in *Fanfare* and *Labial*, mechanical musicians, who have received valued commendations from many sources. Our old friend "Mr. Punch" writes very pleasantly of Fanfare: "Mr. Maskelyne has already produced a mechanical whist-player, who can beat most members of the Arlington, and a mechanical draughtsman, who could give points to 'Ape' or 'Spy.' He has now gone several wheels further, and produces a mechanical musician. Therefore, the latest rival—or shall we

* Hood made the porker's lament,—

"O! why are pigs made scholars of?
It baffles my discerning.
What griskins, fry, and chitterlings
Can have to do with learning."

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not rather say, companion, of Psycho and Zoe? for it is to be hoped that mechanical artists are not jealous of each other—is, we are informed, the first automaton that has ever blown its own trumpet, another distinction of the mechanical from the human artist. But has Mr. Maskelyne duly weighed the consequence of introducing this seductive practice into the automatic world? If all his automata take to blowing their own trumpets he will soon find himself more and more in the predicament of miserable managers of human performers." "Punch" hits the right nail on the head when he states that Fanfare is the first of the automatic race who has blown his own trumpet. Other mechanical players have been made, and with admirable results, but the figures never really *blew* through the instrument; the sound was produced within the body from a contrivance similar to the trumpet stop of an organ, a very weak imitation of the robust note of the trumpet. Fanfare is entirely different in that he presses his fingers upon the valves and the music proceeds from the instrument, and any one can test that the sound issues therefrom. Fanfare is seated in a chair in the conventional "tail-coat" of modern society. Like my other automatons, Fanfare (fig. 3) is submitted to inspection and

Fig. 3.

handed round for scrutiny, and one can ascertain by the lightness of the figure that not even the smallest representative of humanity could be in hiding inside.

There was one theory broached in connection with Fanfare, viz., that I had some electrical arrangement which would (possibly on the principle of the telephone) convey the sounds to the instrument held by the automaton; so, to dispel this idea, my next musician, instead of being seated upon a chair, was placed on a cushion supported by a solid glass column (fig. 4). This android I named Labial, and entrusted to his manipulation a small euphonium. As to his playing I may give the opinion of Mr. A. J. Phasey, the greatest living performer upon the instrument, and solo-euphonium to her Majesty the Queen, culled from an exhaustive communication to the "Musical World" upon Labial. Mr. Phasey writes:—

"Labial's observance of light and shade (so necessary to a good performance on the euphonium when used as a solo instrument) filled me with wonder—in fact, I was spellbound. The lip action, in my opinion,

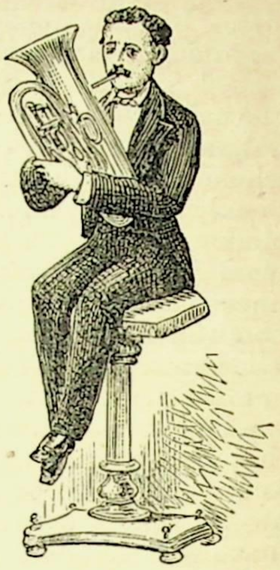

Fig. 4.

is as perfect as with a human being, and in his strict attention to the nuances he was very far superior to many professional artists. The impression made upon me at the termination of his admirable performance was a mixture of delight and depression—the latter from fearing lest, at some future time, living performers in orchestras may be displaced in favour of automata. Upon my first visit I was under the impression that the performer could not be an automaton, but possibly a clever illusion. I accordingly paid a second visit, and sat close to the stage to notice whether the fingering was correct or not. I found, to my astonishment, that the passages were not only correctly fingered, but that 'Labial' introduced slurs and appogiaturas equally as well as any professor of the instrument, and I have no reason to doubt the fact that it is a mechanical arrangement."

To both my musical automatons a supply of air is furnished by a large bellows worked upon the stage; the mechanism in each case is entirely contained within the bodies of the figures. I look forward to constructing an entire automatic orchestra for my patrons at the Egyptian Hall, and to that end I have already in view the production of another android musician, whom I shall name Euterpe, after the goddess of wind instruments. This figure will, accordingly, be habited as a lady, the instrument she will favour being the slide-trombone.

THE CAPE MOUNTED RIFLES.*

At a time like the present, when our position in South Africa, with regard to the Zulus and other numerous tribes with whom we are continually coming in contact, is so very unsatisfactory and unsettled, more especially since the unexpected check which our regular forces have sustained at their hands, under Cetewayo, the question naturally arises, What are the best kind of troops to be employed in this exceptional warfare? I think it will be admitted

* We are indebted for this paper to Captain Lucas, author of "Camp Life in South Africa," who was for twelve years in the regiment, serving in the Kaffir War of 1851. The disbandment of this corps is never more regretted than now, and it will probably be the model for the frontier mounted service of the future.

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that our infantry cannot be improved upon, nor do I know of any difficulty in the way of foe, country, or climate which they have not overcome. The difficulty has always been to find a cavalry force which will answer the requirements of this kind of warfare. Judging from past experience, our English cavalry regiments, superb as they are in point of physique and appointment as regards European warfare, are not adapted for it. Both men and equipments are far too heavy for this service., and, again, a knowledge of the country is absolutely indispensable. The distances which they are called upon to traverse are so vast, and the few landmarks so indistinct; the whole face of the country, in fact, is so much alike and so bewildering, that the mounted men who are constantly detached in small parties from the main body are liable to be continually cut off or become helpless if unaccustomed to the work.

Now the only mounted corps which ever really contained all the essentials for this guerilla fighting was the regiment of Cape Mounted Riflemen. This corps, with which I served at the Cape for some twelve years, was the only Colonial mounted regiment in her Majesty's service. Equipped and serving as cavalry, to all intents and purposes, it enjoyed only infantry pay and position, and thus held a strangely anomalous position. The Cape Mounted Rifle Regiment was some 800 strong, composed of twelve troops, two-thirds of whom were Hottentots, and the remainder Europeans, recruited from different regiments. Little, wiry, active fellows these natives were, all sinew and muscle. They did not average more than nine stone in weight. They were specially fitted for the work for which they were intended, viz., skirmishing and patrolling through the large tracts of country which were included in our frontier possessions. They had a wonderful eye for country, and were noted for their cleverness in tracing the slightest trace of spoor or foot-track left upon the veedt by man or beast. This they were sometimes called upon to do even in time of peace, although there was a Kaffir police organised for this and other purposes connected with the Colonial administration. They were seldom at fault, generally returning with the missing oxen, which they sometimes traced far into the interior.

They were very fair shots, having a natural aptitude for anything requiring quickness of eye and hand, and would mount their horses bare backed at a moment's notice, using their halters as bridles, and dashing off at headlong speed to capture stray horses when on patrol or camp duty. They wore a rifle uniform, with the addition of cavalry equipments, and were excellently armed with double-barrelled smooth-bore Victoria carbines, which were easily loaded on horseback. A cavalry sword completed their equipment. They were taught to act mounted and dismounted, as occasion required, were admirable skirmishers, and often proved their good qualities in the field. I have frequently seen them when employed on rear guard, the rear being always the great point of attack in Kaffir warfare, extended in skirmishing-order, delivering their fire with the greatest coolness, though opposed to an overwhelming number of Kaffirs, then turning about and quietly retiring between their alternate files as if on parade.

They were unerring guides, and their sight was something marvellous. This gift they share equally with the Bushmen. The peculiar conformation of their overhanging brows, under which, as in a kind of pent-house, their deeply-sunken eyes are sheltered from the glare of the strong sunlight, seemed to endow them with almost telescopic vision. They were up to all the wiles and ruses of the Kaffirs, and were indeed the eyes and ears of the column, but, unfortunately, they were not always to be trusted, a portion of them having been detected during the last war in the act of going over to the enemy. For this reason, and on account of the great expense incurred by the English Government in the equipment of so large a force—equal in strength to at least three of our ordinary cavalry regiments—they have been disbanded, and, as a corps, are no longer in existence, their duties being entrusted to a numerous body of mounted police, the colony having now undertaken to protect itself. Notwithstanding their misbehaviour on this occasion, I think the English Government were hasty and unadvised in disbanding the regiment.

The colonists, indeed, still retain so vivid a recollection of the capabilities of this regiment for Kaffir warfare, that they have already made some attempt to form another regiment of mounted men upon the lines of the old Cape Corps, and have given them the same title. Experience has proved that nothing is so difficult as to find ready-made cavalry soldiers. The Hottentot, however, seems to take to the saddle almost instinctively. He needs no "setting up," and in his well-fitting uniform is as smart, active, and wiry a little fellow as it is possible to conceive.

When I first joined the regiment the men wore tight-fitting leather trousers; these were descriptively termed "crackers," from the crackling noise which they made when in wear. These the Totty (which was the abbreviation for the word Hottentot) was immensely proud of; and these were made to fit him like his skin, and were at times worked down the seams with tasteful devices, and as they were active, well-knit fellows, these crackers when new and well setting gave them a very workmanlike appearance. Many believe that if our troops in Zululand had been supplemented with a troop of these men they could never have remained ignorant of the presence of Cetewayo's legions. Nor would it have been possible for those astute savages to have stolen a march upon them in the way they did. The old proverb, "Set a thief to catch a thief," would have been realised to the letter.

FLOWERS AND THEIR FOLK-LORE.

BY THE REV. THISELTON DYER, M.A., AUTHOR OF "ENGLISH FOLK-LORE."

III.

THE celandine, with its beautifully-shaped deep-green leaves and small yellow flowers, has been popularly termed "swallow-wort," as it appears about the arrival of the swallow, and withers away at its departure in autumn. Gerarde, however, contradicts this notion on the ground that the celandine may be found all the year round. He considers that its name originates from the circumstance that "with this herbe the dams restore sight to their young ones when their eies be put out." This curious piece of folk-lore is alluded to both

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by Aristotle and Dioscorides. It has also been called tetter-wort, from its curing tetters. The lesser celandine, which Wordsworth has celebrated in two pretty odes, has been nicknamed the pile-wort, from the Latin *pila* (a ball), in allusion, says Dr. Prior, "to the small tubers on the roots and its supposed efficacy, on the doctrine of signatures, as a remedial agent."

"Careless of thy neighbourhood,
Thou dost show thy pleasant face
On the moor, and in the wood,
In the lane—there's not a place,
Howsoever mean it be,
But 'tis good enough for thee."

The saxifrage is a numerous order of plants. One of the least showy is the *saxifraga umbrosa*, which bears the popular names of "London Pride" and "None so Pretty." The name saxifrage means stone-breaking (*saxum*, a rock, and *frango*, to break), being supposed to crack the rock, in the crevices of which it grows. The ancient Romans,* it would seem, had their rock-breaking plant, called saxifraga, or "sassafras." The power of cleaving rocks or breaking hard substances enters very largely into their traditions. The *saxifraga umbrosa* is in Ireland termed St. Patrick's Cabbage. In some places it goes by the name of "Prattling Parnell," a name, says Dr. Prior, "that seems to imply a girl of suspicious character, who has let out secrets, or told tales to her own discredit. Like the other names of this flower, it may allude to some popular tale, song, or farce, that was in vogue in the last century." Nancy Pretty is also another name for it. Various medicinal properties have been supposed to belong to this order of plants.

The wallflower, which makes its way into our shops early in the year, and in its wild state grows profusely on old walls and ruins in the early summer time, has had various names given to it. In Dorsetshire it is called the "Bloody Warrior," from the blood-like tinges on its corolla, and in the west of England it is termed "Bleeding Heart." Originally the name of Heart's Ease was applied to it. It has also been known as Cherisaunce, comfort, a word which occurs in Chaucer's "Romaunt of the Rose," l. 3837.

"Then dismayed I left all soole,
Forwearie, forwandred as a foole,
For I ne knew ne cherisaunce."

Miss Pirie, in her "Flowers, Grasses, and Shrubs" (p. 242), says tradition gives a very poetical origin of this flower. It tells that, in bygone days, a castle stood amid wood and wilds, and within hearing of the rushing River Tweed. In this ancient hall a fair maiden was kept a prisoner, having given her heart to a young heir of a hostile clan; and blood having been shed between the chiefs on either side, the deadly hatred of those fierce blood-stained days forbade all hope of a union. The gallant courtier tried various stratagems to get possession of his beloved one, but to no purpose. At last, however, he gained admission within the walls of this stately mansion, dressed in the garb of a wandering troubadour, and as such he sang before his lady love, till at length it was arranged that the lady should make her escape, while the knight should await her arrival with a horse and armed retinue. How this plot turned out may be seen from the following lines:—

"Up she got upon a wall,
Attempted down to slide withal.
But the silken twist untied,
She fell, and bruised, she died.
Love, in pity to the deed,
And her loving luckless speed,
Turn'd her to this plant we call
Now the flower of the wall."

The dandelion, although it enlivens the fields in the early year with its handsome yellow flowers, is certainly not a favourite, and few, perhaps, will condescend to pick it. Its name is derived by some from the French *dent de lion* (lion's tooth), from the supposed resemblance of its leaves to a lion's teeth. Some, however, consider that it is so termed from the yellowness of the flowers, which is compared to that of the heraldic lion, whose teeth are of gold. Its origin is still a source of discussion among antiquarians. It has been called by various names; as, for example, "Priest's Crown," from its likeness to the shorn heads of the Roman Catholic clergy, after the pappus has fallen from it. Another nickname for it is "Blow-Ball," because children have a game of trying their luck by blowing the pappus off it. Elliott calls it the "Sunflower of the Spring." When the down of the dandelion contracts, it is a sign of rain.

The sonchus, or sow thistle, is one of those plants which, like the plantain, follows man wherever he goes, in what manner no one can tell. In former times it seems to have been valued for its edible sprouts, which we are informed by Evelyn were eaten by Galen as a lettuce. It has also been known as "Hare's Lettuce," because, according to Apuleius, when the hare is fainting with heat, she recruits her strength with it. Topsell, in his Natural History (209) tells us that when "hares are overcome with heat, they eat of an herb called *Latuca leporina*, that is the hare's-lettuce, hare's-house, hare's-palace; and there is no disease in this beast, the cure whereof she does not seek for in this herb."

A little flower that for its graceful and delicate form is much prized, and eagerly sought for by lovers of nature as soon as it makes its appearance in the woods, is the anemone. It is often called the "Wind-flower," because the slightest wind will scatter its petals to the earth. According to an old legend, it is said to have sprung from the tears of Venus, when she wept over the body of Adonis:—

"Alas the Paphian! Fair Adonis slain!
Tears plenteous as his blood she pours amain;
But gentle flowers are born, and bloom around,
From every drop that falls upon the ground;
Where streams his blood, there blushing springs the rose,
And where a tear has dropp'd a wind-flower blows."

Pliny tells us that the anemone is called "Wind-flower" because it never opens unless the wind is blowing. In ancient times the anemone had a great reputation for its medical properties. Magicians* ordered every person to gather the first they saw in the year, at the same time repeating the following formula: "I gather thee for a remedy against disease." It was then carefully preserved, and in the event of the gatherer being ill, was tied round his neck or arm, as this act was supposed to drive away the malady. It is doubtful whether our

* Fiske's "Myths and Mythmakers." 1873. p. 43.

* Miss Pirie's "Flowers, Grasses, and Shrubs."

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anemone is the same as the classical one. Dr. Prior thinks it probable that it was a cistus, or rock rose.

The *arum maculatum*, well known under the title of "Lords and Ladies," from children so calling the spadix, as they find it to be purple or white, is an interesting plant, not only botanically, but from the many associations and folk-lore connected with it. Two of its most popular names are Cuckoo-pint and Wake-robin. Its curiously-shaped leaves have been termed Calves' Feet. The scientific name was formerly written Aron (Gr. ἄρον). Gerarde records a curious belief, on the authority of Aristotle, that when bears were almost half starved with hybernating, and had lain in their dens for forty days without any food but such as they got by sucking their paws, they were suddenly restored by eating this plant. In Cheshire it is called Gethsemane, because it is said to have been growing at the foot of the cross, and to have received on its leaves some drops of blood.

"Those deep unwrought marks,
The villager will tell thee,
Are the flower's portion from the atoning blood
On Calvary shed. Beneath the cross it grew."

Withering mentions the notion that it was on this plant the soldiers of Cæsar lived when they were encamped at Dyrrachium. Large quantities grow in Portland Island and the neighbourhood, where the roots are dried, and the powder derived from them is called Portland Sago. A name formerly given to this plant was starchwort, from the starch that was procured from its roots, and which was in great requisition for the large collars worn in the time of Queen Elizabeth.

The thistle is the old English name for a large family of plants, of which we have more than a dozen species growing wild in Great Britain. The beautiful cotton thistle is generally agreed upon to be the thistle of Scotland, and, if tradition be true, it became the emblem of Scotland in the following way:—When the Danes invaded Scotland, it was deemed unwarlike to attack the enemy in the darkness of night instead of in a pitched battle by day. On one occasion, however, the invaders resolved to avail themselves of stratagem, and in order to prevent their tramp being heard, they marched bare-footed. They had just reached the Scottish camp unobserved, when a Dane unluckily stepped with his foot upon a superbly prickled thistle, which caused him to utter a cry of pain. This soon aroused the slumbering warriors, who ran to their arms and defeated the foe with great slaughter. The thistle was at once adopted as the emblem of Scotland.* Another species, the milk thistle, is supposed to have derived the colour of its leaves from the milk of the Virgin Mary having fallen upon them as she nursed the infant Jesus, a fable, says Mr. Prior,† suggested by the similar one of the lily having been whitened by the milk of Juno as she nursed the infant Hercules. The carline thistle—that grey inhabitant of barren soil—has a curious legend attached to it, explaining how the name took its origin from the great Emperor Charlemagne. A horrible pestilence broke out in his army, and carried off many thousand men, which greatly troubled the pious emperor. Wherefore, he prayed earnestly to God, and in his sleep there appeared to him an angel, who shot an arrow from a cross-bow, telling him to mark the plant upon which it fell, as with that plant he might cure his army of the pestilence; and so, says the legend, it really happened. The thistle is the recognised symbol of untidiness and carelessness, being found not so much in barren ground as in good ground not properly cared for. So good a proof of a rich soil does the thistle give, that a saying is attributed to a blind man, who was choosing a piece of ground, "Take me to a thistle." On the Russian steppes, or great plains, is a thistle plant, says Schlieden, which the Russians call "Perikatepole," the "leap in the field," and the German colonists the "wind witch." The disease known among the poorer classes of Poland as "elflock" is supposed to be the work of evil demons, and it is said that if one buries thistle-seed it will gradually disappear.

* *Carduus nutans* is supposed by some to be the Scottish thistle.
† "Popular Names of British Plants," 153.

Spring.

THE trembling Spring went forth one humid morn
With faltering footsteps in the sickly light,
Bearing her first-born flower, the snowdrop white;
Winter yet reigned, all nature looked forlorn;
Bleak were the fields, the woodland flowers unborn;
Barren the valleys; plain and distant height,
Smitten and sere, beneath the wintry blight
Lay comfortless, of all their beauty shorn.
On Winter's rugged breast Spring smiling hung,
With gentle hands, the little graceful flower;
'Twas her first offering, and from that hour
Were heard low whispers woods and fields among,
That soon would end old hoary Winter's reign,
And joyaunt Spring come to her own again.

J. ASKHAM.

Varieties.

THOMPSON, REV. R. A.—We are indebted to a correspondent for pointing out an error in the August Part of the "Leisure Hour" for 1878, p. 512. The prize essay on Theism was gained, not by the present Archbishop of York, but by the Rev. R. A. Thompson, now Master of the Hospital of St. Mary, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

DARKNESS IN LONDON.—Although we have given farewell to fogs till November, it is to be hoped, it is worth keeping a note of the singular atmospheric phenomenon of February 19th. The evening papers of that date said, "About half-past ten this morning a remarkable wave of darkness suddenly spread itself over the south of London, and for twenty minutes it was as dark as on a moonless night. The features of persons standing close to each other could not be distinguished. The darkness differed from that of an ordinary fog, as distant lights could be seen as clearly as on an ordinary night." We happened to be at Hurlingham, near Fulham, at the time, and the darkness was extreme for about half an hour. On the northern side of London there was no fog or darkness.

THE TRUE MAKERS AND RULERS OF EMPIRES.—The Marquis of Hartington, in his address as Lord Rector of the University of Edinburgh, gave utterance to many wise and memorable words, which showed a well-cultured and well-

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balanced mind. Speaking of the part taken by Scotchmen in public affairs, he said: "Central government has not yet absorbed all the functions of administration, and various important duties have been left, and many additional duties have been confided to local authorities, be they the country magistrates or the municipal authorities, or the members of the boards to which so many miscellaneous tasks are now allotted. Yet, much governed as we are, centrally and locally, public administration would, in my opinion, utterly break down were it not for the unrecognised forms of government which have grown up among us, created by no legislation, nor even inherited from our ancestors. In these days, civilised nations are led rather than governed. They are led by their reason, by their feelings, by their passions; but they are led by their necessities and their desires, by their fears and by their hopes; and the men who lead them, and thus have a share in and render possible the task of government, are the authors and journalists, the members of learned professions, the employers and organisers of labour, and their innumerable subordinates, by whom in regular gradations the armies of industry and of commerce are marshalled. These are amongst the most powerful, if not the most conspicuous agents of government at the present time. And if the influence of these unrecognised rulers is necessary and powerful at home for the proper working of our social arrangements, how much more necessary are they for the maintenance of that complex system, without precedent in history, which is called the British Empire? It is not in Scotland that much has been heard of late from magniloquent orators of the grandeur and strength of the empire, but Scotsmen have done their share, and more than their share, in founding it. It is hardly necessary for me to refer before a Scottish audience to the numbers of your countrymen who have spent arduous and honourable lives, away from friends and home, under the blazing skies of Bengal, or among the dangers of the North-west frontier. It is enough to say that familiar Scottish names, the Frasers and the Grants, are as well known to the dwellers by the Sutlej and the Ganges as they are upon the Finhorn and the Spey. While among those who have commanded in the field there stand few names higher that those of Napier and Colin Campbell; so among others who by personal daring and gentle demeanour have proved themselves true leaders of men there is no more brilliant example in Indian border annals than that of your Scottish borderer, Sir John Malcolm. Finally, among civilians, in the foremost rank there is the Scotsman who consolidated British India, James Ramsay, Marquis of Dalhousie. So that I feel justified in repeating that Scotsmen have done their share in rearing up our British Empire."

American Enterprise again.—American coals are beginning to be sold in Switzerland. They come by sailing ships from Philadelphia to Marseilles, whence they are brought by rail to Geneva, a distance of 217 miles, and delivered to the consumer at forty shillings a ton, a price slightly under that at which French and German coals are sold there, and the quality is described as being very much superior. Another instance of Transatlantic enterprise at Geneva is a locomotive, brought expressly from America, to test its capacity for producing steam power from the anthracite coal found in the Valais, which Swiss and French locomotives are quite unable to use. The experiment was an entire success The American locomotive can run with fuel which would bring an ordinary Continental locomotive to a standstill, and the system, if adopted, will effect an important saving.—*Times.*

Fisherman's Almanack.—Besides the numerous general almanacks there are many special ones, containing information necessary or useful for particular classes. One of these came into our hands lately, "The Fisherman's Nautical Almanack." In addition to the usual facts, astronomical, meteorological, and others common to all nautical almanacks, minute details are given as to the tides, the soundings, the lights, the buoys, and all points of practical use to the large fishing population of our coasts. A list is given of the fishing-smacks belonging to various ports. The publisher of this almanack lives at Grimsby, the greatest fishing port in England, and bears the Danish-like name of Ole Theodor Olsen. He is author and publisher of a larger volume, "The Fisherman's Practical Navigator," a manual of all matters useful to the fishing community. From this volume, which contains a complete list of all fishing-smacks in the kingdom, we find that there are above 2,050 fishing-smacks, of which about 540 belong to Great Grimsby. Taking the average value of the smacks at £700, the value of the fishing "plant"—or sailing "stock," as we landsmen would say—is little short of £1,500,000. The average of crews is not stated, but if only ten, including the deep-sea boats, we see how large a part of the population depends on the prosperity of our sea-fisheries. We are indebted to Mr. O. T. Olsen, "compass adjustor, nautical instrument maker, flag manufacturer chart and nautical publisher," for some hours of new and interesting study. But our chief reason for mentioning him and his books is that, with much intelligence and public spirit, he has offered prizes—sextants, quadrants, and other instruments—for the best log-books of observations made by masters of fishing smacks during a year. Mr. Frank Buckland says:—"I think this a most admirable idea on the part of Mr. Olsen. The bottom of the sea is, in a scientific sense, less known than the deserts of Sahara. From long experience the fishermen have learnt where to go and catch fish, and they have found out certain important facts as to their habitat at various periods of the year, but little more than this is known. By Mr. Olsen's plan, information, I trust, will be gathered relative to the natural condition of the North Sea, which, being the great Fish Farm of her Majesty's subjects, is practically more important than the recent discoveries made in the centre of what is now called the Dark Continent—Africa."

Zululand.—One of the few Europeans who, before the present war, was well acquainted with Zululand, thus describes the country and its people: Zululand may be said to be a rectangular tract of country on the east coast of South Africa. It is bounded on the east by the Indian Ocean, on the south by the Tugela River, on the west by the Transvaal, and on the north by the Amaswazi, another independent native tribe. Its area in round numbers may be estimated at 15,000 square miles, and its population at 300,000. We enter a country as yet untouched and but little known comparatively by the white man; a kingdom well ruled as to native order, law, and discipline, though it be a government by brute force and bloodshedding; a country, moreover, of considerable extent, as large as England and Scotland, broken and bush-covered, and well adapted by these physical features for savage warfare. Zululand, though extensive, lies very compact, and communication is almost as rapidly carried on from one end to the other as by telegraph. In all parts of the kingdom the least movement outside, on, or within the border is watched and known with the keenest knowledge. We have also an army to confront, strong, courageous, and perhaps better drilled than any other savage army in the world; an army formed originally by the uncle of the present king, who disguised himself and went down into our old Cape Colony to see for himself and to learn our mode of drill, discipline, and warfare; an army perhaps 45,000 strong, and composed of finer men than many an English guardsman, splendidly made, and seldom much under, frequently considerably over, six feet in height, and armed now with excellent rifles and guns which they know how to use, in addition to their national weapon, the assegai, or spear. Lithe and agile as panthers, tough as wolves, and able to conceal themselves by thousands like serpents—such are Cetewayo's soldiers with whom we are now in conflict. Hardly a day of my African life passed without being thrown with some of these fine warriors, and I have seen the king at the great annual war dance in December reviewing 35,000 of these men. As he himself expressed it, as he sat proudly upon a height overlooking the great Amathlabatim plains, which were black with his regiments, all marching under their various coloured shields, plumes, and wild beast skins, they were "as the grass in number." This, then, is the country we have invaded, and such the army now called upon by its king to defend it.

Parliamentary Blue-Books.—Mr. John Walter, M.P., in a recent debate, said that a vast sum was wasted annually upon the printing of unnecessary Blue-books, some of which, two or three inches in thickness, and costing hundreds of pounds to print, contained nothing but a mass of undigested tabular matter. It was certain that £20,000 or £30,000 might be saved under this head alone every year, without any detriment to the service of the country. Of the thousands of Blue-books annually printed, by far the largest part is sold, unread, as waste paper. One case we give as an example of many. A Scotch M.P. occupies apartments in the house of a relative during the season. A week or two before the end of the session various circulars are received from dealers offering to buy waste paper. These are handed to the butler, who sells to the best bidder. The amount is large enough to be taken as an ample fee from the Scotch M.P. to the butler for his service. A few of the Members send the volumes to public libraries and other places where they may be useful to their constituents, but the majority of Members allow their servants to dispose of them as waste paper.

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THE PET.

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THE LEISURE HOUR.

BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,
AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND.—*Cowper.*

A SAUNTER ON THE PROMENADE.

"WAIT A YEAR."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A YOUNG WIFE'S STORY."

CHAPTER XXVII.

MONA was glad enough when she had leisure to seek her own room, and there indulge her indignation. Heart and brain were full. Her mind's eye still saw the two faces reflected in the glass, and the quick expressive glance of regret on Helen's, that Captain Orde had saved the life of his brother. The feeling might be transient as the expression of it, just a suggestion that came and went, but it had been there, and in Mona's opinion scathed the character for ever.

Helen had sinned against her loyalty and integrity; against her conscience, if not her heart. She had forfeited all right to Mr. Sinclair's affection, nay, to the most commonplace regard, and this woman was his affianced wife. And Mona was helpless to prevent such a sacrilegious union. She felt a desire

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PRICE ONE PENNY.

to write to Mr. Sinclair, but she could not send an anonymous letter, and she equally shrunk from writing in her own name. She sat down to take counsel with herself, but it was in vain she strove to recover her tranquillity.

A pale, tired face and clouded brow were the result of her private meditations on this occasion, and challenged a remark from Mrs. Fraser when she went down to luncheon.

"You are not looking well, Miss Moreton, and I begin to feel unsettled. So many of our friends are going away, we must think of moving too. A change will do us all good. We will leave at the end of the month."

The proposition would have been agreeable enough to Mona could she have taken her brother with her. Small as was her influence over him, she was glad to be on the spot where he was. Something always seemed in the background, which might at any time develop into the trouble she was expecting, and for which she fancied herself in some measure prepared, something that would enable her to come to the rescue with her sisterly counsels, and make her necessary to Edward.

And what of Cecil Orde? With the warm blood yet tingling in his veins, and thoughts not yet analysed, he hurried from his sister's house into the open air. Within the four walls that surrounded Helen he could not breathe freely. Turning towards the upper part of the Esplanade, where pedestrians are few and fashionable loiterers rarely stray, he pursued his way with long quick steps at first, and afterwards slowly, as his self-control grew stronger and his thoughts calmer. Yet he could not entirely get away from the contemplation of some of the awful possibilities that lie hidden away in this poor human nature. Never before had a thought so evil tainted his soul or crossed his mind. It was reserved for Helen to suggest it. Yes, it was true, quite true, that had he been a little later, a little less observant, a great tragedy would have occurred in a natural way, and the whole aspect of two lives would have been changed.

If an object of censure, was not Helen also one of compassion? Impulsive and unstable, wishing no deliberate harm to others, only perhaps a preponderance of good for herself, was she not the victim of her circumstances? He felt humiliated for Warren, and angry with human nature. He flung himself upon one of the benches facing the broad glistening sea. He gazed earnestly over its smooth surface. He was glad to commune silently with his own heart before he carried out the idea that was beating on his brain. Careless as he usually was in sacred matters, he felt inclined to be serious now, and reverently thanked God that he had not been tempted even with an evil suggestion, when temptation might have led to crime and worldly prosperity. He had never imagined even the probability of being too late, but had strained every nerve to save his brother, urging the men and guides to exertion by his entreaties, and stimulating them by his promises.

"Thank God! thank God! I was not tempted," he repeated; and the blood, which grew chill as he thought of what might have been, crept back to his heart.

As much as Cecil Orde was capable of loving he loved Helen Lestocq; but it was an attachment founded upon no particular esteem—it was but the fascination exercised by a pretty face, which did no honour either to himself or her. He knew her to be ambitious, one bent upon seeking her own advancement; not absolutely vain, but conscious of her beauty, and desirous to purchase with it the substantial enjoyments of life, such as are found in a handsome establishment and a good income. Warren could give her these, and to Warren she had engaged herself. Cecil was too sincerely shocked to indulge in his habitual cynicism, the way in which he often reconciled himself to a lot that had the double effect of raising him above and sinking him below speculations so unflattering. He now felt that he was drawn into a new position. For him Helen had sinned against her own truth and against his brother; but yet it was not for him to hurl the stone that should bow that fair head with shame, or cover her with obloquy. It was, however, his place to rescue that brother's life from misery.

At any price, at any cost, Warren must not be allowed to marry Helen Lestocq. From his inmost soul Cecil revolted against an union so unholy.

"I cannot permit so gross a lie to be practised on my brother; no man who had a spark of feeling, say nothing of honour, knowing what I do, could stand by and see it done. I must and will prevent it," said Cecil, as he rose and slowly sauntered back along the gravelled promenade, now nearly deserted in the noonday heat.

A few bare-legged fishermen were standing on the shingly beach, chattering over their morning's disappointment, as indicated by the empty nets that lay coiled on the ground, and children, mindless of the glare from the sunlit splendour of the glittering sea, lay basking among the white linen which the washerwomen here spread on the stones around the bay, or hung upon the aloe hedge to dry, careless of the damage from its thorns. Scenes of such everyday occurrence had no interest for Cecil; he was fully occupied with his own thoughts and the resolution that had grown out of them.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

GLAD to escape an interview with Mrs. Fraser, Helen hurried downstairs, hoping to reach home without encountering any of her acquaintance. Stepping from the cool apartment where the partially closed persiennes excluded the excess both of light and heat, her eyes were too dazzled with the brilliant sunshine to perceive Captain Orde sitting upon a bench opposite to the house she had just quitted. He was watching for her, and as soon as she appeared he threw away his cigar and followed her. What he had to say must be said within four walls. As Helen ascended her own staircase, the sound of footsteps on the flags below made her look round, and perceiving who it was, she stood still until he joined her, not without some misgiving as to the meaning of so early a visit.

"I must speak to you, Helen; we have something to say to each other," he observed, with a harsh inflection of the voice and a seriousness almost amounting to solemnity, so foreign to his usual manner as to increase her uneasiness.

If Cecil turned against her, on whom could she rely? Since they had known each other, his friendship had never hitherto wavered; it had borne every strain put upon it, and was of positive value to her, more than she supposed until the fear of its possible loss revealed its importance. But perhaps—

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and Helen's heart leaped upwards for a moment, to sink down immediately with perplexity as the two different feelings opposed each other. What if, touched by a surmise shadowed forth in that involuntary glance, he had come to sound her and to propose a new bond, a new arrangement of her life, how should she act? The love of Cecil Orde was pleasant to her; if their tastes were not entirely similar, they were not uncongenial. His bright companionship was as the sunshine of a summer's day, and to have that always was a prospect at which she could smile and feel glad. With him, even village life would be endurable. But—ah, why must there be a drawback to a picture so fair!—they would be poor, very poor, and poverty for them, brought up as they had been, meant future discord and unhappiness. No, that must not be. Whatever charm there might be in a mutual attachment, it would not long outlive adverse influence, and was, she felt, insufficient to supply more substantial enjoyments. Had Cecil been in Warren's place—she started shuddering at herself. Again this fatal thought, unbidden and unhallowed, swept across her mind to be quickly stifled down and made to take another form. If Warren would but return to what he was when she first knew him, how much happier her prospects would be! By this time they had reached the door, and as Cecil pronounced the word "alone," Helen on entering turned into the dining-room. He gave her a seat and stood behind her at the window in silence. Words did not come to him with the readiness he desired, and for once Cecil Orde felt awkward and ill at ease.

"Helen, I beg your pardon if I am abrupt, though I can hardly fail to be so," he began, nervously at first, but soon recovered his firmness. "There are some things easier understood than discussed, and this is one we cannot handle—we hardly dare approach it—and yet—"

"And yet," repeated Helen, smiling into his face a nervous smile she would gladly have rendered natural.

"A few words must be said, and then the subject dismissed for ever. You must not think of marrying Warren," he said, decisively, letting his dark eyes rest upon hers for a moment with a seriousness she could not mistake. "I were a much worse man than I think myself if I could injure my kind, generous brother, or suffer him to hurt himself. You must not marry Warren," he repeated. "You see it yourself; you know and feel that it cannot be. Better anything than that: better be Helen Lestocq all your life than act so false a part."

"Why should I not marry Warren?" asked Helen, with every appearance of genuine astonishment. "Of what are you dreaming? We have had our disagreements—on many points we do not think alike; but where will you find two people who do? I have been foolish—perhaps a little self-willed—to insist upon a year's separation, but I was angry with him for changing my prospects so completely, and anger is a bad counsellor. He vexed me and I vexed him; it is a harmless piece of retaliation, and only concerns ourselves. I think it would be well to forgive each other, and put an end at once to this apparent estrangement."

Though Helen spoke calmly, she studiously avoided looking at Cecil, busying herself in taking off and reducing into numerous folds the shawl that had been round her neck. It was not her intention to lose the substance for the shadow, and believed it in her power to win Cecil to her views, but she was mistaken.

"It will not do, Helen, to pretend ignorance of my meaning," he said, decisively. "Although the subject is too delicate to be discussed by either of us, our instincts direct us, and both you and I know full well that such a marriage would be an unholy union. All that we have in us of truth—nay, all that is not utterly base—repudiates the idea. It must not be."

By this time Helen had exchanged her assumed look of surprise for real embarrassment. Cecil spoke so firmly, and looked so resolute, that she felt he was in earnest, and might press his opinions upon her inconveniently.

"Break off the engagement, and what then?" she thought, bewildered by the novelty of seeing Cecil Orde turned monitor, and dictating how she ought to act, instead of treating her with the indulgence she was accustomed to receive from him. His words and manner were so at variance with himself that she was for a moment subdued, and unable to recover sufficient self-possession to argue. She looked at him with questioning eyes, as if she had not heard aright, or that there was some explanation to follow.

"This engagement must be broken off," he said, slowly and firmly. "Take what steps you judge best, I desire neither to prescribe the way nor the reasons assigned; find your own excuses, but it must be done. If you will not, I must. Warren shall never make you his wife!"

"And by what right does Captain Orde lay his commands upon me?" said Helen, now really incensed, rising and drawing herself up to her full height, her head taking the majestic pose of injured dignity that suited it so well.

"Helen, Helen!" he added, in tones that were gentle enough, though mixed with something akin to reproach. "You know that I can plead no right. I can but appeal to the womanly instincts that must be within you. Sound your own heart and it will ratify my words. You cannot become Warren's wife. On your account, as well as on his, I say so; you would wither your own life and make the misery of his. In acting as I think honourably towards my brother, am I demanding any great sacrifice of you? Am I asking anything that costs your heart a pang, or your eyes a tear?"

Seizing her hands as he spoke, he looked at her with an earnestness she could not meet.

Releasing herself, she sat down and covered her face.

"Think me not Quixotic," pursued Cecil, speaking almost tenderly, "because I would preserve you from degradation and contempt. Oh, Helen, Helen! all my life long I should hate and despise you if I saw you stand before the altar with Warren for the bridegroom—a perjured woman."

"What would you have me do?" she asked, borne down by the vehemence of his language, as well as touched by the personal regard she fancied still remained for her.

"Find some plausible reason for putting an end to your engagement. Methinks under present circumstances there is no difficulty."

"And leave the field free for Miss Moreton!" she said, looking up to see how he would receive the insinuation.

"For her, or for any other," he replied, carelessly. But Helen was not of his opinion, or was not high-minded enough to rise above the jealousies of a

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newly imagined rivalry. Believing Miss Moreton in every way fitted to adorn a simple village life, it was the more unendurable that she should enjoy with it those other additions she would gladly take for herself. But unfortunately they could not be separated. With all his wealth, Mr. Sinclair appeared to have no other ambition than to fill the station of a country pastor, a position of which Helen as little understood the privileges as she liked its duties.

"You are wondrous fair, Helen; may you also be happy," said Cecil, with more feeling than he usually permitted himself to exhibit, looking down upon her with genuine admiration as she sat silent and abstracted, her features softened by a secret sense of humiliation.

"What is happiness?" asked Helen, petulantly, too much vexed with the aspect the future was assuming to be mollified by his compliment.

"Certain happiness consists in being satisfied with whatever happens to us. There is no denying that," returned Cecil, "that position is impregnable."

Helen sighed audibly, and Cecil rallied her upon relapsing into sentimentality.

"You know I am right, that it could not be otherwise," he said, gently, the gentleness of the victor, for he took her silence as consent, and Helen sat still looking at him in a dreamy way, aware that he had separated her from his brother, and at the moment neither glad nor sorry, but vaguely wondering if it would be so very hard to live all her life on straightened means. From these unprofitable speculations she was recalled by Captain Orde's voice wishing her "Good-bye."

"You are not going away?" she said, startled by the ominous words.

"You know I go to-morrow. All my preparations are made."

Yes, Helen knew it, but the separation from Warren made her cling the more to Cecil. The step he was forcing upon her would affect her whole life and her mother's also. She felt harassed and troubled, and wanted the support of a friend. Mrs. Lestocq, she knew, was looking forward to her marriage with more than ordinary impatience. With her, it was the sighing of the weary for rest, a rest from the cares and anxieties attendant upon a small income with advancing years and delicate health. Helen knew that, for her sake, her mother was submitting this year to the requirements of gayer scenes than she was capable of enjoying, and that her thoughts were continually turning to the repose of a home, which, if quiet, would abound in comfort and such luxuries as wealth can procure, and which are peculiarly appreciated by an invalid. And was this to be resigned, her mother grievously disappointed, herself—Helen was at a loss to characterise her own feelings—and all for some sentimental scruple on the part of Captain Orde, who always had sufficient money to enjoy life, and was now going away to roam where fancy and pleasure invited, while they must calculate their expenses at second-rate *pensions* and small hotels? "Our lots are too unequal," mused Helen; "Cecil has not thought what mine must be."

But Helen thought a great deal about it herself. Night and day her mind was at work, endeavouring to weigh her circumstances dispassionately. She had had her many admirers, but Warren Sinclair was the only man of any wealth or position who had been a suitor for her hand. The arguments Mrs. Lestocq had used some eight months ago to prevent her breaking with Mr. Sinclair she voluntarily urged upon herself now. If she let this chance slip, what were her prospects? A continued struggle to keep up appearances upon a very limited income while her mother lived, and dependence upon uncongenial relatives at her death.

LONDON POLICE DUTY.

THE duty of the 10,500 men, which is about the number of the Metropolitan Police Force, lies, in an ordinary way, within a radius of fifteen miles from Charing Cross. To this general statement, however, there are certain exceptions. Wherever the Queen holds her Court a few members of the force are always in attendance. The London police also have charge of the dock-yards, not only at Woolwich, within the radius mentioned, but also at Portsmouth, Devonport, Chatham, and Pembroke, which, of course, are far beyond it. It does occasionally happen, too, that the skill and experience acquired by the best of the police in the great centre of English life and activity are brought to bear on criminal matters beyond their own district. This, however, is of very rare occurrence and only when special circumstances seem to call for the intervention of the Home Secretary, who may, if he thinks fit, depute picked members of the force to investigate a crime that has been committed beyond the metropolitan district, as was done, it may be remembered, in the Road murder. Then, again, the investigation of crimes committed in or near London often necessitates the performance of certain police duties in distant parts of the country, while matters pertaining to the extradition of criminals constantly require that members of the force should go abroad. This is generally the business of the Detective Department, some of the members of which speak two or three languages.

Among other features of what may be called head-quarter police duty may be mentioned the licensing of public vehicles and the drivers and conductors of them, the inspection of common lodging-houses, the taking charge of property found in cabs and omnibuses, with the view to its restoration to the lawful owners. There is another description of property also confided to the custody of the police at head-quarters. Until the year 1869 the property of convicted felons was by law forfeited, and was handed over to the sheriff to be sold. In that year, however, such forfeiture was abolished by Act of Parliament, and now any property of a felon which comes into the hands of the police in the course of their dealings with him is stored away in an old house in one corner of Scotland Yard, and put under the management of officers whose duty it is to properly mark and register the goods, and take proper care of them until the owners are liberated and can come and claim them. Some fourteen or fifteen rooms are almost as full as they very well can be with miscellaneous property packed up and labelled and entered in ponderous books, reference to which will not only afford full particulars of every parcel, and the means of identifying the owner, but in many thousands of cases will give a photographic portrait of him, as well as full particulars of his conviction. There is

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one department of this collection possessing a frightfully tragic interest. It is a top room, full of goods, few of the original owners of which will ever return to claim them. Many, indeed, have died on the scaffold, leaving behind them here mementoes of their crimes in the shape of bludgeons and daggers, pistols and swordsticks, blood-stained garments and letters that have been instrumental in bringing their crimes to the light of day. These, too, are all duly docketed and registered, altogether constituting that upper room a veritable chamber of horrors.

The officers in charge of this unique establishment are policemen, and the registration and custody of the property here is one of the multifarious phases of police duty.

Another phase is to be seen on the opposite side of Scotland Yard, where uniformed officers are busily plying the Wheatstone telegraph. Here there is a well-appointed telegraph office, having direct communication with just upon one hundred distant points of the metropolis, at all or nearly all of which police telegraphists are constantly in attendance by night and day. Every divisional and subdivisional police-station in the metropolis is in direct communication with this room, which is also connected by electric wires with the City Police-office, the head-quarters of the Fire Brigade in Southwark Bridge Road, with the House of Commons, the Home Office, the National Gallery, the War Office, the British Museum, Woolwich Arsenal, and with the private residences of the Commissioner, the two Assistant-Commissioners, and the Director of the Detective Department—or, as it is now officially styled, the Criminal Investigation Department. So very important an auxiliary has the telegraph become that every man in the Metropolitan Police Force above the rank of constable is now required to learn the use of the Wheatstone instrument, the manipulation of which is thus a well-recognised feature of police duty.

There is another feature in policemanship not very commonly known to the public; we refer to the means adopted for the recognition by the police of criminals of the more serious class. There are now, it should be observed, about 300 plain-clothes officers—detective officers—in the metropolitan force distributed throughout the various divisions. Every Wednesday and Saturday one of these officers from each division makes the tour of the London prisons, when he is brought face to face with prisoners whose sentences are about to expire, or who are about to be liberated on ticket-of-leave. About twenty detectives thus drive round in a large omnibus kept for the purpose to Millbank, Tothill Fields, Wandsworth, Brixton, Coldbath Fields, and Holloway, where prisoners are paraded before them. They go also to Clerkenwell House of Detention, where in a similar way they scrutinise prisoners who are under suspicion and have been remanded for further inquiries. The members of this reconnoitring party are changed from time to time, and thus the whole of the 300 detectives are supposed to be able to acquire a more or less intimate acquaintance with men and women whose careers, many of them, are so intimately associated with the exercise of ordinary police duty.

These are all subsidiary, but very important functions of the land divisions of London police, and functions with which the public in general are but little acquainted.

But there is one of the twenty divisions of the metropolitan police whose duties lie almost exclusively on the river—the Thames division. With their work the average Londoner is perhaps still more completely unacquainted. This section of the force consists of 115 constables, 31 inspectors, and 1 superintendent, altogether 150 men, who have charge of the river between Chelsea Bridge and Barking Creek, and some of whom have to be out on the river in small boats at all seasons of the year and at all hours of the day and night. The writer of this has on one or two occasions been out with one of these police crews in the dead of night, and though the nights selected were none of the worst, and cushioned seats and warm rugs and wraps made matters as easy and comfortable as they very well could be made, he could not help feeling that, for regular duty, he would rather do a month on land than a week skimming about in the still, weird, lonely gloom of the river by night. After dark there is not much to be done upon the Thames. It is a fundamental maxim with the police of all branches that the prevention of crime is their most important function, and there is certainly no branch of the service that illustrates this more strikingly than the river police. Within the present century, almost within the memory of persons now living, it was computed that the number of rogues infesting the Thames within the limits of the port of London, and living upon plunder, could not have been less than ten or eleven thousand, while of official guardianship there was absolutely nothing. As nearly as it could be calculated it was thought that half a million a year would hardly cover the loss of property stolen from vessels and wharves upon the river at that time. Now merchandise is as safe afloat upon the Thames as it would be in Cheapside, so far, at least, as depredations are concerned.

The river police, under the command of their active superintendent, do not catch many thieves by night, but they do what is better, they prevent robberies being projected and attempted. By day their duties are more numerous and exacting. They are of course continuously on the look-out for rogues and suspicious characters; they enforce the regulations for the conveyance of gunpowder and other explosive substances; they prevent the fouling of the river bed by rubbish thrown into it; they protect seamen from "crimps," "land-sharks," and other amphibious vermin who swarm in every port, ready to pounce upon poor Jack, even before he sets his foot ashore, and minister in every way to his weakness and his vices—while his money lasts. In the event of a fire among the shipping or in the river-side premises, they summon the floating engines and keep order while the firemen are at work, and at all times they are on the look-out to save the lives of persons in danger of drowning. During 1877 they effected twenty-seven rescues of persons in danger of accidental death in this form, and six persons were prevented from committing suicide. The most terrible form of police duty—at any rate the most trying form of it—is the drawing of the dead from their watery graves.

The writer will not soon forget one or two incidents related to him as he moved about on the surface of that dark rolling flood, beneath the shadows of vessels under which the waters plashed and sucked like some breathless demon of the deep struggling with his victim. He found it easy to believe that men of the stoutest hearts under ordinary circumstances were sometimes found to be completely unnerved by such incidents of duty. In 1877 there

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were 116 of those dreadful waifs taken charge of. Nine of them were hapless little infants.

All that has been said hitherto has related to the less prominent departments of policemanship. There is a good deal more that might be said in this connection. There is station duty, for instance. There is duty at large public institutions, such as the House of Commons, the Admiralty, the War Office, or the British Museum, and there is the duty which the policeman is called upon to perform for trading firms and private individuals, who, under various circumstances, require the attendance of a constable on their own premises, and who, like the various departments of Government, pay for the services rendered. But the limits of this article require that a little should now be said on the more ordinary and familiar phases of police duty, the due performance of which, simple and easy though it may appear to the casual observer, yet demands very elaborate organisation, as well as careful training and preparation.

Within the fifteen-mile radius of Charing Cross—exclusive of the City, which has about one square mile of territory and an independent police system, smaller, but in all respects similar to the metropolitan body—there are 688 square miles, comprising, according to the Commissioners' Report of 1870, nearly 7,000 miles of roads and streets, and every year adds on an average 10,000 or 11,000 houses to be protected, and something like forty-four miles of thoroughfare to be patrolled by day and night. Over the whole of this vast stretch of ground the police are expected to protect life and property, to apprehend criminals, suspected persons, and beggars, to take charge of persons injured or found "drunk and incapable," to pick up stray children and capture lost dogs. They must regulate street traffic, protect foot-passengers at dangerous crossings, and if they require it give them directions in their wayfaring. They frequently rescue people from burning houses, and in some of the divisions the men are drilled in firemen's duties. They attend courts of justice and coroners' inquests, and often perform the duties of coroner's officer. They are told off for duty at reviews and fêtes, horse-races and boat-races, flower-shows and processions, and a thousand and one other miscellaneous public events which must, one would think, come as a grateful relief to the weary monotony of beat-walking, which is, after all, the one great feature of police duty.

For this multifarious work there are, as it has been stated, according to the latest return, 10,477 men, a large number certainly—large enough at first sight to justify the terribly indignant "Where are the police?" which is always heard whenever an officer fails to put in an appearance within a minute or two of the first round of a fight or the first discovery of a robbery. A bare statement of figures, however, affords a very erroneous notion of the force actually engaged in police duty in the streets at any particular hour of the day or night. In addition to a short annual leave every man has one day in fourteen to himself. This of course reduces the force by one-fourteenth of its strength. Then about 1,300 are employed in various Government establishments, public bodies, or private firms. Some 300 men out of the entire number are always away on sick leave, and perhaps 300 more from various other causes. For ordinary public duty in our streets there will thus be only about 7,800 men available, and as the constable's term of duty is eight hours out of the twenty-four, there could not at any time be more than about 2,600 men of all ranks on actual duty within the 688 square miles, even if they were uniformly distributed throughout the twenty-four hours of the day and night. But they are not thus uniformly distributed. About two-thirds of the men available for duty are always out by night, so that for sixteen out of the twenty-four hours of the day the entire metropolitan district, including every street and lane of London, is of necessity entrusted to about 1,300 men. From ten o'clock at night till six in the morning the force is just about doubled, and even then there are only some 2,600 men of all ranks for the 7,000 miles, or nearly so, of thoroughfares to be patrolled. It is quite evident that without very careful organisation the difficulty of finding a policeman when he is wanted would be very much greater than it is, and that if anything like this extent of ground is really patrolled and guarded—as it undoubtedly is—then the individual members of the force must be tolerably hard-working men.

The main features of metropolitan police organisation are easily explained. The whole district within the fifteen miles radius is mapped out into twenty divisions, one, as it has been stated, comprising only the river between Chelsea and Barking, the other nineteen being on land. These divisions—distinguished by a letter of the alphabet—are cut up into subdivisions, the subdivisions into sections, and the sections into beats. At the head of the whole system is the Chief Commissioner of Police, Sir Edmund Henderson. Next are two Assistant-Commissioners; then there are four District Superintendents, each having general supervision over four divisions; and then twenty Divisional Superintendents, one at the head of each division. The subdivisions are in charge of inspectors, the sections are in charge of sergeants, and the beats are patrolled by individual constables, who, as the instruction-book put into the hands of every man enrolled clearly explains, "are held responsible for the protection of life and property during the time they are on duty." The constable "is to walk at a gentle pace about two and a half miles an hour, keeping the outer, or kerb, side of the street by day, and walking close to the houses by night. He must not loiter, or stand in an idle and listless manner, or gossip." By day and by night, in fair weather and foul, when the pavement is hot and glaring, and when it is muffled up in snow or coated with ice, the inevitable eight hours a day must be tramped; no stealing into the shade or setting up a brisk trot. At all events the regulations forbid it. How far they are observed the public are very well able to judge. Any deviation from them, however, may bring upon the constable the rebuke, or it may be the report, of his sergeant, whose duty it is to perambulate the beats in his "section" in a direction contrary to that in which the constable is moving, or of his superior officers, who may come down upon him no one knows from where or when. A constable mounts guard upon the same beat every day for a month, and then shifts into a fresh one for another month. He thus takes in turn every beat within his subdivision, beyond which he does not change. When he has served on each beat in the subdivision he goes over them again, and thus, in course of time, becomes intimately acquainted with every nook and corner within his sphere of duty.

Throughout the force the beat duty devolving upon constables is eight hours in the twenty-four, and every man gets two months of night duty for

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one month by day. Night duty is also uniform throughout the force, the policeman's night invariably commencing at ten and terminating at six; but the day duty arrangements are not the same in all divisions. In ten of them, known as the "outer divisions," and comprising mainly the country parts of the police district, beats are necessarily very long, and in many parts are patrolled by mounted officers. In these outer districts short spells of duty could not very well be arranged. The day and night are therefore divided into three equal parts, and eight hours' unbroken duty is always the period for which a constable sets out on his beat. In the nine "inner divisions" day duty may be thus set forth:—At a quarter before six in the morning he will have to parade with his section at the station to which he is attached, when uniforms and appointments will be inspected, necessary orders given, and information imparted respecting lost or stolen property, men who are "wanted," or any events that have happened during the night. The section will then file off under the command of a sergeant, who will work the round of the beats within his jurisdiction, leaving on each one of them a single officer, who will patrol till ten a.m., when he will be relieved. He will resume duty at two in the afternoon, after another parade at the station, and his day's work will come to an end at six in the evening. His next day's duty will commence at ten in the morning and end at ten at night, with a four hours' relief in the middle of it. Thus his days alternate for a month, and then he will have two months of night duty, consisting of eight consecutive hours.

Thus by the regulations of the force every mile of public thoroughfare within the area specified is periodically traversed by a representative of law and order, whose duty it is to walk about twenty miles a day, to be active and intelligent, and vigilant and sober, and truthful and good-tempered, calm under provocation, moderate in his resort to physical force, and civil to everybody. That all these virtues are not invariably displayed is only too true; but considering the nature of the work, the large number of men engaged in it, and the class from which they are mainly drawn, and comparing them with similar bodies all over the world, that influential foreigner could hardly be charged with extravagance when, after very close inquiry and observation, he wrote: "I never speak of the London Police Force without raising my hat."

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES.

CARNIVOROUS PLANTS.

A PHILADELPHIA paper, the "Gardener's Monthly," reports some experiments not in accordance with the theory of Mr. Darwin, that certain plants catch externally, in order to use as food, insects and other forms of animal matter, and that they grow and thrive on such food. Mr. Peter Henderson, a well-known florist and seedsman of that city, gives the following account of his experiments.

"Resolving to fairly test the correctness of Mr. Darwin's theory, I last season procured, in March, from Keenansville, North Carolina, a large number of *Dionæa muscipula* (Carolina fly-trap). The plants arrived in fine condition. Selecting from the lot two hundred of the strongest plants, I thoroughly rinsed them again and again in water, so that every particle of soil and all other matter foreign to the plants was removed. I then procured two boxes, three feet by three feet, and three inches deep; these were filled with moss (Sphagnum) and sand, mixed in about the proportion of four parts moss to one of sand, forming a soil somewhat similar to that which they had been growing in naturally; this compost had been also subjected to the rinsing process, so as to clear it from impurities.

"One hundred of the fly-traps were planted in each box, the plants selected being as nearly alike as possible. After planting, the boxes were each copiously watered with pure water and placed in a cool and partially shaded greenhouse. One box was covered with a wire netting, as fine as could be procured, so as to exclude insects; the other was left uncovered. By about the middle of May, two months after planting, the plants had begun to grow freely, and the 'feeding' process was begun with the plants in the uncovered box. In this I was assisted by Mr. William Tait, one of my neighbours, a gentleman of leisure, and one who is well versed in many branches of natural science. Between us, the one hundred uncovered fly-trap plants were 'fed' almost daily for three months with flies and other insects.

"In August, three months from the time the feeding began, the operation was stopped, and the most careful examination and comparison failed to show the slightest difference between the one hundred plants that had been 'fed' and the one hundred (under the wire netting) that had not been 'fed;' both lots had made a splendid growth, and were the admiration of scores of visitors. I never omitted an opportunity to ask professional horticulturists visiting us for their opinion, and the verdict invariably was that both lots were identical as near as could be. In this case the 'feeding' certainly did not fatten. It may be that our American flies were not so nutritious as the English 'meat,' though certainly ours was the more natural food of the two, but as corroborating the test of Mr. Darwin, it completely failed.

"I had rather a ludicrous incident occur in relation to this matter. My friend, William R. Smith, superintendent of the Botanic Garden at Washington, who is (or was) a firm believer in the carnivorous plant doctrine, being at my place last winter, after the above experiment had been tried, we got into some controversy on the subject. Now Mr. Smith is not only one of our best botanists, but his knowledge of general horticulture is perhaps second to none in the United States; moreover, he is a perfect Wilberforce in eloquence and argument, and having me driven pretty well into a corner, he almost squelched me by taking a magnifying glass from his pocket and showing me beyond question a minute species of shell-snails embedded in almost every one of the closed-up leaf-traps of the *Dionæas*. 'There,' says he, 'nature has placed the food—the animal food—direct into the mouths of these insect-eating plants. Can you longer doubt the correctness of Darwin's theory?' I was staggered, but not yet convinced, and resolved to keep a close watch on the shell-snails 'that nature had placed in the mouths of these insect-eating plants.' Very soon they required no magnifying glass to see them; in three weeks they had increased wonderfully in 'breadth and

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stature;' in three weeks more the biters were bitten, for the snails had eaten the fly-traps almost completely up!"

A MISCHIEVOUS MONKEY.

Mr. Frank Buckland, who always has some curious companions in his study and workshop, has described in "Land and Water" a little monkey, full of mischief, not without humour. We have seen the group referred to, and been amused with scenes such as are here graphically narrated.

Little Jack is the fun of the whole cage, and at the same time he is the plague and torment of the inhabitants thereof. He is about as large as a half-grown cat, and though quite a baby he has the face of an old man. He is a rhesus, the Bhunder, or sacred monkey of India. He is remarkable for agility. His eyes are full of intelligence, and as quick as a hawk. He is a regular Paul Pry, and intrudes himself just wherever he is not wanted. Thus, when Tiny and Jenny have nestled themselves in a corner, little Jack jumps right into the middle of the group, and does the best to upset the party. Like all little people, he has a great idea of his own consequence, and he thinks that I—his master—am terribly afraid of him, for he makes at me the most hideous faces, and chatters in a manner that one would think he was a big gorilla—at least, perhaps he is in his own estimation. He can't bear being laughed at, and if I laugh at him he gets perfectly savage. It is a curious thing, but I always know when it is getting on for one o'clock by the monkeys beginning to cry out for their dinner. They have all different voices, and I know these voices as well as I know the voices of people about me. Tiny is a Moona monkey, and she almost says the word "Moo-na" in her cry; it is a pretty melancholy cry. When angry she makes a different noise; when eating or warm she grunts with satisfaction, and they say I grunt like her. Jenny has a trembling whine. Little Jack chatters "kik-kik-kik," and when he is in trouble he screams most fearfully. The marmoset's note is a very high squeaky plaintive note, like that of a bat. He has also another note which I cannot describe; it is of anger or fear.

When the dinner of boiled potatoes is brought up, the three monkeys sit round the plate, each one eating as fast as he can. It is then that their selfishness is fully demonstrated. There is an old riddle, "Why does a dog carry a bone in his mouth? Ans.—Because he has no pocket to put it in." Most monkeys have cheek pouches, and I am sure the reason why they have pouches is as follows. Their natural habitat is in trees. They come down on the ground for insects. My monkeys are particularly fond of meal-worms. They collect their food on the ground, and put it in their pockets—that is, pouches—and go up into the trees again to finish their dinner. They, therefore, when the potatoes arrive, set to work, eating as hard as they can. They fill their pouches at the same time. Little Jack has very large pouches; no trace of them can be seen at ordinary times, but at dinner-time he fills his pouches to such an extent that the two of them put together are nearly as big as his whole head.

Well, one day the two elderly monkeys were sitting on the perch in the cage, finishing off the contents of their pouches, and their tails were hanging straight down from the perch. What must rascally little Jack do but take Tiny's tail in one hand, and Jenny's tail in the other, and give both at the same moment a tremendous pull. This brought the two beauties on to the floor of the cage in an instant. They were both furious at being thus interrupted at dinner-time; they asked no questions, but each thinking the other had insulted her, began to fight in a most unlovely manner. They grappled, and rolled over and over like an animated ball. They don't hurt themselves when fighting; their teeth are not big enough. I can always stop them by throwing cold water on them. While they were fighting, little Jack kept jumping down upon them, to keep them going, as it were. The rascal was much too active ever to get caught. The noise of the combat brought up Jemmy the suricate from the kitchen below. Jemmy was picked up by a friend of mine near the Cape of Good Hope. He is about the size of a large rat, and not unlike a mongoose in appearance. He always turns up when a monkey fight is going on, and, as usual, up my gentleman comes, tail erect and fur all bristled up, to make himself look big. It so happened that during this fight Tiny's tail projected through the bars. Jemmy immediately bit it with his sharp teeth. Tiny thought it was little Jack that had done this, so she turned and hunted him all over the cage, but she could not catch him. Little Jack kept popping in and out the sleeping box, and then Jemmy joined in the hunt. Jemmy kept guard outside the cage, and bit anybody's tail as their tails happened to come out from the bars. Altogether there was a nice row, and little Jack, as usual, was at the bottom of it.

May Day.

THE land was bright with all the bloom of May
As we came homeward o'er the upland way.

A lark trilled high above us, and below
A shepherd sang the songs of long ago:

Songs of the summer, sung by birds and men,
And whispered by the leaves in wood and glen.

Oh, happy world that smiled beneath the sun,
Oh, glorious life that had but just begun!

Sorrow had fled with winter, and the pain
Of those dark days could never come again.

Ah! there are times in all these lives of ours
When vanished joys return like summer flowers.

Hopes, that our fancy counted dead and cold,
Were living underneath the frosty mould.

The tears of resignation that we wept
Watered the soil wherein our treasures slept;

And His warm sunlight drew them through the sod,
To teach our doubting hearts to trust in God.

SARAH DOUDNEY.

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"IN THE MERRIE MONTH OF MAY."

After Diesco.

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UTOPIAN EXPERIMENTS AND SOCIAL PIONEERINGS.

BY THE REV. M. KAUFMANN, M.A., AUTHOR OF "SOCIALISM: ITS NATURE, ITS DANGERS, AND ITS REMEDIES CONSIDERED."

V.—THE MORAVIAN SETTLEMENTS.

IN the year 1715 a humble petition was presented to the House of Parliament "from bishops and clergy of the Reformed Episcopal Churches first settled in Bohemia, and since forced, by the persecution of their enemies, to retire into Great Poland and Polish Prussia." And an order of the Privy Council was issued "for the relief and for preserving the Episcopal Churches in Great Poland and Polish Prussia." But although the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, and other influential friends rendered material help to the petitioners, the two Acts of Parliament recognising their Church in these isles, and protecting their missionaries in the colonies, were not passed till the years 1747 and 1749, about the time when Count Zinzendorf, the founder of the modern Moravian brotherhood, was restored to royal favour in Saxony, and reinstated in his rights and possessions, after ten years' exile and deprivation of his estates. Thus the ancient society of the United Brethren found a refuge in this country in the days of persecution, whilst the moral and material support from private sources before their official recognition helped to revive the society when it had been all but dissolved. For these reasons, and also on account of the still existing settlement of the Moravians in England at the present moment, the social pioneerings of the Moravians ought to have special interest for English readers.*

In this paper we cannot enter into anything like a history of the United Brethren. We must content ourselves with a short account of their social constitution, which, although by no means altogether partaking of the character of Utopian experiments, still demands our notice because it is being constantly referred to by Socialistic writers as encouraging, in its successful results, the reconstruction of society upon a similar basis.

In speaking of the United Brethren as a body, we must distinguish two branches, so to speak, of the same stem—the Hutterites and the Herrnhuters. The former, or followers of Hutter, after the defeat of the rebel peasants at Frankenhaussen, mentioned in the previous paper, settled in Moravia to escape, as they called it, the servitude of Egypt, and to take possession, as the elect people of God, of the Land of Promise. They established a community of goods without falling into the gross errors of the Anabaptists elsewhere, and were distinguished from other sectaries of the times by the purity of their manners and the fervour of their religious convictions. Hutter himself was a sort of Cromwell on a smaller scale. He felt that Communism could only exist under severe and inflexible laws, administered by an authority purely religious, accepted freely and exercised despotically. None but men of blameless lives and devout character were admitted into the community, and, thanks to the administrative skill of this firm and austere leader, and the rich fecundity of the soil he had selected for his operations, the success of the settlement was complete. A number of similar communities sprung up stimulated by this favourable result, and less prolific soils were occupied and turned into valuable properties by the exertion of the Brethren. The settlements bore pretty much the same character throughout. Palisades marked the boundary of each colony, cottages for separate households were built within the enclosure, and in the middle (as in Fourier's imagined *Phalanstère*)* there rose a conglomerate of public buildings for general purposes, comprehending a common refectory, magazines, workshops, and schoolrooms. Parents were relieved of the charge over their children, who were committed to widows of an advanced age to take care of them. An *Economist*, charged with the revenues and disbursements of the colony, was chosen annually by the brotherhood. Meals were taken in common, and in silence. Food was frugal, clothing and furniture of the simplest kind, and uniform in appearance. Work was done noiselessly, and feasts and festivals were totally abolished. The Brethren were subjected to a severe discipline under the absolute rule of the *Archimandrite*, who, as to his office and powers, strongly resembled the Grand Metaphysician suggested in Campanella's "City of the Sun."†

"The first rule" of the society, we are told, "was *not to suffer any idle persons among the Brethren.* From early morning, after prayers, which each performed in private, some dispersed over the fields to engage in agricultural labour, others were busy in the public workshops at the respective trades which they had been taught. No one was exempt from work of some sort. Thus, if a person of position had joined their ranks he was reduced, according to the Lord's injunction, to eat his bread in the sweat of his brow. . . . . All outward vices were banished from the society . . . . None but spiritual weapons were employed to prevent or punish disorders . . . . Public penance and exclusion from the Lord's Supper were punishments the most dreaded. The worst offenders were expelled from the communities and thrust back into the world."

Thus the society, living in peaceable retirement, and gaining the confidence of landed proprietors who gladly let their farms to people of such frugal habits and honest trustworthiness, made considerable progress, and were treated with marked respect by the local authorities. They escaped almost entirely the persecution of the Protestants in the sixteenth century, but internal dissensions and religious disputes undermined the foundations of the newly-formed communities, and at last they were dissolved, and

* The members in this country amounted in 1876 to 5,646 out of 29,305, which constitutes the whole strength of the society. The chief seat of Moravianism in England is Fulneck, in Yorkshire.

* See "Leisure Hour," 1878, p. 438.
† *Ibid.*, p. 247.

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many members returned to their original homes in Germany and Switzerland, where they became objects of public charity, so that the Senate of Zurich passed a decree that no more emigrations to the Moravian settlements should be allowed, since, in the words of the Act of the Legislative Assembly, "the emigrants returned to our States and became a burden to their relatives." A small remnant of the original settlers only survived; the last vestiges disappeared from the scene about 1620, during which and the following years bloody persecutions against the Protestants, under Ferdinand II of Austria, exterminated this as well as the other branch of the Moravian Church now to be considered.

This body, better known as the *Unitas Fratrum*, sprung from the remnant of persecuted Hussites.* It obtained permission from the reigning sovereign to retire to the lordship of Lititz, on the confines of Moravia and Silesia, and there to establish a colony with the liberty of introducing its own peculiar worship and discipline. Their numbers increased rapidly, recruited by citizens of Prague, members of the learned professions and the nobility from Bohemia and Moravia. They assumed the title, "Fratres legis Christi" † at first, but presently, as this seemed to convey the idea of a monastic order, they exchanged it for that of "Unitas Fratrum," or the United Brethren. This was in 1457. Ten years later the Church was finally established at the Synod of Lotha, when three brethren, chosen by lot, were set apart for the ministry, having later on received Episcopal orders from their Waldensian brethren who had found refuge in Austria during the persecutions we have mentioned in a previous paper. External pressure, in the form of Government measures for the suppression of the sect, cemented their union, and such was the reverential regard in which they were held by the outer world, owing to their personal virtue and the signal Divine protection accorded them in the midst of persecution, that a proverb became current—"If any one is tired of life, let him lay hands on the Picards" (the nickname of the Moravians).

In the year 1500 the number of their parishes was about 200, and the communities were strictly under ecclesiastical government, whilst a common fund provided for all the emergencies of public expenditure, both ecclesiastical and secular. The elders watched over the moral purity of the society, and had the power to banish any members convicted of vicious habits; but there is no proof of the actual establishment of a community of goods among them at that time or at any later period of their eventful history. On the contrary, we are assured by Mr. Holmes in his "History of the United Brethren," that nothing like a community of goods exists in any of the Moravian settlements, although it is expected "that all the inhabitants will take a voluntary share, according to their ability, in defraying the necessary public expenses, and as good citizens be amenable to the municipal regulations of the settlement." ‡ The friendly relations which had been established between the United Brethren and the Protestant Churches in the Germanic Empire subjected them to the usual pains and penalties, especially the brethren in Bohemia. They found a temporary exile in Poland and Prussia, where they established a new branch of the society. The final expulsion took place six years after the persecution mentioned already, in 1621, when their last Bishop, Comenius, who had been a preacher in Fulneck, in Moravia, which is, so to speak, the sacred Mecca of the United Brethren, left the country, and after living in various lands, and for a time in English exile, returned to Amsterdam, where he died in 1670.

Nearly a century passed away before we hear again of the Brethren, who seemed extinct, but some of them remained here and there in secret and retirement, keeping up the continuity of their Church and social institutions. Great political convulsions had disturbed Europe during this period. The horrors of the Thirty Years' War had devastated and depopulated Germany; the Great Rebellion, the Restoration, and the Second Revolution had passed over England; and in France the gradual concentration of power in the hands of the monarch succeeded those intestine struggles, religious and social, the League and the *Fronde*, which followed in the wake of the Reformation. Thus the foremost nations of Europe lay prostrate from exhaustion. Monarchical absolutism laid its heavy hand on the oppressed people, who had neither the will nor the power to oppose the encroachments of royalty upon their persons and property. Saxony and France were allied by a royal marriage at this period. The Pompadour, a minion of the king, ruled in the French capital; Brühl, an unprincipled minister, was paramount in power at the court of Saxony. Heavy and unjust taxation ground to powder the people in both countries. Murmurs of discontent in the former and the latter were silenced behind dungeon walls, where the malcontents were incarcerated sometimes for life. A noble-minded Saxon, Count Zinzendorf, disgusted with these enormities in high places, leaves his post of honour in the council chamber, and seeks for peace of soul away from the vices of society, and withdraws from the world to the quiet hamlet *Herrnhut*, built in 1722, as an asylum for himself and others likeminded. The remnant of the Brethren which was left in Bohemia and Moravia joined him, and thus formed the nucleus of the new society of the United Brethren, whose settlements spreading from thence in different directions are now extending over all parts almost of the habitable globe.

The settlement in its early commencement and the spirit of its founder was intended as a standing protest against the corruptions of civil life and the decadence of true religion in Germany. The rigidity of formal religion was invading Protestant Churches as it had before deadened the religious life of the Church, and there was an infuriating demand for a new reformation in Church and State in the presence of coldness and indifference in sacred things as well as injustice and oppression in secular matters. Pious Mysticism and Christian Socialism, so often found together, revived as they had done in the pre-Reformation period, protesting against corruption in Church and State; and Zinzendorf, together with his school of pilgrims traversing the Old and New World to make converts to spiritual religion and social simplicity in both hemispheres, recalls to our mind the efforts of the Beghards and the Fratricelli, the Lollards and the Apostolici of an earlier age.

"At court," says Zinzendorf, referring to his removal to Herrnhut, "I have resembled Mordecai, and

* See "Leisure Hour," 1879, p. 189.

† Marsden, "Dictionary of Christian Churches and Sects," i. p. 103.

‡ Holmes, "History of the Protestant Churches of the United Brethren," vol. i. p. 253. This refers to latter settlements, but is equally applicable to the earlier ones.

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I did not always find it easy to make ministerial firmness agree with the meekness of a disciple of Christ, and this has been a hindrance to my advance in the religion of the heart. Sometimes when I ought to have sought for victory by patient endurance, I have endeavoured to obtain it by making use of my civil prerogatives; but I have not always succeeded. Other and greater sufferings, such as have befallen my brethren, may await me in future; but I lay aside the armour of Saul, and choose Him for my defence who gave strength to the shepherd's boy."*

Inspired by such sentiments, we see Zinzendorf devoting all his energies to the new cause, and undergoing hardships, trials, and disappointments without stopping short for a moment in his career, as eager in his spiritual apostolate as St. Paul, as active as Robert Owen in his attempts at social reform. Now we find him among the doctors at Tübingen to gain recognition for his people as an orthodox community; then again at Copenhagen to get the royal patronage for his missions; now holding conferences with the Archbishop of Canterbury; then again holding discourses before Berlin assemblies; one day suddenly appearing among the German settlers in Pennsylvania, and then again among the chiefs of the Red Indians in the Susquehannah, to organise among them his new societies. Returning from time to time to Herrnhut to put things in order and to compose financial difficulties, he continued his labour of love indefatigably and fearlessly until in 1760 he passed away, completing his last work, the revision of the "Daily Words," which he handed over to his amanuensis with the remark, "Now rest is sweet."†

The constitution of the Moravian Brethren since the death of their second founder has undergone some changes in favour of self-government. There has been a gradual and peaceful evolution from ecclesiastical imperialism to democratic ecclesiasticism, or the rule of spiritual heads by means of popular suffrage. As economic difficulties called for a more representative form of government, and the rapid spread of the society in all parts of the world made implicit obedience to a central authority more difficult and irksome, provincial synods and local self-government were added to the general synod of the whole body. Moreover, the three great revolutions in France, with their influences on the social conditions of other European countries, could not fail of producing some effect, even on a society of this kind, living apart from the rest of mankind in their semi-religious social seclusion, and so the progress of democracy might be traced among the Herrnhuters in its successive steps keeping time with the same movement in the outer world, and gradually changing their mode of government from personal rule to a collegiate administration, from centralisation to decentralisation, and with every crisis introducing new reforms in the directory. Thus they preserved the society from splitting up into separate communities by according autonomy to all without unloosening the common bond of union between them.

Although not actually Communists, the United Brethren in their social organisation aim at comparative equality, and social distinctions are unknown among them. Several hundred families often live in the same building, having a common kitchen and dining-room. The produce of their labour is thrown into a common stock, and distributed by fiscal authorities elected by the community from among its members. The stewards and elders of the brotherhood chosen to this office have charge of all secular matters, and are responsible to the general assemblies for the proper discharge of their trust. The people, as a rule, are divided into choirs, according to sex and state. There are choirs of youths and maidens, of husbands and wives, of widowers and widows. Maidens, wives, and widows are distinguished by the colour of their ribbons.

Education is common, and all are treated as members of the same family. All work at some calling or another, and none are idle. Accumulation of capital is rendered practically impossible, since the superfluities of the more wealthy are expected to be devoted to the wants of the needy. Want, accordingly, is unknown, and undue differences between rich and poor are lessened by the exercise of Christian charity.

Marriages are contracted with scrupulous care, and to the exclusion of all mercenary considerations; nor is there any strong tendency towards celibacy among the brethren, as the training and maintenance of the children is provided for by public institutions. The Moravians in many respects resemble the Essenes, ; their differences correspond to the distinctive peculiarities which separate Judaism from Christianity. There is less asceticism among the Moravians, and their social arrangements and the physiological basis on which they rest might be called St. Simonian on strictly Christian principles. In fact, religious principles are to them the guide of life, and the dissemination of the Christian religion is the bond of union between the several societies of Moravians all over the world. Social arrangements are only of secondary importance as means to this end, and accordingly we find that every sceptical wave passing over Europe and diminishing religious enthusiasm among the members has had a considerable effect on the growth and condition of the society. Towards the middle of the eighteenth century it counted 70,000 members; in 1852 Thonissen, in his history of Socialism, estimated their number at 18,000 only. According to latest official returns, examined by the present writer, there has been an increase upon this, the total number up to the year 1876 being 29,305, which might be attributed to the revival of religious life in the last quarter of the present century. The general prosperity of the society, again, is owing entirely to the spirit of Christian self-denial and devotion to the missionary cause among them. "What furnished the Church with such abundant resources," says one of its historians, "was that no one thought of living to himself, but only for the Lord and His Church. Everywhere might be witnessed a severe temperance; all were prepared to be satisfied with the most frugal fare, narrow house accommodation, and furniture of the most simple kind. Clothing was equally simple, etc. . . . In a word, the *love of poverty*, side by side with continued labour, in which children were taught to share from an early age, trust and thankfulness towards God, joined to acts of charity towards the Brethren, such were the sources of comparative wealth, so that no one lacked the necessaries of life, while no one enjoyed any superfluities. If any one sought external ease and comfort, or wished to amass [property], not disposed to follow the Saviour in His poverty and holiness, such a one could

* Holmes, "History of United Brethren," vol. i. p. 235.
† Cranz, "Modern History of the Brethren," p. 498.

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soon discover that he was not fit to remain a member of the society." *

In fact, since the year 1727, the society has become, and, under varying circumstances, remained to be, a community of "brethren" in the apostolical sense of the word, religiously and socially. Private property is not abolished, but to a certain extent the apostolical obligation of contributing towards the common fund, without establishing a rigid Communism, remains the binding law of the Moravian Society.

The same may be said of the apostolical zeal for missions, which recalls the astounding efforts and successes of the Primitive Church. The first missionaries left for "Greenland's icy mountains" in 1733. Others followed in rapid succession, until Labrador and Indiana, the West Indies, South America, and even Australia, were visited in turns. Negroes and Bushmen, Hindoos and Hottentots, received the Divine message from Moravian missionaries and evangelists. At the same time home missions in Europe were not neglected, and the religious ardour of the Brethren was communicated to other religious bodies by means of emissaries sent forth for that purpose.

At the present moment about 68,000 persons are under missionary influence, and thousands of children and young people of various ages are educated in the schools and colleges of the Moravian missions abroad.

The temporal well-being and social improvement of the races among whom the Brethren work is attended to as well as their spiritual welfare, and so the benefits of civilised modes of life are taught, together with the spirit of Christian self-denial, insomuch so that the condition of the converted heathen soon surpasses in outward prosperity and peaceable ordering of the commonwealth that of the unconverted tribes around them.†

"Along the whole extent of the western coast of Greenland the barbarities of savage life, and the enormities attending paganism, where dominant, are rarely to be met with," wrote M. Holmes in 1827; "and the state of this country, compared with what it was eighty, or but fifty years ago, may be called civilised. The nature and climate of this dreary region, no less than the methods by which the natives must procure their subsistence, necessarily preclude the introduction of most of the useful arts of civilised society. They can neither till the land nor engage in manufactures. The power is denied them by the sterility of the rocks they inhabit, and the rigours of the polar sky; and the latter, with very few exceptions, are, for the same reasons, rendered useless. But it may be said with truth, that the converted Greenlanders, by their habits of industry, which they have acquired since the introduction of the gospel among them, by their contentment amidst many privations and hardships, and by the charity of the more affluent of their needy brethren, strikingly exemplify the doctrine of the great Apostle of the Gentiles, that in every circumstance of life and in every nation, *Godliness is great gain, having the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come.*" ‡

And thus may be applied to these semi-barbarous societies the praise bestowed on the early Moravians visited in Hungary, of whom an English traveller said, as far back as 1659, that they are "an honest, simple-hearted people, humble, godly, laborious, well trained up, and lovers of discipline." *

The late Mr. Wilberforce, in his well-known work on "Practical Christianity," speaks of the Moravian missionaries as "a body of Christians who have, perhaps, excelled all mankind in solid and unequivocal proofs of the love of Christ, and of the most ardent, active, and patient zeal in His service. It is a zeal," he continues, "tempered with prudence, softened with meekness, soberly aiming at great ends by the gradual operation of well-adapted means, supported by a courage which no danger can intimidate, and quiet constancy which no hardship can exhaust." The missions to Greenland, to Labrador, to the American Indians, to the negroes of the West Indies, and to the natives of Southern Africa, though the chief, are not the only missions of the Moravian Church. To the aborigines of Australia a mission was established nineteen years ago (1859), and another was commenced in Thibet, to the Mongol tribes, a little before (1854). There are two stations in each of these missions, and each may be regarded as a kind of outpost of the Christian church in the wilds of heathenism. Indeed, it is the occupying of outposts such as these which has been the peculiar work and honour of the Moravian Brethren.

M. Villegardelle cites with approval a plan for the gradual reconstruction of society on the Moravian plan by M. Faiguet in Diderot's "Encyclopædia." The latter mentions the survival of some ancient families of labourers in Auvergne, who, he says, might be called the Moravians of France, and whose mode of life resembles in all essential respects that of the Moravians, a very short and imperfect sketch of which has been presented to the readers of this paper. The question suggests itself whether the social arrangements of the Moravians could easily be adapted to society at large, and if so, whether their success, such as it is, would make it desirable to do so even if it were possible.

We saw how religious fanaticism and theological differences brought about the dissolution of that branch of the Moravians, where a most thorough-going Communism prevailed from first to last. We also saw how the fervour of religious belief, in its most simple form, has all along been the main source of strength in the formation and continuation of the still existing second body of Moravians, and how their success, numerically and financially, has depended entirely on the rigour and purity of the religious life. The abatement, therefore, of religious ardour, or the possible development of religious animosities, might at any time prove a serious danger to the society. How, then, could any large body of human beings, say in a nation or aggregate of nations, be held together socially, either in the presence of religious indifference among its component members, or in the presence of varying religious beliefs, and not unfrequently religious animosities engendered by them?

But suppose these insuperable difficulties could be overcome for the sake of argument, and the "enthusiasm of humanity" of our modern speculators could

* A. Bost, "Histoire Ancienne et Moderne de l'Eglise des Frères de Bohème et de Moravie," tome ii. p. 15.

† See Spangenberg's "Account of the Manner in which the Protestant Churches of the Unitas Fratrum preach the Gospel," etc., p. 102.

‡ Holmes, "Historical Sketches of the Missions of the United Brethren," p. 64.

* See the favourable opinion of Charles Wesley respecting the Moravians in his day in Holmes's "History of the United Brethren," vol. i. p. 310, which corresponds with the favourable opinion of the public in our own day in the civilised countries of Europe generally. [The Moravians who read this paper will generously interpret the writer's criticisms, not as showing any want of personal respect and admiration, but as a candid consideration of the possible adaptation of the system to society at large. —ED. L. H.]

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replace the religious ardour, it would still remain a doubtful supposition whether the state of civilisation and contented simplicity of the Moravians is the highest possible state to be aimed at by society at large. Has their general culture and mental development reached that height of perfection which we, in this age of refined intellectualism, regard as the highest ideal? Has progress in the arts and sciences, and the enlightened toleration which accompanies such advancement, been the distinguishing mark of this excellent society? What would happen if their patriarchal simplicity became the general rule for all mankind? Retrogression rather than progress would be the result, and the dull monotony of comparative ease, indeed, but without that which embellishes and gives the charm of novelty and variety to existence, would soon become insupportable. The regular tread of the companies of workers proceeding day after day to their labour in choirs without song; marching on in mute self-absorption, acquitting themselves of their task rigorously assigned them by authority; the uniformity of sombre dress and furniture, with its oppressive influence on the senses, and the passive obedience to orders, without the exercise of spontaneity and individual discovery, would deaden the mental activities and reduce the rational creature to the condition of a self-acting machine. Even the softer emotions of love and friendship in the natural selection of the sexes would be reduced to system, or left to chance, as in the casting of lots of those to be united in holy matrimony. All this, so far from ameliorating the social conditions of humanity, would only substitute other social evils for those already existing, and cast a sadness and a gloom over human hearts unrelieved by those rays of a better hope, and unsoftened by those higher aspirations of the spiritual life, which now console the Moravian Brethren in the midst of voluntary privations, and in the absence of the varied enjoyments of a cultured society.

Whilst, then, we cannot help admiring the signal piety, the moral grandeur, the beauty of self-denial, and the fortitude of character to be found among this simple-minded people, we cannot help noticing, on the other hand, that it has not produced as yet any real genius; that its social status has never passed the point of respectable mediocrity; that its literary and scientific attainments are not of the highest order; that as a society it has never risen above the low level of ordinary competency. Such being the case, the past history and present condition of the Moravian communities may serve, indeed, as a practical example of simple contentedness to our modern society in its insatiable thirst after luxurious indulgence. As a model of self-devotion to the common cause in an age of egotistical materialism, it may even be regarded as a standing monument of high motive, as a guide for those who seek to bring about a social regeneration on a moral basis; but the social organisation of the Moravians, as a whole, can never serve as a pattern for the reconstruction of the society of the future, while human nature remains as it is.

A VISIT TO A ZULU KING.

BY GEORGE FRENCH ANGAS, AUTHOR OF "THE KAFFIRS ILLUSTRATED."

WHILST staying in the colony of Natal some years ago, I determined to visit Zululand and pay my respects to the powerful and savage monarch who then occupied the throne of that warlike kingdom. This was no other than Umpanda, the father of Cetewayo, and brother of Chaka and of Dingaan, during whose respective reigns the Zulu power had become the most formidable of all the native tribes of Southern Africa.

To effect my object it was necessary to send forward into the Zulu country from the Natal boundary a couple of native messengers to request the king's permission for me to enter his dominions. This having been granted after a fortnight's delay, I crossed the Tugela river and entered Zululand. My retinue consisted only of a single white companion, a young fellow who spoke the language and knew the country well, and five Kaffir bearers on foot to carry our supplies and the presents I intended for his Zulu majesty.

For the first two days our journey lay through a desolate region called the neutral ground, or "no man's land," without inhabitants, and abounding in game and wild beasts of various kinds. The country consisted of open, grassy hills, dotted with mimosa-trees and clumps of the graceful strelitzia, and interspersed here and there with rocky ravines, clothed with jessamine and other fragrant flowers. On crossing the River Umslatuzana, which was unpleasantly infested by crocodiles, we found ourselves again in a somewhat populous region, with Zulu kraals, or villages, scattered here and there, and with much cultivation of maize, millet, and tobacco, and large herds of cattle.

Having breakfasted at one of these kraals on milk and cakes made of millet, we pushed on rapidly through a somewhat rocky region, covered with lofty aloes and large euphorbium-trees, eventually ascending a ridge of the Black Tiger Mountains, from whence we obtained a fine view of the richly-wooded valley of the White Umvelosi river, the haunt of the rhinoceros and the elephant. Descending from these mountain tracts, along a steep ravine covered with loose fragments of porphyry, we at length reach the banks of the White Umvelosi, a river not deep, but clear as crystal, flowing on over bright sands, here and there interrupted by a ridge of rock, over which the waters eddied in miniature cascades. The banks of this stream were lined with weeping-willows, whilst palms and other tropical-looking vegetation rendered the scenery extremely rich and beautiful. We once more crossed ranges of great elevation, and finally, in the distance, bathed in the glow of the setting sun; on the summit of a broad, green hill, quite bare of trees, we saw before us the great military kraal of Indaba Kaombi, with its hundreds of bee-hive-shaped huts, forming one large town in the shape of an ellipse.

Here we expected to find the king. In this, however, we were disappointed, his majesty having gone on to Nonduengu, another great military kraal, thirty miles distant. Thoroughly tired out with our long day's ride, we were glad to rest for the night, but were unable to get anything for supper beyond a small calabash of milk, as the kraal was comparatively deserted.

By daybreak we were crossing high, open downs, from whence we saw a most glorious sunrise, and

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before noon, half-famished, we halted at another of the royal establishments, the name of which I forget. At this kraal there were a number of the king's wives or women-folk, presided over by an inkosikasi, a sort of queen dowager, who made her appearance holding two of the king's little children by the hand, for whom she requested a present of beads. From this old lady we obtained a bowl of thick milk (a kind of curd) and a jar of millet, which we much needed. The inkosikasi was so alarmingly stout that she could scarcely walk, and it required some time for her to regain the harem at the upper end of the kraal. Meanwhile, during her absence, about fifty of the young girls belonging to the king had effected their escape, and sallied nimbly down the slope outside the kraal to have a peep at the white strangers as we rode away. The agility of these young ladies, as they sprang from rock to rock, convinced us that they would all be sitting quietly again in the harem, as though nothing had happened, long before their burly and panting governess had retraced her steps.

That evening we reached Nonduengu, where the king really was, and halting at the entrance of the royal kraal, surrounded by a crowd of very saucy and troublesome Zulu soldiers, we had to wait for a couple of hours, until the king had been duly informed of our arrival.

An "induna," or captain, then conducted us to the hut set apart for our reception, situated just inside the lower entrance to the kraal. The king sent me a message, saying he was sorry he could not receive me at Indaba Kaombi, as he had been indisposed, but promised me an audience on the following day at sunset, at the same time inquiring if we were hungry.

Soon afterwards the king sent one of the officers of his household to present me with a *live* bullock, an enormous jar of "outchualla," or native beer, which was borne by two men, and, lastly, a bottle of Dutch aniseed cordial! I subsequently learned that a case of this cordial had been presented to the king by some of the Natal elephant hunters, who had been visiting his country in search of game; but the wily monarch, doubting the sincerity of the present, and having sundry misgivings that the pleasant liqueur contained poison, was fain to try its effects upon his white visitors. The result was that we sent next day by an induna a request that the king would favour us with another bottle.

According to Zulu etiquette, it is not customary on ordinary occasions for the monarch to make his appearance outside the strictly-guarded recesses of his harem until the sun is near its setting; so, on the second day after my arrival at Nonduengu, just as the last rays of the sun were gilding the tops of the rugged mountains that surround the Zulu capital, I had my first interview with the despotic king. Immediately outside the high palisading of the seraglio at the upper part of the kraal, seated on a large curiously-carved wooden chair, and surrounded on either side by some thousands of his picked warriors, all armed with their assegais and shields, in brave array, we beheld the great Umpanda, throned in barbaric state. In silence we seated ourselves on the ground, at a short distance from the king, when the troops raised deafening shouts, crying out "By ate," in honour of their monarch.

My presents, consisting of a large scarlet blanket, with blue and pink beads, and other ornaments pleasing to the female Zulu mind, having been duly laid before the king, we entered into conversation through the medium of my interpreter. Many were the shrewd questions put to me by Umpanda about England, and especially about the Queen, and the number of her soldiers, to all of which I replied in terms calculated to convey to the savage monarch a profound idea of England's greatness.

A herd of white cattle was presently driven before the king, who pointed out such of the animals as he intended to have slaughtered in honour of my visit. A soldier, with the rapidity of lightning, and with shouts and gesticulations, rushed towards each of the doomed oxen, stabbing them to the heart with a short assegai, or spear. Thus they fell mortally wounded in front of the king, who sat smiling and complacent, whilst the rest of the passing herd snuffed and snorted at the blood of their slain companions, and dashed wildly away.

Then the "imbongas," or praisers, chaunted the praises of their monarch in a loud and rapid voice, with such epithets as the following:—"Thou who art for ever!" "The great black one!" "The elephant's calf!" "Thou who begettest the men!" "The bird that eateth other birds!" "Thou who art as high as the mountains!" "Thou who art as high as the heavens!" and finally one of his flatterers shouted out, "You might have been white if you would, but you chose to be black!"

Our audience was now brought to a close, and we returned to our hut at the lower portion of the kraal. Here we found that the bullock sent me by the king had been duly slaughtered, by stabbing it through the heart with an assegai; and my men, after cutting it up into rude joints, had piled the raw and bleeding masses of flesh just in front of the door of the hut. The beef thus prepared presented anything but a tempting appearance; and, to make matters worse, it was black with countless myriads of large flies, that buzzed and hovered over it.

On the following evening I again visited the king, who had especially invited me to witness a review of his troops, two regiments of which, one of "white shields," and the other of "black shields," were stationed at Nonduengu. These troops formed a large circle in the open central space of the kraal, whilst the king walked, or rather trotted, about as well as he was able, within the circle, closely followed by his shield-bearer and other attendants carrying his snuff and his beer. The shouts that arose from the assembled warriors became deafening as the king, calling upon one or other of his more distinguished soldiers by name, and pointing towards him, summoned him to perform his feats of agility. Every arm was extended and every finger pointed towards the man thus honoured, who leapt from his place in the ranks, and commenced running, jumping, springing high into the air, kicking his shield, flourishing his weapons, and performing the most extraordinary manœuvres imaginable. All this time the "imbongas," or praisers, recounted the deeds of the king amidst the shouts of the multitude.

After his majesty was tired of moving about—for his extreme obesity rendered it no easy matter—his chair of state was brought to him, in which he sat and regaled himself with a copious draught of "outchualla," or beer made of fermented millet, often taking pinches of snuff. Then every soldier passed in single file before the king, each one bowing to the dust, and lowering his shield as he passed the august presence. This ended the review, and the king was

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borne back to his harem amidst the shouts and din of the multitude.

Nothing can be imagined more truly savage, yet picturesque withal, than the appearance of these Zulu soldiers when arrayed for battle. With kilts formed of the tails of leopards and other wild animals, their heads adorned with the plumes of the crane and the ostrich, with long streamers of goat's hair attached to their arms and legs, and holding in front their huge bucklers of hide, which almost cover their bodies, and above which protrude the bristling points of their well-sharpened assegais, they present a most striking aspect, and one not easily forgotten.

The costume of the king consisted of a copious kilt formed of leopards' tails and the skins of the green monkey. On his forehead he wore a large ball of closely cut feathers of the blue roller, and round his neck hung a quantity of very large white beads. His arms were nearly covered with bracelets of brass and gold, whilst fillets of beads encircled his body and his legs. In aspect he was dignified, and his skin was of a lighter colour than that of most Zulus.

On a subsequent occasion I was sent for by the king, who appeared to be in an unusually cheerful mood. Telling my interpreter to remain seated where he was, the king, wrapping a scarlet blanket loosely round his burly form, arose from his chair, and with a dignified gesture beckoned to me to follow him. His majesty then led me through a high wicker-work doorway, and along a labyrinth of intricate passages, until we arrived at the entrance of the harem, which was guarded by some huge and ferocious dogs, the attendants holding them back as I passed. I then found myself in the large central court of the royal seraglio, where there were numbers of very large and beautifully constructed huts, of a very superior kind to those in the other parts of the kraal. The king took me into one of these, which appeared to be used as a kind of store, to show me a framed print of Queen Victoria. In this hut were gathered together a most miscellaneous collection of valuable articles, including mirrors, china dinner and tea services, furniture, carpets, cases of liqueurs, and other things that had been given to the king from time to time. The floors of all the houses or huts were of hardened clay mixed with cow-dung, which looks as if it had been polished. Everything was remarkably clean and neat, and fires were burning here and there in large earthenware vessels. As the king passed majestically on, the women, of whom I saw a large number, stood in rows, bowing to the ground, with their hands resting on their knees. They were all very fat and profusely decorated with brass ornaments and beads of many colours, red predominating. I was shown the king's bath, a large tank of water, enclosed by a thick palisading, in which his majesty takes his daily ablutions, and wallows about not unlike a bulky hippopotamus. Leaving the sacred recesses of the harem, into which, as the king affirmed, I was the first European who had been permitted to enter, I took a final leave of his majesty, who shook hands with me, and regaining my interpreter, who was waiting outside, we walked down to our hut at the other end of the kraal.

On arriving we found the hut full of half-tipsy soldiers, who were examining our baggage somewhat rudely. One fellow was trying on my spurs upon his naked heels, and another drinking "outchualla" out of my tea-pannikin. We had to call upon the aid of an officer (or "induna") to clear the hut, and after that things became more quiet, but eventually other "indunas" came in to visit us and to drink beer, until the place was crammed nearly to suffocation by our self-invited guests. After dark the whole of the vast kraal was lighted up by the fires on which the soldiers were cooking their beef, and it was long past midnight ere the noise and revelry ceased and we got rid of our tipsy "indunas."

Having taken leave of the king, it was not according to Zulu etiquette that I should remain longer at the kraal, so early on the following morning we made preparations for our departure.

Our journey back to the Natal frontier was a long and tedious one. The first day after leaving Nonduengu we pushed on for about forty miles, but afterwards our horses became knocked up, and our progress was necessarily slow. Our supplies of tea, sugar, and salt were exhausted, and frequently we had a great difficulty in getting anything to eat. At some of the miserable kraals on the route it was impossible to procure even the customary "thick milk," or curd, or the millet cakes.

On reaching the broad Umlelazi river we found it very much swollen, and were compelled to swim our horses across, an undertaking attended with great danger on account of the number of crocodiles inhabiting it. Our natives had made a *détour* of some miles with the intention of crossing the river higher up, at a spot where they could jump from rock to rock between the falls; but as this was impracticable for the horses, we had no alternative but to face the muddy, black-looking stream and take our chance with the hideous crocodiles, several of which we saw a little lower down the river, floating with their heads above the water. To frighten them, my companion fired several shots from his rifle, and we then plunged in, pushing on our horses for dear life. The horses swam well, whilst we shouted at the top of our voices to keep off the crocodiles, and all went smoothly until we arrived within a few yards of the opposite shore. To my horror, on looking round I saw the head and jaws of one of these monsters rapidly approaching us, and with desperate energy we urged our horses on, floundering through the mud and up the steep bank, which we gained not an instant too soon. We had barely entered the belt of tall reeds that fringed the river when the crocodile, baffled of his prey, reached the margin of the shore.

The night we passed in the uninhabited region of the "neutral ground" was anything but an enviable one. Our natives had not yet come up with us, and my companion and myself, tying our horses to a tree on the summit of a small hill, prepared to make our position as safe as possible by lighting fires all round us, our whole time being occupied in keeping them replenished with sticks. This was done to ward off the lions and other wild animals which were numerous in these parts. It was a dismal, stormy night, made more dismal by the constant roaring of the lions in the surrounding hills, and the yells of the hyænas that approached to within a very short distance of our fires.

Ten days after we left Nonduengu we arrived at the American mission-station of Umvoti, where I received a most hospitable welcome, and rested for a few days to recruit, both ourselves and our horses being quite knocked up and sadly in want of food and rest. Notwithstanding our hardships, I was highly gratified with all I had seen, and pleased at the successful accomplishment of my visit to the Zulu king.

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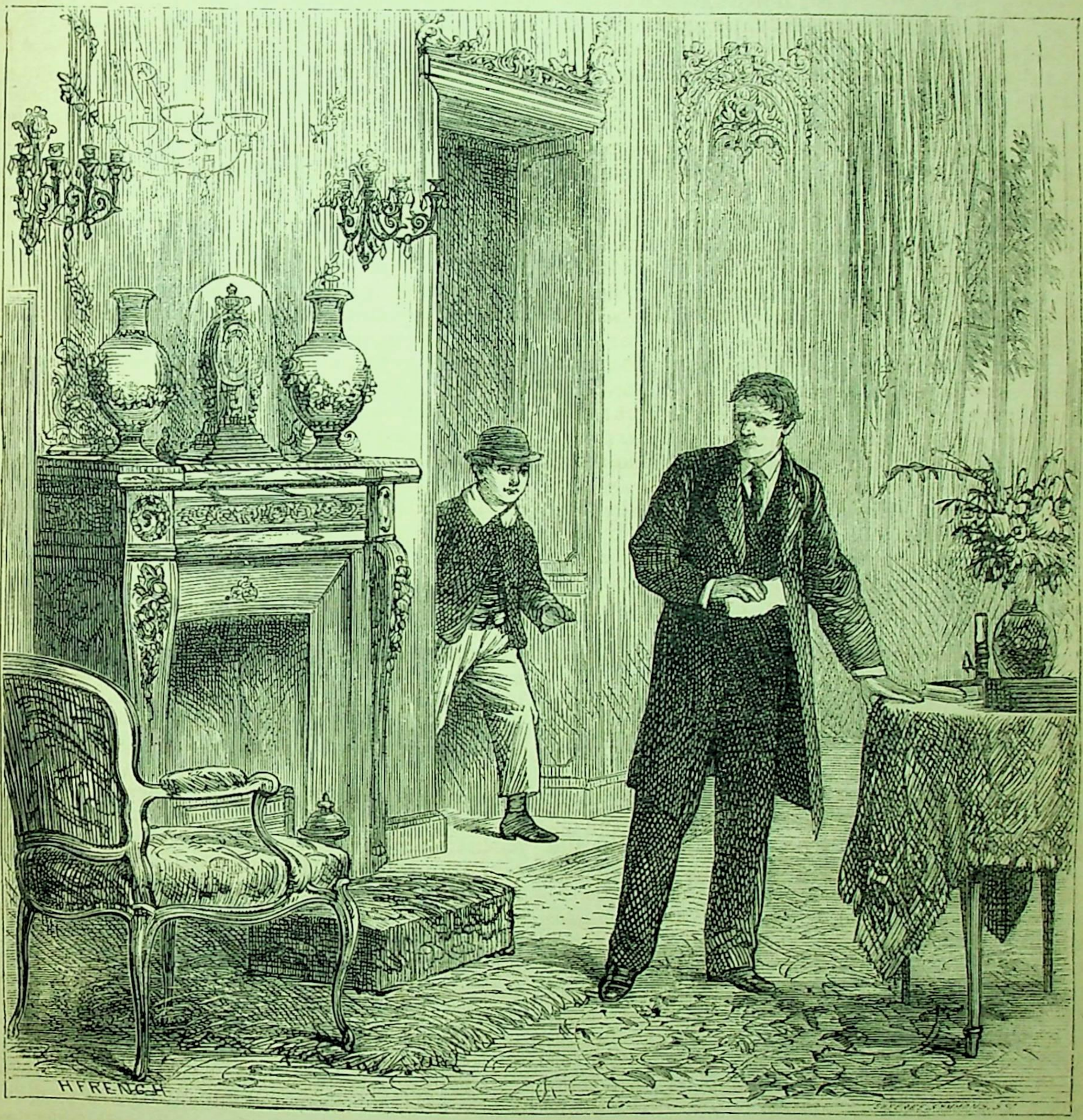
THE LEISURE HOUR.

BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,
AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND.—*Cowper.*



A TEMPTATION.

"WAIT A YEAR."

CHAPTER XXIX.

WHEN Cecil Orde quitted Helen he fully believed that if she did not entirely agree with him on all the points they had discussed together, yet that she would certainly follow his advice. Before the day was over he paid a farewell visit to his sister, resisting her renewed pressing solicitations to spend a portion of the summer with her. The wary Cecil would not be tied by any promise, and recommended her to invite Warren in his stead. He went away without giving any hint of the change to take place in his brother's prospects. "Helen must do that herself," he thought. "It is but just to leave her to announce as a fact that she has changed her mind and to give her own reasons. I should be sure to blunder."

"Then you will not join us at all this summer?" said Mrs. Fraser as her brother was leaving.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

No. 1428.—MAY 10, 1879.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

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"Anywhere you like," returned Mrs. Fraser, amiably, thinking he was beginning to hesitate.

"Well, I am going everywhere, so perhaps I may find you out some day;" and with this attempt at a jest, which did not sit as well upon him as usual, he took his departure, leaving a vague idea of his proposed whereabouts behind him. In a short time the Lestocqs were obliged to leave, and Mrs. Fraser, beginning to find that the daily decreasing number of friends and acquaintance rendered society dull and uninteresting, bethought herself of acting upon Cecil's advice and asking Warren to come out to them.

It was April; a mild, soft air scented with violets blew in at the open window as Warren seated himself at his solitary breakfast, with one of his favourite authors within reach. Two letters lay near his plate, which the careful Jeannet had just taken from the postman. A glance was sufficient to inform him that one was from Cecil and the other from Mrs. Fraser. The former he laid aside after observing the Terracina postmark upon it; Cecil was too frequently a wanderer for his movements to create any particular interest. It was Warren's custom to place a few hundreds to his account in the course of the year, and having recently paid a portion of this into his banker's hands for immediate use, he supposed the letter to be an acknowledgment. His sister's he opened at once. However men may repudiate the accusation, many of them like to read the gossiping letters emanating from the female pen, even when there is no talent to redeem them from stupidity, provided the writer touches upon subjects of domestic importance. On the present occasion Warren glanced hastily over the double sheet, giving special attention to two or three clauses, and then read more slowly from the beginning. That done he laid it down beside him, and began his breakfast, giving his thoughts to the sentences that had most interested him. The first ran thus:—

"Mrs. Lestocq and her daughter have left Nice for Hyères, and thence, when the weather is warmer, proceed to Grenoble, intending to go on to the baths of Allevard, which have been recommended by their physician."

Though Mrs. Fraser did not specify which was the invalid, Warren's calm demeanour indicated no anxiety. He fetched Murray from one of the bookshelves, and turning over the pages, read, "The baths of Allevard are situated in a picturesque gorge or rent stretching from the lias up to the granite mountains. Within a short distance of the junction of the lias with the primitive talc slate rise the sulphur springs, much used medicinally."

"The geological interest would not affect them; it is the inexpensiveness of the place that attracts them of course. The baths must be for Mrs. Lestocq," thought Warren, again taking up his sister's letter.

The sentence he next read with attention referred to Mona and Edward.

"Miss Moreton is giving me some uneasiness; she is losing both her good looks and appetite. I think she frets about her brother, having heard that he has been seen at Monaco. I tell her that such a circumstance, if true, does not mean ruin and destitution. Many go there and return wiser and better for the rest of their lives."

The third clause over which Mr. Sinclair appeared to ponder was a very short one: "I wish you would come out to us."

Reading that, he shook his head with an air of severe decision. "No, he knew the worst of his life at Hillesden; away from it there might be trials greater than those of a solitary home."

Dull, he might have said, for so meagre was the furniture and so tasteless its arrangement that the bright sunshine, then flooding the room, failed to render it cheerful.

"Poor girl! I have no doubt she thinks there is cause for anxiety, and she has no competent adviser near her," he murmured. "A weak, vain fellow! I judged him so at the first. I wish I had kept him in England under my own eye."

Before Mr. Sinclair had finished breakfast his resolution to ignore Mrs. Fraser's request began to give way before his self-addressed arguments. He had made himself to some extent responsible for Edward Moreton. The young man might listen to him, if not to his sister; he might be more careless than radically bad, capable of being influenced for good; and a word fitly spoken, how good it is? But in order to be of any real use, he must meet him personally, thought Warren, haphazard remonstrances and vague counsels would do more harm than good. The brother and sister were the children of one whose name he honoured, members of a family he had resolved in his heart to befriend, whenever the occasion presented itself. Surely now, if ever, was the time to put that resolution into practice, when one was running into danger, perhaps entirely through a thoughtless imitation of foolish companions, and the other was oppressed by anxieties. To be consistent with his self-made promise to Mr. Moreton's memory, he ought to go to the help of his son. Having arrived at this conclusion, Warren threw a little energy into his movements, and when breakfast was over he took up Cecil's hitherto neglected letter, contact with which, by some unconscious influence, brought before him an image which took from his features all the tender solicitude they had just expressed. Cecil's communication was very short; it barely sketched one or two of his projects for the summer, and ended with a sentence which produced in Warren a strange revulsion of feeling.

"If you have not already heard from Helen Lestocq, you may expect to do so every day. It is her intention to break off her engagement with you. If ever and under any circumstances you can bring yourself to believe in your brother, do so now when he thus urges you to accept her decision, however much it may surprise you. As you are a man and not a woman, I ask you for a yet higher degree of virtue, to accept it with unquestioning acquiescence. Believe me, it will be best for both parties."

The paper trembled in Warren Sinclair's hand while his eyes remained fastened upon it, almost in doubt if he had read aright.

Could it indeed be true? He looked around to make sure that it was daytime and that he was not dreaming. Yes, there before him was the table with the remains of breakfast, and the sun was pouring into the room. Most clearly he was awake, and the letter he still held a reality.

All that day he was restless as a wandering spirit, incapable of settling to anything. He was like a man stunned by a blow, and unable to recall his scattered senses, or as one slightly paralysed beginning to recover the use of his limbs. He missed something from his every-day life. Was it the weight he had been accustomed to carry about for so

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long, and borne patiently only because no way of escape had yet presented itself? By the close of day his mental horizon grew clearer, and he was able to analyse his feelings. Alas! for the fickleness of the human heart. Before he laid his head upon the pillow he was well aware that he was rejoicing over an event which a few months ago would have been regarded as a misfortune. But Warren was not then disposed to give his time or his thoughts to moralising over human infirmity. If Cecil were in earnest—and if not, why had he taken the trouble to write?—there was an opportunity of repairing one of the greatest mistakes he had ever made. Early errors are so often ineffaceable that Warren felt thankful for a chance of arranging his future life more in accordance with his present ideas as to what would best contribute to render it useful and happy.

Marriage comes next to death in the seriousness of its character, and to err in the choice of a wife is misery, the die thrown being irremediable in its results—a life-long happiness or a life-long sorrow. At best there is a loneliness in an ill-assorted union which years only increase. Where there are no chords of love to bind a household together, there is no home, no sweetness, no charm; the bands, indissoluble as iron, have also its hardness.

In this strain mused Warren as he perused again and again his brother's letter. Before the second day that followed its arrival had elapsed, he had made some progress in castle-building in the air. The Rectory he had been till now content to occupy, shabby and ill-furnished as it was, he saw converted into a pretty residence, with the improvements suggested by Cecil accomplished. The bow was thrown out, increasing the size of the room; the conservatory was added, and, the greatest charm of all, he imagined Mona Moreton established there as its cheerful mistress and his own beloved wife.

But the letter that was to give stability to these pleasing anticipations did not arrive. In vain Mr. Sinclair went twice daily for the next week to the post-office, making personal inquiries after the missing letter; it did not come, and there was little hope of communicating with Cecil. He was travelling in quest of amusement, and had given no special address. Constantinople and Norway both figured in his summer itinerary. The chances of his going north or east being evenly balanced, there was no use in writing to him at present. He must be patient a little longer. Or should he write to Helen, and ask the explanation of his brother's statement? No, he had agreed to wait a twelvemonth, and preferred doing so. Any deviation from the terms he had accepted must come from her.

A few days later, after giving directions that all letters should be sent after him, Mr. Sinclair was hastening to join his sister with railway speed.

CHAPTER XXX.

Mona's fears respecting her brother were only too well founded; her heart would have ached could she have seen him this bright, beautiful April morning lifting his burning brow to the cool, soft breeze that swept over the sea, as having completed his toilet he stood a few minutes at the open window before beginning the day's work with his pupil. It would have ached still more could she have read his thoughts, the corroding care and dull despair that were sapping the energies of his young life.

Unhappily for him, his work was too easy, Willie Buxton being considered by his anxious parent not strong enough for much study. Edward spent a few hours with him over books in the morning, and sometimes walked with him in the afternoon, but more frequently Willie drove or visited with his mother, leaving the young tutor to his own occupations. Had Edward been true to the wishes he had expressed, true to the fond ambition of his father, he might have found ample time for study and steady preparation for the ministry upon which he desired to enter. But he was not strong-minded enough to mark out or follow a course of conduct because it was right and the best for him to pursue. He was too impressionable, too much influenced by passing events, to keep good resolutions, even when he had had the courage to make them. His tastes quickly adopted the hue of those of his companions, who were not always the best he could have chosen. Neither were they what is generally considered bad, though some were wanting in that substratum of principle which, when the light-heartedness of youth seeks pleasure, should be there to temper it. Occasionally Edward was in request as an escort, once or twice to Miss Lestocq and a party of friends, and also to Mrs. Buxton.

One day the latter took it into her head to visit Monaco, attracted there partly by the reputed beauty of the place, and partly by a curiosity less laudable, not always indulged with impunity, and which for years past has entrapped the unwary and engulfed numerous victims.

A crusade of opposition has lately been made against careless visitors, and families claiming to be ranked among the respectable members of society are entreated to erase the entertainments of Monaco from the programme of their amusements, and not to give the sanction of their presence to a spot fraught with so much evil. The English diocesan, unable to bear the knowledge of the existence of so much sin and misery without lifting up his voice against them, has issued a pastoral of warning and exhortation, and the clergy continually repeat the same from the pulpit, but in vain. Every year this insatiable Moloch devours his prey. There will always be some who go to look and stay to play, unencumbered with any sense of responsibility towards others.

Monaco, the capital of the smallest principality in Europe, contains more natural beauty in its limited compass than any other part of the Riviera. Situated on high ground, it commands extensive views both of Italy and France. The sun seems ever shining on the glittering sea that laps the shores, romantically crowned by uneven, picturesque heights, where orange and lemon-trees abound, adding their fragrant odours to a landscape of surpassing loveliness. No fairer spot can well be imagined than this which Nature has so highly endowed and man so deeply degraded. Monte Carlo, about a mile from the palace and old town, is the last survivor of the gambling-houses that have for years been such a blot upon the governments that tolerated them. From the gardens, which no expense has been spared to render attractive, the fascinated visitor is usually tempted into the concert-room, where first-rate music is provided, and from thence to the "salle de jeu" is an easy transition.

With no feeling worse than that of curiosity Mrs. Buxton found herself standing by the green table one afternoon after a concert, when the room was tolerably filled with players, most of whom contented

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themselves with small stakes, before the excitement and darker interest, usually shrouded in late hours, began. With Edward and Willie, she looked on for a time, quietly watching the gold and silver laid down and disappear, sometimes pushed towards some triumphant individual, but more frequently raked in by the impassive croupier.

From idle spectation it is so easy to proceed to action. With a laugh at her own folly, Mrs. Buxton laid down a five-franc piece—the lowest sum permitted—just for a trial—and gained! The fatal precedent pleaded again; once more she ventured—a napoleon this time—and, losing, was wise enough not to try any more. Following her example, Edward staked a couple of five-franc pieces, and doubled them. He tried again. Luck, as it is called, favoured him, and he, unhappily, went away a winner of two hundred francs in a few minutes.

For some days he steadily refused himself the excitement he had found both pleasurable and profitable, though it must be owned that his thoughts were continually returning to the dangerous spot. His tastes had become more expensive than his position warranted, and his funds were low. He had much leisure; most of his evenings were his own, and Monte Carlo was only at half an hour's distance from Nice. To make the temptation greater, trains are arranged to favour both the going and returning. The road downward was only too easy. Sometimes alone, sometimes in the company of thoughtless young men like himself, he henceforth spent many evenings at the Casino. Unrighteous gain the enticement, he went to shear but came back shorn.

At the time this chapter commences he had not only lost all he possessed, as well as forestalled his stipend, but had borrowed some hundred francs of a companion, who was now in want of the money, and insisted upon being repaid. He could not apply again to Mona, her quarter's salary, part of which had been advanced by Mrs. Fraser, was not yet due, and he had already obtained from her more than she could spare. He knew she had scarcely any left. How he hated and blamed the poverty that had reduced him to such straits.

"If I had never come out here, if I had never been tempted into that vile place!" he often thought, reflecting with bitterness against circumstances rather than against himself. His troubles were too hard for him to bear them patiently, and, what was worse, he saw no way of escape from them. It was such a bore to be poor, and to have only poor people for relations, when other fellows had fathers and uncles able and willing to help them. He thought himself badly treated by Providence, railed against his lot, and soured his temper by dwelling upon the absence of those material good things he was learning to covet so ardently. The sight of wealth and lavish expenditure had a baneful influence upon him. He persuaded himself that it was cruel to be denied what he so much required. Physiologists tell us that most wants can be done away with if their cravings be firmly resisted, and that the need grows in proportion to the indulgence accorded it. Far from acquiring a philosophy so precious, Edward had gratified his fancies until they became his masters, and were now leading him to despair. Where could he turn for the money that had become absolutely indispensable? He thought of his home—it was too poor to help him. Friends—where could he find the friend in need? Mr. Graves was good to his mother, but what could he do for him? In circumstances so little capable of explanation as his, could he apply to him with any expectation of being helped?

There was another, and as Edward thought of him his heart up-leapt in momentary hope. There was Mr. Marshall, a good fellow in his way, and fond of Mona. Might he not for her sake be induced to lend him a small sum? If he would let him have £50 or £60 Edward thought he might get out of his principal difficulties. He would write and ask him. This resolution was formed as he waited for his pupil, whom he was going to take with him to bathe. Willie not being ready, Edward grew impatient, and sauntered into Mrs. Buxton's boudoir, through which the boy must pass from his bedroom. The window was open, but nothing had been done towards the arrangement of the room. The servants occupied in other parts of the house had not touched it. The table was still littered with pieces of paper, and the chairs were out of their places. Everything remained as Mrs. Buxton had left it, even to the cash-box, which she had inadvertently left behind her, and the lamp extinguished by herself had not been removed. As Edward waited, gazing absently into the grey distance, as we do when our thoughts are heavy, and occasionally glancing at the door through which Willie would come, his eye caught sight of a paper lying on the carpet. Its shape and colour were not to be mistaken.

In the twinkling of an eye he had darted towards it. Hastily picking it up he saw that he held a note for a thousand francs, which must last night have been dropped by Mrs. Buxton. His hand trembled as he made the discovery, his cheek burnt and his heart throbbed with a feeling akin to joy. In the first flush of emotion he only saw the chance put into his hand. The next thought brought an icy chill over his frame and re-awakened his despair. The money was not his, and there was no mistake about the owner.

Whilst still grasping the note, undecided what to do, Willie burst into the room, and so startled him that it fell to the ground. Again Edward picked it up, and this time acted without hesitation. Crumpling up the paper in his hand he slipped it into his pocket, but in such a quick, awkward manner as to attract Willie's attention, young eyes being sharp inquisitors.

"I made all the haste I could," said Willie, apologetically, regarding his tutor's flushed cheek and constrained manner as signs of displeasure.

"Yes, my boy, I am not blaming you," returned Edward, trying to speak as usual. "You are ready. Come, we will go at once."

He hung back for Willie to run on first, doubtful whether he would not again drop the note where he had found it, and take his chance from Mr. Marshall or any other friend or friendly circumstance that might arise. There is an unreasoning sanguineness of temper sometimes about weak characters, which, by inducing them to believe that something may turn up in their favour, often prevents the deliberate thought, calculated to render fortuitous help unnecessary. But Willie hung upon his arm, and would not leave him. They walked out of the house together, the boy chattering gaily, until his high spirits, somewhat damped by the taciturnity and absent air of the tutor, he left him and ran on before. There was another peculiarity about Edward this morning: he would not bathe as usual, but strolled

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along the shore, or loitered about the beach, more restless than the waters at his feet.

The fresh morning air, sweet and vivifying as it was, only increased the suffering he was experiencing. It was positive pain to hear Willie's childish laugh, as he danced in the water; pain too to watch the pure, blue sky above emerge from the rosy, primrose-tinted clouds, promising one of those glorious days which in themselves seem harbingers of happiness.

Out of harmony with the light, the beauty, and the joy, Edward threw himself down upon the shingles and hid his face. The boy's laughter was so merry and innocent, and he was once as guileless and as beloved. Oh! to be again a child like him: his greatest sorrow a difficult task, which a little patient application would enable him to surmount. His father's image rose before him, and he wished he had left the note where it lay. Debt must ever be a heavy burden to one in his position, but this—this was far worse.

Thankfully Edward remembered that he could yet turn back; no one had seen him take it, and if they had, it was still in his power to efface all outward stain, all but that on his own conscience, known only to himself and his God. He could give the note to Mrs. Buxton at breakfast-time, and tell her where he had found it. She would naturally infer he had taken care of it for her. The half-formed resolution comforted him, yet parallel with it ran another argument. Debts, contracted without any means of paying them, were, he persuaded himself, equally dishonouring. With this note of a thousand francs he had, if he chose, two hundred chances of righting himself. With ten francs he had already gained two hundred francs; why should he not succeed again? His first gains should be devoted to replacing the note, how, he had not determined, but the favourable occasion would be sure to arise; the next to pay all his debts; and then—for all his life to come he should be a wiser and a better man.

Yet, in spite of what he fancied were good resolutions, the lessons that day were done badly. The tutor thought the pupil inattentive and troublesome, and the child found his master absent and irritable.

Play hours came, then luncheon, followed by the afternoon's walk, the preparing of the lessons for the morrow, and then dinner, after which Edward would be free, his time would be his own, as much as it can ever be to mortal man who must hereafter give an account of it to God.

LEGAL ANECDOTES.

FEES.

We may roughly divide the fees payable on the trial of a cause or prisoner, and during the preliminary proceedings thereto, into two classes—viz., those paid in the courts and judicial offices, and those disbursed to counsel for the prosecution or defence.

Of these, the first kind were, until comparatively recent times, uncontrolled, to a great extent, by any statutory enactment, and were, almost without exception, the property of the officers who received them, constituting (sometimes with and sometimes without a salary) such officers' income. Thus, in the reign of James I, the actual salary of the Lord Chief Justice of England was but £224 19s. 9d. per annum, and that of the puisine judges still less; but such salaries bore no comparison with the various fees each of those dignitaries received.*

Within the last thirty years, out of the sum of £2 paid by the plaintiff in an action on entering his record for trial, the presiding judge took 6s. 8d., his marshal 6s. 8d., some of the judges' domestic servants smaller sums, while the residue was divided between the judge's two clerks, who received no salary whatever. It must be obvious that such a system led to much extortion, for although the amount of many fees was regulated in a measure by custom, none were fixed by law, and very many were left entirely in the discretion of the officers who benefited by them.

The policy of the Government has now for some years been to establish by statute the amount of fees payable, to receive all such into the imperial treasury, and to pay settled salaries to all judicial officers, thereby preventing extortion, and, owing to the increase of legal business, to cause suitors to pay very nearly for the cost of litigation indulged in by them; and as fees are now almost universally paid by stamps, there is, probably, but very little fraud left possible in the collection of this part of the revenue.

Nothing, probably, shows the hardship and wrong attaching to the old fee system more than the case of prisoners tried and acquitted in courts of justice. Although declared by the jury to be guiltless, they were detained in prison until their gaol fees were paid. Many lay for months, and even years, in custody, being absolutely unable to satisfy the demands of their rapacious gaoler. All such fees and demands are now absolutely abolished. We may mention, also, that in civil matters, where an individual imagines he has a cause of action against another, which he cannot prosecute because of his poverty, he may, under certain restrictions, obtain a judge's order to sue *in formâ pauperis*, under which he is excused from paying any judicial fees whatever during the progress of his action. We are not aware that the fees now taken under the authority of statute in the courts and offices connected with them have been particularly objected to, and it is to the *second* class of fees—viz., those taken by barristers—and to the irregular manner in which services are rendered by those receiving them, that the public attention has been recently called by the press and otherwise.

The fee, both of the barrister and of the physician, was, until very recently, a mere *honorarium*, and, unlike any other sum paid for services rendered, could not be recovered in a court of law. This is now altered, so far as the physician is concerned, but the gentleman "learned in the law" is still, by a legal fiction, supposed to work for nothing; and as he works for nothing it follows that he can recover nothing from his employer, if that employer be acute or dishonest enough to escape feeing him; and it also follows that whilst the same fiction of law is retained, no Act of Parliament can fix the amount of the "nothing" for which he labours.

* The following is the entry in the Exchequer Rolls of the money paid as salaries to the Judges of the Court of King's Bench in 1617, 15 James I:—

To Sir Edward Coke, Kt., Lord Chief Justice of England, for his salary, at £224 19s. 9d. by the year, and £33 6s. 8d. by the year for his circuits—£258 6s. 5d.

To Sir John Dodridge, Kt., one of the Justices of that Bench, for his fee at £154 19s. 8d. by the year, and £33 6s. 8d. by the year for his circuits—£188 6s. 8d.

To Sir John Crooke, Kt., for the like, £188 6s. 8d.

To Sir Robert Houghton, Kt., for the like, £188 6s. 8d. Besides their diets in circuit.

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This was well illustrated in the great case of Swinfen *v.* Swinfen, tried at Stafford in the summer of 1858. One of the parties, Mrs. Swinfen, gave her counsel, the late Mr. Kennedy, a bond for £1,000, to be paid upon his winning the verdict for her. Upon his doing so (whereby she gained some sixty or seventy thousand pounds), she deliberately refused to pay her counsel a farthing; and upon his bringing an action in the Court of Exchequer upon the bond, he was defeated on the ground we have already mentioned—viz., that a counsel works for honour, and not for remuneration!

Notwithstanding such cases as these, however, we find that the barrister is about as well recompensed for his industry (and not seldom for his neglect) in the conduct of the business entrusted to him as any other professional man, and very seldom carries out in fact the generous fiction of the law above alluded to.

The first fee paid to counsel in anticipation of the trial of an action is the *retainer*. This may either be a *common* or a *general* retainer; the first is £1 1s., the latter £5 5s. A common retainer secures the services of the counsel for the particular action in which it is given, while a general retainer makes him the representative of the party giving it during the whole time of his continuance at the Bar. It does not, however, follow that because a barrister may receive a retainer in a case that he will be chosen to conduct it, or even be engaged in it, but it always has the effect of preventing his being employed on the other side; and a shabby practice is sometimes indulged in, especially on circuit, where the number of good men at the bar is more limited than in town, of giving a guinea as a retainer to *every* leading counsel, and so of preventing them from being secured on the other side.

The delivery of the brief usually sooner or later follows the retainer, and upon that important document is endorsed the amount given to the counsel who receives it, together with the name or names of the other counsel who are retained with him in his side of the action. The amount so endorsed is entirely in the discretion of the solicitor delivering the brief, or of his client, and a barrister never fixes his own fee in a case, nor is it allowable for him to mention the subject of its amount to his client, nor even to the solicitor in the cause. He gives his private instructions to his clerk, whose duty it is to receive the brief, and as that individual is entitled to £5 per cent. upon the amount endorsed on the brief, and sometimes receives £10 per cent., it is to his interest to get the document marked with the highest fee he can obtain. Hence, although it is not allowable for the clerk to refuse the brief on the ground of the fee tendered being too small, he may intimate that, "under the circumstances," his employer cannot give it "special attention," or that "if other business stands in its way it must be *handed over*," all of which suggestions are perfectly well understood by the solicitor, and are generally followed by a little alteration of certain figures on the document. Large and well-known firms of solicitors pay their counsel the fees owing to them half-yearly or annually, whilst more obscure firms are usually expected to deliver the brief and a cheque for the fee endorsed on it, simultaneously.

The payment of counsel's fees by no means comes to an end upon the delivery of the brief. More than one counsel is almost invariably engaged in an action, on each side, and it is necessary, of course, that they should consult together, perhaps several times. For each of those consultations, frequently lasting not more than five or ten minutes, £2 2s. is paid to each counsel, and 2s. 6d. to his clerk. If it be necessary that the solicitor who instructed them be also present, the consultation is called a *conference*, and a £3 3s. fee is paid, with 7s. 6d. to counsel's clerk! Should the case be a heavy one and last into two or more days, a second fee, called a "refresher," is usually administered to counsel, and this refresher is indefinite in amount. In a certain case lasting over a fortnight, lately tried at Westminster, a refresher of £40 was each morning paid to the plaintiff's leading counsel.

The amount endorsed on counsel's briefs is sometimes very large indeed. In the trial of Queen Caroline one of the "juniors" on the King's side had his brief marked two thousand guineas; and a thousand guineas is by no means a very unusual sum, especially in a case to be argued at the Bar of the House of Lords. The late Sir Thomas Wylde had fifteen hundred guineas for there arguing the claims of Lady d'Este, daughter of the Duke of Sussex, and as (although he lost the day) his client, "the princess," gave him her hand and heart afterwards, as his wife, he did not make a very bad bargain. The plaintiff in a great case of Small *v.* Attwood marked his counsel's brief with *six thousand guineas*, and after refreshers, consultations, conferences, etc., innumerable, upon the learned counsel winning the cause, his client was so delighted with the victory, that he presented his legal representative with a superb brougham and two magnificent horses, which were long distinguished when they made their appearance conveying their master to Westminster Hall, the one by the name of *Small*, the other by that of *Attwood*.

As barristers occasionally receive large fees for their services, so, on the other hand, the "honorarium" is sometimes small indeed. This is generally the case where the friends of a prisoner have scraped together, perhaps at the last moment, a few shillings or a pound or two to secure some legal assistance. The money, it may be, is handed to the gaolers immediately before the trial. There is no time to engage a solicitor, and the prisoner himself selects the counsel whose appearance at the bar-table he likes best. The money is handed over, and, however small, it is accepted, and the man is as ably defended as if it were a larger sum. The counsel in such an emergency is said to be "instructed from the dock."

An Old Bailey barrister of some notoriety was once charged before the Bar mess for taking *coppers* in this way from the dock. His plea was that he "took *all the man had in the world*." His brother lawyers considered that a good defence, and he was honourably acquitted by the jocular court.

It must be mentioned that in many serious cases, especially in trials for murder where the prisoner is undefended, the presiding judge will request a counsel to undertake that duty, and such request is always cheerfully, although gratuitously, complied with.

When a gentleman is called to the Bar, and intends to travel circuit, he is allowed three years to travel such circuits in England and Wales as he may please; after which he must choose one particular circuit to travel, and if his services ever be required on another, strictly speaking, he must receive a fee of 300 guineas, in addition to the amount

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marked on his brief, for going on a "foreign circuit." It is true that this large fee is now-a-days reduced in many instances to as low as fifty guineas, but leading Q.C.'s still insist on the larger sum. It is also *infra dig.* for a Q.C. to enter the Criminal Court without a larger fee than an ordinary counsel would obtain, such courts being supposed to be confined to junior counsel, whose arena he is supposed only under special circumstances to enter.

The serious charge brought against counsel is that they are too often in the habit of receiving fees, small and large, without themselves attending to the case committed to them. We were at the Reading Assizes not very long ago when a man was arraigned for arson. "Are you defended?" said the presiding judge. "Yes, my lord; Mr. —— defends me." "Where is Mr. ——?" asked the judge. "My lord," said a young and all but unknown counsel, "Mr. —— has gone to London, but has left his brief with me." It was in vain that the unfortunate prisoner protested that his friends had paid Mr. —— £20 to defend him; he was told that Mr. —— had gone to London, and that the public time could not be wasted until he were sent for. The trial proceeded, a lame and wretched defence was made by Mr. ——'s *locum tenens*, and the prisoner was convicted!

This is by no means an isolated case; many barristers, even of great eminence, instruct their clerks to take in *all* the briefs brought to them, and, after pocketing the fees, hand over the unread papers to some junior counsel who is only too glad of the opportunity of airing his legal powers in court even without recompense or emolument. What would be thought of a physician who, after receiving *his* fee, told his patient he was too busy to attend to him, or of an eminent surgeon who, being paid heavily to perform an operation, handed over the case to an assistant on the ground that his services were required elsewhere?

It is, however, easy to point out grievances, but difficult to suggest remedies. A counsel could not be paid by fixed sums commensurate with the length of the papers delivered to him, for often the longest briefs contain the most simple cases, whilst apparently short and puerile actions sometimes bristle with difficulties, demanding careful study and elaborate legal argument. The amount of the "honorarium" must be left to the generosity of the client; but whatever it be, small or large, he is entitled to receive that in return which it is refreshing to know many of our greatest counsel always gave and still give—their best attention and exertion in the interest of the client who has entrusted to them his property, his liberty, or his life!

HOLMAN HUNT.

THE name of this eminent artist naturally recalls that remarkable innovation in the practice of pictorial art in England which took place some thirty years ago, and is still remembered as "the Pre-Raffaelite Movement." The term is said to have been bestowed originally by way of derision, in order to ridicule the affectation shown by the young draughtsmen who were alluded to, for gaunt forms, harsh outlines, and angular drapery. Whether applied in jest or not, the name was adopted in earnest as an honourable and truthful appellation. The band of students, full of energy, and determined to make their mark in the world, who were nicknamed the "P. R. B.," freely acknowledged the imputation. They avowed their preference for that style of Italian art which was of homely, natural growth, before it had become sophisticated by the introduction of ancient Greek and Roman examples. They said, in effect, "We prefer to follow the masters of Italy whilst their motives were Christian and devotional, and before they became pagan and secular."

But that which, in our opinion, made Pre-Raffaelitism a real thing in this country—that which caused it to leave its lasting trace on the methods pursued by modern painters—was no remote comparison between the merits of rival schools in Italy. It was rather the powerful change which had been brought about by the use of photography. Hitherto, we must remember, the practice of painters had always been to keep out of their pictures every trace of imperfection—everything that deviated from or fell short of a predetermined standard. People in general had no need to be told that not every man has the muscles of an athlete, or the dignity of a Roman senator; that not every woman is beautiful or graceful; that most buildings are neither noble nor ornamental, and that a large extent of landscape scenery is without pictorial charm. But they were not accustomed to be reminded of these truths in the pictures that they saw. The business of the artist was thought to be to keep ugly or plain things as much out of sight as possible. Deformity or dulness was never introduced except for some express purpose—as to excite contempt or to inspire a melancholy grandeur. The photograph altered all this. By its unerring fidelity it not only habituated the general eye to homely faces and desolate scenery, but it gave an enormous impulse to accurate observation, and it led to a demand for great minuteness and exactness of detail. More than this, the ugly objects in nature, of which there are many, when brought into a picture, were found to heighten by contrast the beauty of those that were beautiful. Thus a new vigour was given to pictorial representations. Ungainly forms were found to have their artistic uses, and then it naturally followed that some of the weaker sort rushed into extremes, and went so far as to paint ugliness itself for the sake of its truth, as if they were discharging a meritorious duty.

One thing, however, the photograph could not do, and that was to give colour; and so the Pre-Raffaelites, whilst they copied forms and details, which were often coarse and ungracious, for the sake of their truth, took care also to bestow on their works a great wealth and abundance of colour. To do this effectually and well requires not only special endowments, but long practice, a thing which could not be obtained at once; and even this high accomplishment, like every other, became exaggerated and abused in the hands of enthusiastic followers.

In this band of Pre-Raffaelite brethren, Mr. Hunt held a place second only, if second, to John Everett Millais, and in this second place showed characteristics of his own.

The first manifestation of the new spirit was made in 1850. In that year there appeared on the Academy walls a picture which in the catalogue was without a title, and was indicated only by the text, from Zechariah xiii. 6: "And one shall say unto Him, What are these wounds in Thy hands? Then He shall answer, Those with which I was wounded

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in the house of My friends." Nothing could exceed the boldness of Mr. Millais in first exhibiting this startling production. It represented the interior of a Jewish dwelling, supposed to be the residence of the Holy Family at Bethany, where a fully-grown but youthful figure was seen engaged in the work of a carpenter, his hands and feet being wounded by splinters from the wood he was fashioning into shape with plane and chisel. The associations which this scene called up, the typical allusions it conveyed, the veiled significance which every spectator felt, and which, for aught he knew, was imparted to his neighbour more fully than to himself—all stirred the public attention profoundly, and, except in a few instances, there was no openly expressed disapproval. Those who would have been most shocked by this grossly realistic rendering of a subject to them so solemn as to be beyond the range of art, probably never saw it at all, or if they did, turned from it as from a horrid profanity, upon which silence was the best comment. A picture of the Crucifixion, having been a subject of art familiar to Christians of all ages, would not have occasioned so painful a surprise.

In this same year 1850 Mr. Hunt exhibited a picture representing a "Converted British Family sheltering a Christian Missionary from the Persecution of the Druids." It was decidedly Pre-Raffaelite in manner, and not wanting in life and feeling. But the presentment of such a subject in such a form would, in these days, with our altered notions about British Christians and Druids, be altogether obsolete.

Mr. Hunt was now about twenty-three years of age. It has been stated that he was born in London; and we have heard the following anecdote about his family name. At Ewell, in Surrey, there lived some years ago a worthy farmer and his wife, named Hobman. In the parlour of these good folks' residence our informant saw an engraving from one of the artist's works, and in conversation about it was told that Mr. Hunt's name was originally Hobman, and that on the occasion of his sending one of his works for exhibition, the compiler of the catalogue, or the printer, miswrote or misprinted Holman for Hobman, which was the name sent. The artist adhered to the change, which he thought a euphonious improvement.

Mr. Hunt's name appears in, we believe, the Academy catalogue for 1874 as Holman, but rarely, if at all, with this prefix before. He was certainly known, however, as long ago as in 1850 as Holman Hunt. He had been a pretty regular contributor for some few years before to the Academy exhibitions by works now not well remembered, during which he was gaining strength and experience for higher flights.

In 1857 came "Valentine receiving Sylvia from Proteus," which attracted no great attention; and then in 1852 "The Hireling Shepherd," the first in which the artist ventured upon an allegorical scene, founded on a few lines from a ballad in Shakespeare. Loud was the outcry at the overcharged colour and the unflinching literalness of this scene. A loutish shepherd lad, and his no less uncouth sweetheart, were seen amusing themselves on the right of the picture, whilst the wasteful sheep were trampling down the corn. He is represented showing her a death's-head moth, from which she shrinks back in affright. The flesh tints were of the ruddiest, the corn of the yellowest, and every object in the picture, whether moss or weed, plant or tree, bird or beast, was imitated with rigid exactness. No tempering of colour by means of atmosphere, no tone, was perceptible, and hence a general sense of crudeness and harshness prevailed. Cool and experienced observers may perhaps have foreseen a great future for a painter possessed of an eye so keen and a hand so true, and knowing so well how to paint a multiplicity of objects; but neither the connoisseurs nor the multitude were gratified, though the picture arrested attention from its novelty and its seeming to imply a deeper meaning than it expressed.

"Claudio and Isabella" in 1853 was a picture that did not escape blame for the realistic coarseness of its figure painting. Nor did it succeed in conveying the intensity of the passions meant to be portrayed. "Our English Coasts" was a landscape representing sheep on a chalk down near the sea, steeped in colours which were certainly never seen on English sea or shore, however faithful to a poet's or a painter's dream.

The year 1854 marked a turning-point in the career of the artist. It was the year of Ward's "Last Sleep of Argyle" and of Frith's "Ramsgate Sands;" indeed, there was an assemblage of first-class productions by nearly all the favourites of the time, and there seemed a chance that Mr. Holman Hunt's till then most important work would be overlooked in the crowd. But a letter from Mr. Ruskin, published in the "Times" on the 5th of May, altered the whole aspect of affairs. In this letter, "The Light of the World" was spoken of as the principal Pre-Raffaelite work of the year. The writer related how he had stood by it for hours, watching its effect on the passers-by. "Few stopped to look at it, and those who did almost invariably with some contemptuous expression, founded on what appeared to them the absurdity of representing the Saviour with a lantern in His hand." He then proceeded to interpret the work as follows:—"On the left-hand side of the picture is seen the door of the human soul. It is fast barred; its bars and nails are rusty; it is knitted and bound to its stanchions by creeping tendrils of ivy, showing that it has never been opened. A bat hovers about it; its threshold is overgrown with brambles, nettles, and fruitless corn, the wild grass 'whereof the mower filleth not his hand, neither he that bindeth up the sheaves his bosom.' Christ approaches in the night-time—Christ, in His everlasting offices of Prophet, Priest, and King. He wears the white robe, representing the power of the Spirit upon Him; the jewelled robe and breastplate, representing the sacerdotal investiture; the rayed crown of gold, inwoven with the crown of thorns—not dead thorns, but now bearing soft leaves for the healing of the nations." He then explains that the lantern represents the light of conscience. "Its fire is red and fierce; it falls only on the closed door, on the weeds which encumber it, and on an apple shaken from one of the trees of the orchard, thus marking that the entire awakening of the conscience is not merely to committed, but to hereditary, guilt." The light proceeding from the head of the figure was held to signify the hope of salvation. With some further remarks, tending to show that whilst instruction by the eye is the most rapid form of teaching, it is not likely that a great picture is to be fathomed to the bottom in a moment of time. "We have been so long accustomed to see pictures painted without any purpose or intention whatsoever, that the unexpected existence of mean-

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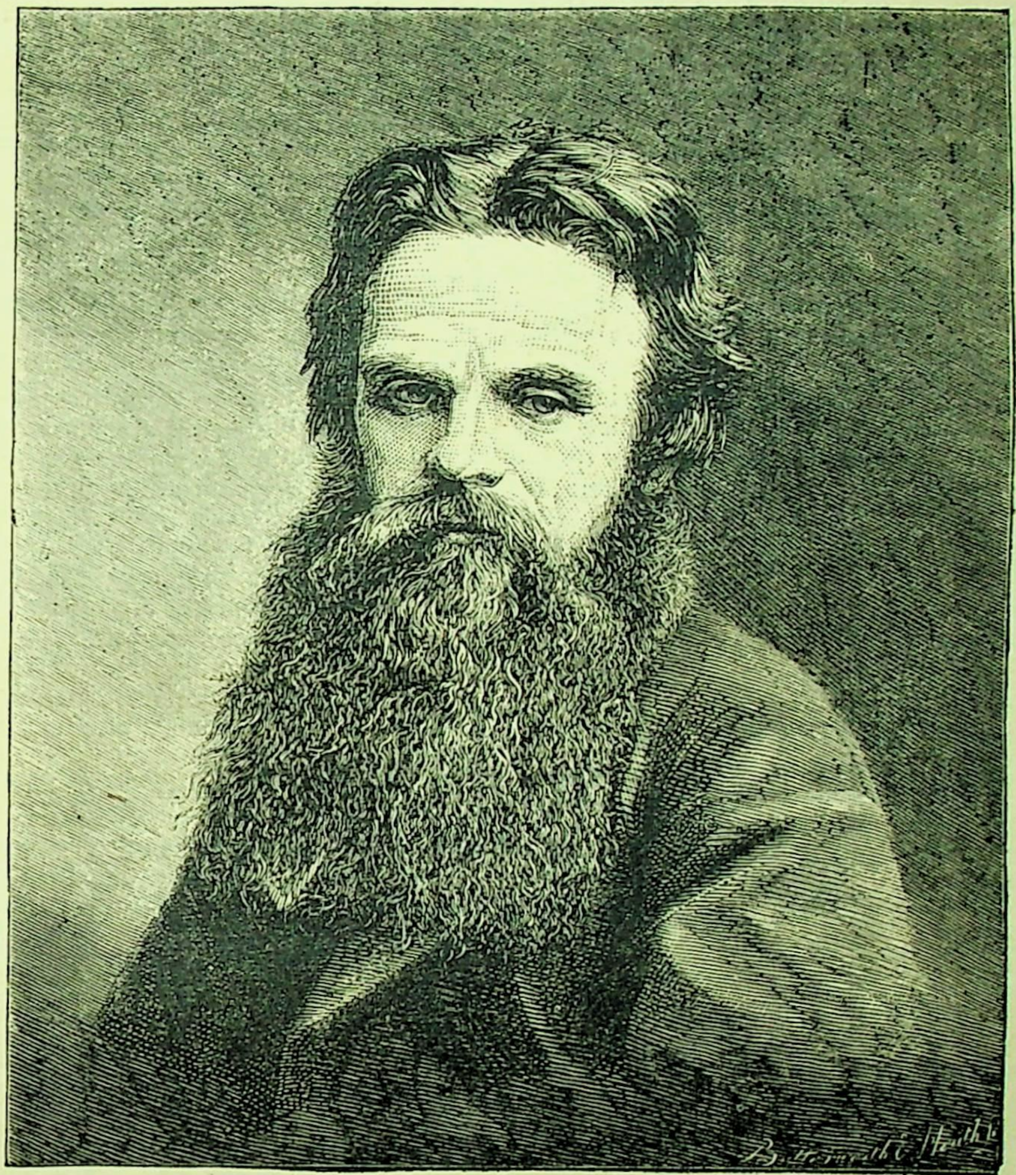
ing in a work of art may very naturally, at first sight, appear to be an unkind demand on the spectator's understanding;" and some critical remarks on parts of the painting follow.

Marvellous was the effect of this adroit, and evidently sincere letter. Who would be supposed insensible to a work of such profound spiritual insight? So thought the quick-witted and intelligent, whilst for the dull and unapprehensive all the mystery was explained. To crowd round, study, and interpret for themselves and others, by Mr. Ruskin's help, "The Light of the World," was the rage amongst Academy visitors. So Mr. Holman Hunt's picture became the great subject of discussion in art circles, and of gossip in West-end drawing-rooms. His success was an accomplished fact.

There followed, nevertheless, a recoil from all this over-strained popularity. In another letter to the "Times" of the 13th of July, 1854, Dr. Waagen, who, it is well known, at that time was hoping to become, under very exalted patronage, the director of our National Gallery, made a temperate but at the same time directly hostile attack upon the Pre-Raffaelites, expecting thereby no doubt to gratify the wounded susceptibilities of the R.A's. of that day. In this letter he especially refers to Mr. Hunt's "Light of the World." In fact the letter was clearly intended as an answer to Mr. Ruskin. The writer's argument



From a Photograph by Elliott and Fry.]

Yours ever faithfully
W Holman Hunt

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was that students of Fra Angelico and other painters of the fourteenth century were not justified, artistically or historically, in reproducing all their shortcomings and deformities in the presence of improved technical and scientific methods. Deliberately to step out of the light into the darkness was unjust to the old masters and unfair to the new. The passage from which the subject of the picture was taken, Rev. iii. 20, was not adapted to pictorial treatment, and there was confusion in mixing up two distinct characters, that of the Saviour as the suffering victim —as in the class of works called "Ecce Homo"—and that of the glorified Lord of the universe who has triumphed over death and hell. The crown of thorns, he argued, was inconsistent with the regal diadem. He admitted the careful painting but found fault with certain green tints to be seen in the hands.

From this controversy what seemed to follow was —that the more eminent members of the Pre-Raffaelite school began to drop some of their extreme peculiarities, and to conform to rules of art which were established and considered legitimate. Their detractors said that they abandoned the tricks by which they had brought themselves into notice only when they had at length acquired those higher qualities of good painting which could only come by practice and experience.

Having thus attained a very enviable amount of public notice, Mr. Hunt betook himself to the East, resolving to study at the fountain-head those conditions of inanimate life—light, air, and scenery—under which so many of the greater events of our religious history have been enacted. He penetrated at once to one of the most mysterious regions in the world, the shores of the Dead Sea, and in that remote, inhospitable place, made studies which were an unquestionable proof of his energy and perseverance. The fruit of these labours was produced to the world in 1856, by the memorable composition called "The Scapegoat." Again was to be noted a marvellous power of imitating even unfamiliar objects—the crisp salt marshes of the Dead Sea shore, and the purple mountains of Moab. Here at least was original enterprise of the most unmistakable kind. The painting of this mountain range involved enormous labour, carried through with unfailing spirit. The colouring also was rich to profusion; nor was it, we may believe, overcharged for such a latitude as this. The worst painted object was the miserable goat itself, to which, nevertheless, an air of tottering weakness and hopeless suffering was successfully given. The scarlet wool bound round the forehead of the animal sufficiently indicated its character as the scapegoat of Jewish ceremonial law, and the dismal skeletons bleaching on the barren sands, and in the briny pools around, plainly foretold what its fate was speedily to be.

Mr. Ruskin, in his Academy Notes for 1856, complimented Mr. Hunt on his resolution in not being turned from his purpose as a painter by the temptation of a visit to the seat of war in the Crimea, or by the fear of any inconvenience which might arise to himself from the same cause. This seems rather going out of the way to be laudatory; but a juster tribute of praise was given to the energy and constancy of the worker's powers of application. As a whole "The Scapegoat" was an unequal work, showing too plainly the great difficulties under which it had been executed. In the same year appeared "The Awakening Conscience," a painful scene, but which, in point of technical skill, was a very able performance, and more carefully finished than the former. Mr. Hunt has never since attempted didactic composition of this kind, which, as has been truly said, is not likely to meet the eyes of those who might most benefit from it. Quite irreproachable on the ground of taste, and not less admired for their qualities as pieces of painting, were three brilliant studies of Eastern scenery, which were exhibited at the same time: "A View looking towards the Mountains of Moab," "Jerusalem by Moonlight," and "The Sphinx."

From this date the appearance of Mr. Hunt's pictures at the Academy have been only occasional. He has resided much in the East, giving from time to time tokens of his place of study. Thus, in 1861, he sent to the Academy a small picture representing a humorous scene in the streets of, we presume, Cairo. It was called "The Lantern-maker's Courtship." A young workman is clasping in his arms the object of his devotion, and being unable to see the face of the charmer, is constrained to feel it by passing his fingers over her closely veiled countenance, to the delight of both actors in the scene. In the distance a self-absorbed Englishman in white straw hat bestrides his ass in unconcerned composure. This picture represents an observation which occurred to the artist himself.

At length, at the close of the same year, the art-loving public were gratified by the sight of a work of first-class importance and highest interest, representing "The Finding of Our Saviour in the Temple." The most conscientious study of detail and the highest technical skill were exhibited. The Christian and the Jewish world were equally delighted with the scientific archæology of the Temple buildings, fittings, ornaments, and adjuncts, whilst the central figure of the young Christ was sufficiently vigorous to rivet the attention and furnish much food for reflection. This work has been engraved after a chalk drawing, prepared with great care by two or three artists under Mr. Hunt's own superintendence.

Several portraits from the artist's hand have been exhibited from time to time, and many sketches of splendid effects of sunlight in the neighbourhood of Cairo, and there are, we believe, some other paintings of importance, such as "The Pot of Basil," in private hands, with which the public are very little acquainted.

Finally, in November, 1873, was exhibited, not at the Academy, the largest of Mr. Hunt's pictures, which had occupied him three years in painting, called, "The Shadow of Death." This was and is a work of first importance, whether as to the subject matter or as to the execution. Need we repeat the motive? Before the spectator stands erect the figure of Christ, with arms outspread, lighted by a low setting sun, which thereby throws a cross-shaped shadow on the wall to the left. At the time of this appearance the Virgin is supposed to be undergoing a strange conflict of emotions. She kneels at the left, with her back turned to the spectator. Something has induced her to examine anew the credentials of the sovereignty of Christ which were presented in his infancy, the gold, frankincense, and myrrh. For this purpose she is opening the casket containing the offerings of the Magi, feeling a doubt as to the reality of the mission of her son, who had hitherto shown no signs of accomplishing the prophecies which related to him. Suddenly her eye catches the

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ominous shadow, and the certainty of his impending death is borne into her soul. This agonising reflection is to some extent manifested by the attitude of the kneeling-figure, the only thing wanting being that the features are not seen by the spectator. The painting of this picture is acknowledged to be of the utmost technical merit; and the colour, whilst in the highest scale, is neither loaded nor extravagant. An infinity of detail accompanies the main action, upon which a world of care has been expended. Nothing that Mr. Hunt ever did has equalled this production, and the labour, skill, and science which have contributed to its execution are immense. To show how carefully minute things have been attended to, some one pointed out that, although there were indications of a saw having been used in carpentering work, there was no sawdust. The answer showed the objector to be wrong. There the lines of sawdust are, lying regularly on the floor, just as they would have been left by the saw. It is impossible not to review without interest the progress of two great reputations, from the first "Carpenter's Shop" of Millais, in 1850, to this consummate production by Holman Hunt in 1873.

Mr. Hunt is understood to be engaged on another great work, the scene of which will be the Scriptural region of the East.

"WHEN GEORGE THE THIRD WAS KING."

CHAPTER V.—PEEPS OF MORE PLEASANT DAYS.

IN the journal of Miss Burney (Madame D'Arblay), and in the correspondence of Mrs. Delany, frequent mention is made of the Queen's Lodge, a place which was for many years the scene of much quiet social enjoyment, and in which took place most of those incidents which Miss Burney has, certainly with quite sufficient minuteness, chronicled. Some persons have wondered where the Queen's Lodge is to be found. It may be doubted whether any person now living ever saw it. A pleasing description of it may be found in an old "Quarterly Review."* It was at Windsor, a temporary, plain, barrack-like looking house, erected to the south-east of the Castle, by Sir William Chambers, never intended to be permanent, but, as the Castle was not habitable, and the king saw no probability of its being made so in any reasonable time, and yet desired to have the pleasure of a frequent residence at Windsor, he caused this house to be run up, with the intention of removing it when the Castle should be completed. Here it was his pleasure to live the life of a country gentleman, riding, hunting, farming, and moving about among his work-people. In this house that tea-table was spread round which fancy beholds assembled the queen and many of our old favourites; while, in another corner of the room, the king chatted or played a game at backgammon with his equerries, or some simple old friend like Jacob Bryant, starting up, now and again, to drop some playful remark into the ear of Mrs. Delany, or finishing, as the evening wore on, refreshment in the favourite recreation of music. The life was more simple here than even at Kew, which was nearer town, and therefore nearer state. At Windsor we suppose the family circle would have been considered small, even for a retired country gentleman. We believe that an eminent critic simply expresses the truth when he says that "every additional light which time throws on the public or private character of the king, raises him in our esteem and reverence, although it was long before he was justly appreciated."—We would interpolate that we have seen no indications of a really adequate appreciation of what seems to us a singularly admirable character even yet.—"He had a hurried utterance, particularly in his youth, and when addressing strangers, which made an unfavourable impression, and the '*eh? eh?*' and '*what? what?*' which were in truth only symptoms of nervous excitability, were quoted by ignorance or malevolence as proofs of a trivial mind. No man in his dominions had a mind less trivial. He appreciated the duties of his station with a correctness of judgment, and executed its duties with a diligence and ability, of which thrones afford but few examples. He was, in the highest sense of the word, an honest man, the noblest work of God."

Some of the most pleasing pictures connected with the reign are in the descriptions of that royal progress the king took to perfect his recovery, when he first found his way to Weymouth and the country beyond, in a long and interesting tour, which certainly combines as much of the simple, rural, and idyllic as we suppose is possible to blend in any royal excursion. In 1789, travelling not by rail, but by carriage, in a very simple and unpretentious *cortège*, with few attendants, he woke up sleepy old villages which had scarcely ever realised that royalty was a reality, but trimmed themselves, squires' halls, parish churches, and village inns, in their best array to greet the sovereign and his family. They seem to have taken their journey leisurely, resting in the evening in villages, when the queen and princesses would walk round about the place, mix with the peasantry, and talk with all whom they happened to meet in the course of their ramble. Thus weeks went on, and ever as Sunday came round all travelling was forbidden. It was always passed as a day of rest, and the whole family trudged along to church to hear the ordinary village clergyman, and, we will be bound to say, to listen to some strange burst of music from the village choir, when those worthies would naturally think they must do their best, especially on occasions when, as Miss Burney describes, they thought it necessary to wind up the service, and imagined no irreverence in the unwonted shout of "God save the King!" So they passed through the New Forest and Hampshire, and arrived at Weymouth, which appears to have charmed the king, for henceforth, from year to year, he found himself a visitor there. In one of his excursions in the neighbourhood, during this his first visit, in the hay harvest, he was passing through a field where only one woman was at work. The king asked her where the rest of her companions were; she said, "They were gone to see the king." "And why did not you go with them?" he inquired. "The fools!" she said, "they have gone all the way into the town, and they will lose a day's work by it. That is more than I can do; I've five children to work for!" "Well then," said the king, putting a piece of gold into her hands, "tell your companions who have gone to see the king that the king came to see you!"

But the visit to Weymouth was full of incidents, full of enjoyment too. That first visit to Weymouth

* "Quarterly Review," vol. lxx. 1842, pp. 264, 265.

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is a singularly bright little interval in the life of royal care. The king was grateful for his recovery from his dreadful malady. The queen and his daughters were with him, and simply happy. He was grateful also for the manifestation to him of affections from all the simple people round him; and Miss Burney, who was with them in attendance, has, in her journal, pleasantly chronicled the whole. There were no drawbacks to the happiness, although many ludicrous circumstances lent their variety to the time, and no doubt gave vivacity to the conversations in the homely circle. Thus, when the mayor and aldermen were admitted to the honour of a presentation to the queen, and the mayor advanced to kiss her hand, "You must kneel, sir," said Colonel Gwynne. "I can't," said the mayor. "You must bend the knee. You must kneel," said the colonel; but instead of complying with the colonel's directions, he seized the hand and carried it, says the narrator, to his lips, with much more of loyal heartiness than of courtly-refinement. The worst of it was that all the aldermen followed suit, supposing their chief had done the right thing. As the mayor was retiring, the colonel indignantly interfered. "You ought to have knelt, sir." "I could not do it," said the mayor. "Everybody else can kneel," said the colonel, supposing, no doubt, that here was a French Republican on English soil. "Yes, sir," said the mayor, "but I have a wooden leg!" and this, of course, was a perfectly unanswerable reason. Nor ought we to forget the usual instances of goodness which light up the character of the king while residing in this pleasant and until then almost unknown watering-place. For instance, he rode out to Dorchester to inspect the new county jail. There a farmer, named Pitfield, who had been confined for seven years for a debt incurred solely by a lawyer's bill, on his knees imploringly presented a petition to the king, praying for his release. The tender-hearted king was instantly touched with the hardship of the case; he directly paid the bill, two hundred and twenty pounds, out of his own pocket, and that day the now happy farmer was liberated and restored to his family.

The royal party left Weymouth, still prosecuting their pleasant tour to Plymouth. As they went along, and especially in the villages where for a short time they might happen to stay, triumphal arches were erected, ornamented with wreaths of laurel and roses. "From the day of his departure from Windsor," says Miss Burney, "the king's progress resembled a triumph. In every town and village through which he passed girls with chaplets—beautiful young creatures!—strewed the entrances of the various villages with flowers. On the confines of the New Forest a band of foresters, in their habits of green, presented him, according to ancient feudal custom, with a couple of milk-white greyhounds, wearing silver collars, and led by silken cords. At Honiton, as they reached the turnpike, the royal carriages were surrounded by three hundred and fifty young ladies, all dressed alike, and wearing white ribbons. It is scarcely wonderful that so singularly beautiful a regiment of guards, ushering the king and queen into the town, drew tears of sensibility from all the party." Is it too much to say that no royal progress impresses us more pleasingly than this of 1789, in which, while the king sought the confirmation of restored health, all the tenderest feelings of his subjects were stirred in affectionate sympathy? It is a piece of pleasant life from a deceased old time. The journey was long, and every way entertaining and idyllic; the king and queen always walking on the Sunday to the nearest village church. At that time it was supposed to be unfashionable for husband and wife ever to be seen together, but this royal pair was always anxious to show what God and nature intended a married pair should be, and to set another example. When at Plymouth, on the Sabbath, the king knelt on the deck of one of his own ships-of-war, the binnacle serving as altar and pulpit. But kindness and good humour entertains us everywhere,—chatting with the mowers at Lyndhurst, or the haymakers at Weymouth, or detained at the Star and Garter at Andover, the king himself ordering tea immediately, and supper by-and-by, while the princesses, travelling over the whole house, discover a young landlord of three months old, and present him to their majesties for their admiration and condescension: it all looks very simple, and all the more royal because pleasantly human. They never forgot Weymouth, and from year to year afterwards attempted to revive the charm of that happy summer of 1789.

But the return to London seems always to have been a return to trouble. In a series of reminiscences for the most part so purely personal, we must not introduce vehement ministerial agitations, or those outbursts of revolutionary violence, both religious and political, which were crossing the Channel from France to disturb England. That is an interesting anecdote which Charles Knight introduces into his "Passages of a Working Life." "Soon after the publication of Payne's 'Rights of Man,' in 1791, before the work was declared libellous, the king was wandering about Windsor early on a summer morning, and was heard calling out, 'Knight, Knight!' in the shop, whose shutters were just opened ('Knight' was Charles Knight's father, and the king's bookseller). My father made his appearance as quickly as possible at the sound of the well-known voice, and he beheld his majesty quietly seated, reading with marked attention. Late on the preceding evening a parcel from Paternoster Row had been opened, and its miscellaneous contents were exposed on the counter. Horror! the king had taken up the dreadful 'Rights of Man,' which advocated the French Revolution in reply to Burke. Absorbed majesty continued reading for half an hour. The king went away without a remark, but he never afterwards expressed his displeasure, nor withdrew his countenance." Charles Knight's reminiscences of the Windsor life of the king are really among the most charming we possess.

One of the most pleasant traits of all the years of his life is his unvarying attachment to Eton School and all the succession of boys there. He always knew the more eminent of them, whether for rank or scholarship, by name. He never missed an opportunity of honouring the boys who were worthy of honour, and the boys paid him back as boys can pay back their favourites. "Think highly of Eton," he said to young De Quincey. "All people think highly of Eton; every one praises Eton." Immediately after his marriage he took the young queen over the venerable school, and left £230 with the provost, to be spent, as he thought best, in giving pleasure to the boys. He was always hospitable to them, and there are stories of his sending for them all in a body to meet him on the terrace at Windsor, and keeping them all to supper, and irri-

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tating the masters immensely by forgetting to ask any of them; so the boys remained merry with the monarch, and there was nothing for it but for the masters to go away in dudgeon.

In 1805, when the Castle of Windsor was completed, after the long period during which it had undergone repairs and improvements, fitting it henceforth to be the royal residence, in place of the inconvenient lodge we have described, the king, of course, had a magnificent house-warming, and he added to his other pieces of hospitality on the occasion that of personally going down to Eton School and inviting eighty of the Eton boys to sup with him in the presence chamber, a truly beautiful instance of royal, neighbourly, and affectionate benignity. And he was kind to individual boys. Once, as he was walking down Eton Street, a boy, almost too late, came rushing along at a tremendous pace, and went butt up against the king, almost overturning the royal person. Of course he stopped to apologise, and thus his appearance even for the second call was absolutely hopeless. The good-natured king inquired his name, and took the trouble to write a little note to the head master to explain the cause of the boy's delay. Nothing delighted him more, upon his recovery from his illness in 1804, than the rapturous reception the boys gave him upon the first appearance of his carriage. They gathered round it with enthusiastic huzzas and repeated rounds of cheers. Forming a circle round it, they ran along by its side, before and behind it, forming a sort of unpremeditated escort, until he alighted at the gates of Windsor Castle. The next day, walking out, he fell in with two or three of the scholars, and entered freely into conversation with them, thanked them for the reception they had given him the day before, and told them to thank their fellows. This was better than writing a note to the school—a beautiful and gentle king! He had been educated at Eton himself some short time, and with him were many of those who became statesmen in his time; indeed, nearly all the great statesmen of the reign of George III, from the Earl of Chatham to the Duke of Wellington, had been Eton boys. Probably he thought of this, or something like this, when, verging towards his mournful close, at the commencement of the last of those terrible mental disorders with which he was afflicted, he was standing at one of the windows of his apartments in Windsor Castle with the late Marquis of Wellesley, who had also been an Eton boy. His eye caught the view of

"The distant spires, the antique towers,
That crown the watery glade,
Where grateful science still adores
Her Henry's holy shade."

"Look, my lord," he said, in a voice which implied the tenderness and pensive reverential affection passing through his mind—"look, my lord, there is the noble school where we were all educated!"

The king's was a tender and tried heart, and his love for his own children—in so many instances poured out like water upon a desert—touched and opened some of the finest fountains of affection in him. When, in 1781, two of his sons were entering life—his favourite son, the Duke of York, proceeding to Prussia to study for the military profession, and Prince William Henry, afterwards William IV, going to sea as midshipman of the Prince George—he felt as other fathers in like circumstances feel. The eminent position of his sons could not hide from his eyes the dangers of the careers on which they were entering. They were a long time from home—had, in fact, parted from the home-life for ever. A lady of the court surprised him one day in tears, and took the liberty, which a woman might naturally take, to inquire the cause of the quiet tears which were on his face. "I was entreating God," he said, "to protect and bless my dear boys." Could he have looked along the terrible future of some of the members of his family he would have wept indeed!

COFFEE TAVERNS.*

THE Temperance cause is entering upon a new and hopeful epoch. While appeals are continued from the pulpit, the platform, and the press, and while the aid of legislation is earnestly invoked, the friends of temperance have begun to undertake a very simple and practical way of meeting this social evil. When working men wish to avoid intemperance, or "take the pledge," they are tempted at every step by beershops and gin palaces. There was till recently no alternative place of resort for them when away from work or from home.

Now we have the Coffee Taverns, Coffee Palaces, People's Cafés, and Cocoa Houses, under one or other of which titles numerous and somewhat conspicuous establishments, now established in London and throughout the kingdom, are known. Though called by different names, they have the same origin, and are designed to meet one common want—viz., that of supplying the public with cheap and wholesome refreshment without the admixture of alcohol or intoxicants in any form.

How far they at present attain their object it is the purpose of this paper briefly to illustrate. In what respect they fail, and the measure and cause of such failure, must also be noted.

Let it be borne in mind in the outset that though the possible methods by which social reform may be accomplished are both varied and numerous, it is only by a judicious and hearty combination of these methods that any great or striking result can be attained. Let us apply this argument to the coffee question. What have they accomplished? We need not go very far back for a starting-point in their history.

Twenty-five years ago the first Workman's Temperance Coffee House was opened in Dundee; eight years subsequently the first Working Man's Club in England was established. Leeds witnessed the establishment of the first British Workman Public-house in 1867. The Coffee Palace, distinctively so called, is an institution of still more recent growth. It was first planted in July, 1873, in East London, where it still continues to meet with considerable success. Following closely on the coffee palace came the People's Cafés, in 1874. These were fashioned closely on the continental model, introduced by Messrs. Gatti, Bolla, Monico, Veglio, and other Swiss-Italian adventurers in London. They are specially suited to the needs of clerks, shopkeepers, and others engaged in business, and have been signally successful, the receipts of the five houses now

* Coffee Taverns, Cocoa Houses, and Coffee Palaces, their Rise, Progress, and Prospects. By E. Hepple Hall, F.S.S.

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opened in Central and East London averaging £1,000 weekly, or over £50,000 per annum.

During 1875 the first of the now prosperous Liverpool Cocoa Rooms opened its doors. There are now thirty-five in successful operation in that town, with a seating accommodation for 10,000 persons. In 1876 the London Coffee Tavern Company was incorporated, and its first house, the Glasshouse Tavern, in Edgware Road, was opened to the public in May of the following year. Such, briefly outlined, is the history of the coffee tavern, or reformed public-house movement. Within ten years have sprung up a class of institutions which, if rightly conducted and improved, are destined to effect a more salutary change in the social life and condition of the industrial classes than any which has preceded it. Since 1876 more than eighty companies have been incorporated in England alone for the furtherance of the coffee house movement, and more than 3,000 houses are now open to the public. The weekly receipts of these houses range from £40,000 to £55,000, equal in round numbers to nearly £3,000,000 per annum.

Are they not, then, we would ask, among the most significant and suggestive signs of the times? Is not the finding of a practical substitute for the beer-house and the gin palace, in the present dead-lock of legislation on the subject, the true way to lessen the drink traffic and repress drunkenness? So long as men and women may become intoxicated by Act of Parliament, can any better means be devised for keeping them sober than by giving them places of resort and recreation where they cannot become intoxicated either by the Act of Parliament or by their own? While the beerhouse and the gin palace remained the rule and the fashion, and the temperance hotel or tavern the exception, in vain was it that social reformers stigmatised the one or eulogised the other. Practically there were no houses but the ordinary "publics" open to the working classes. Now the efforts of humanitarians are happily supplemented by a systematic machinery which, intrinsically beneficial in itself, and conducted on purely business principles, is all the more likely to be permanently successful. The possibilities for good of such a movement cannot, we think, be over-estimated. If, as Mr. Cobden more than once asserted, "the temperance cause lies at the foundation of all social and political reform"—and few would now care to gainsay it—then are the Coffee Taverns amongst the most hopeful signs of the times. Much of course will depend on the way in which these houses, called by whatever name they may be, are provisioned and conducted. Still more, possibly, will depend on the opinion which the public at large forms of them.

Leaving minor matters, then, out of the question, the most striking defect in the modern coffee-house is its want of completeness. Ostensibly designed to meet the wants of the working man, it makes no adequate provision for the working woman. Boys and girls, the men and women—and possibly the depraved men and women—of the next generation if trained to follow their fathers and mothers to the wrong shop, have no attention shown them whatever.

These are serious defects. Again, while professedly places of rest and recreation, as well as resort and refreshment for the labouring man, they supply him with little that is calculated either to fit him for the necessities of his daily work, or to refresh him when it is done. The cooking of dinners brought to the establishment for "consumption on the premises"—a time-honoured custom at the beer-publics—is well enough as far as it goes, but it does not go far enough; nor are such items as hard-boiled eggs, half-baked bread, underdone sausages, just the thing for a half-famished mechanic to appease hunger with or fortify his "inner man" against the hardships of an afternoon's work out of doors. Yet at a large majority of such houses these articles form the staple bill of fare—in fact, the hungry customer can get but little else. The substantial dinner so necessary to the English day-labourer is conspicuously absent from the majority of these establishments. In this respect, as in so many others, he fares far worse than the *ouvrier* of Paris and other Continental cities, who for half a franc can readily procure a really good dinner. Even the plate of well-cooked beef or mutton, or a dish of nutritious vegetable soup, freshly prepared, would be a great boon to the coffee tavern patron if he could get it, which he too often cannot. In short, the supply of dinners and other substantial meals is a necessary part of the business of such establishments—since no other furnishes them of the character and price required—and the failure to provide them is a defect which we think cannot be too soon remedied.

Scarcely less important an omission is that of suitable sleeping accommodation. Miss Florence Nightingale sounded the key-note of the situation, so far as the main wants of the coffee tavern customer is concerned, in her admirable letter to the Duke of Westminster, when she asked for a place where, in addition to coffee, newspapers and games—without gambling—he could eat and have *decent sleeping accommodation*. The need which has so long existed in our great industrial centres for increased lodging accommodation—and nowhere is it more keenly felt than in London at the present time—points a moral which our coffee tavern friends would do well to profit by. Thus far we believe there are but three or four houses open in London fitted with public sleeping accommodation. In Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds, and some other of the leading provincial towns, lodging-houses have been tried in connection with the coffee taverns, and have proved successful. The example so well set by the proprietors of the St. James's Hall, Leeds, the Rose and Crown Coffee Palace at Knightsbridge, and the Tom Hughes and Phœnix Taverns in St. Martin's Lane and Harrow Road, might be profitably followed in the erection of future establishments of this character.

Such are a few of the more conspicuous defects of the working man's coffee tavern of the period as they have fallen within the experience of the writer. More serious, however, than these is the deterioration of the quality of the articles supplied at not a few of these houses. The falling off in quality of more than one of the leading articles sold in the poorer quarters of the metropolis is already plainly noticeable.

All attempts to "overdo" the business will be fraught with mischief. In no branch of business are the results of over-competition and consequent deterioration more quickly felt or resented by the public than in the victualling trade. The "best article for the money" will be found, in the long run, not only an excellent motto to attract custom with, but a safe rule by which to retain it. The quality of the article supplied at these temperance taverns must not be sacrificed to the cupidity of landlords on the one

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hand or to the stupidity or carelessness of cooks on the other. Most men prefer a good glass of beer to an indifferent cup of coffee, tea, or cocoa, and nothing is more likely to prejudice the success and weaken the influence of the present reform than a selfish and short-sighted policy of this sort. The movement, though now fairly started and able to run alone, is yet in its infancy. It requires watching, most careful watching, to ensure permanent success.

The defects which we have endeavoured to point out are by no means inherent; they have arisen through the rapidity with which the movement has progressed rather than been developed, through incapacity to supply the proper remedy. As it matures it will, no doubt, gradually adapt itself to popular wants. If, however, it is ever to become perfect, its future course must be in the direction of all right reform. It must, in short, progress, not retrograde.

E. HEPPLE HALL.

FOOLS IN HIGH PLACES.

A FAKIR, or Mohammedan hermit, named Melick, came to the court of the Shah Nouschirvan, whither he had been invited in consequence of the reputation he had acquired of distinguishing at a glance all lunatics, and giving the best advice for curing them. The monarch was very anxious to see so remarkable a man, and, to test his pretensions. Wishing that the first trial of Melick's skill should be made in his presence, he gave orders that on the next day there should be brought to the palace a certain number of lunatics, taken from those whose condition was most desperate.

Melick appeared at the divan at the hour appointed, and was received, whilst awaiting the arrival of the prince, into a spacious hall, where many persons had already assembled. He noticed them one after the other with great attention, questioned them, and marked their answers.

When the sultan appeared he approached the throne, touched the ground three times with his forehead, and spoke thus: "Sun of Equity, the few moments that I have just passed with the fools who have been brought to me by your orders have sufficiently enlightened me as to the nature and cause of their malady, and I am now ready," continued he, pointing to those among whom he had been introduced, "to show the result of a treatment of those people by which their cure will infallibly be obtained."

Nouschirvan could not help showing some displeasure at these words, because the fakir had not yet even seen the lunatics brought for his inspection. He had only seen the courtiers, the ministers of state, and the principal officers of the palace. The sultan told him so, in a tone of displeasure; but the pious man, without appearing more astonished at his mistake than at the anger of the monarch, having again bowed with respect, answered, "Remember, O Prince, this precept of Zoroaster: 'The man that acts without discernment may be compared to the brute, and will never find a place in the region of light.' Deign to hear me, and see if I am this man that Zoroaster condemns. I was told to come into your palace to examine and cure insane people. I came, and the first person that presents himself to me is that old gentleman who occupies at this time a place behind your throne. Bent down by age and infirmities, his trembling hand can hardly sustain the sword with which he is armed for your defence. The knell for his retirement sounded about twenty years ago. Possessor of a large fortune, of a delightful palace on the banks of the Euphrates, he might there have found repose, the only comfort in old age, and have left to his son the honourable office which he holds without being capable of discharging its duties. Yet of his own will he sacrifices his tastes, his requirements, the interest of his prince, and public esteem, to some miserable considerations dictated by vanity and the empty appearances of a credit that he does not possess. I call this man insane, and I do not hesitate to confirm my previous decision.

"That man," continued the fakir, pointing to a person whose pale complexion and feeble sight indicated severe study, "I know is one of the most learned in your dominion. Immense knowledge of the physical sciences are for him the result of thirty years of hard work. He receives a thousand purses annually from your generosity, in order to apply the fruit of his study to useful purposes. Perhaps you think, great sultan, that he seeks, by the application of new chemical processes, the means of making prosperous your manufactures; by the study of anatomy and by botany and other sciences to make discoveries applicable to the art of healing; and by astronomy, methods for regulating nautical calculations in order to improve navigation and your navy. No, his labours have a very different purpose. He occupies himself in studies which have no practical bearing on human life, but which tend to increase his own reputation among other men of science. He will tell you of what metal was made the sheath of the sword worn by the conqueror Alexander; what animals inhabited the Isle of Taproban before the Deluge; how many tons of salt water the ocean contains, and many other things more curious than useful. Now, sire, it is for you to judge if I have been wrong by ranking as a fool a man who makes such a use of his time, of his genius, and of your favours.

"What must I say of that man who tells me he is your pipe-bearer, O great king—he who thinks himself a person of the highest importance in your kingdom, because his family has enjoyed during four centuries the honourable privilege of lighting your pipes? He has been telling me only of the request which he is incessantly making you—that of taking rank at your court and in public before the generals who command your armies, and before the first judges and magistrates and the ministers of justice. The chief thought in his soul is about rank and precedence, which wise men count of poor worth.

"As to the chief magician, who has entertained me so much about his table, his horses, and intrigues at court, in the midst of which he sustains himself by force of compliance and assurance, it is only on account of the office with which he is invested that I class him in the number of fools: he is the only one that I do not undertake to cure: the seat of his malady is in the heart, and I know no remedy for it."

Nouschirvan was highly amused both with the wit of the fakir and the discomfiture of his courtiers, but did not think proper to press any further for the justification of the fakir. He had listened to him with much attention, and, far from being offended

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at an ingenious satire of which he perceived the truth, he resolved to retain and raise him to the honours of which he was worthy. The fakir, full of gratitude, did not accept the favours of the monarch, saying that, if he lived at court, he feared he might become a fool himself. So he took his leave, addressing the monarch, when quitting him, as the wisest of men and the greatest king of the age.

History has confirmed this decision, in support of which may be cited the authentic testimony about this prince, which the Abbé Fourment has translated from a Turkish manuscript. The following words were the last that Nouschirvan addressed to his son Hormizdas: "My son, you are going very soon to reign. Do you wish to be worthy of the throne that I leave you? Then do justice, repress violence, help the worthy, love literature, protect science, listen to the aged, keep employed the young, and judge of men's merit only by what you yourself see. If you observe strictly this rule, Heaven will favour you; your enemies will fear you; your friends will be faithful to you; you will become the benefactor of your subjects, and they will be the cause of your joy. Serving the great God in your station during life, you will receive hereafter the reward promised to the faithful."

Varieties.

Munificent Bequest to the Blind.—The will of Mr. Henry Gardner, late of 1, Westbourne Terrace, Hyde Park, who died January 9th, was recently proved, the personal estate being sworn under £600,000. The testator has bequeathed £10,000, free of legacy duty, to the School for Indigent Blind, St. George's Fields; £10,000 to the Association for Promoting the General Welfare of the Blind, 125, Euston Road; and £10,000 to the London Society for Teaching the Blind to Read, Upper Avenue Road, Regent's Park. A sum of £300,000, free of legacy duty, is directed to be set apart and to be applied for the benefit of blind persons in England and Wales, and the executors and executrix, together with the Bishop of London, are appointed a committee for its management.—*City Press.*

Classic Rules in Art.—He would remind them of three great rules, so to speak, which were familiar to Greek artists of old, and which even an English audience devoted to modern science and art might perhaps do well to lay to heart. First, that the highest and chief law was the production of beauty. It was so strongly felt by the Greek mind, that in many of their actual studies and Utopias they laid down the principle that no sights of deformity or unseemliness were to be exhibited to their population. For instance, when it was necessary to represent pain in sculpture or painting, the Greek artist endeavoured, as far as he could, to veil the sight in its offensive form. When death was introduced, it was rarely introduced in the manifest and rather coarse form with which we in these days were familiar with it. It was generally symbolic. It was sometimes represented by a serpent creeping out of a jar, sometimes by a broken column, and sometimes by the figure of a man departing on a journey. That was the first law which, as he took it, ruled the mind of the Greek artist. The second law, no doubt, was one worthy of inculcating upon a modern audience. It was that the combination of that which was beautiful and that which was useful was perfectly practicable and possible. The great Latin philosopher Cicero devoted a chapter in one of his most famous books to this subject. He not only laid down this rule in the broadest terms, but he instanced it and illustrated it first of all from nature. He pointed to the tree, with its stem, boughs, and leaves, and argued how in each of these cases the purpose of utility and the charm of beauty were absolutely united. He took, again, the case of a ship, with its masts and spars, as well as the perfect symmetry of her lines, and deduced from it that same combination of beauty and utility. He was afraid that had Cicero live in our day he would hardly have drawn the same conclusion from our ironclads and turret-ships; for, however serviceable they might be in war, for upholding the dignity and honour of the country, they could hardly be said to conduce to the purpose of the lines of beauty. The third rule, and not the least important to his mind, was this: that in art, as in other studies, they could not attempt to dispense with the necessity of study and laborious work. This was true in all times. It was recognised by the ancients, and it had been enunciated over and over again by the greatest of moderns. The education of the ancient Greek sculptor was one of a most laborious and painstaking kind. He was required to study geometry; there were mathematical canons laid down for him, and scientific treatises that he was required to master, and he (Lord Carnarvon) apprehended that he was obliged to work as hard as a pupil in the hardest scientific class that could be found in any country in Europe.—*Earl of Carnarvon.*

Heart of Midlothian.—An English Chartist orator, addressing a meeting of working men on the Calton Hill, Edinburgh, commenced his speech grandiloquently thus: "Men of the Heart of Midlothian!" He was interrupted by roars of laughter and peals of ironical cheering, which only ceased when some friendly native explained his blunder. No doubt he meant the appellation as a compliment, but he might as well have addressed his audience as gaol-birds! The same astounding blunder was lately committed by a member of the present Ministry, who, oblivious of the fact that the term meant the ancient prison of Edinburgh, said, in reference to Mr. Gladstone's candidature for the Scottish metropolitan county: "There is a gentleman who is wooing the 'Heart of Midlothian' (laughter), but whether he will succeed in carrying away the 'Heart of Midlothian' is a matter on which I venture to entertain a doubt." Sir Walter Scott's tales are not so much read as they once were.

Opium Traffic with China.—The facts connected with the opium trade have been briefly summarised thus:—

1. The British Indian Government, by the growth and manufacture of opium, has assumed the position of a vast trading company, and has entered into the arena of commercial speculation with all the eagerness and anxiety of ordinary traders.

2. All the profits of this trade in opium go to enrich the Indian Treasury, and the prospects of British trade are injured to the extent of the amount spent by the Chinese on the Indian drug.

3. Hence it follows that the British Indian Government is enriching itself at the expense, at first, of course, of the Chinese, but actually of British manufacturers, and, therefore, ultimately of Great Britain itself.

4. This opium trade is further injurious to British trade, and prevents the growth of a legitimate commerce with China, by identifying the prejudice of the Chinese against us, and thus strengthens them in their opposition to all Western improvements, and to a more liberal intercourse with Western nations.

So much for the commercial side of this question; next as regards the moral aspect of the opium trade, which is far darker even than the former. There is abundant evidence to sustain the following points:—

1. That from the earliest years of our intercourse with China the Chinese Government has uniformly protested against and opposed the introduction of opium to their country.

2. That while the British Government originally acknowledged opium to be a contraband article of trade with China, and warned persons dealing in it that any loss incurred in consequence of the interference of the Chinese must be borne by the parties who had brought that loss on themselves, yet it nevertheless undertook a war with China mainly for the purpose of defending the interests of those engaged in this (at that time) unlawful and contraband trade.

3. That our Government has compelled the Chinese, by the force of our superior arms (against the earnest and repeated protests of the highest officials in the Empire), to admit opium as an article of commerce subject to special import dues, and that we have repeatedly prevented the Chinese from imposing heavy restrictive import dues on opium, a measure which has been anxiously desired by Chinese statesmen in order that they might then be at liberty to deal with the habit of smoking opium, which is rapidly spreading among the people. That therefore we have most unlawfully interfered with the internal economy of this vast though inferior country.

4. That the opium trade has not merely been a barrier in the way of an extended commercial intercourse, but forms one of the greatest obstacles to missionary success.

If the above be a correct summary of the facts connected with the opium trade, it follows that both commercially and morally it is utterly indefensible.

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THE LEISURE HOUR.

BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,
AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND.—*Cowper.*

AT MONACO.

"WAIT A YEAR."

CHAPTER XXXI.

"ARE you not well, Mr. Moreton?" asked Mrs. Buxton, kindly, as the young man sat down to dinner, struck by the unusual pallor of his countenance, and a strange hard look in his eye.

"I think he must be, for he has been cross nearly all day," answered Willie, hardily, for which remark he received a reproof from his mother, and a good-natured smile from his tutor, who said he was very well, with the exception of a slight headache.

"You will be at home this evening, I hope," observed Mrs. Buxton, as she rose from table. "I have a few friends coming to see me."

Edward excused himself, and Mrs. Buxton said no more. She was not accustomed to see much of him except at mealtimes, and knew that he was often asked out.

As Mrs. Buxton kept rather early hours on Willie's

No. 1429.—MAY 17, 1879.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

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account, Edward was at the station in very good time for the last train to Monte Carlo. It is a significant fact that the inhabitants of the Principality of Monaco and those of the department of the Alpes Maritimes are forbidden access to the gaming-tables, except those who are members of the principal clubs at Nice, or "Cercles," as they are more generally called. Of course the prohibition is often evaded, no one who has anything to lose finding any difficulty in overcoming the superficial obstacles placed in the way.

As Edward found himself among the motley throng waiting to take tickets, his vacillation was over, and his remorseful feelings had given place to a nervous eagerness, that, for a time, stifled every other sentiment. He saw no one he knew, and was glad of it, wishing to have the undisturbed use of his time, and took his seat in the carriage, longing for the chances which were to whitewash and make a new man of him.

Two persons were in the same compartment, but Edward was at first too absorbed in his own thoughts to take any notice of them. It was not until the short journey was nearly over that his attention was drawn towards them, and then it became riveted by the first remark that fell upon his ear.

"By pursuing my system I must eventually gain; there is no mistake about it. With me it is only a question of being able to hold out long enough," said the elder of the two men, insisting upon the truth of his statement in spite of the incredulity of his companion, who repeated what Edward had often heard, that the chances were always against the player.

The energetic speaker, sitting immediately under the lamp, was a man of uncertain age, with white hair, keen black eyes, painfully restless, and a long thin face, lined and marred with vexing or anxious thoughts. His dress looked old, his linen soiled and rumpled, his hat worn and shabby, his whole appearance indicated neglect and poverty, and yet some traces of the gentleman remained in his polished accent and manner of speaking. In his infatuated perseverance, his persistent belief in himself, and the nervous twitching movements of his hands, Edward might have recognised one of the most pitiable spectacles of humanity, the confirmed, deluded gamester—one whom no warning could deter, no misery cure. But the young man took another view: he regarded him as his superior in wisdom, and gathered courage from his opinions.

Except the scramble for places on returning, nothing can equal that which occurs on the arrival of the train at Monaco and Monte Carlo at this late hour. Rapidly the carriages disgorge their numerous occupiers, so rapidly these last disappear. The platform thronged one minute is deserted the next; all disappear as if by magic, swallowed up immediately by the cabs, omnibuses, and other vehicles waiting outside the station.

Edward, who now condescended to the useless parsimony of saving every penny, preferred walking, and thus lost sight of his late companions. On entering the Casino they were not easily distinguished in the crowd, and Edward soon forgot them, though he remembered only too well the old man's lesson, that perseverance must eventually be crowned with success, an inverted axiom as applied to evil courses, which sooner or later will find their due reward.

No scene could be gayer in one sense than that on which he entered; gay to the eye, though sad enough to the heart, was this brilliantly lighted room. Over the smooth *parquet*, women, handsomely attired, when not otherwise engaged, floated their long trains, and smiled and simpered as they would have done in a ballroom; and men, lounging on the ottomans around, waiting for a favourable moment to play, dropped a few idle words into the ears of their fair companions. Old men, with more than one foot in the grave, endeavoured to shuffle into their accustomed places, or remained behind the seated players, trying their chances with delirious eagerness. Some stood aloof, thinking and calculating, with the brand of unholy greed upon their brow. Women, young and old, dead to the gentle attributes of their sex, sat gloating over their gains, or gazing eagerly at the *roulette* wheel.

Resolute on his own course, and heedless of all the by-play going on, Edward took his place at one of the *roulette* tables, changed the fatal note, and began his work. Could Mona have seen him then, she would have scarcely recognised her brother.

Though too intent upon his game to notice others, some one recognised him. A gentle hand was unexpectedly laid upon his arm, and, turning impatiently at the interruption, Edward was accosted by a young woman with whom he had a slight acquaintance, from having met her before in similar circumstances. In the absence of her husband, she had been induced by a friend to visit Monaco merely to hear the music and see the garden. Like many others, they had gone further. In thoughtless amusement they had put down a piece of money and—gained. The elder lady went home, and wisely never returned; not so the younger. Seized with a love of play, she came again and again, afflicted with the infatuated hope that leads so many to ruin. This evening she lost all she had, even to the last jewel, her wedding-ring, which she had pawned close by, so great are the facilities given to sin in this pandemonium of iniquity. Perceiving Edward, she entreated him to lend her a trifle to try again. Refusing at first, he afterwards showed some signs of relenting as the lady begged hard for one chance more, which might enable her to face her husband upon his return. Wiser for her than for himself, he had more fear than hope, and was unwilling to throw anything away on a case so desperate, but ultimately yielded to her request, his reason so stultified and perverted as to suffer him to entertain a hope that the sacrifice he made on her behalf might prove a benefit to himself and bring him good luck. So he gave her a napoleon, telling her at the same time that it was all he could do, his own condition being almost as desperate as her own.

Spell-bound, he stood still to watch the movements of the wretched woman as, after clutching the money, she left him with a ray of joy upon her wasted countenance. Procuring change from the croupier, she gave herself two chances. In less than a minute the first was gone; the second soon followed, and the poor creature turned away with a choking sob, unheeded, such occurrences being too common to touch the hearts of those engaged in a game so desperate. Edward saw her distress, and trembled for himself. The "good luck" looked for upon his charity had not come to her; would it come to him? Should a like result attend his ventures, where would he be? But he had several chances, and—the hardening process had begun—no one knew that the note had passed into his possession. Were it lost he would only be where he was before.

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With teeth set, and haggard, anxious eyes, he witnessed the failure of his first three attempts, but the fourth, fifth, and sixth were successful. Perceiving that he was winning, he doubled his stakes, and won again. His breath came short and thick from excitement. Clearly, he was in luck, as the phraseology goes; if the vein continued he was a saved man, rescued from debt and shame, and fully determined never to fall into the same trouble again. If his hand shook when he laid down his gold pieces, it trembled more as he gathered them up. The agitation attending his winning was so great that he could neither restrain nor conceal it, though the actors in these painful scenes are generally too absorbed to remark their neighbours.

Edward played on, and with uninterrupted success. His heart throbbed with joy. In pocketing his gains one piece fell from his nervous fingers and rolled along the floor. Stepping aside to pick it up, on returning to the table he perceived that a group of spectators were watching a gentleman with great interest. He appeared to be playing a desperate game, with an impassibility that Edward could not understand. Though his face was pale, and his eye immovably fixed upon the board, his hand was perfectly steady. He was losing when Edward noticed him, staking high notes one after the other, and saw them swept away by the indefatigable rake of the croupier with Spartan firmness. Not a sign of regret or emotion could be traced on his marble features.

With a passing thought of envy at such self-possession, Edward resumed his play. And now his luck forsook him, napoleon after napoleon disappeared, until his pockets were so empty that he felt obliged to return to small stakes. Fortune favoured him once more; the five-franc pieces began to win again several times in succession; the good vein had been reopened. Aware that, though winning, his gains were too small to meet his present needs, and that the time was short, he changed his play. With desperate courage he ventured all he had except one piece, and lost! And now for the last chance. He laid it down with a failing heart; had he dared, he would have prayed for success. A sharp sob, like a wail of anguish, burst from his aching heart as the croupier gathered in the last piece he possessed, and Edward turned to depart just as a pistol-shot from without echoed through the room.

Hurrying forward, he was just in time to see the wretched victim he had recently regarded almost with envy lie prostrate on the marble steps outside. He had ventured and lost all—ALL in his case, body and soul.

For some moments Edward stood still, petrified with horror, more dead than alive, vacantly watching the business-like way in which the corpse was treated. Help seemed to spring out of the ground. Men whom he had lately seen near the tables, apparently idle spectators, were there immediately giving directions, and one thrust a small packet into the pocket of the deceased. Quickly the body was conveyed away from the blazing gaslight into darkness. As the bearers tramped down the steps with their burden, Edward followed mechanically, not knowing whither he was going, nor why he moved at all. A white object lay on the ground where the bearers had passed; he picked it up, and perceived that it consisted of three notes of a hundred francs each. He knew at once what it was—the roll put into the pocket of the dead man to deceive the public into the belief that the suicide was not the result of irretrievably ruined finances. He had heard that such things were done, but scarcely thought it could be true.

He had only time to ascertain what the parcel contained, when he was accosted by a man whom he recognised as having seen hovering about the tables that evening, although he seemed purposely to avoid the glare of the lamps.

"I beg your pardon, but those notes are not yours," he said, holding out his hand. Edward immediately gave up the money, considerably relieved at getting rid of it, whether to the rightful owner or to a stranger like himself he neither knew nor cared. Another act of dishonesty he could not contemplate; his whole soul revolted at the thought. On receiving the money the stranger ascended the steps and disappeared, while Edward, avoiding the small group following the body of the dead man, stepped into the shadow which the gaslights did not disturb.

What was he to do next?

The Hôtel de Paris, which offers every accommodation to the successful gambler, was no place for him, nor had he the self-possession to present himself anywhere. Degraded and dishonoured, he felt unworthy to mix with his fellows. All his blind reasoning and false excuses appeared in their true light. There was no more self-deception. The arm of the law could reach him, and he might be punished as a common felon. How false, how foolish, how utterly contemptible the ignoble arguments that had led him on to irretrievable ruin! How perverse to suppose that wrong-doing could set wrong-doing right! And what was now before him? The first time Mrs. Buxton opened her cash-box she would miss the note and make inquiries about it. Low as he had fallen, he could not tell a direct lie; and if he tried, his countenance would betray him. But, unhappily, the note did not represent all his delinquencies. Money entrusted to him to pay his pupil's tailor's bills and other expenses had found its way to Monaco. What was he to do? he asked himself, as he walked away from the scene of his crowning trouble. Many were hurrying down the short road leading from the Casino to the station, eager to catch the returning train. He envied the light footsteps and ringing voices of some who went by laughing. Either they were winners, indifferent to their small losses, or had come scathless out of the fight. A few cabs rattled down the carriage road; one man, running fast down the steep decline, passed him, calling to him to hasten, or he would be too late.

"Too late!" repeated Edward, bitterly. "Yes, it was too late, too late for everything, even for repentance!"

Too late! and What might have been! are the scorpions that chastise many a heart-broken child of Adam. They were now doing their work upon Edward by sinking him into utter despair.

The train having started before he came within reach of the station, he was glad to have his movements decided for him, and to have lost his opportunity of returning to Nice that night. Without any definite aim he turned his steps towards the sea-shore where the water lay dark and tranquil.

Around the palace-crowned height and under the old town walls the shadows lay thick. Shuddering at his own thoughts he strolled on, and slowly ascended the road leading to the summit.

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An omnibus passed him with its freight from below, as well as two or three pedestrians, bound to the same place, *habitués* of the gaming-table, judging from a few words overheard as they passed.

Edward wondered if they had gained or lost, and wondered, also, why his lot was so hard that he could not bear it. Leaving the principal road for the shorter and steeper ascent, mechanically—for what mattered to him a few steps more or less of toil when the rest of life must be a burden?—he dragged himself up the ascent, and passing under the dark gateways, those gloomy reminders of feudal times, came upon the large platform. The palace was in shadow, all was still as the silent guns that pretended to guard it; but a few lights glimmered in the hotel opposite. The benches scattered about whereon the loiterers delight to rest in the daytime were deserted. Going farther he leaned over the parapet. A narrow strip of ground covered with plants, among which the red petals of the geranium were perceptible when the soft white rays of the moon fell upon them, intervened between him and the sea. He strolled on, overborne by his thoughts. It was difficult to realise now how that green board could have had allurement sufficient to override all other considerations. Every one said that the chances were against the player, and yet he had hoped to win.

"Fool! Idiot! Madman!" he exclaimed, striking his head with his clenched fist, while hot tears of unspeakable misery rolled down his cheeks. He thought of the grieving wife afraid to meet her husband, but what was her sorrow to his? She had at least a name to shelter her, and could not be cast off to utter ruin as he was. For what plans could he possibly make for the future—how shape his course, how walk again with head erect? Day by day, and night by night he must feel the stings of remorse, every morning as it dawned, every evening as it closed, always, henceforth, he must feel himself unfit to associate with honest men and women. No power that ever existed, no might of hand, no subtlety of mind, could efface the act that was crushing him with shame. For him the blessedness of life was gone for ever, its sunshine was overclouded, the shadow of crime would follow him all his days. How he hated the day when he was tempted to lay down his first piece of money in those haunts of vice and degradation, the day he ever visited that spot, regarding its fascinating loveliness as an earthly paradise—alas! a paradise that led to perdition! Life's fairest things are brief and transitory, not so sin, and the penalty it brings with it. A little weak yielding here, a trifling deviation from right there, the silencing of the still small voice because we do not like its tone, and the result—often a bruised spirit and a broken existence. Edward felt the more wretched because no sympathy could soothe his mind. Mona might grieve with him and for him, but she could only do so in part. She could not enter into his self-abasement, could not feel the bitterness of self-loathing and conscious guilt. Oh, for one moment of the past to be recalled—that in which he placed the note in his pocket instead of restoring it to Mrs. Buxton! He could have sobbed aloud to think of what he had been, and what he now was. And ever and again came the unanswered question, How was it to end—what was to become of him? Raising his eyes he saw before him across the mimic bay, formed by one of the numerous indentations of the coast, the small cemetery of the place. The dark forms of a few cypress-trees stood in front like guardians of the tombs, and the white monuments glistened in the moonlight. Each one enclosed a human history. Were any as sad and sinful as his own? He heard steps behind him, and turning saw two figures walking up and down in conversation. They had come from the hotel which must then still be open although the night was advanced. The lights at the Casino were out, only the lamps along the road were burning. The two men walking about brought his thoughts to something practical, he must have a lodging for the night, afterwards he would decide what to do. Perhaps there might yet be room for repentance—he might confess his sin and be forgiven, or get Mona to do it for him. It is true his future life was blighted, but was there no nook where he might be concealed or no work he could do, however low in the social scale, by which he might prove his penitence?

On presenting himself at the hotel, his gentleman-like appearance secured him a good reception, although he had the disadvantage of not being accompanied by baggage. There was some hesitation about his room.

"For one night only, or for several?" asked the director.

"For one," Edward answered at random.

"Then conduct the gentleman to number four."

The young man soon found himself introduced into a comfortable apartment, which he accepted without comment, too absorbed at the moment to remember that he was adding to expenses already sufficiently accumulated.

FLOWERS AND THEIR FOLK-LORE.

BY THE REV. T. THISELTON DYER, M.A., AUTHOR OF "ENGLISH FOLK-LORE."

THE clover is one of the plants that lays claim to be the shamrock of St. Patrick. This, however, is by no means a settled point, as the plant that has been for many rears recognised in Ireland as the true shamrock is the black nonsuch (*Medicago lupulina*). Some writers advocate the claims of the wood-sorrel to this honour, while Mr. J. Hardy, in the "Border Magazine," has shown that the plant intended by the writers in Queen Elizabeth's reign was the watercress. Reverting, however, to the clover; it has always been much used in divination, not only in this country but abroad. Thus, in Bohemia,* if a maiden manages to put into the shoe of her lover without his knowledge a piece of clover when he is going on any journey, he will be safe to return to her. In the Tyrol the lover puts it under his pillow, to dream of his beloved. In the vicinity of Attenburg there is a superstition that if a farmer takes home with him a handful of clover from the four corners of his neighbour's field, it will go well with his cattle during the year. In Scotland a particular virtue is supposed to

* "Fraser's Magazine," December, 1870, p. 717.

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rest with the possessor of a piece of four-bladed clover, of knowing when any one is practising witchcraft on him. In the Tyrol it is said that on Christmas-eve any one who has this charm may see witches. It must be remembered that the wonderful powers of four-leaved clover are said to arise from its cross-like form. A piece of clover with only two leaves, or "a clover of two," as it is called, is used in Cambridgeshire by young people who desire to know to whom they are to be wedded—

"A clover, a clover of two ;
Put it in your right shoe.
The first young man (woman) you meet,
In field, street, or lane,
You'll get him (her) or one of his (her) name."

In floral language clover is symbolical of fertility. In Buenos Ayres it grows to such a height that "men and cattle cannot see each other while passing through a plain covered with its flowers." Clover contracts its leaves at the approach of a storm, and, according to an old writer, "against stormy and tempestuous weather will seem rough, and the leaves of it stare and rise up, as if it were afraid of an assault." An old Welsh proverb says:—

"Three things let no one trust such as shall dislike them,—
The scent of trefoils, the taste of milk, and the song of birds."

One of the prettiest flowers that grows in our woods is the wood-sorrel. Its delicate little white flowers, with their delicate purplish veins, are called by the Welsh "fairy bells," and are believed to ring the merry peals which call the elves to "moonlight dance and revelry."* It was generally called in this country Hallelujah, because it blossomed between Easter and Whitsuntide, the season at which the Psalms were sung which end with that word, namely, from the 113th to the 117th inclusive.† It bears the same name in German, French, Italian, and Spanish. It has various other nicknames, such as cuckoo's bread, gowk meat, hearts (from the shape of the leaflet), and wood-sower. This plant abounds in acid juice, and the salt prepared from it under the name of "Salt of sorrel," is used to remove iron-moulds from linen.

The daffodil is another plant that is always in much request. It was the favourite flower of our ancestors, and of all English poets, from the time of Shakespeare to the present day. Most readers are, no doubt, acquainted with Keats's well-known and charming lines:—

"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever,
Its loveliness increases, it will never
Pass into nothingness. . . .
. . . In spite of all
Some shape of beauty moves away the pall
From our dark spirits. Such the sun, the moon,
Trees old and young, sprouting a shady boon
For simple sheep ; and such are daffodils
With the green world they live in."

It is known under the various names of narcissus, daffodowndilly, and jonquil. In Cornwall it is called the Lent lily, and in some places it goes by the name of the crow-bell. It derives its name of narcissus from being supposed to be the same as the plant mentioned by the Greeks and Romans. The narcissus was dedicated to the fairies, who stupefied their victims ; hence Sophocles, in his "Œdipus at Colonos," calls these flowers "garlands of the infernal gods." Ovid represents this plant as having been named after a youth who pined away because he fell in love with his own image reflected in a pool of water—an instance, as Dr. Prior remarks, of a legend written to a name, for we know how Proserpine was gathering narcissi long before that youth was born. The term jonquil comes corrupted through the French from "juncifolius," or rush-leaf, and daffodil is probably nothing more than the old English name "affodile," which signifies, "that which cometh early." Daffadowndilly is regarded by Dr. Prior as a corruption of saffron lily. The daffodil is not without its superstitions. Thus, in many places, it is considered unlucky to bring in the first daffodil of the year. The following is from the "Western Times":—"My friend had been out for a walk in a meadow near the Teign; along the banks the daffodils were very abundant, one of which he picked, and on his arrival home he placed it on the table. Soon after, a servant came into the room and saw the flower, when she at once exclaimed, 'Who brought in this daffodil? We shall have no luck this year.'" The following couplet connects the daffodil with Lady-day:—

"Then comes the daffodil beside
Our ladies' smock at our lady tide."

The tulip, which is much grown for its brilliant colours, was brought from the Levant to Augsburg by Conrad Gesner in the year 1559. The French formerly called it tulipan, from the Persian *thoulyban*, the word in Persian for turban. About two hundred years ago a great tulip mania prevailed in Holland, and at that time the tulip fetched enormous prices. A bulb connoisseur to procure one root of the "Semper Augustus," which was considered most choice, offered as much as 4,600 florins, with a beautiful carriage, horses, and equipments. On the banks of the Bosphorus, says Miss Pirie, the tulip is "the emblem of inconstancy, but in the general floral language it is the symbol of most violent love. A species of tulip adorns the fields of Byzantium; it has crimson petals and a golden heart. The petals are compared to fire, and the yellow heart to brimstone, and when presented by an admiring swain to his lady-love, it is supposed to declare that such is the effect of her beauty, that if he sees her only for a moment, his face will be as fire, and his heart reduced to a coal."

Perhaps one of the most beautiful sights in early springtime is the wild hyacinth, when its lovely blue flowers clothe, as with a mantle, our fields and woods, and shed abroad that sweet and delicate scent which no hand of man can imitate. Truly did Elliott sing of this lovely flower—

"Shade-loving hyacinth! thou comest again,
And thy rich odours seem to swell the flow
Of the lark's song, the redbreast's lonely strain,
And the stream's tune—best sung where wild flowers blow,
And ever sweetest where the sweetest grow."

It is sometimes called the harebell, or bluebell, but it must be remembered that this plant is quite distinct from the *Campanula rotundifolia*, the true blue-

* Mrs. Lankester's "Wild Flowers," p. 47.
† Prior's "Popular Names of British Plants," p. 100.

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bell of Scotland. Our hyacinth is not the true hyacinth of the Greeks, for that is supposed to have been a species of lily, which, according to legend, sprung from the blood of the beautiful boy Hyacinthus, whom Apollo unfortunately killed. Schubert, speaking of the border of the Lake of Gennesaret, tells us that whoever desires views really extensive and beautiful, and lilies, tulips, and hyacinths, must, in the spring season, visit this district. The harebell of Shakespeare, says Mr. Ellacombe,* is undoubtedly the wild hyacinth—

> "Thou shalt not lack
> The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose, nor
> The azured harebell, like thy veins."
> (*Cymbeline*, Act iv. sc. 2.)

The common purple iris which adorns our gardens is the fleur-de-luce, a corruption of fleur de Louis. It is now generally spelt either fleur-de-lys or fleur-de-lis. It derives its name from Louis VII, king of France, who chose this flower as his heraldic emblem when setting forth on his crusade to the Holy Land. It had already been used by the other French kings, and by the Emperors of Constantinople, but it is still a matter of dispute among antiquarians as to what it was originally intended to represent. Some say a flower, some a toad, some a halbert-head.† Some doubt, too, exists as to what plant is referred to by Shakespeare when he alludes to the flower-de-luce. Thus in Second Henry VI. (Act v. sc. 1) he says—

> "A sceptre will I have, have I a soul,
> On which I'll toss the flower-de-luce of France."

Some think the lily is meant, others the iris. Chaucer seems to connect it with the lily—

> "Her neck was white as the flour-de-lis."

The fleur-de-lis was not in former times confined to royalty as a badge. Thus in the Square of La Pucelle, in Rouen, there is a statue of Jeanne d'Arc with fleur-de-lys sculptured upon it, and an inscription as follows:

> "The maiden's sword protects the royal crown;
> Beneath the maiden's sword the lilies safely blow."

St. Louis conferred upon the Chateaubriands the device of a fleur-de-lis, and the motto, "Mon sang teint les bannierès de France." When Edward III claimed the crown of France, in the year 1340, he quartered the lions of England with the ancient shield of France. It disappeared, however, from the English shield in the first year of the present century. A common English name for the iris is the "Roast-beef plant," because its leaves, when bruised, yield a very disagreeable smell, which some curiously have compared to roast beef. The iris is supposed to have been named after Juno's attendant, because its colours are not unlike those bestowed on the messenger of that goddess by poets and mythological writers. Iris is generally represented as descending from a rainbow. Thus Virgil says:

> "Iris on saffron wings arrayed with dew
> Of various colours, through the sunbeams flew."

* "Plant Lore," p. 83.
† See "Notes and Queries," 29th March, 1856.

Before leaving our notice of this interesting plant, we would mention that in ancient times it was considered sacred to the Virgin Mary, as illustrated in the following old legend: A certain knight, who was not gifted with a very good memory, could never retain in his mind more than two words of a prayer to the Virgin Mary, which were *Ave Maria*. These, both night and day, he was continually uttering, until at last he died, and was buried in the chapel-yard of the convent. As a proof of the good intention of his prayer a plant of fleur-de-lis sprang up on his grave, displaying on every flower in golden letters the words *Ave Maria*. The monks, moved with curiosity at this strange sight, determined to open his grave, and there, much to their astonishment, they found the root of the plant resting on the lips of the dead knight, as his body lay mouldering in the dust.

The lady's smock is so-called from the resemblance of its white flowers to little smocks hung out to dry. Shakespeare, in his "Love's Labour Lost" (Act v. sc. 2), says:—

> "When daisies pied and violets blue,
> And lady's smocks all silver white,
> And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,
> Do paint the meadows with delight;
> When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
> And maidens bleach their summer smocks.'

According to another explanation, the lady-smock is a corruption of "Our Lady's smock," so called from its first flowering about Lady-tide. This plant has also been called cuckoo-flower, because, as Gerarde says, it "flowers in April and May, when the cuckoo doth begin to sing her pleasant notes without stammering."

HANSTEEN'S TRAVELS IN SIBERIA.

V.—RESIDENCE AT IRKUTSK.

I INTENDED to proceed by the Angara and the Jenisei as far as Turuchansk, in order to extend magnetic observations as far as possible towards the north; but these rivers not being navigable before the end of May, I was obliged to remain four months at Irkutsk, whilst Due, my companion, made an excursion along the Lena as far as Jakutsk and Vilnisk. During this period I was overwhelmed with kindness by the Governor-General Lavinsky, and also by the Mouravieff family. I told them that I should regard Irkutsk as my second home, and that their amiability would so spoil me that I should feel quite solitary and abandoned during the remainder of my journey.

On the road between Krasnoiarsk and Irkutsk we had met General Lavinsky, with his daughter Eliza. He was on a tour of inspection, and on our return from the Chinese frontier we found him at Irkutsk. He was a handsome, intellectual man, about forty years old, and had gained a reputation for the strictest probity in all his dealings. He was a large landed proprietor at Simphéropol, in the Crimea, and, as a public functionary, had displayed rare disinterestedness, which had gained him general esteem. He was liked, too, for his cordiality, a quality not very common among Russian officials. He received me with great urbanity, and said there would always

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be a place for me at his table. The dinner was ready every day at twelve o'clock, but this hour accorded but ill with the scientific observations I wished to make; therefore I seldom took advantage of his hospitality; and he complained of this to Mouravieff, to whose house I more frequently repaired. Every opportunity of showing me kindness was taken advantage of by the good general. He made me a present of two "glaskaraflers" (beer-glasses), bearing the inscription, "A memento of Telma" (a glass manufactory he had himself established at that village, which is only one day's journey from Irkutsk); also a chest, formed of the Siberian plane-tree, which contained twelve divisions, filled with polished agates, amethysts, beryls, white topazes; and a collection of Chinese dried fruits, a present from his daughter to my wife.

Colonel Alexander Mouravieff, of the Russian Guards, had already taken part in several engagements against Napoleon before reaching his twenty-sixth year, and was rewarded by the emperor with the gift of a dress-sword, with a gold hilt, bearing the inscription "Sa charbrosti" (for valour), and various orders of merit. Having traversed a great part of France and Germany during his campaigns, he obtained an insight into the political organisation of European states, and, possessed of an enthusiastic character, had imbibed with avidity the idea of constitutional reforms. On his return to St. Petersburg many young men of high family assembled round the young enthusiast. A society was formed, which increased daily, and included some of the highest aristocracy. When they met they discussed the constitution of states, but no plan to realise opinions so new to their country was proposed. Mouravieff did not fail to see clearly that Russia was not yet in a condition for such views to be carried out, and, dissatisfied with the turn affairs were taking, he sent them in his resignation, advising the other members to dissolve an association which could only lead to their misery, and that of their country, if they should endeavour to put their theories into execution. He then retired to his property at Botovo, near Moscow, where he lived tranquilly, ameliorating the condition of his peasants. He married the Princess Praskovia Shakovskoi, daughter of the Knäs or Prince Shakovskoi, whose ancestors had formerly possessed three principalities, Novgorod, Vladimi, and a third, the name of which I do not remember, but of which the family bear the arms on their escutcheon. Mouravieff lived a long time as a private gentleman, contented with his lot, occupied in serious studies, especially with natural sciences, and in such complete retirement from the world that a friend who came to see him wandered round and round his house without being able to find the entrance, the grass having so overgrown the path which led up to it. At length, perceiving Mouravieff in the garden, he called out, "Pray inform me how I can get into this house? I cannot find the entrance."

After the death of the Emperor Alexander, his brother, Nicholas, ascended the throne, when an insurrection broke out, at the head of which was the society just mentioned, demanding a constitution. The emperor subdued the revolt by arresting its principal promoters; several were condemned to death; others were exiled to the mines of Nertschinsk; some, who were less compromised, were banished, but without the aggravation of hard labour and chains, to the more or less desert parts of Siberia, such as Beresov, situated on the Obi; Jeniseisk, near the Jenisei; and Vilnisk, near the Lena. Some of the noblest families of Russia were profoundly afflicted—fathers, husbands, sons, went forth to people Siberia. Apostol Mouravieff, the cousin of my host, was hanged; one of his brothers was met by M. Due at Vilnisk, a little village of Jakutes, in a wild district, where he lived the life of a hermit in a "yourte," which is scarcely better than the hut of a Finn or a Laplander. Later we met him at Bukhtarminsk, a place of exile more to the south, a small Russian village on the frontiers of China.

Some of Colonel Mouravieff's friends had advised his taking flight immediately all this occurred; but not having kept up any communication with the society for the last eight years, he relied on his perfect innocence of all intrigues. However, one morning, at seven o'clock, a chasseur arrived from St. Petersburg, and placed him in his "kibitska" to conduct him to the capital, without even permitting him to take leave of his wife. Arrived in the citadel of St. Petersburg, he was confined in a tower, dimly lighted by an aperture in the wall, above the height of a man. There he remained eight months. His unhappy wife, alarmed, knew nothing precisely regarding his fate, although she guessed it, and in all haste departed for St. Petersburg, where she learned the sad truth. Colonel and Madame Mouravieff received permission to write to each other. At first their letters were sent to the commandant, who was ordered to satisfy himself previously as to their contents. Madame Mouravieff allowed me to see some of the poor prisoner's letters. The colonel was prepared to die. Every day at an hour agreed upon this faithful wife passed under the aperture which gave light to her husband's dungeon; and though they could not behold one another, they had still the sad consolation of being near each other. The insurgents' papers were examined, and, fortunately for the colonel, a letter from him was found, in which he had declared his opinion that the projects and aims of the society were impossible to put into execution, and counselled its members to separate. The emperor expressed his regret that he could not pardon him; it was necessary, he thought, to make an example of him. He was reproached for having belonged to a society of such principles, and a decree banished him to Vilnisk. Madame Mouravieff described to me the impression it made on her when the prison door was opened, and she found her husband in a black and loathsome den. What a change did she perceive! No longer she beheld the robust and energetic young man she had last seen; now, with haggard looks, long beard, and miserably clad, as he languidly extended his arms, how much courage did it require to restrain her feelings, and refrain from expressing to him the anguish of her soul!

From the moment that a Russian is exiled to Siberia he is considered as civilly dead. His wife may marry whom she pleases; she, or other heirs, may take possession of his money and his estates; but the Russian ladies, wives of the conspirators, acted quite differently on this occasion. Madame Mouravieff solicited permission from the emperor to accompany her husband, and two of his sisters-in-law proceeded with them. Their example is constantly followed by Russian ladies of the highest rank. The emperor was besieged with applications from Russian ladies to be allowed to share the fate of their husbands exiled to Nertschinsk. These traits of heroic

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devotion excited the strongest feelings of admiration. Thus were the noblest families of Russia transported to these terrible countries, where, if the husband be kept in confinement, the wife either shares it with him or goes daily to see him. The most refined classes thus found themselves represented, as it were, in the midst of these dreary wastes. Extensive libraries, and all that appertains to the requirements of an educated mind, were removed there, and were placed

A BURETE.

side by side with the chains and fetters of slaves. In the neighbourhood of Irkutsk, Mouravieff was overtaken by a courier, who gave him orders to take up his residence at Irkutsk. He arrived in the town late in the evening. He hoped the next morning to receive the announcement of a place of exile still farther to the south, and he entreated the civil governor, Zeidler, to permit him to remain there during the night to await the arrival of the post; but the functionary did not dare grant him this favour, and he was forced immediately to continue his journey. It was in the very dead of winter, and on the steep banks of the Lena; the sledge was upset every moment in the deep-lying snow, and they were obliged to walk for fear of falling into the river. The delicate Madame Mouravieff carried her young child in her arms. The third day they were overtaken by a second courier, who brought them permission to live at Verchne-Udinsk. There only was Mouravieff relieved from the presence of the chasseur, who during the whole journey had not quitted him for a moment, sleeping even by his side. "The day after our arrival," he said, "I took a walk in the town. It was a fine winter's day, and I experienced an indescribable joy to be able to go where I pleased. At every street corner, however, I looked back to see whether my guard was not following me. No one can imagine of what inexpressible value liberty is but those who have for some time been deprived of it." At the expiration of the year he was made prefect of police at Irkutsk (" gorodnitschi "), and he had, when I saw him, filled that appointment for a year. By special favour his property had not been confiscated. He was allowed to keep his title of nobility and his decorations, whilst the other poor exiles were despoiled of all they possessed, and were considered degraded to the level of peasants. Mouravieff's letters had been opened and read at the office at Irkutsk. He told me that an additional favour had now been granted him, that his correspondence henceforward would not be subject to supervision.

During my stay at Irkutsk three exiled nobles passed through that town; they were Count Tschernischeff, Prince Valerian Galitzin, and Prince Vladimir Tolstoi. They remained there a day, and

BURETE WOMAN.

came to see Mouravieff, who called them his children; they were persons of the highest distinction. Tolstoi was sent as a private soldier to Astrakan, and by special favour allowed to occupy the barracks amongst Russian soldiers. The young exiled poet, Marlinski, whose acquaintance Due had made at Irkutsk, was placed in the ranks in the engagement

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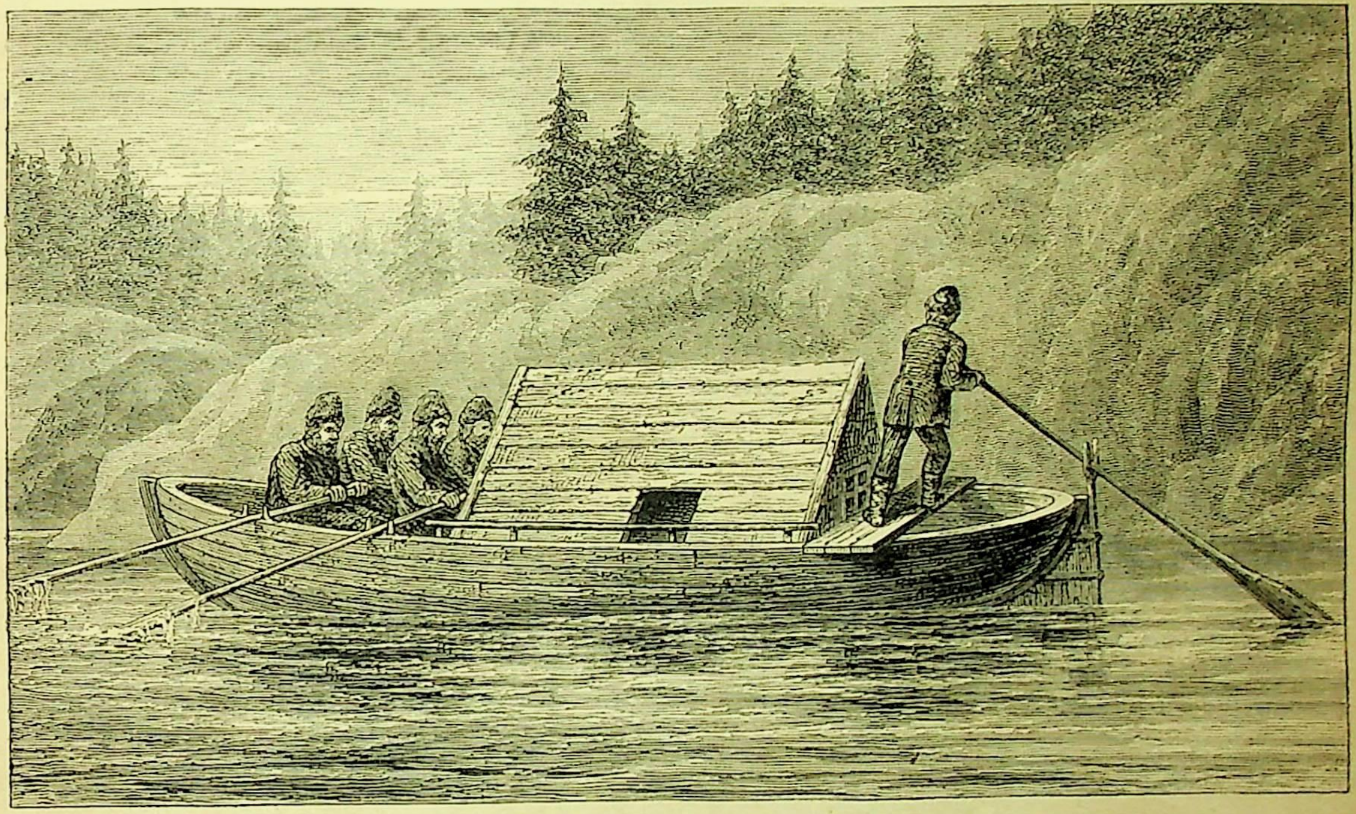
against the Circassians, and fell in an ambuscade. His head cut off served as a trophy to this savage people.

Mouravieff had arranged with the widow of a merchant, named Sibiriakova, to furnish me with a boat, with a captain and eight men, to convey me from Irkutsk by the River Angara to Jeniseisk. At this place an order had been dispatched that a vessel should be constructed to navigate the River Jenisei as far as Turuchansk and return to Jeniseisk. On the 23rd May the boat was awaiting me on the Angara. Mouravieff had sent directions that my voyage should be facilitated in every possible manner, "to prove," he said in his letter, "that one knows in Siberia how to render homage to scientific persons." Madame barrels and bales of goods. They evidently had the intention of accompanying me until some place could be reached where, at mart or fair, they could dispose of their merchandise. There was also a Jew from Poland, but lately domiciled at Krasnoiarsk, whither he was returning. At first it was proposed that he should sail but a short distance with us, but this was probably only a pretext to install himself in the boat, in the hope that during its progress he might be allowed to continue his voyage. On arriving on board I remarked to Mouravieff that these gentry ought to have asked my permission to take places in it; and knowing the continual chattering of Russians of the lower classes, I foresaw that they would share the accommodation, not only at my expense, but at the



ON THE RIVER ANGARA.

Mouravieff loaded me with all sorts of provisions, and her husband insisted on my accepting a silver goblet, on which his arms were engraven, and two "parkas," or pelisses, one composed of lamb-skins, of which more than a hundred are required for a pelisse. In cold, windy weather it was very serviceable to me, being not only very warm but very light. The governor-general sent me, as a parting present, a large barrel of beer.

On the 23rd May I took my "henckars mahlzeit" (the last meal a criminal takes before his execution) at Mouravieff's, and in the evening I went on board the vessel, which bore a name of good augury, "Debroie Namérenic" (the good enterprise), accompanied by the botanist Turtschaninoff, by Dr. Kruhse, the captain engineer De Wolff (nephew of Lavinsky), and by Filakeff, his secretary. Although I had freighted the bark for a sum of one hundred roubles, for myself only, as far as Jeniseisk, several persons, in spite of this, had managed to smuggle themselves into it. There were two rough-bearded merchants, with a little boy and a great number of loss of my comfort and of my rest at night. Upon this the colonel called the captain, Popov, the merchants, and two Cossacks, whom he had made over to my service, and addressed them in the following edifying manner: "The first amongst you—intruders that ye are—who by your chattering, or in any other way, shall trouble the professor in his scientific studies or occupations, or shall disturb his sleep, will be put out of the boat by these Cossacks, and will have to return on foot to Irkutsk, or elsewhere. Do you understand me?" The captain and one of the merchants replied by the habitual phrase, "Ostchencharascho vasche vysoko-blegorodie" (Very well, your reverence). To the Jew he said, in German, "Listen, Schmuel, if you trouble the professor he will fasten a cord round your neck, and throw you into the river!" The Jew, a tall, emaciated man, placed at the bottom of the boat, looked at me with such a supplicating glance that I promised myself he should be better treated than the threat implied. I fulfilled the promise, and had no reason to be dissatisfied.

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VI.—VOYAGE DOWN THE RIVER ANGARA.

The boat was neither very comfortable nor commodious in its arrangements. A cabin with a roof sloping down on both sides admitted light from a small window; there was a table securely fastened down, and a chair; and a britska taken off its wheels served for my bed. A Norwegian baggage *fourgon* contained my scientific instruments. When it became necessary to use the oars, four very long ones could be worked in front of the cabin. By way of helm, or rudder, an immense paddle was directed by the captain and one of the crew. In difficult places it required four or six men to manage this steering gear; another paddle, the same length as that at the stern, was generally employed to turn the bark more rapidly.

Behold us then gliding slowly with the current, without either sails or oars! The scenery was flat until we arrived at the manufactory of Telma, where, a storm coming on from the S.E., obliged us to stay from 9 a.m. until 5 p.m. by the left bank of the river. I perceived some "yourtes" (or huts) belonging to Buretes, who were very scantily clothed, although the cold was so intense that I had donned my Tungusian "parka." The next morning, at four o'clock, we arrived at the village of Balagansk, where I was relieved from my two merchants and their bales of goods, which allowed me more space. The next evening we touched at Jandinskoi-Volost. The mayor having asked for my papers, I had to send the open letter of the Governor-General Lavinsky; but my servant came back with the intelligence that the mayor and his scribe were so hopelessly inebriated, it would be impossible for them to read a single line until the next morning! Many messages having proved unavailing, and my Jew, who had offered his services, not having succeeded, I declared to the mayor that I would make a complaint to the governor. This menace produced its effect. The two functionaries, stumbling about, managed to come on board, distracting me with their questions in the midst of my observations; but at last the letter was returned to me duly signed. Notwithstanding the heat during the day, the nights were so intensely cold that in the morning the vessel's sides were covered with frost.

Siberia is an immense sloping plain, which extends from the Chinese frontier towards the north to the borders of the Frozen Sea, where it terminates in marshes. Nearly all its rivers, therefore, have a northerly direction. Near Irkutsk the surface of the soil is about 1,100 feet above the sea level. Near Kiachta it is 1,000 feet, as far as I could ascertain, after eight barometrical observations. After crossing the Chinese frontier, you stand on the Great Mongolian plain, of about 2,000 feet elevation, until within a distance of forty miles of Pekin, where it descends abruptly to the sea. During winter, hundreds of camels cross these mountain deserts, loaded with enormous chests of tea and silk stuffs for the market of Maimaichin.

The interval which separates Irkutsk from the mouth of the River Jenisei extends more than a thousand miles. The Angara falls into the Jenisei; and the land between Irkutsk to the Frozen Sea has seldom more than an inclination of a few feet per mile. The course of these rivers, consequently, is not rapid; only where they are hemmed in between steep rocky walls, they rush on suddenly, and thus, in certain localities, form cataracts. The Angara follows a sinuous course, and makes many *détours* before it falls into the Jenisei near Jeniseisk. Ten cataracts of varying volume and height are encountered before reaching the Tungusian district, some of which are rather dangerous.

The preparations for descending a cataract were invested with a certain solemnity. When near enough to hear the roaring of the water, and to see the foaming turbulence of the waves, the captain of the boat, placed close to the helm, or to the large oar, called out "Sadites!" (Be seated!), and the crew took in their oars. Then he cried "Molite Bogu" (Pray to God), upon which his men turned to an image which was nailed close by the carriage. They made the sign of the cross, reverentially bowing their heads. The captain offered up a short prayer with a loud voice, the oars were then quickly seized. He commanded "Grebite-silno" (Row strongly), and they rowed with all their might. Then followed the supreme moment of expectation. The nearer one approached the danger, the more intense the anxiety. The pilot took his place on the prow, grasping a white handkerchief in his hand, which he used to make signals to the captain on the poop, either by holding it above his head, which signified quite straight, or waving it energetically from right to left, it being impossible amidst the conflict of the raging waters to hear any word of command. Four men were at the poop; and if the fall were dangerous, two additional men were placed on the prow with an oar, so that the boat should be under strong control at the decisive moment. Every possible effort was made to keep the keel of the vessel in the same direction as the water flowed. If the vessel chanced to lie obliquely across the current, all would be lost. Now we encountered the shock of the first waves. All the oars were taken in, the tumult of the waters became more and more deafening, every muscle was strained to the utmost stretch, in obedience to the directions of the pilot, who gave the order to keep to the right, to the left. The captain cried "Silno, silno!" (Strongly, strongly!), if the boat did not turn quickly enough. At last the water became smoother, the pilot descended from the prow, wiped the perspiration from his brow, and, radiant with satisfaction, came aft, exclaiming to the first passenger, "Ia vas posdravlain vasche vysoko-blegorodie" (I felicitate your lordship). Then he addressed his compliments to the captain, who still kept his place. On every side one heard the cry, "Slava teba Boga!" (God be praised!). Lips firmly pressed together with trepidation and fear, were now parted; gaiety and laughter resounded.

The passage of these porogs, or rapids, is not necessarily dangerous, provided there be sufficient depth of water and no rocks obstruct the channel. At early dawn I sent one of my Cossacks to a village with the governor-general's open letter, to request eight more men to assist our crew. When they came on board we continued our voyage. At nine we passed Pochmelie, and an hour later Pianoi, with the same ceremonies and demonstrations I have just related. From hereabouts the country was very picturesque: on each side of the river were almost perpendicular rocks, their summits clothed with noble pine-trees. It surprises me that no English tourist has yet made an excursion along the Angara. Switzerland has been over-run with travellers, and the difficulties of Mont Blanc rendered familiar. The cataracts of Norway are often visited, and salmon

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caught in its streams. The period is not far distant, perhaps, when Englishmen, weary of their foggy isle, will take the road leading to the porogs of Angara.

I dismissed the pilot at Tantakunska, giving him five roubles. He had a black mask of horsehair, to protect his face from the flies, and a little later I learned how indispensably necessary these masks were. During the night we halted at the village of Judorma, at the mouth of the river of the same name, and on the frontier of the Tungusian country. The next day we beheld a grand and awful sight, the conflagration of a forest. The smoke formed a dense cloud reaching to the zenith, overpowering the light of day. Anon the sun's rays pierced through the heavy shroud, throwing a golden tinge here and there on the landscape and on the waves.

We passed the evening at Selo-Keschemy, seeking refuge there from a violent storm, and now began to find our horsehair masks of great use. One can neither eat nor sleep here during summer without this precaution, for small white gnats of extreme voracity attack your mouth and nostrils, your face and hands. Even the parts of your body covered with clothes are so bitten that a kind of fever is the result. The peasants even wear masks. At the moment of departure we encountered a storm of thunder and lightning, with such a violent torrent of rain, that the mats were torn away from the cabin, and my books and papers were soaked through. We soon traversed a cataract in the midst of the rain, and an hour later another one, and at ten o'clock arrived at a porog, the passage of which occupied us till mid-day. During our course we perceived lofty mountains stretching far away, and nearer were hills covered with the tender green foliage of young trees, refreshed by the rain of the preceding day. At noon we passed the village of Kova, and in the afternoon several more rapids. The declivity at this part must, therefore, be considerable.

On the following day we were about proceeding on our voyage, when a deputation, composed of seven individuals, arrived, with a woman as their chief, each bringing an offering. The first presented a bowl containing fresh eggs, the second a dish of pike, the third some beech-tree bark with a large slice of sturgeon, one a pot of cream, another three fresh loaves, and so on. They conveyed to me the compliments of the entire village, and begged I would not refuse their gifts. I invited them on board, and regaled them with brandy. Before putting the glass to their lips, each individual made the sign of the cross, and prayed that God would grant me a happy voyage without accidents. I offered them five roubles, but they all exclaimed "Niet Batuschka! Oh little father! we do not accept money; it is an honour for us when a man of your attainments will condescend to receive a present from our village." A troop of merry boys, with their white Sunday trousers tucked up to their knees, entered the water, and with their little shoulders exerted all their strength to get our bark afloat. They remained a long time gazing after us, and we bade them farewell, waving our hats above our heads. In the evening another storm of wind, and the captain was obliged to make for a small village, whence two women issued, and wading through the water as high as their waists, brought us some wooden stands, or supports, on which planks were to be placed, to serve as a bridge, should we wish to land. An ancient dame, followed by some children, came also to offer us fish and eggs.

I was awakened at two o'clock the next morning by the turmoil the crew made getting the vessel under weigh; two hours later we prepared to descend a porog beneath one of the perpendicular rocks on the left bank. Just on that spot there were large masses of solid snow on even ground, shaded by trees and by projections of the rock from the sun, which would have melted them. In the afternoon we arrived at the mouth of the River Kámen, which flows from the north. On its banks, elevated like the wall of a fortress, the village Kámen appears. In the evening I took an observation in the hamlet of Potaskoiskaja, after which we continued our course.

On the 17th June, about noon, a beautiful stone church, with shining metal cupola, attracted our notice near Rybinskoi-Seló; but we were soon overtaken by a tempest of hail, accompanied by vivid lightning. In the midst of the alarming peals of thunder the crew turned towards the obras, making the sign of the cross, ejaculating prayers for protection. Our bark lay sheltered by a high rock to the left of the river, a verst distant from the mouth of the Bielaia. The wind continued to howl all night in fitful gusts.

The following morning I ascended the mountain to survey the surrounding country; the water was still troubled. In the afternoon we sailed onwards, and on the 19th we entered the River Jenisei, whose grey waters may be seen mingling with the limpid waters of the Verchne Tunguska. In the evening we arrived at Jeniseisk. I was conducted to a very pretty lodging in the Street of Cedars ("Kedrovaia Ulitiza") by two officers ("Tschastuyi-Pristav"), one of whom was already in attendance on the arrival of our boat. Every day they paid me a visit to inquire whether I was in want of anything. The next morning I called on the prefect of the town; at noon received a visit from the military doctor, Alexai Sadikoff; and in the evening took a most agreeable walk on the banks of the Jenisei. By the kindness of the governor-general, a "lodka" (boat) had been got ready for me of a certain Mastschanim, a boat-builder, who owned vessels sailing between Jeniseisk and Turuchansk. He had undertaken to conduct me there and to bring me back for three hundred roubles. The boat had just been completed, and already floated gaily on the river, awaiting me. On the 23rd I dismissed my Cossacks of Irkutsk, who, instead of keeping guard over my cabin whilst I landed to take an observation, had themselves plundered it of several articles. I gave them twenty roubles and a severe admonition. At noon I received a visit from the mayor and the military surgeon. Hardly had they left than two nuns entered, dressed in black, carrying a metal plate covered with white cloth bordered with fringe, and made the sign of the cross before the obras. This ceremony gone through, they presented me the compliments of the Igumena (abbess), and begged me to accept a plateful of excellent biscuits. I endeavoured, in the best way I could, to evince my gratitude.

The dinner at the mayor's the following day was remarkable for a singular mixture of bad Russian and bad Latin; the doctor and I being obliged to resort to the latter language every time that I did not comprehend what was said in Russian, or could not well express myself in that language. On the third day after my arrival I went on board the lodka; the mayor and the doctor kindly accompanying me there, took leave of me.

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SOME CURIOSITIES OF SMUGGLING.

THE trade of smuggling, so long a thriving one, has now long ceased to be a paying business. With the exceptions of tobacco, the duty on which is some three or four times its normal value, and of lace, which has such irresistible charms for a certain class of travelling females, there are few of the articles of commerce which it is worth the while of the capitalist to run the risk of importing clandestinely, and thus to avoid paying duty on them. Though smuggling by individuals is still practised, and will continue to be so as long as there are men, or women either, who prefer personal gain to considerations of morality, we may fairly conclude that the class of contrabandists by profession is pretty nearly, if not quite, extinct in this country. The causes of the decline, which has been by no means a rapid one, of the smuggling trade, are not far to seek. In the first place, the heavy, almost prohibitive, duties on the importation of certain articles, have been so far modified by commercial treaties, or relaxed for politico-economical reasons, that they are no longer worth the risk and the labour of smuggling. In the second place, numbers of articles which used to be smuggled from abroad are at the present time manufactured at home, and that with such skill as to rival the productions of the Continent even at a lower cost. And, in the third place, the Preventive Service is now so well organised and managed, can boast such an efficient class of men, and so completely commands all the practicable coasts of our island, that the chances of the contrabandist's escape from their unceasing vigilance are reduced almost to *nil*. There is not a vessel of any description, not a boat—hardly a plank—which approaches our shores in the day-time, which is not scrutinised by a score of sharp eyes looking through excellent telescopes long before it can touch the land; while at night the patrol are too numerous, and too well disciplined to act in concert when necessary, to afford many opportunities to the *soi-disant* free-trader.

But it was not always so. In the days of our early boyhood, when "George the Third was King"—and even later than that—the smuggler drove a thriving trade, not, indeed, assuming that bold, reckless, and defiant attitude which it is the delight of certain romancists to glorify, but rather with a mixture of cunning, dissimulation, and daring which we may conclude to have been always his chief characteristics. It may not be altogether useless, and it will hardly be uninteresting to the reader, if we jot down briefly a few incidents of the contraband trade which occurred some half-century back, and some few of which we happened to witness.

While residing at Dover in the year 1825, I was aroused from my sleep one very foggy morning, about the last week in October, by the thundering discharge of cannon on the heights, a discharge which set the windows rattling and literally shook the bed on which I lay, and which had scarcely ceased when it was responded to by a like explosion of booming thunder from the castle. All the town was suddenly startled into activity by the noise, and in a few minutes half of the lately-sleeping townsmen were in the streets, inquiring of each other the cause of the uproar. We soon learned the news, which was to the effect that the Duke of Wellington had arrived in the town, after travelling post all night; that he was on his way to Russia, as ambassador to the Russian court, one among the numerous delegates from the different sovereigns of Europe dispatched to do honour to the new Emperor Nicholas, who had just acceded to the throne of the Czars. For all I know (for I am not clear as to the fact at this distance of time), the great duke was then on his way to assist at the august ceremony of the new emperor's coronation. Of course, everybody wanted to get a sight of the great duke, and there was no small commotion in the town, and racing and chasing hither and thither, and interested inquiries as to when and in what vessel he would embark. When he left, in the little steamer (the Margaret I think it was called) which then ran daily between Dover and Calais, it was near three o'clock, and then another plentiful discharge of cannon announced his departure. All the world and his wife went, as a matter of course, to see what was to be seen, which was not very much, the duke and his escort, as soon as the tide served, simply walking from the hotel to the harbour, and taking ship like ordinary mortals. How he was gazed on from all points of vantage—from the thronged piers, from the crowded shore, from the masts and yards of vessels, from the house-tops and the crests of the nearest cliffs—are details which the reader may easily imagine for himself. The sea rippled pleasantly under a light breeze, and though the long rollers that swept up the Channel with the inflowing tide made a plaything of the little steamboat, she yet made rapid headway, and in the space of a brief half hour little was seen of her save a long horizontal line of dense black smoke ruled like a bar across the grey October sky.

But what had the great duke's sudden advent and departure to do with smuggling? asks the reader. Well, it had certainly something to do with it; for on that same day, not long after sunset, it came to pass that hollands and schnapps, and spirits of sundry denominations unknown to me then (and I am not much wiser in that respect now), were to be had at "unprecedentedly low prices" in Dover and the neighbourhood. For you see the great duke, incarnation of loyalty as he always was, had been all unwittingly an accomplice of the smugglers. All unknown to the watchers on the coast, a lively little craft, known among her admirers as the Dodger, had been cruising on and off the shore for several days, waiting for a favourable opportunity, and continually on the look out for a little column of smoke that should curl up from a certain quarter as a sign that the coast was clear. Amidst the thunder of cannon and the shouts of the people, and the rushing this way and that of the sight-seers, that little column of smoke had gone up, unobserved by landsmen, from some nook in the neighbourhood, and the lively Dodger had run in at some favourable spot—had, by the aid of a swarm of active accomplices, succeeded in landing her cargo in double-quick time, and had

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decamped as quietly and quickly as she came; the authorities, who should have defeated this enterprise, knowing nothing at all about it until hours after it had been successfully carried out.

I was then but a lad. Having been brought up in an inland town, the subject of smuggling was altogether new to me. What surprised me much—for I had been loyally and religiously educated—was the fact, of which I was soon fully aware, that the townspeople, one and all (so far, at least, as I could judge), were on the side of the free-traders, buying any smuggled goods without scruple, and even assisting them, as far as they could do so without any overt act, in misleading or deluding the officers of excise. My employer was a devout Churchman, who read prayers to his household night and morning, and never absented himself from the sacramental service; but he had evidently no thought of wrong-doing when he laid in a stock of brandy or geneva from the stores of the lively Dodger. The truth may have been that the good people of the town considered themselves privileged; that in countenancing the free-trade they were but asserting and conserving an advantage to which they were entitled by their position, and to which immemorial usage had imparted the character of a prescriptive right. Be that as it may, they made pets and favourites of some of the most active of the free-traders, would extol their prowess, and cunning, and indulge in hearty laughter at the defeat of their opponents.

It was not often that a smuggling vessel of any size could succeed in landing a cargo near the town, and it was but rarely that such an exploit was attempted. A safer plan, and one not unfrequently practised, was to distribute the cargo among a number of boats, and trust to the devices of the boats' captains to land as they best might their several quotas. The boats used for the purpose were light and cheaply put together, costing very little indeed. I have, in an afternoon's walk, seen a dozen of them scattered along the shore, each one sawn in two in the middle, and left to rot on the beach. These were victims of the law which decreed the destruction of all smuggling vessels; but they were for the most part triumphant martyrs, seeing that most of them had been voluntarily abandoned after having succeeded in safely landing their cargoes. The loss of such a boat was nothing in comparison with the profits earned by the landing and sale of its contents; indeed, it used to be said that if half the boats escaped seizure a splendid profit was won, and that the safe clearance of one in three would pay all expenses and leave a balance in hand.

The methods of proceeding with a boatload of tubs were as various as the ingenuity of man could devise. A boat would be freighted from the Dodger, for instance, with a hundred or more spirit kegs tied together in pairs, with a rope just long enough to swing, John Gilpin fashion, over a man's shoulders. It would make the land on a dark night in obedience to signals so undemonstrative as to escape remark from everybody save those on the look-out for them. Two minutes after feeling the shingle it would be empty, and, if lucky, off again, and the whole of the tubs on the shoulders of the runners on the way to safe hiding. In case of alarm the boat might be abandoned for execution by sawing asunder; but so watchful were the scouts, that the band had generally timely notice of official intrusion, and would make off by routes where in the darkness of night a pursuit would have been neither pleasant nor practicable. Sometimes a sham descent would be made at one point to which the attention of the preventives would be diverted, while at another distant point a boat would be cleared out without interruption. Sometimes a daring crew would actually make a bolt for the harbour, and run through the shipping at anchor into the Pent, or inner basin, under the very nose of the preventives stationed on the two piers. In such cases it was the practice for confederates to distract the attention of the watchers by getting up some practical joke, in which they were led to join, or by picking a quarrel with them, or by treating them to drink. One such daring exploit was much talked of at the time. A long, light boat, carrying several hundred kegs, after lying below the water-line till night had set in, came on with muffled oars at a swinging pace, and dashing, almost as soon as discovered, between the piers, was cleverly steered among the shipping, and without let or hindrance arrived at the selected landing-place—of course, taking no notice of the attentions paid her by the preventives. The latter made sure of a prize, and hastened to make the seizure; but they thought it prudent to gather in some force first, and they had a good distance to go; the result being that when they got to the boat every tub had vanished, and only the empty shell was left to reward their exertions. If the runners were pursued the likeliest thing to happen would be that some brawny fellow, assuming drunkenness, would allow himself to be caught with a brace of tubs on him; he would make a violent and prolonged resistance to his captors, and would struggle to get away as though life hung upon his freedom; and when at length he was secured and hauled before the authorities, it would be found that he had been contending so furiously, not for brandy or hollands, but for beer or salt water; and he had to be discharged.

It would occasionally happen that boat-cargoes would be landed which, or part of which, could not safely be run at once to hiding. In such a case the tubs had to be put out of sight as could best be managed. At low water they would be buried deep in the shingle, or thrust into extemporised holes in the chalky cliffs, or sunk with heavy stones among the sea-weed drifted between the timbers of some jetty. At one time these caches along shore were very frequent, and formed a sort of storehouse whence the smuggler could call "spirits from the vasty deep" at his will. A cunning excise officer, however, played havoc among the caches by means of a rather singular device. He trained a terrier pup to play the part of detective, simply by mixing the poor creature's food with spirits, nothing being allowed to pass down Puppy's throat which had not been flavoured with alcohol. The consequence was that the pup never grew into a dog, and that he did grow to relish his food thus flavoured, and preferred it to anything else. Thus qualified, he would be led forth after a day of fasting for a walk along the shore, or about the cliffs, or in the various tracks leading from the coast inland. When poor hungry Tray came to a spot where the spirit tubs were buried, of course he smelt them out, and immediately began pawing the ground and scratching and barking like a mad creature; and whenever he commenced that performance it proved always well worth the excise officer's while to set his men a digging. The poor

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doggy, however, had but a short life of it; for one cloudy, misty morning in November, just as he had begun his raking among the shingle, a shot from some invisible marksman laid him dead among the pebbles, and finally stopped a career which, patriotic as it was, was too disastrous to the interests of free-trade to be allowed to continue.

The smuggling of lace was carried on some three-score years back as a means of livelihood by persons who devoted themselves entirely to it. Women would conceal it about their persons, often defeating the skill of the sharpest searchers; men would line their boots or their hats with it; it would sometimes be found under a luxuriant head of hair; and again rolled up in the hollow crutches of some suffering cripple. An old "salt" once told me a tale of a pet goat, the favourite of the master of a packet-boat making regular trips to Holland. This accommodating animal had consented to have his back and sides shaved, and to be fitted with the skin of a martyred comrade, ingeniously attached to his flanks by slender threads of goat's-hair. Then the space between his bare back and his overcoat formed a convenient and elastic pocket for as many yards of Brussels or Mechlin as his owner chose to cram into it.

Another method of landing lace was by fishing for it. Small packets of lace secured in air-tight tins tightly fastened together would be sunk in certain spots, whence they could be readily fished up by those who knew where to angle for them. Tobacco and spirits were also sunk in the same way, and now and then, unfortunately, it might be, for the smuggler, would fall a prey to the fishermen, who, however, if all accounts were true, were as likely as not to leave such prizes where they found them.

Perhaps the oddest phase of smuggling (for smuggling it really was) was patent in a practice which prevailed for several years in Dover, and was carried on openly in full view of the preventives and all the inhabitants of the town. About 1819-20 the fashion came up of wearing Leghorn bonnets of exorbitant dimensions. They were huge straw plaits, nearly circular, and averaging about a yard in diameter; they sold in England at two to three or more guineas each, according to their quality, and nearly half their cost was the duty paid on importing them. Now, according to the law, duty is not demandable on any article of dress worn by travellers. A clever dealer in leghorns contrived to profit enormously by this law. He hired a numerous troop of poorest women and girls—ragged, squalid, and wretched-looking creatures they were, to be sure—and paid them almost a nominal fee for accompanying him daily in his voyages to and from the French coast, contracting with the captain of one of the steamers for season tickets for the whole of them. The troop regularly left Dover in the morning with scarcely a handful of bonnet on their heads; they dined at Calais, if they could afford to dine, and came back in the afternoon, two or three score of them, each with a bran new leghorn of fullest dimensions on her head, the rag of bonnet worn in the morning being stuffed in her pocket. On landing they were all marched to the speculator's warehouse, denuded of their luxurious coiffures, and dismissed for the day. A hundred times, at least, have I seen these forlorn and tattered purveyors of fashion both going out and coming in, and I could tell the boat they travelled by, while it was yet miles away, by the straw-coloured amber line which under a cloudy sky would glimmer like a streak of sunshine ere the hull of the vessel was distinctly visible.

Articles of various kinds have for a long time been allowed to be imported on *ad valorem* duties; that is, the foreign producers placed a certain value on them and paid duty, or so much per cent., on such value. To prevent their fixing too low a value, and thus escaping a portion of the duty, the Government reserved to themselves the right of buying them, whenever they chose, at the *ad valorem* prices. This was perfectly fair, and one hardly sees how advantage could be taken of it by either party; but certain of the Swiss watchmakers contrived to do a good business by means of this simple regulation. They made good watches, and valued them at the lowest possible rate at which they could afford to supply them to the English dealers. The Government valuers recognising the excellence of the articles, seized them, and paid to the owners the *ad valorem* price, thinking probably that the next and subsequent consignments would be valued higher. This was precisely what the Swiss manufacturers desired. They got cash for their products; they escaped all risks from bad debts and from bankruptcies; and they earned the reputation they were striving to obtain for the character of their manufactures. The watches so seized and paid for by the Government were sold by auction at the periodical sales which came off at the Custom House; they were always put up at the *ad valorem* price, and were knocked down at the highest bidding above that price. The result of this management was that any person who wanted a serviceable watch could procure one at the Custom House sale at a small fraction over the wholesale cost, without the mediation of the dealer and his forty or fifty per cent. profit. I carry in my pocket one of these gold watches, which has served me well for nearly thirty years; it was knocked down for me for ten guineas, the upset or reserve price being ten pounds. It is worth noting, in reference to the profits of dealers in articles of luxury, that many of the watches from the same consignment, and of precisely the same description, fetched at the same sale, as it drew towards a conclusion, as much as fourteen to fifteen pounds, and most of them were knocked down to shopkeepers.

I have said above that smuggling, as a trade or business for the investment of capital, may be considered as no longer existing in this country, and though that is quite true, the truth is by no means universally recognised; for there is a class of pretended smugglers who infest the coast towns and the inlying villages and hamlets, who trade in a mysterious and clandestine manner, as if they were afraid of being seen. They offer to the rural customer—the farmer's wife or daughter—goods "from over the water," which goods are all the while British manufactures, as, for instance, lace from Nottingham or Devonshire, handsome-looking ribbons or kerchiefs from Coventry and Bethnal Green, or tawdry jewellery from Birmingham; their whole stock generally consisting of the ejected refuse of the retail shop or the wholesale warehouse, which they have bought in job lots for a mere song. Many of these fellows are unlicensed hawkers, and in that character they have good grounds for transacting their business with closed doors.

Though the free-trader by profession has so generally disappeared, and one no longer hears of his stubborn fights with the guardians of the revenue, or sees his dismantled vessels rotting, like so many

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gibbeted malefactors, on the margin of the sea, still there are not wanting now and then indications of his former whereabouts and peculiar activities. Sometimes it does happen even now that a forgotten cache comes to light—that a navvy, in digging, or a ploughman, in driving the share into land that has hitherto lain waste, or some geological investigator with his hammer, will come suddenly upon a prize which has been buried for long years, and which may be worth something or worth nothing, according to the condition or nature of the soil in which it has been so long concealed. Not so very long ago a friend of the writer, who, for reasons of health, had gone to spend a couple of months at a southern sea-port, lighted on one of these long-forgotten treasures. He had walked out of the town above the cliffs, and feeling weary after traversing a mile or so, seated himself on a bank to rest awhile. He began kicking with his heels mechanically, when he became suddenly aware that he had kicked away the earth, and had something wooden under his heel. On making investigation he discovered the head of a cask, and succeeded, with some trouble, in disinterring it; then he rolled it before him with his foot back to the town, and, without remark or inquiry from any one, got it to the house where he lodged. His landlady had some suspicion as to the contents of the cask, which was of some three or four gallon capacity; but she let it be rolled into the back garden. When her husband came home he pronounced at once that it was a smuggler's cache, and so it proved, the contents being French brandy of the finest quality. How long it had remained forgotten in that dry bank it was vain to inquire.

While residing in Paris during the latter years of the reign of Charles x, I became aware of the fact that the trade of smuggling was there thoroughly systematised. No matter what the goods were, however minute or however bulky, upon which duty was payable, the English dealer had only to contract for any quantity he wanted, and pay five per cent. in addition to the purchase-money, and the goods would be promptly delivered in any town in England. What was the machinery employed was of course a profound secret, but so effective was it that contraband English tradesmen could rely with certainty upon receiving their purchases in the specified time. The risk of detection was not in the transit, and if the dealers in contraband were sooner or later made accountable to the exchequer, they had only to blame themselves—never their French confederates.

A brisk trade was then carried on in Swiss watches, a large proportion of which bore the names on their dial-plates of French makers. Hundreds of these passed the frontier between Geneva and Ain every week, a vast proportion of them being carried by dogs trained to bear a kind of pack-saddle, containing some dozen or so of watches each. The dogs were very clever, and apparently interested in the game; and some of them in busy times would make three or four journeys in a single night. The French Government, annoyed at the continuance and growth of a trade so damaging to their own interests, resolved to put an end to it, and accordingly deputed one of their most experienced agents to manage the business, giving him *carte blanche* as to expense and the means he might employ. He went incognito to the localities and manufactories of the principal free-traders, contrived to ingratiate himself with some of their *employés*, and having at length, as he supposed, penetrated their mystery, laid his plans accordingly. Then he made himself known to one of the chief contrabandists, and, informing him of the measures he had taken, laughingly advised him to cultivate only his lawful trade for the future. The other smiled in return, and immediately offered to sell him a packet of *bijouterie* and watches for 1,000 francs, which he assured him would be worth double the sum over the frontier, the payment to be due only when the goods had been safely delivered. The Frenchman accepted the conditions and departed, feeling assured that the complete precautions he had taken would inevitably lead to the seizure of the packet. On his arrival at his own home in Paris there was a little surprise awaiting him, for when his valet unpacked his luggage that night one of the first things he drew forth was the packet of contraband articles, which, as a man of honour, the purchaser felt bound to pay for, and to pay the duty on them as well. At the present time it is not worth the while of the Swiss makers to smuggle their watches into France, for the simple reason that the French makers can now rival the Swiss in cheapness and in quality, and compete with them successfully in the markets of the Continent.

Owing to the late increase of duties consequent on the financial predicaments arising out of the Franco-German War, a good deal of smuggling constantly goes on over the Belgian frontier, the principal articles smuggled being lucifer-matches—the French matches being all manufactured by a company which has bought the monopoly from the Government, and sold at over double the price of the Belgian ones—and tobacco, on which the duty in France is even higher than it is with us.

"A form of smuggling," says a writer in the "Pall Mall Gazette," "which is not likely soon to die out, is that practised by tourists, who think it allowable to shirk paying duty on things which they have bought for their own use. Public morals on this point are slightly elastic, and those of the gentler sex especially are apt to think that nothing compels them to "declare" volumes of Tauchnitz, cases of eau de Cologne, yards of Lyons silk, or pieces of Brussels lace. Here is a story which will illustrate feminine notions on this subject, and perhaps convey a moral. A Belgian bridegroom, being about to start for Paris on his honeymoon tour, was informed by his bride that she thought of concealing several thousand francs' worth of lace about her, hoping by its sale to pay the cost of their journey. The bridegroom was not smitten with this frugal project, and pointed out that there were custom-house officers and a female searcher at Ercquelines, who were sometimes struck with an accountable fancy for examining passengers' pockets. This he said, being a timid man, and his bride, to humour him, promised to give up her plan, but then she secreted the lace at the same time, without telling him about it. Now as the train approached the French frontier the husband reflected that if his wife were not searched his fears would be mocked at as having been groundless, and he would start on his married career with prestige impaired. This was not desirable; the rather was it essential that he should from the very outset assert his infallibility. So when the train stopped at Ercquelines, and the passengers alighted, the Belgian bridegroom left his bride's arm for a moment, and, sidling up to a *douanier*, whispered, "I think if you search that lady yonder you may find some lace."

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The *douanier* winked; the happy bride was accosted with an invitation to walk into the female searcher's room. She turned pale, tottered, but was led away, and five minutes later dismal sounds of hysterics were heard. Then the *douanier* reappeared, and said to the horrified husband, "Thank you, sir; it's a good capture. The lady will be taken to prison, and half the fine will go to you." This was a painful adventure, but it does not follow that all husbands are so inconsiderate, nor that all ladies who smuggle lace are caught.

A more amusing anecdote on this subject was lately told at a public dinner by M. Ferdinand Duval, prefect of the Seine. He said that the octroi men of Paris, who levy the municipal barrier dues, are a most vigilant set of fellows, but that, having boasted of their merits, he (the prefect) had been caught. A friend of his, residing at St. Cloud, had made a small bet that he would introduce a pig into Paris in his brougham without the octroi men detecting it. M. Duval took the bet, and strict orders were given at all the gates of Paris to look out for the brougham of the friend in question. Within less than a week, however, the prefect received the sum of eighty centimes, being the amount of duty leviable on a pig, and a request to come and assure himself that the quadruped had been successfully smuggled in. It turned out that the pig, killed and scalded, had been dressed up in woman's clothes, and had been driven into Paris seated triumphantly on the box beside the coachman. Since then the octroi men, it is said, stare with some fixity at plump women when they behold them on carriage-boxes.

Varieties.

THE "CONSTITUTION," AMERICAN U.S. NAVY.—A singular visitor was recently in Portsmouth—the identical frigate, the Constitution, which in the great war seventy years ago fought and captured the British frigate Java. The Constitution (Captain Badger) got on shore in Swanage Bay when cruising near the Isle of Wight. She was brought into the dockyard at Portsmouth. The defects which she required to be made good at the dockyard were only of a nominal character, no important injury having been sustained by the grounding. The splinters were removed from her false keel and some rows of copper, which is iron fastened, were removed in wake of the starboard strake for the purpose of ascertaining whether any damage had been done to the planking. The hull, however, was found to be quite sound and watertight.

UNITED STATES CENSUS.—The United States Senate has passed the bill for taking the tenth census by an almost unanimous vote. It provides for the appointment of a Superintendent of Census, who is to nominate to the Secretary of the Interior a number of Supervisors of Census, not to exceed 150, who shall have the supervision of enumerating the inhabitants and gathering statistics. They are to divide the districts to which they are assigned into subdivisions, which shall not include more than 4,000 or less than 3,000 inhabitants, and to nominate to the Superintendent of Census an enumerator for each of the subdivisions in their districts. The enumerators are to receive 6 dols. per day, and to be selected by the Supervisors with reference solely to their fitness for their work. The Supervisors are to have full charge of taking the census and the collection of statistics in their districts, and are to receive 500 dols. in full for their services, exclusive of clerk hire, which is to be allowed in the discretion of the Superintendent. The Superintendent is authorised by the Act to withdraw from the enumerators schedules for manufacturing and social statistics, and give the collection of these stastistics to experts and special agents, without regard to locality. He is also authorised to employ experts or special agents, at not more than 6 dols. a day and travelling expenses, to investigate, in their economic relations, manufacturing, railroad, fishing, mining, and other industries of the country, and the statistics of telegraph, express, transportation, and insurance companies. The enumeration required by the Act is to begin on the 1st of June, 1880, and to be completed on the 1st of July. In cities having more than 10,000 inhabitants the work is required to be completed within the first two weeks of June. Three million dollars are appropriated to defray the expenses of taking the census, and 250,000 dols. additional for printing.

SIGNOR LANZA ON CIVIL AND RELIGIOUS PROGRESS.—We have seen a remarkable letter addressed to the Liberal paper, "La Patria," by Giovanni Lanza, one of the most distinguished deputies of the Italian parliament. Signor Lanza is not a Protestant, and he fondly believes that the Church of Rome is capable of reformation from within, but it is in the Christian not the ecclesiastical element, that his hope is placed, and his words are worthy of the high character which he bears. "The greatest obstacle," he says, "to a religious reformation which would bring the Catholic faith into harmony with civil society was the temporal power of the popes. This having ceased, the church will acquire greater liberty, the result of which, sooner or later, will be the reforms necessary. What these ought to be I would not take upon myself to say; it would be too grave an assumption. I hold strongly, however, that the Gospel contains the germ of unlimited progress, political and moral. The divine book which proclaims the abolition of slavery, universal brotherhood, peace on earth, the duty of giving to our poor brethren of our superabundance, etc., ought to have the power to meet the utmost needs of our commonwealth, and to be the *credo* of our entire humanity. The apostle alone is wanting who would know how to bring back freshness to the holy dogmas of the Christian faith, and to revive the religious enthusiasm of the people for them. I am confident that when the time is ripe he will appear. Now we are passing through the period of preparation, and *they* are doing a meritorious work who, having the special gifts and wholesome doctrines, labour to instruct and educate the people, imbuing them again with the religious sentiment, without which nothing great can be accomplished."

"REST AWHILE."—A medical man in very large practice, and much respected for his personal worth as well as his professional skill, lately received an anonymous letter, containing £100, and a slip of paper on which was written, "St. Mark, chap. vi. verse 31st." The text referred to is this: "And He said unto them, Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place, and rest awhile: for there were many coming and going, and they had no leisure so much as to eat." A more happy instance of Christian consideration could not be conceived. It is not uncommon for ministers to receive from their people the means of taking a holiday, at least in free churches, where the State is not supposed to support the clergy. In America, for example, a pastor's trip to Europe is frequently franked by the generous and considerate members of churches; but for other classes of overworked professional men this thoughtful kindness is so rarely shown that the case of the doctor is worthy of special notice. Many a man is worn out prematurely for lack of the means to "Rest awhile."

ART ACCOMPLISHMENTS FOR YOUNG LADIES.—It is somewhat amusing to glance back at the successive pursuits which have been dear to the Art-loving ladies of the past fifty years. In the early days, when womankind awoke to the fact that art was possible to her, and shook off the thraldom of "samplars," she delighted in "Poonah painting," which seems to have been a variety of "Oriental tinting," much taught at young ladies' schools in the early part of the present century. Praed, in describing a young lady's education, asks—

"And did they bid you banish pride,
And mind your Oriental tinting?
And did you learn how Dido died,
And who found out the art of printing?"

Next came the rage for filling glasses with variously coloured sands, and the absurd mania for sticking little vignettes over china and glass, which rejoiced in half a score of long names, and still lingers in Germany as "Metachromatypie." Then we had the fashion of obtaining the outlines of natural foliage by splashing Indian ink all round them, and leaving the image of a group of leaves on finger napkins and table tops. Then came actual Art work, and, from painting on fans and hand-screens, young ladies of the present day have arrived at painting on china, which is now by far the most fashionable "rage." Art pottery decorated by amateurs bids fair to become a drug in the market.

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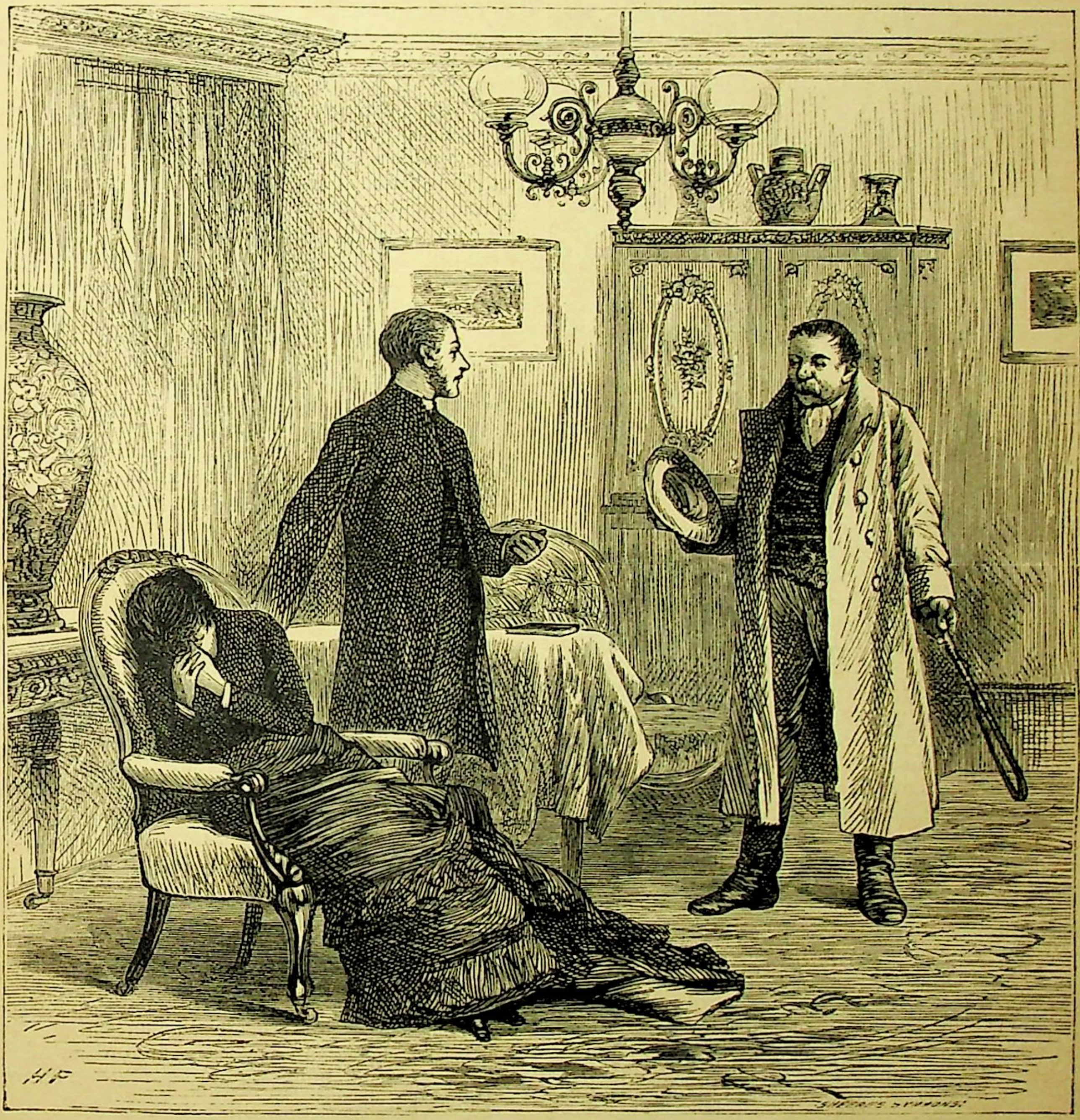
THE LEISURE HOUR.

BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,
AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND.—*Cowper.*



A MESSENGER FROM MONACO.

"WAIT A YEAR."

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE day so fatal to the happiness of Edward Moreton was not uneventful to his sister. On returning, in the afternoon, from a walk with her pupil, she observed a gentleman's hat on the table in the entrance.

"Who is here?" asked Fanny.

"Your uncle, miss, just arrived."

As the servant so replied, Mona walked away to her room. Captain Orde's unexpected return was not of any importance to her. In her trouble regarding Edward, he was not likely to be of much assistance, although he was more in her good graces than she once thought possible. She took off her bonnet, smoothed her hair, and dawdled about to give Fanny time to have a good chat with her uncle before calling her to lessons, and then went into the drawing-room to fetch her. The voice of Captain

No. 1430.—MAY 24, 1879.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

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Ordo was distinctly heard as she opened the door, but it was not he who sat talking to Mrs. Fraser when she entered the room. It was his brother. Her colour came and went, and came again, lighting up the face which had begun to look worn and sad from anxiety, when she found her hand warmly clasped in Mr. Sinclair's, and encountered his kind eyes as he inquired after her health, expressing regret at hearing that she was less well now than when she left home. He put forward a chair, and she sat down, entirely oblivious of her duties as governess, until Fanny clamoured to be excused her lessons in honour of her uncle's arrival, and Mrs. Fraser refused. Her memory thus unpleasantly wakened, Mona recognising that they were both *de trop*, got up, and took Fanny with her into the adjoining room. It cost her something to see Fanny shut the door, which it was her habit to rigorously insist upon when visitors were there.

Of course Mrs. Fraser must have a great deal to say to her brother; Mona told herself so, believing all the time that her own interest in Mr. Sinclair must be greater, as he came from the place where her dearest recollections were centred. Besides, she had her family to talk about. If truth be told, the teacher was more absent than the pupil, and more anxious for lessons to be finished. When they were over, and she thought she might fairly spend the leisure time remaining before dinner in Mr. Sinclair's company, he had gone to his room. However, he was not going away, he would stay some days at least, and they would often meet; nothing could prevent that or the pleasure that now thrilled through her heart. He had come at the time she most needed a friend, and felt the relief it would be to consult him about Edward. Her real fears had so outstripped all imaginary ones that she saw only good likely to result from confidence in him. So Mona went to perform her simple toilet, happy in the expectation of seeing and talking to the kindest friend she possessed, wondering why he seemed so much nearer to her now than in the days when she lived at Hillesden.

The thought of Helen Lestocq did intrude itself, but she resolutely put it away. Whatever might happen afterwards, she was determined to give herself up to the enjoyment of this evening without any self-torment as to what might or might not be her duty to her neighbour and friend. She had no idea whatever of entering the lists against Helen Lestocq. A personal interest in the love of Mr. Sinclair was as far from her thoughts as if he were any other acquaintance or stranger that crossed her path; but his welfare, his happiness, and his approbation were much to her. For their attainment she would have done a great deal, anything, everything except draw upon herself a suspicion of the presumption that had no place in her heart. Gladly would she have heard that his engagement was broken off, but that was for his own sake, because she could not bear that his worth should be wedded to such unworthiness. Further, she fully believed herself incapable of speculating.

Her dress was soon changed, and adding a bunch of violets to relieve its sombre hue, she hurried away, hoping to exchange a few words with Mr. Sinclair before dinner. They met in the passage, when Mr. Sinclair, with some little word of pleasure at seeing her, opened the door, and followed her into the drawing-room.

"You say mamma is well?" began Mona. "I am sometimes puzzled over her letters; she writes as if she were going to leave the cottage."

As her eyes put her words into an interrogative form, Mr. Sinclair immediately answered, and with a smile of something like repressed amusement in the corners of his mouth, "She intends leaving the cottage at midsummer, to Mr. Payne's great regret."

"And why?" said Mona, blushing shyly, assured that she was about to hear of some ill-considered intention, to say the least.

"She is going to keep house for Mr. Graves. Don't make yourself uneasy about it," he continued, as Mona started and looked distressed. "If you could see or imagine half the pleasure this arrangement is giving to all parties you would be reconciled to it. The move is supposed to be a secret, but the satisfaction arising from it is so great to each individual, that one and all cannot refrain from alluding to it. Mrs. Moreton rejoices that she will not have to spend another winter like the last, and your sister is delighted with the prospect of a home where she will have nothing particular to do, except take care of her mother and help her to manage the household. Mr. Graves is equally pleased, and goes about asking where he can buy the prettiest pony-carriage for a lady's use."

"If every one knows it, why has not mamma told me?" asked Mona.

"There may be a letter on the road, or perhaps Mrs. Moreton defers her communication until it is a *fait accompli*," rejoined Mr. Sinclair.

The entrance of Mrs. Fraser and Fanny put an end to the conversation about Mrs. Moreton. As Mona did not pursue it, Mr. Sinclair let it drop for the present, strengthened by the sight of her care-worn face in the resolution to do his best to reconcile her to a state of things she could not prevent, and which was, on the whole, satisfactory rather than otherwise. Knowing Mrs. Moreton's weak, troublesome character, he was inly persuaded of the advisability of the meditated step on her children's account, as well as on her own, though his reasons were not such as a daughter could like to hear.

The evening passed without anything special to mark it, too quickly perhaps for some of the party. Fanny informed her uncle that at the end of the season she should be able to claim her promised watch, and showed her tractability by going to bed when desired.

Thinking it right to leave the brother and sister together, Mona soon followed, not doubting that some opportunity would present itself the following day for consulting Mr. Sinclair about her brother. No sooner had Mr. Sinclair wished Mona "good-night," and closed the door upon her, than he asked his sister at what hour the letters were delivered in the morning.

"About nine. Do you expect any of consequence?"

"Are there any letters for me?" had been Mr. Sinclair's first words on arriving, though he had travelled so fast that the post could hardly have outstripped him; and now, instead of answering Mrs. Fraser's question, he abruptly put one to her "What is the explanation of this resolution of Helen Lestocq?"

"What resolution? I know of none."

Taking Cecil's letter from his pocket-book, he handed it to his sister, who perused it with genuine surprise, and then regarded her brother with a half-frightened air. "You knew nothing of this?"

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"Nothing whatever. Cecil never said a word about it to me, nor did Miss Lestocq."

They both remained silent. Mr. Sinclair re-perused the letter, and Mrs. Fraser continued to regard him without speaking.

"Cecil could not have had the bad taste to play off a hoax of this kind upon me," said Mr. Sinclair, breaking the silence after a time.

"Scarcely," replied Mrs. Fraser.

But though both agreed in the improbability of such a thing, neither could suggest a better elucidation.

Cecil had left Nice some time about the beginning of April, nearly three weeks ago, and the Lestocqs some ten days later. Neither party had given a hint bordering upon this idea, and they had gone in different directions, so that they could not have met very recently.

Mrs. Fraser was disconcerted because no letter from Miss Lestocq had been received. Even when suggesting that the expected letter might arrive on the morrow, she was greatly at a loss to understand such a decision on the part of Helen.

"That Cecil admires her, likes her, that he would not object to be in your place, I can conceive," said Mrs. Fraser, beginning to sound her memory and impressions; "but that he would act a dishonourable part—"

She stopped in her defence and turned pale. Her heart began to sink at the recollection of various incidents, having no particular signification for her at the time, but which, viewed in connection with this mysterious letter, might betoken a deeper attachment than the prospective relationship explained.

"I hope it is not so," she said, changing her tone and phraseology. "It would be as much pain to me to see one brother suffer as to have to blush for the other."

She laid her hand kindly upon Warren's, and then sat still, endeavouring to argue away the newborn suspicion.

Warren smiled grimly, and remained silent, leaving all conversation to his sister, or rather abandoning her to a monologue, first upon the possibility, and afterwards the certainty, of such ideas being false and groundless as the brighter, better side of Cecil's character impressed itself more solidly upon her mind. Had Mrs. Fraser been able to read what was passing in Warren's thoughts, she might have spared herself needless fretting and anxiety.

Mr. Sinclair, being tired with his long journey, retired early, but not to sleep. A hope, based upon the suggestion made by Mrs. Fraser, entered into his soul, and kept his feelings in a whirl too great for slumber.

Ah! were it so, how readily he could forgive his brother, and see him the possessor of his once affianced bride, in whose cold, haughty bearing he had ceased to find any charm. For him there was an untold sweetness in the face he had seen looking at him so seriously that evening; those eyes might be dimmed with sorrow, but would never, he was sure, glitter with temper. The gentle, sympathetic voice and patient adherence to duty, the quick sensitiveness to a parent's weakness, and the evident satisfaction it was to hear her mother exonerated from blame, all this, and a great deal more, Mr. Sinclair had found to increase his admiration during the few hours he had spent in her society. Yet he once surprised in her a strange expression as he caught her looking at him. A pained, unhappy look, a dread of something. Of what was she afraid? That he would be hard upon her brother? She had answered evasively when he inquired after him, and seemed glad to change the subject.

"Whatever is wrong, she shall find a staunch friend in me," he said to himself, "and her brother too, for her sake. Far or near I will watch over her, and no one shall hurt a hair of her head."

But another thought lay deep down in his heart, which he was equally determined to carry into action. If this communication of Cecil's proved to be true, he resolved that twenty-four hours should not elapse after its certitude before he asked Mona Moreton to be his wife.

"If only the welcome letter would arrive to-morrow!" was his last waking thought, from which it may be seen that the long, solitary winter at Hillesden had wrought a great change in the sentiments and feelings of the rector.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

The morning, however, brought no letter for Mr. Sinclair, who could scarcely be convinced that there was not one for him amongst the packet placed before Mrs. Fraser at breakfast-time. Twice at his request she turned it over, and then, laughing at his look of incredulity, allowed him to search for himself.

"Perhaps it was a hoax, a very bad one," he was thinking, and unconsciously lapsed into a gloomy silence, when a letter of no trifling importance, judging from its effect, was brought in and given to Miss Moreton, with the words that often have something unpleasant in them, "Waiting for an answer."

Casting her eye quickly over the contents of the envelope, Mona turned extremely pale, and could scarcely articulate what was meant to be a request to be excused, as she rose up, about to depart.

"What is it?" asked Mrs. Fraser, eagerly.

"Can I help you?" said Mr. Sinclair, standing up.

"No, thank you, not now." And satisfying Mrs. Fraser's curiosity by giving her the letter, she left the room either to answer it or to question the messenger.

The few lines came from Mrs. Buxton, stating that Mr. Moreton had gone out the previous evening after dinner, and had not yet returned, and asking if his sister could give any explanation of the circumstance.

"I fear that something very bad has happened," observed Mrs. Fraser, addressing her brother, who, catching sight of Fanny's large, wondering eyes, remarked that it was time for her to begin her day's work.

"I had better go and see Mrs. Buxton," he observed, when Fanny, after deferring obedience to her mother's dismissal as long as she could, reluctantly left them together. Before Mr. Sinclair had taken any steps towards carrying out his intention, Fanny returned, saying that there was a strange man asking for Miss Moreton, who was being shown into their sitting-room, and that she did not think he looked like a gentleman at all.

"Will you go and see what is the matter? I really am afraid," said Mrs. Fraser, as, trembling with agitation, and drawing Fanny into her arms, she hid her face upon the child's shoulder. Visions of some

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unknown misfortune impending were too much for the bright little widow to bear alone; she was truly thankful to have her grave, sedate brother to depend upon.

Mr. Sinclair arrived in time to hear a short, sharp cry of intense suffering, and to see Mona's eyes close, and her hands wave in the air as if trying to catch at some support. Hurrying forward, he was just able to prevent her from falling to the ground. Having seated her in an easy-chair, he turned to the stranger for an explanation. His first words conveyed sufficient enlightenment.

"I am come from the Hôtel de Russie at Monaco to communicate with a Miss Mona Moreton."

Mistaking the look of surprise on Mr. Sinclair's face for one of doubt, the man quickly sought to remove it.

"Voilà ma lettre de credit," he said with a sinister smile, pointing to something in Mona's hand.

Mr. Sinclair then perceived she held a paper so tightly grasped that it was only with gentle violence that he could remove it. This was an empty envelope directed to Mr. Edward Moreton with Mrs. Buxton's address upon it.

"Not understanding what seems to me an ill-timed pleasantry, I am under the necessity of asking you to state your meaning," said Mr. Sinclair, with a gravity that was in itself a rebuke.

"Oh, the lady knows. The young gentleman is very bad and wishes to see her. You understand we are always glad when 'ces sujets-là' have friends to come to them."

Sorely hurt at the term used, to which no translation could adequately give the contempt the words conveyed, deepened as it was by the speaker's tone of voice, Mr. Sinclair hastened to assure him that some one would go over immediately, and that the young man should be cared for, "If not his sister," he added with emphasis, "myself or another."

"It had better be at once; we never know what turn these things may take. I go back by the next train, and shall be happy to take charge of the lady. If there is delay, it may be too late."

Mr. Sinclair beckoned the man out of the room, in order to ascertain fuller particulars without further distressing Mona, and then sent Mrs. Fraser to her assistance, a precaution well intended, but useless, as the messenger, conscientious in the discharge of his commission, had already told the worst. Mona knew that the young man had attempted suicide. Such additional facts as the man knew he freely disclosed—how the gentleman arrived late last evening and inquired for a room, without exciting any suspicion, such incidents being too common to arrest any peculiar attention, and the state in which he was found in the morning.

Mr. Sinclair immediately suggested telegraphing for the best medical advice from Mentone, that being the nearest town.

"We have the best ourselves; practice makes perfect," returned the man, with the same repulsive smile as before. For him these scenes had lost much of their horror. Though unchronicled or concealed, they were really of too frequent occurrence to cause their painful character to be felt in full force. It is a known fact that the press is bribed to silence. The public hears much of the *fêtes* that take place at Monaco, but its suicides are consigned to oblivion.

Dismissing the messenger, Mr. Sinclair returned to look after Mona, and found Mrs. Fraser insisting upon it that she was unfit to encounter a scene so frightful.

"But I must go, you know I must. Oh, do not attempt to dissuade me! There is no one to help him in his misery but me!" she was saying, with her hands clasped together, and her eyes fixed beseechingly upon Mrs. Fraser. As soon as Mr. Sinclair entered, she addressed him in a tone of entreaty, "I may go, may I not? Poor, poor Edward! it is only I who can pity and forgive him, and love him, even unto death!"

The last word was pronounced with a sob of irrepressible anguish. She saw what the fatal result must be, and understood how he would suffer. At any cost, her place was at his pillow.

"You shall go, my dear Miss Moreton, only try to be a little calmer; things may not be so bad as represented. Your brother is young, and youth has many chances," said Mr. Sinclair, taking her hand and leading her towards the door. "Get ready at once, for the train starts in half an hour."

"Thank you, thank you," said the poor stricken girl, with an exuberance of gratitude, as if she were receiving a boon. Her spirit was so crushed that she had no idea of resistance, and yet to separate her from Edward appeared an act of cruelty. With trembling fingers she put on her bonnet, threw a shawl round her shoulders, and then said she was ready, forgetful of every other preparation. Happily, those about her were more thoughtful of her than she was of herself. Mrs. Fraser's maid, under her mistress's directions, put a few necessaries into a carpet-bag, and Mrs. Fraser dropped a purse into her pocket, sending a thrill of pain through her frame by telling her to be careful of her money, as she was going into a land of pickpockets.

The preparations completed, Mona, confused and bewildered, took hold of Mrs. Fraser's hand and asked to be forgiven, for her heart was breaking. Shaken even in her understanding by the shock she had sustained, she fancied she was doing wrong in going contrary to Mrs. Fraser's wishes, and yet was unable to yield to them. "I will come back again—if I may," she meekly added; "but perhaps you would rather not. I should always be his sister, and must share his disgrace. I cannot now reproach him," she murmured, and walked as in a dream, feeling her way.

"Of course you will come back to me, and very soon, perhaps," said Mrs. Fraser, kindly. "Perhaps you will find your brother better than you expect. Here is Warren waiting for you; he will bring me the news."

Mr. Sinclair drew Mona's arm under his own, and led her downstairs to the cab waiting to convey them to the station. In a short time they were in the railway carriage, the night-bag deposited in the network overhead to prevent delay on arriving, and Mr. Sinclair seated opposite to her.

Whenever Mona could withdraw her feelings from her sorrowful errand, it was to give them up to gratitude. Though no phrase of sympathy was addressed to her, she knew that she possessed it. She felt it in the least word he addressed to her, in the touch of his hand when she encountered it in any little service he rendered, and in a continuous attention paid to her comfort. Grateful she was, also humble, because she regarded herself as a participator in Edward's unworthiness; his disgrace must also necessarily be hers.

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Arriving at their destination in about half an hour, Mr. Sinclair engaged one of the small carriages in attendance, and they were soon mounting the hilly road trodden so wearily by Edward yesterday in the midnight gloom, now gorgeously beautiful in its sunlight splendour. On reaching the hotel, Mr. Sinclair asked for an interview with the director. Mona was conducted into a private room, whose shabby furniture and gloomy aspect suited but too well the state of her mind. When Mr. Sinclair appeared, after a short absence, she rose mechanically, and fixed her clear, sorrowful eyes upon him, waiting to be told what to do next.

"This is a sad, sad story," he said, taking both her hands in his, and looking down upon her with pity on his earnest countenance. "But it is something that your brother still lives, and may recover. The doctor is not entirely without hope. Great care, good nursing, and the avoidance of everything calculated to disturb or excite him are requisite. God guide and help you through this heavy trial, my poor girl, and sustain you as He did me in my great extremity. He helps us when no other can, and leads His children by a way they know not, if only they trust Him. You will trust Him to do all things well; will you not?" he asked, continuing to look at her with compassionate anxiety.

"I will try," she faintly whispered.

"Are you ready?"

And as Mona, unable to speak again from fear and agitation, bent her head in token of assent, he again drew her arm within his and walked towards the door. In the entrance, a couple of waiters were hanging about, and a maid-servant made way for them to pass, as the director preceded them upstairs, all regarding Mona with a curiosity from which she would have shrunk had she been aware of it. They stopped before a door half way down a long passage.

"The young lady may enter. He has been asking for her so often that her presence will be no surprise," said the director.

"Would you rather see him first alone, or shall I accompany you?" asked Mr. Sinclair, holding her back.

"Alone," answered Mona.

"You are going perhaps to have a great shock. The loss of blood has been considerable, and he will be consequently much changed. That and the bandages and all the accessories of sickness will be very trying. Are you really prepared?"

"I don't know," answered Mona, with a sob. She was beginning to feel frightened.

"Shall I go in first?" inquired Mr. Sinclair.

Firm in spirit, though with a trembling voice, Mona answered, "No." She had sufficient presence of mind to recollect that the sight of Mr. Sinclair might produce emotion prejudicial to the sick man, whereas he was expecting to see her.

"Are you sure?" he asked again. He was tender of the feelings of the brave girl going to endure such certain pain, and wished to spare her if possible.

"I will go alone; he might like it better so," she answered, taking hold of the handle of the door.

"Well, I will be within call. Don't forget me if you require aid," and with a murmured "God bless and help you," he raised her hand reverently to his lips and opened the door; after waiting a minute to be sure that his presence was not needed, he closed it upon her and remained outside.

A few paces inside the room brought her in view of the bed whereon her brother lay. The stillness and solemnity of death pervaded the chamber. Was it, then, too late? Had her brother, more loved in this moment of supreme grief than in any former part of his life, gone to judgment with all his offences, the one unatonable one superadded, around his head? With a sharp and a bitter cry she flung herself down upon her knees beside the bed and sobbed aloud to relieve her bursting heart, and then she felt a movement. Raising her head, she encountered a pair of lustreless eyes fixed upon her, and the lips feebly parted to pronounce her name. "Thank God! Oh! thank God you live!" she exclaimed, almost beside herself at this sudden relief from the heaviest of all sorrows. "I will pray night and day, I will weary heaven with prayers that you may be spared and forgiven."

The bloodless lips moved again, but no sound issued from them. Remembering that agitation of any kind was bad for him, and might be fatal, she calmed herself with effort, and rising, kissed him tenderly as a mother might a sick child.

"I have been very wicked; do you think you will be able to forgive me?" he whispered low, and his eyes grew dim with tears that gathered in them.

"If we hope to obtain forgiveness from God for our offences daily committed against Him, what am I, and what is any earthly creature, that we should be hard against an erring brother?"

"But when you know all," murmured the sick youth, "the shame as well as the sin—"

"The shame is in the sin, and sin may be forgiven. Remember, dear, what we have been taught, and what we profess to believe—that we have a Saviour who can cleanse us from all sin."

"But not from the shame of our evil deeds; that must remain."

To this Mona could give no answer, but she soothed him with her caresses, and bade him keep quiet. He seemed comforted at having her near him, laid his hand upon hers, and pathetically asked her not to leave him whilst he lived. The promise readily given seemed to console him, and he was willing to lie still so long as she sat beside him. Looking round the room, she was struck by its meagre accommodation for an invalid. There were no comforts, no sign of the thoughtful endeavours to alleviate suffering usually found in a sick-room. A bottle and a glass stood on a chest of drawers, and a cup of cold broth on a table near the bed, certainly not appetising. Cases of this sort evoked little sympathy; they were inconvenient at hotels, and unless friends were near to influence, were likely to be neglected.

Finding that Edward had again sunk into the same drowsy state from which his explosive grief had roused him, she quietly withdrew her hand and went to call Mr. Sinclair. He was walking up and down the long passage, and hurried to meet her.

"He is half asleep, would you like to see him?" she asked, feeling herself incapable of giving any particulars of their interview.

Mr. Sinclair assented, and after standing a few minutes by the bedside, took Mona away, and explained what she was to do. "You will obey in all things, will you not?" he asked.

"I must nurse my brother."

"You shall nurse him, but with help. I have seen the doctor, who will bring you a competent nurse

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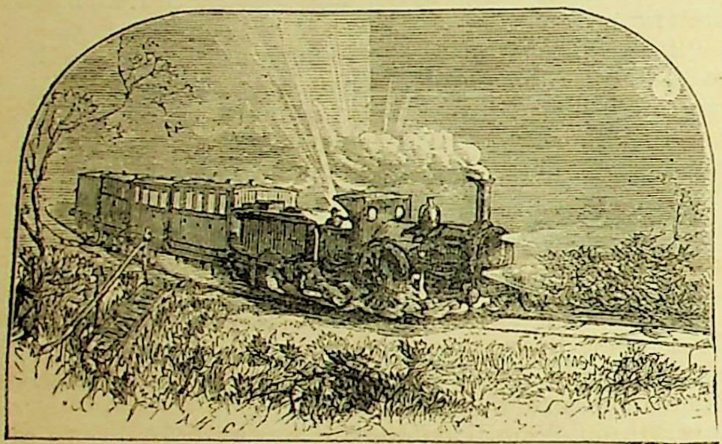
for a few nights while special care is necessary. Your room is to communicate with your brother's, you are to take all your meals in an adjoining sitting-room, and you are to promise to withdraw from the sick-chamber for a portion of every day. My conditions are not hard," he said, with a kind smile.

"I have no claim to such kindness," replied Mona, dropping her eyelids to hide her grateful tears.

"Yes you have, that which every sufferer has upon his fellow-creatures," he replied in measured tones; but had Helen Lestocq seen the tenderness that lay in his heart towards this much-tried girl, she might not have been over-pleased.

"Your first proof of obedience will be to let this young woman take your place while you come and lunch with me," he said, beckoning to a respectable-looking person, who was evidently in attendance for that purpose.

ENGINE-DRIVERS AND THEIR LIFE.



HOW few among the multitudes who roll along so easily in our comfortable railway carriages ever give a thought to the man who is directing the wonderful force which is whirling them through space with such speed and safety.

When on board ship, the man at the helm, on whose careful steering so much depends, is in a conspicuous position, in sight of the passengers. We admire the steadfastness with which his attention is fixed alternately on the captain or pilot, or on his compass or look-out ahead. Knowing the need for this attention, we feel little temptation to disobey the injunction, "Do not speak to the man at the wheel." But how different it is when we are in a train. The man upon whose careful driving our safety depends is not seen. We very often complete our journey without even knowing what he is like, perhaps without having given his existence a thought. Many a time as we, in common with hundreds of others, have been passing the engine on our way out of the terminus to which we have just been brought from our comfortable homes to our work in the great city, we have noticed the driver leaning over his engine, and scanning the faces of those whom he has been guiding to their destination, and not seldom have we seemed to read in his face some such thought as this: "You little think, many of you ladies and gentlemen, how hard I have been working with head and hand, especially with head, for the last hour or two to bring you here safely. You get into your comfortable carriages and read your book or newspaper, or enjoy your chat or the view from the window, and you never give so much as a thought to the driver who is carrying you along with such security. I suppose you think that the train takes itself along without anybody to guide it. To see your faces one would think it really did."

Do we not all of us have to plead more or less guilty to this indictment? But *ought* it to be so? Why should the difference be so great between the feelings with which we regard the steersman and those which we have towards the engine-driver?

Why should we not give to our engine-drivers the same amount of thought, and any kindness which springs from thought, that we do even to our postmen or policemen, or to any other class of men who serve us faithfully and well?*

Few engine-drivers remain many years at their post. As one of them said to the writer, "His head wouldn't stand it." He went on to explain: "You have no idea of the strain upon a man's head when he is going along at forty miles an hour with a load of precious lives behind him, so dependent on his care. He never knows what danger may lie just the other side of the curve round which he is rushing. And on a dark and misty night, or perhaps with the rain or snow beating in his face and nearly blinding him, the strain of anxiety is of course very much worse." This man, feeling that his head would no longer stand the strain, or allow him to do justice either to his employers or to the public, obtained leave to retire to a little quiet country line, where he had no Sunday work, and what he did on week-days was play, he considered, compared with what he had been accustomed to.

Considering the life that engine-drivers lead, exposed as they are to all weathers, and even after taking into consideration the greatly improved accommodation and shelter now provided for them by the companies, we think the travelling public have every reason to congratulate themselves upon the high character for sobriety which these men keep up. A friend of ours, a London station-master of twenty-seven years' experience, once told us that the improvement in this respect among engine-drivers and firemen during that period had been wonderful. A quarter of a century ago he could remember that engine-drivers, though not perhaps often drunk when on duty, were among the fastest and loosest living men there were, but that now they maintain a high character for steadiness when off, as well as when on, their engines. Their temptations to drink are great. We ourselves, when going down to Scotland by the night train, have several times seen drivers refuse drink foolishly offered to them by gentlemen passengers.

We need hardly remind our readers of the thorough and complete mastery which a driver must have over every minute part of his engine. In order to this he must have a detailed knowledge of each part. This he has got through his previous training. Beginning usually as a cleaner, he becomes from his occupation personally acquainted with each piece of the locomotive, and its relation to the whole. Then as a fireman he gains the knowledge of how this wonderful piece of mechanism is ruled and guided. Under the orders of his driver he learns what to do in each emergency as it arises, and in the course of years—he very often passes ten or twelve years in cleaning and firing—he is competent to take charge

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* We have long been in the habit, instead of leaving a newspaper or magazine in the carriage at the end of a journey, of handing it to the driver in passing out, who always receives it with thankfulness, and sometimes with surprise, as if it were an unusual thing.—ED. L. H.

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of an engine himself, having in his turn a fireman under him.

But the most accurate knowledge of his engine would not serve him in driving unless his head were perfectly clear. Even the smallest quantity of confusion produced by drink in that head, and of what avail would be his full knowledge of his engine? We repeat therefore that we may be thankful that engine-drivers as a class are so sober.

A locomotive inspector at one of our largest London stations has told us that in the past three years he has only once had occasion to speak to a man for having had a glass too much. And their good reputation in this respect is the more remarkable when we consider, in addition to what we have noticed above, the great freedom in which they do their work, and the large number of them that there are. Five years ago there were no fewer than 9,600 of them in the United Kingdom, besides, of course, an equal number of firemen; and it is considered by those who are well able to judge, that their numbers throughout the country since that period have very nearly doubled. One railway company alone that we know has nearly doubled the number of its engine-drivers in the last three years.

In conclusion, we would only say that, knowing what an engine-driver's life is in all weathers, and having had many opportunities of conversing with them, we can tell our readers that an engine-driver's life is a peculiarly hard and wearing life both for the body and mind.* And we shall consider the purpose of this little sketch well answered if it leads even a few of the enormous railway travelling public to take a little more interest in the man who is driving them, to remember that they are being carried along, not, by a mere machine, and to reflect that, in order to their safety in travelling, the driver has to toil hard with head and hand, as well as to be stretched for hours together on the rack of constant anxiety.

* When there was a dispute recently, and a threatened strike on account of reduction of wages, our sympathy was all with the men, although sure that boards of gentlemen-directors would not cut off the shillings of hard-working and worthy men without dire necessity. Their own salaries and those of the higher officials of the companies had no doubt been previously reduced.—ED. L. H.

THE BLACK FOREST.

BY JOHN STOUGHTON, D.D.

I.—ITS HISTORY.

INCREASING interest and curiosity have of late years gathered round this part of Germany, owing, no doubt, in a great degree, to new facilities for travelling through its length and breadth. Formerly, in consequence of the time required and the expense involved by a tour amidst its extended scenery, few persons were able to accomplish the undertaking; but now that fresh roads have been opened up, and especially since the construction of the romantic railway from Offenburg to Singen, multitudes of holiday-makers every year betake themselves to this attractive district, and come home with glowing descriptions on their lips, which tempt others to imitate their example. It is twenty years since we first became acquainted with some portions of the Black Forest, when diligences and private carriages along ancient routes were the only methods of conveyance. How changed the arrangements, how improved the conveniences and comforts, which we found provided this last summer, far beyond what could be met with in excursions taken during the intervening years! There is, perhaps, no other easily accessible part of the Continent which just now presents so many novel attractions—novel in the sense of being unfamiliar to English travellers; and therefore it may be welcome to many of our readers to have placed before them some notices of the history, the scenery, and the industrial employments of the grand old German Schwarzwald.

The present is an age of great cities. We can point to enormous centres of population where millions are crowded together commanding all the resources of modern civilised life. The past was an age of great forests, when men were, with few exceptions, more scattered and less stationary; when they wandered from spot to spot with their flocks and herds, or in hunting expeditions, on foot or on horseback, and looked with wondering awe upon immense hills and valleys clothed with the thickest woods, and infested with wolves and boars. Even in the great forest age, the *Hercynia Sylva* was renowned. It reached from Suabia to Saxony, touched the Rhine, and ran along the banks of the Danube as far as Transylvania. Cæsar spent nine days in crossing a part of it, and it took more than eight weeks to traverse it from end to end in its longest direction. The warrior and historian gives an account of its character, and of its wild beasts, in the sixth book of his Gallic Wars. In the Hercynia Sylva were included, on the north, a region called the Marciana Sylva, and, on the south, the Mons Abnoba; the former ran up near the countries now known as Thuringia and the Harz—the latter enfolded the sources of the River Danube. Of the vast sweep of these rather indefinite boundaries some idea may be formed by a glance at the modern map of Europe; roughly they may be said to correspond with the present Grand Duchy of Baden, and that district or cycle of the kingdom of Wurtemberg which bears the name of the Black Forest. The old Marciana Sylva and the Mons Abnoba are not identical with the German Schwarzwald; but they included this large region of wooded hills, bounded by the Rhine on the west and south, and by the Neckar and Suabia to the north and east. The Schwarzwald, according to the "Imperial Gazetteer," is 150 miles long, and, in some part, 45 miles broad. Towards the north the mountain chain rapidly subsides, and some geographers mark it as terminating near Neuenburg and Pforzheim. The north division is called the Lower Schwarzwald, the south portion the Higher. The culminating point is the Feldberg, 4,800 feet high. The whole of the Schwarzwald is now encompassed, and the south is penetrated, by a railway.

At the remote period just noticed—the age of forests—it was scarcely accessible, and only a few daring spirits attempted to explore its dark depths. The sombre hue of its wide-spreading woods has given it its modern name, and it seems to have suggested images of terror, and inspired emotions of fear, in the minds of the roving tribes who peopled

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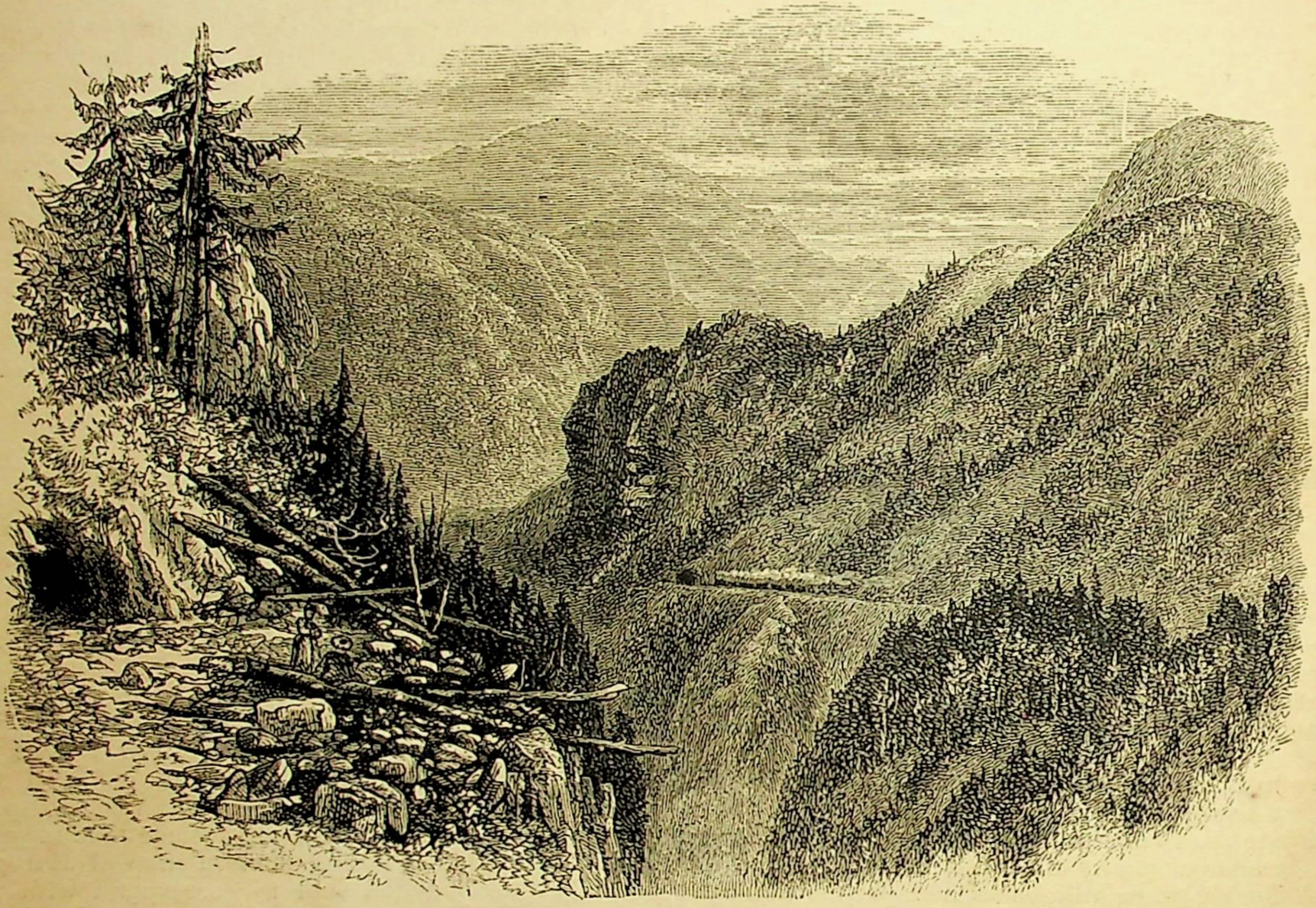
the north and eastern sides. They looked upon it, however, as a natural defence against the aggressions of the Roman Empire, which made inroads upon Germany, and they rejoiced in the difficulties presented by the black chain of hills to the march of conquering legions. For a long period the forests had few or no inhabitants, but people wandered or settled on its skirts, and then gradually cleared their way into the interior, seeking in the valleys pasturage for their cattle, cutting down from the hills materials for their habitations. Ethnologists think



A BLACK FOREST RAILWAY.

that they can discover in the present inhabitants indications of physical and mental differences which they ascribe to varieties of race; and hence they hazard a theory of distinct tribes having here come together, some of Celtic, others of Teutonic origin. Be that as it may, there can be no doubt that at an early date, however the Germans might look on the Schwarzwald as a bulwark of protection, the Romans made their way into the neighbourhood, laying down roads and erecting forts in the Hercynian Forest, according to their established policy. The remains of a Roman settlement, it is said, are to be seen near Hüfingen, a station on the Black Forest Railway, not far from Donaueschingen, where, in an interesting museum, some Roman antiquities are preserved. Up in the Forest, about Unter Kirnach, on the same line, near Villingen, an ancient roadway has been traced, marked by wheel-ruts, pronounced to be a Roman road connecting *Adaris Flavii* (Rottweil) and other places with the Rhine Valley. At Haslach, also on the Black Forest Railway, we are told there are Roman remains.

The best known of such relics are at Baden-Baden. The vaults of the masonry enclosing the *Ursprung*, the principal of the hottest mineral springs, is of Roman construction; and fragments of Roman sculpture, dug up in the vicinity, have been placed in the building over the fountain; among them are votive tables and altars to Neptune, Mercury, and Juno. Roman vapour baths seem to have existed where the *Neue Schloss* now stands, for remains are shown in the subterranean parts of that interesting edifice, which plainly point to Roman times. The district watered by the Oos, which gives a name to the branch line from the Rhine Valley to Baden, was partially subjugated by Drusus Germanicus, and then more fully conquered by the Emperor Trajan. A Roman colony, named *Civitas Aquensis*, occupied the site of the fashionable modern watering-place. The hot springs were then celebrated; and Caracalla gave Roman freedom to the town, whence it became known as *Civitas Aurelia Aquensis*. Baden-Baden is the chief centre for excursions in the Lower Schwarzwald, and is to be regarded as the principal town in that part; and it would appear that this pre-eminence pertained to it of old, and clung to it during the ages of confusion which followed the fall of the Roman Empire. For when the Alemanni, who were the original inhabitants of the neighbourhood, and were subjected by the Romans, fell under the dominion of the Franks, the new masters of Gaul, Baden-Baden having accepted the Christian religion, made, under its Duke Gottfried, repeated attempts to establish independence, but in vain, and the dukedom was abolished in the eighth century by Pepin the Little. But, in the

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eleventh century, a Duke Berthold, a reputed descendant of the Alemannian Gottfried, built a castle in the Breisgau, and founded the line of the Zähringen princes, one of whom, in the twelfth century, took the title of Margrave of Baden, and was the ancestor of the illustrious house which still reigns over the Grand Duchy.

The history of the country is dim and indistinct during the mediæval period. The Germans have a saying, when a number of particulars touching a subject perplex the mind, that "you cannot see the wood for the trees." Certainly it is not on that account that we are unable to discern the historical line which

ALLERHEILIGEN ABBEY.

runs through the Schwarzwald of the dark ages. There are scarcely any trees to be seen. The wood is lost in dense clouds, such as, to the disappointment and mortification of the Baden visitor, sometimes envelop and conceal the scenery all round the castle. Legends, it is true, float before the imagination. Like the images seen on the face of the Brocken mists—shadows of forms cast by spectators—stories are told in prose and verse of ancient heroes, and supernatural beings who lived mysterious lives. In the very indifferent frescoes painted on the walls of the Baden Trinkhalle, under the long and stately colonnade, some of these legends are embodied in form and colour. There is the *Kellerbild*, which commemorates a phantom maid who haunted the spot so named—two hours' distance from Baden—and fascinated a wanderer, who, after thrice meeting her, in an ecstasy of love, threw himself into her arms, only to perish in her embrace. There, too, is painted the *Mummelsee*, a rocky basin on the road from Achern to Allerheiligen, where the *Undines*, or Lake Maidens, dwelt in crystal palaces, amidst gardens of coral, and, ascending at night, danced to sweet music in the forest dells, and then vanished at cock-crow. There also may be seen a picture of the *Teufels Kanzel*, a place six miles from Baden, not far from Gernsbach, where the devil is reported to have

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preached; while, near at hand, stood the *Engels Kanzel*, where an angel of light proclaimed the truth, and destroyed the work of the evil one. In the room of history, such dreams gather round some of the woods and waters of the Schwarzwald; and but little can be discerned in the shape of solid fact by the student who strives to penetrate into the condition of the region ten centuries ago.

Some faint rays of actual truth shoot athwart the dark vista as we travel up and down this romantic realm, for the ruins of abbeys meet us here and there; and castles, or the remains of them, adorn some of the most picturesque landscapes.

The missionary labours of Boniface form an interesting chapter in German ecclesiastical annals, but the scenes amidst which those labours were carried on lay to the north of the territory now under consideration; through the influence of other like-minded evangelists, however, Christianity, as it was then understood, made its way into the Black Forest. It was preached to the scattered inhabitants; and at a time when monastic habits were in the ascendancy, brethren of the cowl erected convents in several nooks and corners of the Schwarzwald, and by their industry brought surrounding lands into cultivation, while they instructed the peasantry in some of the elements of the Christian faith.

Two miles from Baden-Baden, at the end of a charming avenue of trees, lies Lichtenthal, a bright green valley, famous for a monastery built by the Margraves of Baden to shelter one of the religious brotherhoods. On the way thence to Wildbad, through Gernsbach, one may pass through Herrenalb, a village grouped around buildings which belonged to a celebrated abbey, and tombstones of the wicked chiefs who presided over the establishment are found in the churchyard. Hirshau is another village in the same portion of the Lower Schwarzwald, which can boast of the ruins of a convent dedicated to St. Peter. But of all the ecclesiastical ruins which we have seen in the Black Forest, there are none so remarkable as those of Allerheiligen, within a pleasant drive from Achern on the Baden Railway, an excursion we shall describe in a subsequent paper. We might also notice the church at Peterzell, built by the monks of Reichenau, and the great Benedictine Abbey at St. Georgen, both which places border the line which runs from Offenburg to Singen. St. Blasen, on the road from Freiburg to Albruck, is another example. Such buildings, at different dates of the middle ages, denote the advance, step by step, of religion and civilisation in regions once inhospitable, and scarcely ever trodden before by the feet of men. These buildings became centres of population, and villages sprang up round the abbey walls.

The age of abbeys was also an age of castles; they are found, in preservation or in ruins, in several parts of the Baden and Wurtemberg dominions, within the Forest circles. The visitor at Baden-Baden is almost sure to take a drive to Schloss Eberstein, which crowns a rocky hill commanding a most delightful view of the picturesque valley of the Murg. The figure of a wild boar, from which the castle takes its name, is conspicuous on the gateway; and entering the outer courtyard, you can go round to an inner one, which, recently restored, gives a good idea of the baronial homes and haunts of the wild days, images of which history seeks to recover from oblivion. There are not far off the ruins of another castle, that of Alt Eberstein, originally a Roman watch-tower. In connection with it is told a story to the effect that Otho I, wishing to reduce it to his sway, invited the count who possessed it to a tournament at Spires, with a view to seize it during his absence. But the emperor's daughter fell in love with the count, and disclosed the plot, whereupon he hastened home and saved his domain, and the matter ended, of course, in the marriage of the lovers.

The Alte Schloss is one of the chief resorts of Baden visitors, and there one sees the earliest residence of the reigning family. Its situation, perched on a rock overlooking the valleys of the Oos and the Rhine, reminds us how the chieftains of the middle ages sought security by climbing up difficult heights. Not to gaze on beautiful prospects, but to bar their gates and arm their walls against intruding foes, did these old warriors choose the place of their abode. And as the tourist ascends to the top of the remaining towers, and beholds with delight villages, spires, and water-mills, he is reminded by the force of contrast how different was the aspect of the country when in the middle ages the ladies of the family in hours of peace leaned over those battlements.

The Neue Schloss was not erected until the latter part of the fifteenth century, when less savage times released noble families from the necessity of building their nests among the rocks. In 1471 the present castle at the top of the town was begun, and after demolitions, additions, and alterations, it remains, in part, what it was at first—or rather it enables an intelligent visitor to picture to himself what it has been, and to surround the court, and enliven the apartments, with the scenes and associations of other days. The most interesting part of the castle consists of the curious subterranean passages and dungeons, which throw light on the condition of society at the period of their construction, and thus, in the absence of documents, supply materials for history. We revisited these dismal recesses not long ago, after the lapse of more than twenty years, and they deepened impressions already vivid. We saw the perpendicular shafts by which alone, originally, the dungeons were accessible; and the winding passages connected with this shaft, through which it would appear that people entered or were dismissed; and the doors of wood or iron which separated one part from another, and the enormous solid slabs of stone, turning upon ingeniously-constructed pivots, which close up some of the cells; and the *Folter Kammer*, or rack-chamber, with iron rings on the walls suggestive of instruments of torture formerly suspended there; and the hall of judgment, where sat the masters of the mysterious tribunal on stone benches, a niche being reserved for the president, who was placed close to the outlet, whence came in and went out himself and his colleagues. We saw also the passage containing a well or pit under the floor—now boarded over, once covered with a trapdoor, down which, you are told, the condemned were thrown after being led up to a figure of the Virgin, which they were directed to kiss. Moreover, we had a glimpse of the pit itself, the opening being visible under the boards, the pit once containing a machine consisting of lancet-studded wheels, which tore to pieces the wretched victims thrown against their sharp sides. This mystery of iniquity was discovered, as the story goes, in the attempt to recover a little dog that had fallen into the midst of the cruel machinery, which was found still to retain rusty knives and remains of rags and human bones.

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This collection of horrors has excited much curiosity as to its origin and purpose. The entire subterranean arrangement has been connected by some German antiquaries, followed by Sir Walter Scott in his "Anne of Geierstein," with the famous Vehme of Westphalia; and it has been supposed that, according to forms observed by that tribunal, prisoners were conveyed blindfold into the castle, then seated in a chair and wound up to a high storey, whence by a windlass they were let down the shaft into the subterranean prison, and thence conducted to the judgment hall, where they were acquitted or sentenced to inhuman punishment. The constitution of the Westphalian Vehme has been closely examined, its codes of law and manifold arrangements have undergone learned scrutiny; and between some of its meetings, those held in broad day, and the open field, and such proceedings as could have gone on in the Castle of Baden-Baden, no resemblance whatever can be traced. What was done in these vaults must have differed from what was done in the public courts of that well-known tribunal. Hence some writers have treated the stories told about the Black Forest Castle with ridicule, and have disdained to attempt any explanation of facts visible to the eyes of every visitor. But secrecy, after all, was the characteristic mark of the Vehme. Its members formed a secret association, and had a secret code of laws, and carried on their proceedings in secret. If the court sat in an open place, still it bore no resemblance to public tribunals; and the Vehme certainly had meetings which were concealed from general observation. Where they were held nobody knew but the judges and the prisoners. Such tribunals were instituted, it must be acknowledged, in other places besides Westphalia. A Vehme court existed at Strasburg. It is by no means improbable that one existed at Baden-Baden as well. Of course, such a thing cannot be identified with the Westphalian system; but it is reasonable enough to believe that, with some general resemblance, it might carry out its secret methods of procedure on the edge of the Black Forest. What we have seen in the castle just described demonstrates the existence of some sort of secret tribunal there in the middle ages, and probably afterwards. Justice, as it is termed, was administered in fashions of this description as late as the sixteenth century, when they declined and disappeared.

These institutions shed a lurid light on the social condition of Germany as long as they existed, whatever theory we may adopt to account for their origin. If they arose out of revenge, cruelty, and a spirit of oppression, then how savage must have been the nature which gave them birth and preserved them so long; and if they were rude methods to maintain order in an age of misrule, to put right what was really wrong, then what a reflection is cast upon the public law and government of the day, which needed such perilous means to supplement legal deficiencies.

The Peasants' War, which made a good deal of havoc in Germany four hundred years ago, indicated the miserable state of the rural population at that period. It was one of the fruits of the feudal system, which contained in it a wonderful mixture of good and evil. Oppressive laws ground down the lower classes; irresponsible power produced intense suffering, and the victims of wrong turned against their masters and endeavoured to throw off the galling yoke. The villagers were treated as serfs—denied personal rights, and required to do all manner of things for the lords and ladies of the lands on which they lived. They complained that "they were obliged to hunt for snails, wind yarn, gather fruit, and do all manner of things for others without pay. They had to work for their lords and ladies in fine weather, and for themselves in the rain. Huntsmen and hounds ran about, without considering the damage they did." In Suabia and Thuringia, to the north of the Black Forest, these complaints were rife, hence the wars which sprung up in that part of Germany at the time of the Reformation. Probably some of the people of the Black Forest suffered inconveniences of this description, however quiet and patient they might be. It is a remarkable fact that on the borders of the Black Forest villeinage (Leibeigenschaft) continued to obtain down to the last quarter of the eighteenth century; for, at Entingen, two miles beyond Pforzheim, where tourists turn off from the main line of railway, by a branch which leads to the fashionable resort of Wildbad, there stands a small pyramid erected by the villagers to commemorate the abolition of serf-like dependence by Prince Charles Frederick, in 1789. "Before that time," as we are told, "the peasantry of this part of Wurtemberg were *adscripti glebæ*, bought and sold with the land, and obliged to work a certain number of days in the week for their landlords."

DOMESTIC PUZZLES.

BY MRS. WIGLEY, AUTHOR OF "OUR HOME WORK."

WHERE SHALL I BUY—SHOPS OR STORES?

I HAVE read somewhere that when Elizabeth Bronte was a little child of nine years old, some one asked her, "What is the best education a woman can have?" She answered, "That which will enable her to manage her household in the best way."

Now it is just possible that this paper may fall into the hands of some clever little body who will feel inclined to think slightingly of such an education. If such an unbeliever would undertake the good management of an ordinary household for just one month, I will answer for it that she would welcome the new moon with a very different opinion. Management! why, there is no such difficult science under the sun as this one! Think of it! *Manage a household in the best way!* That includes the servants, the children, the gude man, and yourself; the furniture, the clothing, and the food; the cleanliness, the comfort, the health; the recreations, the saving, the spending, and the fifty other things that go to make the comfort, the beauty, and the prosperity of every household in the kingdom. And to manage these with that peculiar treatment which belongs to each individual thing, and to no other thing, to be constantly aiming to bring "all and every" to that perfection which is meant by *best*—ah! there's no doubt about it;—a woman requires a very excellent education indeed before she can do all this.

Now, as all managers have to tread pretty much the same highways and by-ways, perhaps it will not altogether be time wasted if, as an old housekeeper, I try to tell you of some of my puzzles in the business, and the way I have tried to get over them. If the same problems are presenting themselves to other minds, as I have no doubt they are, even my solutions may be of some use in the world.

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I suppose we are all pretty well agreed that these times are very trying to managers generally, and that if we *do* succeed in making ends meet, we certainly have to try very hard at those refractory terminations before the deed is done.

Well, one day, not long since, I had settled myself into a committee of ways and means, and was wondering where I should find the best market in which to dispose of my little capital, when a circular letter was brought to me, and I put aside my pondering to read.

The circular stated that a co-operative company was about to be formed, in order to establish in our town co-operative stores, and it further invited the reader to become a member by purchasing at once three one-pound shares, which would entitle me to all privileges. The objects of the society were further set forth under four heads, which I copy.

"1. To improve the material and pecuniary means of its members by forming a fund by subscriptions for the purchase of food, clothing, and other necessaries at wholesale prices, and retailing the same at ordinary rates.

"2. To provide a safe and profitable investment for the subscriptions of the shareholders, combining the facilities of the bank with the profits of trade, dividing the net profits quarterly in proportion to the amount of each member's purchases.

"3. To foster habits of prudence, forethought, open and fair trading, early closing, etc.

"4. To adopt the ready-money principle as the unalterable basis of all business."

Of course I had heard of co-operation before, but I do not think the idea conveyed by the circular had ever quite entered my brain. It seemed like being a shopkeeper and then buying your own goods, and at the same time pocketing a profit on the transaction. Why, the more you spent, the greater would be your profits on your purchases!

When my gude man came home, and his creature comforts had been attended to, I showed him the circular.

"So they are going to open some stores here, are they? I wonder what the grocers will have to say to it."

"I wish you would tell me all about these places," I said. "If anything is to be gained by becoming a shareholder, why should not I have the advantage?"

"Why not, indeed, my wise wife!" he answered; "but with your very strong 'live and let live' principles, I am not sure that you will not raise some quibbles at the whole thing. This is the matter as I understand it. It has been no secret for years that the grocers and provision dealers are making a very good thing of it. The price at which they purchase is often not even a distant relation to the price at which they sell, and their customers have become unwilling that so much of their money should be thus turned into grocers' profits only. This has led to the establishment of co-operative stores all over the country. A number of people join together to furnish capital to purchase wholesale those necessaries which they sell to themselves, and they divide the clear profits of the transaction. Some of these stores have been immensely successful. One at Rochdale in 1872 had secured profits to the amount of £33,640, which was divided among the members; and the Civil Service Supply Association, a few years back, had £100,000 to divide, as profits accruing from the sale of goods. I dare say it is ever so much more by this time."

"I think it must be a very good thing for housekeepers," I said. "I wish I had heard all these particulars before."

"Well, my dear, you are such a staunch adherent of that old Mr. Bennett, grocer and provision merchant, that I did not think you could deprive him of our custom for any consideration. *He* would not praise co-operation very heartily, you may depend upon it. Let me give you a few facts from *his* point of view. Everywhere the trade he represents forms a large and respectable class of the inhabitants. Wherever the stores succeed, these very respectable people, more or less, lose some custom, and they complain that those who deal there are taking the bread from their mouths, and sending them to the union."

"Well," I said, "but they have the remedy in their own hands. Let them be content with a fair profit on each article they sell."

"There is no doubt," my husband answered, "that a good many are lowering their prices, but I do not believe they will ever be able to compete with the stores, do what they will."

"But why not? If one set of people can sell an article at such a price and profit by it, surely another can."

"Yes, providing a good many things, my dear. Let me give you my facts, and you will see the drift of it in a twinkling.

"1. Co-operation produces a large capital. The possession of this capital enables the purchaser to buy large quantities in the best markets at reduced prices. Here they have an advantage over the smaller tradesmen.

"2. Shareholders often send £10 or £20 to the fund of the stores, and take it out in goods as they want them, so that they really pay beforehand. No tradesman would be allowed to ask or expect money *beforehand* to be used in his business in this way.

"3. A tradesman must have a good shop in a principal street; he must display his goods invitingly; he must have room for his customers to sit down, and assistants enough to attend to them without loss of time, or they will march off somewhere else. Now a store is often in a very out-of-the-way place, and the pushing and squeezing and waiting got there would not be tolerated in any shop.

"4. A tradesman must keep a horse and cart, or at least a delivery porter to take the goods home, whereas at the stores you must do your own fetching and carrying, except under special arrangement.

"5. Then some stores are exempt from income-tax and receipt-stamp duty, and I do not think they pay a licence to sell anything; the grocer must bear all these expenses.

"6. And last, but not least, a tradesman is required and expected to give credit, and he often gets many bad debts. The stores do nothing without the ready money.

"These are my facts, my wise woman, and when I tell you that a good many people who purchase largely at the stores for ready money do not scruple to run in debt at a grocer's for a great many things to suit their own convenience, then I am sure you will groan tenor at Mr. Bennett's bass."

I laughed. "Well, but what am I to do? I should be very glad indeed to—" And there I stopped.

"You would be very glad indeed to knock poor

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old Bennett over, if you were quite sure you would not hurt him; that's the long and short of it. My advice to you is, go and pay a visit to some well-established stores yourself. Our friends, the Greys, are large shareholders. Take the train and go some day when Katy does her shopping; she will be pleased to let you into the whole secret."

And I determined I would follow the advice.

I do not very often take a holiday, you may be sure. Mothers of families, who have need to think longingly of the benefits to be obtained from co-operation, find plenty to do at home.

But on the day appointed by Katy I arranged affairs for the day, gave numberless directions to the nurse and servant, and started on my expedition.

Katy Grey had been a friend of my schooldays, and we were always very glad of an opportunity of spending a few hours together. She met me at the station, and after various inquiries said,

"I thought I would come and meet you, my dear. Going to the stores takes so much time that we cannot afford to lose a minute. We can get to the building sooner from here than we should from our home, so I have arranged that we shall have a little luncheon there, and get back for a nice little high tea before you return."

"Luncheon there!" I said. "Is there a refreshment room attached?"

"My dear, there is everything attached. You see our stores are growing quite a large concern, and it is such a business, getting all one wants on a shopping-day, that one is quite glad of a place for refreshment. I don't think any woman ever goes home from a day's washing more tired than I do after a day at the stores."

"How often do you go, Katy?"

"Once a month, generally. The place is such a distance that I do as much as I can at one time. It is a very great save, there is no doubt, and one puts up with a good deal in these days for the sake of that, but you must expect to find things more rough and ready than you do at a shop."

"Then you consider you do save something by dealing there, Kate?"

"There is no doubt of it, Susy. Why I save at least twenty shillings in the actual price I pay for things, and there is besides this the discount on the purchases. One of Henry's friends was saying last week that he paid in £2 three years ago for shares; that since then he has allowed the discount or percentage on his purchases to accumulate, and that in this way alone he has turned his £2 into £10."

"I don't think I quite understand about this discount."

"Why, my dear, it is just like this. Sometimes you go into a shop and make purchases. The assistant makes out the bill, and deducts twopence in the shilling from the total amount if you pay ready money. At the stores they do the same thing, only instead of giving you this discount there and then, they place it to your credit, by entering it in a book, like a bank-book, or by giving you cheques of some sort, to be redeemed once a month or once a quarter, according to their rules."

"And you really get the articles cheaper, as well as the discount?"

"Yes, some things very much cheaper. The stores publish a list of prices, and though many grocers have wonderfully altered their prices lately, there is still a great deal of difference in the long run. I have a suspicion that if grocers put one thing down in price, they watch their chance to put another up."

"It seems to me, Katy, that you really invest your money in the stores instead of in something else. Your discount, then, only stands in the place of the interest paid on your capital. You could get that anywhere. The only real advantage must be in obtaining a good article at a moderate price."

"Well, I suppose it is something like that, Susy; but here is the building."

And there, before my eyes, I saw a lofty, substantial building of stone, looking more like a warehouse than anything else. It spread over a large space, and was at least four storeys high. All about it seemed bustle and business, perhaps more so than usual because it was the week before Christmas. Before commencing her shopping, Katy tried to give me some idea of the "organisation and classification" of the whole concern.

On the ground floor were draper's goods, grocery, fancy goods, toys, tinned meats, pickles, preserves, candied fruits, etc. On the upper floors, china, glass, furniture, heavier toys, ironmongery, cutlery, beds, bedding—in short, almost everything you can think of. It was just shops of all kinds under one vast roof.

We went up to the top. Oh, those never-ending stairs, with the mirrors reflecting our puffing and blowing selves at every turn! I did not wonder at Katy's tale of weariness if she did this sort of thing very often in a morning.

"There is a 'lift' to take us up, you know," Katy said; "we will use it next time, only I wanted you to see the extent of the place first."

There has been a good deal said about the lazy way ladies have of making purchases. There was nothing of this in Katy. She set about her business heartily and briskly. She went to the counter set apart for the kind of goods she needed and made her selection. I noticed that she gave a number to the attendant, who entered it in a book, and that she paid for everything at the time to a cashier, and not to the person who served her. This payment was made before the articles were delivered into her hands. While the goods were being packed the customers went and paid for them; afterwards they received their parcel. Purchasers kept their own book of entries, just as they would keep their own bank-book.

But I noticed that there was a weary waiting, waiting, waiting before we could get one thing quite settled. In the departments where most business was transacted people were very particular in stepping up in their turn, or they would have lost their chance. Katy wished to purchase a box of chocolates for her little boy; unfortunately an old lady, with a long list of needs, came just before her. We waited, oh! so long for it, and then, when the old lady had started, and we had selected it, it cost just fivepence halfpenny there—any grocer would have supplied it for sixpence; there was the journey to the cashier to pay for it, and then came the old lady, going very carefully into every item, and looking very keenly after her discount, to keep us waiting over again. I found myself calculating how much time was spent in procuring that one little article, and whether the small amount gained was worth it after all.

And then there was a certain offhandishness, a sort of I-don't-care-whether-I-serve-or-no manner in the attendants. You might sit down if you could find a seat, but they did not find one for you. Once I inquired the price of a pretty-looking toy on the

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counter. The young man I addressed looked at me as though I was the very first specimen of a new order in nature that had been imported, and he passed on without speaking. Perhaps he was an absent-minded philosopher. Let us hope, for the sake of co-operative chivalry, that he was.

And I noticed, too, that if Katy could not get exactly what she wanted she took the thing nearest to it. She wanted a ham of about twelve pounds; the nearest was seventeen and a half pounds. She wanted a small box of baking-powder; there were only six-shilling ones. Now, I could not help thinking that this must be a disadvantage in the long run. It is not always well to have "cut and come again" articles—is it, now, my sister housekeepers?

And then that carrying of one's own parcels—oh, it *was* an affair! I am afraid to say what I looked like in my generous endeavours to be equal to the occasion. Did you ever meet children and young people carrying to the factory the match and night-light boxes they had been making? I must have presented a similar appearance; but, alas! I lacked their self-possession, their jauntiness and ease, as well as their success. I tied the parcels together, I hung them on my fingers by the string, I piled them on one another and hugged them tight: it was all the same. Every now and then there was a terrible spill of the whole concern, and that's the truth.

And then there was the luncheon. In the midst of all the work Katy did not forget this.

Finding the refreshment-room, we seated ourselves at one of the marble-topped tables to get some luncheon, asking for julienne soup.

Two covered bowls containing a clear brown liquid were brought. If there was anything else in those bowls but a spoonful of Liebig, a pint of boiling water, and a sprinkle of pepper, then I'll give up all pretentions to good cookery for ever! I must say, a superabundance of gelatine *never did* agree with me. And we finished up with a sponge-cake, paid 1*s.* 8*d.*, and went our way to work again.

By the time all the list in Katy's pocket-book was gone through we were tired out, and there was such an accumulation of parcels that we decided to take a cab home.

"Do you always have a cab back?" I asked.

"Not unless I have a lot of things," she answered. "I can take small parcels myself; sometimes I send the girl and one of the boys for the rest. There is an office where you can leave things near the door, but sometimes there are so many things left they have to wait a long time before they can get them."

I had not much time with Katy after seeing her children. I had something to do to catch my train, and my dear gude man met me at the station, and we walked home together. He did not go into the matter till our snug little dinner (pudding unexceptionable!) and our nursery romps were over, and then we discussed the matter, and tried to get a clear and correct idea of the whole question. It stood as follows:—

Advantages gained by purchasing at Co-operative Stores.

There is a list of fixed prices. You can calculate exactly what your shopping will cost you before you start.

The articles are priced at the lowest possible sum, allowing a very small profit on each.

As you help to find the capital which makes the wholesale purchases, you are entitled to a division of these profits.

As you pay cash for everything you buy, you are entitled to a discount, and you are never anxious about bills coming in.

In bad weather, when you are once "landed" at the stores, you can get all you need without exposing yourself to the elements.

Disadvantages attending such Advantages.

The stores are generally difficult to reach, whereas shops are always at hand. Time and money must be expended before you are on the premises.

The great numbers of purchasers far exceed the number of assistants, hence there must often be delay in obtaining what you want. If the number of assistants are increased, the profits must diminish.

There being "no master about," there is manifested a certain amount of independence in the assistants. "They have no time to waste on politeness."

You must be content to take the nearest thing to your want, which sometimes may cause a good deal of inconvenience, and, it may be, waste also.

The getting of your purchases home is an undertaking easy only to shareholders in some stores, or those who have a servant waiting to carry the articles to their carriage as soon as they are packed up.

"And, in my humble opinion," I said, "these are the very people who do not need to co-operate at all."

"It seems to me, Susy," said my husband, "that you have found plenty to take 'the gilt off the gingerbread.' Is it to be Bennett for ever?"

"I am going to talk to him first," I said, "and I am going to do away with tradesmen's books. If they can afford to supply me at a reasonable rate on these terms, well and good; if not, I shall try the stores."

"Well, I think you will bring them round, Susy. They are beginning to be alarmed. I heard to-day they had a meeting to protest against stores, and to form a 'trade league' for mutual protection. They are resolved to introduce co-operative principles without the disadvantages, and to give five per cent. discount on all cash accounts."

"Then," I added, "if they will do this, and issue a fixed price-list, my puzzle about the right place to buy will be ended."

And so it was.

HOW SARDINES GOT INTO CHINA.

I HAVE a friend who, having resided some thirty years in China, is a good authority on the manners and customs of the central Flowery Land. Questioning him about the things to eat, drink, and avoid, when a European is invited to partake of Chinese hospitality, he told me that, as a matter of taste, and it may be prejudice, Europeans liked their own dietary best. As for puppies and rats, and such like horrors, one does not meet with these things at the table of a Chinese gentleman. Neither will he give you butcher's meat. Fowls, ducks, stewed tendons of deer, fish, and in very rich families birds'-nest soup, *bêche de mer*, or sea-slug, as a relish, and rice, of course—such things are the staple; and as for birds'-nest soup, my friend says he does not dislike it. From his description, this celebrated soup would seem to be like oyster-soup, without the taste or the smell of oysters—that is to say, white, creamy, and insipid.

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A middle-class Chinaman will never expend more than equivalent to fourpence English for his dinner; but Chinese gentlemen, when they take a fancy to any eatable, will pay, if needful, an enormous price for it. Nor is John Chinaman altogether so conservative as Englishmen at home set him down for. As an example rich Celestials now consume a goodly lot of tinned sardines in oil. The custom, however, has only prevailed a few years, and it came to be adopted by accident.

"I'll tell you all about it," said my friend. "First, do you know what smalt is?"

"To be sure I do. A blue compound of oxide of cobalt and silica."

"Exactly. Well, the Chinese import this smalt, I believe, for painting blue figures on their crockery. At any rate, some years ago the London agent of a Chinese mercantile firm received an order for a large quantity of smalt—a very serious quantity, of some thousands of pounds sterling value.

"But the word smalt was so badly written, or so wrongly written, that the London agent, instead of smalt, read 'smelt;' so he went about in many promising quarters to buy those delicate little fish. Not enough were to be had in the market at the time, and he was advised by a London provision dealer that whenever procured they would be enormously expensive. 'Let me advise you to try sardines,' was the counsel of the London provision dealer. 'Sardines are rather cheap now, and I'm sure they'll give satisfaction.'

"So the bargain was struck, the sardines were bought, packed, shipped, and sent to China.

"On arrival, a dispute arose. John Chinaman avowed he had ordered a blue pigment, not fish, whether smelts or sardines; and John Chinaman appeared to have the right of it in law; so he shrugged his shoulders and left the boxes of oily little fish in charge of the merchant, who did not even try, I believe, to dispute the bargain with the London salesman, so alive was he to the mistake he himself had committed.

"What was to be done? The affair was serious.

"The following was done. Some British residents at Shanghai purchased some of the sardines as just a slight alleviation of the unfortunate merchant's trouble. The whole lot, however, was a gigantic lot, and had it depended on European consumption alone, the unfortunate consignee would have waited over long to turn his capital. Fortunately it happened that an English purchaser of some of the sardines knew a rich Chinese epicure, to whom he gave a box, to have his opinion. It was not long coming. The Chinaman having partaken of the barbarian fish, licked his lips and pronounced them good. Other Chinamen followed the lead, and all pronounced the little fish excellent. The entire lot went off apace, and other lots followed. Now *Sardines à l'huile* are quite a Chinese institution.

"So that's the way," said my friend, "that sardines got into China."

Varieties.

Tonic Sol-fa Singing.—Most of H.M. Inspectors of Schools mention in their reports the excellent results produced by the tonic sol-fa system in elementary schools. In the London Board schools the system is not enforced, but is almost without exception preferred. Teachers are allowed to use any method provided equivalent results are obtained. That there is difference of opinion, however, on this matter appears from the following statement in a Manchester paper:—"The first step necessary to reform the present system of 'singing' by ear and substitute for it instruction in 'music' is the supply of competent teachers. Lancashire is the first county to start this reform, and has just held a competition for free scholarships at Owen's College, Manchester, when ten scholarships were awarded to teachers in elementary schools, which will enable them to obtain musical instruction with examinations and prizes."

Strangers in Paris.—Between the 1st of May and the 31st of October, 571,792 strangers stayed in Parisian hotels and lodging-houses, being 46,021 in excess of the visitors to the 1867 Exhibition, and 308,774 in excess of last year. Of these, 218,622 were foreigners, of whom 64,044 were English, 23,524 Germans, 21,419 Belgians, 16,417 Italians, 14,550 Americans, 13,284 Swiss, 10,234 Spaniards, and 9,072 Austrians.

The Plague in Europe.—The alarm which pervaded Europe when the existence of the plague on the banks of the Volga became known, though not perhaps warranted in the present advanced state of medical science, is not surprising, for the ravages wrought by its visitations have too terrible a fame in history.

The plague derived its origin, like most other epidemics, from the far east. Though it was formerly doubted to what country could be assigned its birthplace, there now seems little doubt but that it first appeared in China. Thence it was carried by the caravans across the steppes of Central Asia to the shores of the Euxine, or Black Sea, decimating in its course the barbarian hordes of Tartary.

For fifteen years before the ill-omened day in which it appeared in Europe, viz., from 1333 to 1348, China was afflicted with famine, pestilence, floods, and earthquakes; and also towards the close of that period with the Black Death, which was the name afterwards given by our ancestors to one form of the disease, from the black spots which accompanied it. These terrible afflictions were the result of the great convulsions of the surface of the globe, which, during those fifteen years, and for twenty-six years afterwards, created some very material alterations in the conditions of animal and vegetable life. These convulsions and their consequences were not confined to the east, but affected in a similar degree the western portion of this hemisphere. The seasons seemed disordered. The usual quiet of winter was disturbed by storms of thunder and lightning. Volcanoes, believed now to be extinct, were the subjects of fearful eruptions, and earthquakes were by no means an infrequent occurrence.

The decomposition of immense masses of organic substances, and of the bodies of men and animals, effected a change in the atmosphere to an extent detrimental to the existence of animal life. This is the most probable theory of the generation of the plague.

From the shores of the Euxine the plague was carried by the trading vessels to the Bosphorus and the city of Constantine. Thence the contagion spread to the seaports of Italy, which became the *foci*, transmitting it throughout the whole of Europe. It gradually advanced through Germany and France to England, and from England to the Scandinavian Peninsula; nor was Africa exempted from the scourge. Thus no part of the civilised world was unaffected by this fearful epidemic. Death ruled everywhere supreme. The plague did its awful work on sea as well as on land. Vessels were found unmanned, the crews lying in the berths, or even on the decks, struck down by the unerring hand of Death.

From the long period which has elapsed since the Black Death, and in consequence of contemporary writers not having been able to give perfectly reliable statistics, the mortality caused by the epidemic cannot be accurately estimated. In Asia alone 40,000,000 are stated to have perished from its effects. Of these 13,000,000 were citizens of the Celestial Empire. As to Europe, it is considered that on the most moderate computation 25,000,000 were struck down by the Black Death. Of this terrible holocaust London alone supplied over 100,000 victims.

The plague has visited Europe since the fourteenth century, but never with the same virulence, and never has it lasted for so long a period as three years. At different epochs in the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries, it prevailed for comparatively short periods in Western Europe. The most important reappearance of the plague was that which occurred in the seventeenth century. Then it lasted for nearly two years in England, from 1663 to 1665, and was only finally extinguished in

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London by the timely occurrence of the Great Fire of London. Nearly 100,000 persons were computed to have fallen victims to the plague in the course of the year during which it prevailed in that city. But owing to the great increase in the population of the metropolis since the fourteenth century, the number of the victims was small when compared with the proportion of the population which was destroyed by the Black Death. This was the last occasion on which the plague visited the shores of England. But it has raged in other parts of Europe at subsequent periods. As late as 1720 a similar epidemic decimated the population of Marseilles, and seventy years afterwards ravaged the comparatively thinly populated countries of Russia and Poland. This was the last important appearance of the plague, and from this period it has been almost a stranger to Western Europe. Its sphere is now practically confined to the shores of the Levant, though it occasionally has extended northward as far as Russia, and westward to Malta.

Three theories have been put forward to account for the origin or cause of the plague. According to one theory it is propagated exclusively by a peculiar contagion. According to another it may be spontaneously engendered by endemic or epidemic influences, as well as be propagated by the contagion; while the third theory rejects altogether the doctrine of its propagation by contagion, and maintains that it is germinated alone by local causes or epidemic influences. The great mass of the evidence adduced in support of these theories preponderates in favour of the second.

Whichever of these causes may be the correct one, the plague appears to be considerably influenced by temperature. Thus, in tropical climates it has never prevailed, and the excessive cold of the northern regions has also rendered it innocuous.

In Western Europe September has been the month in which the disease has raged with the greatest violence. For instance, in London during the Great Plague of 1665 the victims to the disease in the month of September exceeded by 6,000 the number of those who perished in any other month of the year.

As the plague has not visited the shores of Great Britain since the seventeenth century, it is exceedingly improbable that it will ever again do so. The greater degree of cleanliness which now prevails in Western Europe is unfavourable to its birth or progress, and the strict quarantine to which vessels sailing from places supposed to be infected are subjected hinders its introduction into this country by contagion.—H. N.

Captain Cook.—The Rev. J. Martin, vicar of St. Andrew's, Cambridge, says that in the church of St. Andrew the Great, in the town of Cambridge, there is a fine mural tablet, erected to the memory of Captain Cook by his widow. This tablet, which is carefully kept in a good state of preservation, overlooks the altar from the wall on the north side, and records the deaths of Captain Cook and of his widow, also the deaths of their six children, of whom two, Nathaniel and James, died at sea, one lost in the Thunder and the other in the Spitfire sloop of war. Another son James died at Christ's College, Cambridge, in his 18th year. The other three children died all of them at a very early age. As to Captain Cook the inscription is as follows :—

"In memory of Captain James Cook, of the Royal Navy, one of the most celebrated navigators that this or former ages can boast of, who was killed by the natives of Owyhee in the Pacific Ocean on the 14th day of February, 1779, in the 51st year of his age."

The inscription also records that Elizabeth, widow of the above-mentioned Captain Cook, survived her husband fifty-six years, died at Clapham on the 13th of May, 1835, at the age of ninety-four, and was buried with her sons, James and Hugh, in the middle aisle of St. Andrew's Church. Below the inscription is a shield, with a star above and below, bearing the globe. The motto is *Nil intentatum reliquit*. The widow, Mrs. Cook, left a sum of £1,000 in trust to the vicar, churchwardens, and overseers of the parish. The interest thence arising is to be spent in keeping clean and undefaced the tablet erected by her to her husband's memory, and also in keeping in order the inscription on the tomb of herself and her sons. The remainder, after two pounds to be given to the vicar, to be divided equally between five poor aged women of good character, residing in and belonging to the said parish of St. Andrew the Great.

There is a conspicuous monument to Captain Cook in Buckinghamshire, in the grounds of the Vitch, near Chalfont St. Giles, little known except to the near residents or the riders of that neighbourhood. The grounds formerly were in the possession of Sir Hugh Palliser, Cook's first captain and firm friend, and to whose discerning kindness and support he owed his first opportunities of distinction.

The statue which was exhibited for some time in London, near the York Column in Pall Mall, was unveiled by the governor, Sir Hercules Robinson, in Hyde Park, Sydney, on the 25th February, with imposing ceremony, and in the presence of 20,000 spectators.

Size of the Holy Land.—Mr. John MacGregor (Rob Roy), in a lecture on behalf of the Palestine Exploration Fund, described the size and the bearings of the Holy Land in a way very intelligible to a London audience and to others familiar with English geography. Taking Hyde Park as representing Jerusalem, he gave the relative positions of the Temple, the Mount of Olives, the Dead Sea, Bethlehem, the Sea of Galilee, and other localities. Mr. MacGregor said that the outline was but a rough one, but it was suggestive. Modern Jerusalem occupied, as it were, that part of Hyde Park to the east bounded by the Serpentine. The site of the Temple—Mount Moriah—the space north of Achilles' statue, and Zion—the Dairy. Gethsemane would be located at Grosvenor Square, and the Pool of Bethesda at Grosvenor Gate, while the Pool of Siloam would be Buckingham Palace Gardens water, and Kedron River Park Lane. The Holy Sepulchre would be on the site of the Barracks, and, strange to say, Herod's Palace on the House of the Royal Humane Society. The Guard's house at the bridge represented the Jaffa Gate, and the Mount of Olives—2,700 feet above the sea level—would be in Bond Street. The upper pool of Gihon would be at the Round Pond in Kensington Gardens, and the Damascus Gate would be represented by Victoria Gate. Petersburg Place, Bayswater, would be the site of the Russian Convent, and Rachel's Tomb would be close to Chelsea Bridge. Bethlehem would be on Wandsworth Common; Hebron at Redhill; the Dead Sea—1,300 feet below the sea level—at Erith; Carmel at Leicester; Nazareth at Peterborough; and Mount Hebron at the mouth of the Humber; while the Sea of Galilee would be in the Fens of Norfolk, near Stoke, and the Mediterranean at Great Marlow. This rough comparative outline of the Holy Land only—not the whole Land of Promise—excited considerable interest, as so small a country once contained so many millions of people, so many hundreds of towns and villages, and within its borders events, in number and moment unparalleled in history, have transpired.—*Jewish Herald*.

Anne Seward on New Words.—The "Literary World" quotes from one of the letters of Anne Seward a curious testimony as to the influence of Dr. Johnson's Latin style in naturalising words now familiar. "I heard," she writes in 1791, "some ladies at Burton, who neither have, nor pretend to have, bookish knowledge, use the following words with prompt spontaneity in conversing on common topics :—'Literature, literary, hilarity, stipulate, excruciating, delusive, juvenile, temerity, contemporary, phenomenon, popular, conservatory,' etc., etc. Twenty years ago scarce one of these words would have been understood, much less used, by the generality of private gentlewomen."

Father Matthew and William Martin.—A correspondent corrects a misprint in a note on Quakers and Temperance (p. 815, 1878). It was Martin, not Mackin, who induced the Rev. Theobald Matthew to take up the cause of temperance. Matthew at the time was not young, being near fifty, and the first public meeting held by him on temperance was in the yard of a livery stables and horse bazaar, Sullivan's Quay, Cork, in 1840, which is now a provision-curing establishment.

Wolves.—The last severe winter brought us reports of the appearance of wolves in inhabited districts in Eastern France and the neighbouring Alsace-Lorraine. The unusual extent and depth of the snowfall having deprived them in great measure of their usual sources of support, they were rendered by hunger more daring than usual. The neighbourhood of Metz was specially distinguished in this way. The beasts passed through the lines of sentries around the new German forts, and went up to the very gates of the city. A bakery in the neighbourhood of Fort Manteufel, in St. Julien, was regularly besieged every night by them, and one night a band of them made a vigorous attempt to storm the stable where some horses were housed. On Christmas Eve a large wolf quietly entered the Metz railway-station, to the great terror of the porters and officials. The following Sunday some were seen crossing some fields in broad daylight. Wolves have also been seen in the neighbourhood of Belfort. Near Saarbrucken they made a nightly cordon around the houses, terrifying the inhabitants by their howlings and attempts to break in. At Carpentras they came up to the gates of the town. Even in the neighbourhood of Lyons, where they are almost unknown, several have been seen.

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THE LEISURE HOUR.

BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,
AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND.—*Cowper.*

RECOVERING.

"WAIT A YEAR."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

MONA had the consolation of knowing that everything was done that could be done. With an aching heart she kept her patient watch day after day. Her face had lost all its youthful freshness, and her lustreless eyes were sad and usually cast down. She felt that her brother's disgrace was hers also. Yet she wore the sweet look peculiar to people who are more desirous to please others than themselves.

Edward having made a full confession, her mind was continually at work planning some way by which his debts could be paid. They were poor, they had no rich relatives, and expenses were daily augmenting. Painful as it was, she knew that for some time to come they must be indebted to the charitable kindness of friends. Later, perhaps, by strict economy, if

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she retained her situation, she might repay by instalments, but if not, how was it all to end?

Mr. Sinclair at first came daily, usually in time to see Mona take her early dinner. He was very good to Edward, and talked to him as his dead father might have done, but he said little to Mona, though he saw a good deal of her, and had many opportunities of watching the pensive face, bent in sorrowful earnestness over her sick brother, and the unwearied ministrations of those soft, womanly fingers. To think Mr. Sinclair capricious never entered her head; yet he was certainly unequal, sometimes fidgety, as well as imperative, in his care of her, at others silent and frigid, and then she felt, with a pang hard to bear, how Edward's conduct must of necessity separate her from him and all good people.

One evening as the sun was setting, its farewell glow, streaming in at the open window, fell upon the pale, waxen-looking brow of the invalid and disturbed him. He asked his sister to shade him from it, but she was too absorbed to hear his feeble voice. Her eyes were fixed upon the saffron and primrose tints overhead, and the fantastic streaks of dark purple and red in the horizon, a sky almost eastern in its loveliness, and little in harmony with the sin-stricken and sorrowful denizens of earth—with many at least in Monaco, that pandemonium of guilt and evil, sin and wretchedness.

Several times Edward had asked her to write and borrow money of Mr. Marshall. He could afford to lend, he said; better to have one creditor than several, and that the note must be restored to Mrs. Buxton, or he should die. Mona was well aware that anxiety was retarding her brother's recovery. He did not get on as he ought to do, and as his doctor expected; nor was she ignorant of the cause; but though desirous of removing it, she could not bring herself to make the application to Mr. Marshall. She proposed Mr. Graves instead, but Edward objected, murmuring the word "meddlesome;" and even Mona secretly felt he might make the obligation unnecessarily painful.

"Try Marshall, Mona; he is fond of you," Edward had said that morning, his first salutation after a sleepless night. Alas! this was the weakest reason to adduce. It was precisely because she could make no return to the young man's faithful attachment that her delicacy shrank from taking advantage of it. The day passed without bringing any change in her resolution. Half an hour ago Edward asked if she had written, and receiving an answer in the negative, sighed heavily, and looked at her out of his hollow eyes in mute reproach, but with a patient suffering in them that made her feel unhappy in her refusal. With her brother, she felt that if either of them were ever to know a moment's peace of mind again, that stolen note must be restored. Begging or borrowing, however humiliating, might be endurable, but to sit down to the avocations of life under the stigma of theft, waiting until she could discharge the debt unassisted, was far worse. All day long her thoughts had been on the rack. What could she do? She had her watch and that was of small value to any one but herself. Edward's was already gone. There was her father's at home, and her mother had a few jewels, which, under the circumstances, she might be willing to part with; but the requisite measures to be taken would require time. Edward's recovery would be retarded by delay, and, meanwhile, their expenditure was increasing. The bill at the hotel, the doctor's fees, the journey home, if Edward got better—Mona felt sick at heart, dismayed at this involuntary accumulation of debt and distress, and turned with loathing from the paradisaical loveliness spread before her.

"How much do you owe in all?" she asked, abruptly addressing the invalid, and carefully shading him from the sun as soon as she perceived that it inconvenienced him.

"I don't know exactly—not very much," he replied, wearily. "Something over a hundred in all. Had not the sum been so small I never should have thought of gaining it at roulette."

"If I procure the money you will not mind whence it comes?"

Looking wistfully at her, Edward only answered that as things were he should never get better.

"But if I pay all you owe—everything?"

Opening his eyes eagerly, he repeated the word, "All?"

"Yes, all," said Mona. "I will pay every farthing, whatever it may cost me."

Kissing her brother's brow by way of sealing the compact, she returned to the window, where the air fell sweet and cool upon her fevered brow, thinking out her plans until the night dew made her shut it on her brother's account. Then sitting down beside him, she soon had the satisfaction of knowing that he was asleep. His faith in her had already relieved his mind; she had promised to do for him what he could not do for himself, and he believed in her.

The first week of Edward's illness Mr. Sinclair had come every day, the second not quite so often. Two days of the third had already passed, and she had not yet seen him. As it was to him she meant to address herself, she had to decide in what form the application should be made; by letter, of course, but when? In all probability he would be there on the morrow. The letter would then be in the post, and he would receive it the following day. Two difficulties presented themselves—the fear that he would never permit the money to be returned, and the sum to ask for. Long into the night she sat making copies of her letter and tearing them up as fast as written. Nothing pleased her, though the phraseology was carefully studied. So, falling back at last upon a simple statement of a fact with which Mr. Sinclair must already be acquainted, their utter inability to pay their way at present, she asked him to advance what was necessary, trusting to some future occasion to name the sum. The request made, she added the hope that he would allow her to repay whatever might hereafter be in her power, and to believe always in her gratitude. She went to bed easier in her mind than she had been for some time. Her brother would gain ground when released from his difficulties, and for his sake she would bear the unavoidable humiliation. Of Mr. Sinclair's benevolence she had no doubt, and that would henceforth be the only tie between them, as he must be fully conscious of Edward's delinquencies. Mrs. Buxton was too intimate with Mrs. Fraser to keep the secret; consequently, any feeling dignified with the name of friendship could no longer be expected to exist between him and the Moreton family. So Mona argued after dispatching her letter; but she was none the less disappointed when two days elapsed without bringing Mr. Sinclair.

It was the evening of the second day, too late to expect a visitor. Edward had been up for a few

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hours. Placed in a chair near the window, where a mild fresh sea-breeze entered, it was hoped that he would benefit by the air; perhaps he did physically, but mentally he seemed greatly depressed. He sat still and silent, occasionally raising his large blue eyes to Mona as she endeavoured to amuse him by conversation, which was an effort on her part, and only attempted now and then. She was listlesssly arranging some sprays of pomegranate, beautiful with its scarlet blossoms and bright green leaves, in a glass of water, when a knock was heard. Inferring from its hesitating character that it must be that of a stranger, she went and opened the door instead of bidding the person enter.

A man of respectable appearance stood outside and asked for Miss Moreton.

"I am Miss Moreton."

As Mona thus answered, he offered her a letter, the handwriting of which she recognised at a glance. "Mr. Sinclair has desired me to place this in your own hand, and to put myself under your orders."

With conscious trembling Mona received the packet, and went into her own room to open it. As she expected, it contained money, French notes of different value to the amount of a hundred pounds, and a letter. Seizing upon this last, she read it in breathless haste. Its contents were:—

"Dear Miss Moreton,—You could not have conferred a greater pleasure upon me than by permitting me to become your banker in the present emergency. I had in a measure anticipated you by settling all accounts with Mrs. Buxton some days ago, thinking you would prefer its being done at once by an old friend like myself, who has something to answer for in having been the means of sending your brother into temptation. All has been arranged to Mrs. Buxton's satisfaction—I hope, also, to yours. Mrs. Buxton is now returning to England. Mrs. Fraser will take charge of your brother's books and other property until he is well enough to claim them."

Mona read so far carefully, and then glanced over the rest to the end. Not a word about his coming to see them, not a reference to this sudden cessation of his visits. The letter continued:—

"It would be desirable for him to leave Monaco as soon as he can be moved with safety. My former courier, a man upon whose respectability I can rely, will remain with you until your brother is better, and will then convey him to his own house in Nice, and take care of him till his health is restored. I trust that these arrangements will meet with your approbation, and that you will be able shortly to return to Mrs. Fraser, who is becoming impatient at your long absence. I am unexpectedly called away to Allevard, where I fear Mrs. Lestocq is dying, or I should have consulted you personally before presuming to act on your brother's behalf. How long I shall remain at Allevard it is impossible to say, but long enough, I am sure, for you to let me know if you can suggest any improvement upon the proposed scheme.

"Believe me, dear Miss Moreton, to be, and continue to treat me, as your true and faithful friend,

"Warren Sinclair."

Mona's feelings on perusing this letter were a puzzle to herself, but chiefly a mixture of regret and gratitude. He was going, or gone, into the presence of Helen Lestocq, to be again fascinated by her beauty, and to rivet the chains she had been so anxious to see broken. But now a change had come over her. Edward's misconduct was making her pitiful towards others—even to Helen—and less severe in her judgment. She could even imagine she had been harsh. Evil and good are often intermixed. Helen might not be in reality so bad as she had supposed. At any rate, it behoved the sister of Edward Moreton to judge mercifully, only—only it was Mr. Sinclair's happiness that was at stake; but if he loved this woman—Mona's heart contracted with so sharp a pain that she could hardly bear it. She sat down and covered her face. She passed a terrible half-hour, battling with herself against the painful knowledge she had just acquired, and finally left her room, calm, if not consoled, and took her place beside her brother's pillow with that serene expression upon her brow that comes from earnest secret prayer.

CHAPTER XXXV.

The morning Mr. Sinclair received Mona's letter brought him the long-expected one from Helen Lestocq, forwarded from Hillesden. Hers was the first opened. Being alone, no one saw the changes his countenance underwent on first seeing, and next on reading, the letter. Mrs. Lestocq was dangerously ill at Allevard, and wished to see him before she died. To such a request there was but one answer—he must have gone even had there been no tie on which it was founded. A few months ago Helen's letter would have touched him deeply; it was sad and rather penitent, with a graceful admixture of regret for her share in their long separation, and almost tender in its reproaches for his having so easily acquiesced. And through it all appeared a certain amount of satisfaction—not to say joy—that the period of estrangement so scrupulously respected by him was not to run its course.

Altogether it was a clever composition, well expressed if she desired to evince affection without wounding her pride, artful if she wished for reconciliation from any inferior motive. Laying down the letter beside Mona's, which he had not yet opened, he walked up and down the room, occasionally reperusing the one that had so much disturbed him, and asking of his own thoughts again and again, "Why had Cecil so deceived him?"

Already he had written to say that no communication from Miss Lestocq had been received, and requested his brother to send an explanation by return of post. One letter was dispatched to Cecil's banker in London, to be forwarded as soon as his whereabouts was known, and another to the same effect was addressed to Terracina, from whence his last was dated, under cover to the director of the hotel, who was required to entrust it to the hand of a special messenger charged to follow Captain Orde's wanderings until he found him.

And now the whole thing turned out to be a hoax. He had expended his money and, above all, his hopes—aye, very nearly his honour—upon a shadow. How often during the familiar intercourse of the past fortnight he had been off his guard, and words, which it now appeared he had no right to utter, were upon his lips! How often when those dark, sad, trusting eyes were raised to his face, kindling a yearning to comfort her in another character than that of friend, he had been on the point of taking Mona's hand, asking her to become his wife, and give over to him half her burden! And he would have done so but for the promise given and often renewed with himself, that he would wait the twelvemonth

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exacted, and abide by Helen Lestocq's decision. Against that he might have something to say when the time arrived, some conditions to make on his part, but clearly he could not move in the matter now, he was bound in honour to wait.

A growing distrust of himself had caused him latterly to be less frequent in his visits to the invalid and his faithful nurse, and more restrained in her presence, but he gained little by his self-imposed banishment. Her image was constantly before him; sunset and sunrise alike finding her beside the pillow of her sick brother, cheering him as best she could, and patiently soothing his pain and his distress. And now he must leave her, with no one to take care of her, and go to the aid of another less strong in the moral force that can sustain in adversity. Taking up Mona's letter after this mental commenting upon the other, he read it with a glow of satisfaction on his cheeks and his eyes brightened.

"Thank you, thank you, a thousand times for turning to me as your best friend," he said to himself. "That I am, and always shall be, whatever else I am denied. And you wish to repay me, do you? Would that you might ever have it in your power!"

Mr. Sinclair lost no time in making the arrangements mentioned in his letter to Mona. With Mrs. Buxton everything had been already settled. She had discovered the loss of the note, and Willie remembered having seen Mr. Moreton crumple up a paper and put it into his pocket. The terrible catastrophe at Monaco completed the circumstantial evidence against him, in addition to the misappropriation of other money entrusted to him. All this Mr. Sinclair insisted upon restoring, on the plea that in this instance he felt in some measure responsible for the person he had recommended, being the son of one whom he regarded as a friend. Of course, even if the young man recovered, the tie of tutor and pupil could no longer exist. Edward's only chance was amongst strangers, but Mr. Sinclair remarked that it would be right and merciful to cover his offences with the veil of oblivion. As for himself, he would not even discuss them with his sister.

The day after the courier's arrival with the notes Mr. Sinclair was on his way to Allevard, persuaded that he had done his best for the Moretons, but greatly fearing for them, as well as for himself, in their respective lives, that there was a battle to be fought wherein the sterner elements of man's nature and the fortitude of woman's must be called out to wrestle in the path of duty.

The journey, though not long in point of distance, was rendered more tedious than necessary through the non-correspondence of the trains. Leaving Nice in the morning, Mr. Sinclair only reached Valence at night—a large old-fashioned town, with two rough hotels, both equally primitive and indifferent. He arrived at Grenoble the following day, but too late to proceed farther.

The day given to making arrangements for the Moretons before starting made it the fourth from the receipt of Helen's letter before he was at Allevard, and to that must be added the two-and-a-half-day's post from Hillesden to Nice. As the horses dashed up to the door of the hotel, the usual practice at the end of a journey, to show their mettle and quality, a general bustle took place among the attendants.

"You were expected sooner, sir," said one, who appeared to be in authority. "This way, if you please;" and conducting him upstairs, he opened a door, and before Warren had time to collect his thoughts he was in Helen's presence.

"I expected you two or three days ago," said the lady, reproachfully.

"Did you? I am very sorry, but I was unable to come."

This was their meeting after a separation of ten months, a separation which, at the time, Warren regarded as the greatest trial of his life. Their hands met and fell apart as those of ordinary acquaintances might have done.

"Is Mrs. Lestocq so very ill?" inquired Warren, the first to speak, and glad to have a subject so comparatively neutral to touch upon.

Then Helen raised her eyes, swimming in tears, and he saw again the same beautiful face that had once enslaved him, the same, and yet another, for her beauty was softened and increased by her distress.

"So ill that there is no hope—only a few days." And Helen, unable to finish her sentence, hid her face in her hands, and burst into a fit of weeping.

Warren was touched more than he wished to be, and sitting down beside her, he said many kind, comforting words, involuntarily becoming more tender as her grief grew stronger, though he carefully avoided giving any sign or token of a lover.

After a while, bethinking herself of her mother, Helen dried her eyes, and proposed that Mr. Sinclair should be conducted to his room, while she prepared Mrs. Lestocq to receive him.

When left alone, she could not resist devoting a few minutes to the arrangement of her thoughts. The meeting had been altogether different from what she had planned or expected. She meant to be so sweet and gentle in her grief, fascinating, even, in her delicate reproaches for his tardy arrival—only calling it tardy because she was impatient. But he had taken her words in a matter-of-course fashion, replying carelessly and formally as he might have done to a stranger. Had he grown indifferent, or was the cold appearance only assumed to draw her on? Was not her letter sufficiently humble, sufficiently penitent?

"If—if—" she pursed her lips tightly together. They were as firmly set, as was her resolution to assert and maintain her right, founded upon his own promise that she should decide for herself at the end of a twelvemonth. She was sure Cecil had not betrayed her, and that he would not. Besides, she really wished to marry Warren Sinclair, and would not be dissuaded from doing so by any one.

It was not long before Mr. Sinclair was summoned to visit Mrs. Lestocq, who evinced great pleasure at seeing him again. As he sat hour after hour at the pillow of the dying woman, now soothing her with words of pity and kindness, now praying with her as a faithful pastor yearning over a straying sheep, Helen had ample opportunity of seeing him in a character totally new to her. She could judge for herself how far higher and nobler was that life which ministered consolation to the dying, which was able to point out the way by which the trembling soul could be forgiven, and to fix the glazing eye upon a loving and Almighty Saviour, than one spent in frivolity and self-indulgence. Sometimes she was moved into something like admiration, and wished she could have her heart changed, and really like what he seemed to like.

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In these moods she would often think of Mona Moreton, and with antipathy, upon no ground except that of the Athenian revolted by a higher reputation than his own. Before long this latent jealousy crept to the surface.

It chanced one day that a letter for Mr. Sinclair was given to her among her own. It had "Alpes Maritimes" for the postmark, and was in Miss Moreton's handwriting. "This is from Mona Moreton," said Helen, in a ruffled tone, as she offered him the letter. "Is your sister ill, that she makes her governess your correspondent?"

"I have no reason to think so," he rejoined, coolly, and, standing before the window so as to have his back turned to her, he opened the envelope.

Waiting in expectation of hearing something about Mrs. Fraser, Helen was greatly disappointed to see him put the letter in his pocket without speaking.

"Have you no news?" she asked.

"None that will interest you."

"Try me," she whispered softly, putting her arm through his and looking up into his face, the first time she ever condescended to woo a token of regard.

As he moved away from the window, and in the most natural manner dropped his arm so that her hand fell also, she coloured violently, and the jealousy she no longer attempted to conceal vented itself in words. "For a governess, Miss Moreton is far too much inclined to step out of her place. Your sister must feel it sometimes."

Mr. Sinclair did not answer, nor was he thinking of Helen. He saw before him a gentle, earnest face, and heard the sweetest words of gratitude to which he had ever listened. According to his wish, Mona had written to tell him how much Edward had improved by the change of air since their return to Nice, and took that opportunity of thanking him for his repeated kindnesses to herself and her brother. Later, Helen saw him finishing a letter which he directed to Miss Moreton, and the jealous spirit again asserted itself. "What can you have in common with Miss Moreton?" she asked, in an irritable tone.

Mr. Sinclair looked at her gravely for a second, and then took a sudden resolution. As Helen must, sooner or later, hear some account of Edward Moreton's illness and its cause, he thought it well to be beforehand with common report, which was not likely to be tender of his reputation. Besides, believing that Helen's own moral sense was not unduly acute, he thought he could state the case in a way likely to spare Mona's feelings in some degree.

But his first words startled her into an exclamation of surprise. "What! you come from the south of France, and not from England!" she said, with a sparkle in her eye that certainly did not proceed from interest alone.

"From Nice, as you would have heard had you not interrupted me," returned Warren. "My sister wished me to go there and see if there was any solid ground for Miss Moreton's uneasiness on her brother's account."

"Oh yes; she was always fretting and fussing about him, and lecturing the poor boy on the most trivial occasions. I used to be obliged to take his part."

"You would have done better in supporting the sister," rejoined Mr. Sinclair, a little severely. "Whether you succeeded or not you would have had the satisfaction of having endeavoured to save a fellow-creature from sin and sorrow." And he went on to tell her the sad history of Edward Moreton.

"How long ago did it happen?"

"More than three weeks. It occurred the night of my arrival. I was just a day too late for a chance of warning the young man against such scenes of temptation."

"More than three weeks ago," mused Helen; and for that time Mr. Sinclair had in all probability been in the habit of seeing Mona Moreton in daily intimacy, in the character of a devoted sister nursing a sick brother, and apparently breaking her heart over his iniquities. But not a word of what was passing in her mind did she venture to express. The cold dignity of Mr. Sinclair's manner rather awed her. She felt that he was changed, that if she hoped to have any influence over him, she must weave the spell afresh, and that it must be of a different character from the former one. With an inconsistency for which she took herself to task, she felt that she was never so near loving him as now, when the tie appeared light enough for a feather's weight to break. By some secret process a great transition had taken place—the affection she had once little esteemed was increasing in value, and the character she had all but despised was engaging her reverence and regard.

CAUTERETS, HAUTES-PYRÉNÉES.

HAVING heard a good deal about the Baths of Cauterets in the Hautes-Pyrénées, we determined to give them a trial. It is a place less known in England than others of more common resort, but with so many advantages that a brief account of our visit may be serviceable to some readers of the "Leisure Hour."

From Paris and Pau the access is easy enough, but ours was a long and tedious journey, as we had spent the winter in the Riviera, that lovely region of mountain and sea. We travelled viâ Marseilles and arrived at Pau twenty-seven hours after our departure from Nice, resting there one night. The next morning we left Pau for Pierrefitte, where the railway ceases, passing Lourdes on our way, famous for its Virgin, its pretended miracles, and its political pilgrimages. Pierrefitte is a very small village at the foot of the mountains, and on our arrival there we found diligences, carriages, hôtel omnibuses and other conveyances, to take travellers up to Cauterets, a *trajet* which occupies about two hours and a half of almost continuous ascent. The views are undoubtedly fine, the high ranges of the Pyrénées rising in grand masses to the sky, some of the peaks being snow-capped, but the most part covered with varied and lovely vegetation. We crossed one or two bridges which stretch over the Gave, a small river which narrows and widens alternately, whose foaming waves are clear as crystal, and cold as the snows from which they have melted. Down they roll to the valley, now breaking into snowy foam against the boulders, now gliding smoothly on their zigzag way between fern-clad and flower-jemmed banks.

Cauterets is a small village in the Hautes-Pyrénées, very much renowned for its mineral springs, of which there are above twenty. Several of these are used for almost every ill which flesh and blood are heir to. The waters are employed especially in cases where the nervous system is deranged, for incipient con-

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sumption, bronchitis, etc., and as a preventive against rheumatism; one spring is effectual in cases where the digestive organs are impaired, equal it is said to the waters of Vichy. There is a very great concourse of visitors yearly, and one has some trouble in securing accommodation even in the largest hotels. Many families take rooms in private houses and dine at one of the hotels, which is a very sensible plan. Everything in the way of food is scarce and expensive, and arrangements with hotels for food are invariably found to be the most satisfactory and economical.

The inhabitants of Cauterets are a hardy-looking, independent set, and their manners are far from being either pleasant or polite. All the principal shopkeepers bring themselves and their wares up to Cauterets from the valley for the season, and I must observe *en passant* that the want of common politeness amongst this class is remarkable.

There are several bathing establishments, both in Cauterets and farther up the mountain, the principal ones in Cauterets being the "Therme des Œufs," "Therme du Rocher," and "Therme de César." Those farther up the mountain (half an hour by omnibus) are the baths of "La Raillère" and the "Petit St. Sauveur." For details of the qualities of the several baths, and the treatment, or "cure," as it is termed, of special disorders, I must refer the reader to local or professional treatises. It is better to relate what every one does every morning while the said cure lasts. Rising at six a.m. we dress quickly and are out by seven o'clock, glass in hand, walking to the "Bureau des Omnibus," or office from whence the omnibuses which take us up the mountain start. We buy our tickets for the omnibus and get into one according to the number on our ticket. When the omnibus is "complet" we start and reach "La Raillère" in half an hour. As soon as we arrive we walk to the Etablissement and drink one or two or three glasses, according to the doctor's orders, and then start for "Mahourat," another spring about a quarter of an hour's walk distant. The water here bubbles up quite hot and has a strong taste of bad eggs, as it is highly impregnated with sulphur. Surmounting a natural repugnance for the nauseous draught, we drink our prescribed doses and return to La Raillère to meet an omnibus which takes us back to Cauterets. La Raillère is always a busy scene at this hour, when nearly all the visitors in Cauterets climb there to drink the healing and unpalatable waters. As the doctor's orders are to take them always fasting, the patients, anxious to satisfy both the doctor and their hunger, have adopted a measure which appears to reconcile the requirements of both in a very satisfactory manner: between the doses they suck an enormous quantity of *sucres d'orge*, or barley-sugar, the preparation of which secures quite a revenue to the suppliers of this delicacy, who make it under one's eyes and dispose of it with astonishing alacrity. For half a franc one can get enough barley-sugar to suck, not only between the glasses, but all the way home, and the grey-headed father of a family, after spending a franc to satisfy the demands of his children, does not think it derogatory to his dignity to put a stick of the highly appreciated delicacy between his own teeth.

Our return journey to Cauterets being one continuous descent, occupies only ten minutes, and we hasten to one of the establishments named above to bathe according to orders, after which we are glad to get home and have our *déjeûner* about 11 a.m. and spend the rest of the day in recreation and rest.

It is always necessary to consult a doctor before taking the waters or bathing, as without his advice it would be impossible to know which spring or bath to employ.

The natural position of Cauterets is very lovely; there are many excursions in the environs, which are usually accomplished with the help of donkeys or horses, and guides; *chaises à porteurs* are also much used. But Cauterets possesses few amusements when compared with other fashionable watering-places. There are three distinct seasons. In early spring and in late autumn people go from neighbouring districts and towns. The grand season is from June to the end of August, when the natives of all classes make their harvest.

Of the beneficial effects of the waters and healing in many complaints there can be no question. Their temperature and mineral constituents would lead us to expect this. But the bracing mountain air, and the necessity in so hilly a region for unusual exercise, has much to do with the salubrious and restorative powers of Cauterets.

POETICAL REPORTS OF LAW CASES.

WHEN Lord Hardwicke was at the Bar, Mr. Justice Powis had a habit of frequently using the phrases "I humbly conceive" and "Look, do you see!" On one occasion, during an interval in court, the judge said, "Mr. Yorke, I understand you are going to publish a poetical version of 'Coke upon Littleton;' will you favour us with a specimen?" "Certainly, my lord," said the ready barrister, and proceeded gravely to recite—

"He that holdeth his lands in fee
Need neither to shake nor to shiver,
I humbly conceive, for look, do you see!
They are his and his heirs for ever."

This anecdote, in various forms, has recently been going the round of the newspapers, but the original is found in one of Cowper's charming letters to his friend, William Unwin:—

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—Poetical reports of law cases (says the poet, in a letter dated Olney, 1780) are not very common, yet it seems to me desirable that they should be so. Many advantages would accrue from such a measure. They would, in the first place, be more commonly deposited in the memory, just as linen, grocery, or other such matters, when neatly packed, are known to occupy less room, and to lie more conveniently in any trunk, chest, or box to which they may be committed. In the next place, being divested of that infinite circumlocution, and the endless embarrassment in which they are involved by it, they would become surprisingly intelligible in comparison with their present obscurity. And lastly, they would by this means be rendered susceptible of musical embellishment; and, instead of being quoted in the country with that dull monotony which is so wearisome to bystanders, and frequently lulls even the judges themselves to sleep, might be rehearsed in recitation; which would have an admirable effect in keeping the attention fixed and lively, and could not fail to disperse that heavy atmosphere of sadness and gravity which hangs over the jurisprudence of our country. I remember many years ago being informed by a relation of mine, who in his

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youth had applied himself to the study of the law, that one of his fellow-students, a gentleman of sprightly parts, and very respectable talents of the poetical kind, did actually engage in the prosecution of such a design; for reasons, I suppose, somewhat similar to, if not the same with, those I have now suggested. He began with Coke's Institutes; a book so rugged in its style, that an attempt to polish it seemed a Herculean labour, and not less arduous and difficult than it would be to give the smoothness of the rabbit's fur to the prickly back of a hedge-hog. But he succeeded to admiration, as you will perceive by the following specimen, which is all that my said relation could recollect of the performance:

'Tenant in fee
Simple, is he,
And need neither quake nor quiver,
Who hath his lands
Free from demands,
To him and his heirs for ever.

"You have an ear for music, and a taste for verse, which saves me the trouble of pointing out, with a critical nicety, the advantages of such a version. I proceed, therefore, to what I at first intended, and to transcribe the record of an adjudged case thus managed, to which indeed what I premised was intended merely as an introduction. "W. C."

The letter concludes with the poetical law case of "Nose, plaintiff,—Eyes, defendants," which is familiar to all readers of Cowper's poems.

THE STUDENT'S CAREER IN LIFE.*

A COMPLAINT has of late been made that some of those who profit most by academical study afterwards find themselves at a loss for a suitable career, and it has occurred to some that the Universities themselves might provide them with what they want. If, however, the complaint is just, the disease must lie too deep to be cured by such remedy. Those who are supposed to be so disappointed must have been laying in a stock, not of furniture for their own minds, and strength for their own characters, but of intellectual wares to be disposed of in some market in which they are found not to be in demand, or not to command the price which their owners set upon them. This is a mercantile speculation, and there is, no doubt, a necessary and a legitimate place for mercantile occupations and the mercantile spirit in human affairs. But the mercantile view of education is not a very high one, and those who take it must be content to submit to economical laws. I advise you to look higher. There is nothing truer, even in Scripture, than the saying that "a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth." It is a poor ambition which cannot do without what the world calls success, or which would be willing always to purchase success on the world's terms. The greatest, noblest, and happiest career—to attain as nearly as possible to the perfection, and to do as well as possible the work of a man—is consistent with poverty and obscurity, but is closed against importunate desires. It is impossible to promise my model student that, do what he may—even if he had the highest intellectual gifts—he would be a Crœsus, or a Chatham, or a Wellington. But I may venture confidently to assure him that, without any extraordinary gifts, it is quite in his power to be George Herbert's "Honest man."

Who is the Honest Man?
He that doth still and strongly good pursue,
To God, his neighbour, and himself most true;
Whom neither force nor fawning can
Unpin, or wrench from giving all their due;

Whose honesty is not
So loose and easy, that a ruffling wind
Can blow away, or glittering look it blind;
Who rides his sure and even trot
While the world now rides by, now lags behind;

Who, when great trials come,
Nor seeks nor shuns them, but doth calmly stay
Till he the thing and the example weigh;
All being brought into a sum,
What place or person calls for, he doth pay;

Whom none can work or woo
To use in anything a trick or sleight;
For above all things he abhors deceit;
His words and works and fashion too
All of a piece; and all are clear and straight.

There is much in common between the thought of this poem and that of another, with which the pupils of my friend, Principal Shairp, can hardly be otherwise than familiar. In spite of that familiarity, they will, I am sure, bear with me if I repeat a few more lines from Wordsworth's "Happy Warrior":—

Who is the Happy Warrior? who is he
That every man in arms should wish to be?

It is the man—

Whose high endeavours are an inward light
That makes the path before him always bright;
Who, with a natural instinct to discern
What knowledge can perform, is diligent to learn,
Abides by this resolve, and stops not there,
But makes his moral being his prime care.
* * * * *
Who, if he rise to station of command,
Rises by open means, and there will stand
On honourable terms, or else retire,
And in himself possess his own desire;
Who comprehends his trust, and to the same
Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim;
And therefore does not stoop nor lie in wait
For wealth, or honours, or for worldly state;
Whom they must follow; on whose head must fall
Like showers of manna, if they come at all.
* * * * *
Who, whether praise of him must walk the earth
For ever, and to noble deeds give birth,
Or he must fall to sleep without his fame,
And leave a dead, unprofitable name—
Finds comfort in himself and in his cause;
And, while the mortal mist is gathering, draws
His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause:
This is the Happy Warrior; this is he
That every man in arms should wish to be.

I would suggest that it is the first end and object of the best education to build up this sort of character; that its next office is to teach a man the right use of such of his own faculties as are of the greatest general importance, and that it should be its crowning work to furnish him, or put him in the way of furnishing himself, with such knowledge as, to a man of such a character, with intellectual powers brought under his command by proper discipline, will be practically

* From Lord Selborne's Address as Lord Rector of St. Andrew's University.

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useful in whatever may be his walk of life. And it is important that this subordination of means to ends should be observed. It is liable to be disturbed when the intellectual is in advance of the moral development; and also when the superstructure of knowledge is substituted for or preferred to the foundation. There is in our times a tendency to both these kinds of disturbance: to the first, from the unsettling effect of speculations adverse to those influences by which the lower appetites are chiefly kept in check; to the second, from the increasing demand for such instruction as is supposed to be directly, rather than indirectly, useful.

* * * *

What do I mean when I speak of the intellectual as in advance of the moral development? One part of my meaning is so plain that I should hardly dwell upon it except as an introduction to what may not be quite so obvious. Every right-minded father who loves his son would say, "I wish my boy to obtain (if he can) prizes and distinctions at school, at college, in the world; I shall be proud of him if he surpasses others in ability and attainment; but I value his purity and uprightness far above all these things; I would rather that he should remain all his life in obscurity than 'gain the whole world and lose his own soul.'" Love judges by a truer and higher standard than ambition, and I should not wish to refer you to any standard lower than the truest and the highest. But even ambition, if not a very ignoble one indeed, cannot afford to disregard the supremacy of the moral sense. As Demosthenes called "action" not only the first, but the second and the third requisite of an orator, so if I were asked what I thought the first, the second, and the third requisite of a successful and noble life, I should say, and I should reiterate, "a good conscience." There is no lever like this to overcome the difficulties of life; no power greater than the simple, straightforward, unselfish energy which it gives; no drawback and dead-weight even upon what, to outside observers, may seem a successful career, comparable with the loss of it. And those who contract bad habits in their youth can never be the same men afterwards as if they had not done so. They may recover themselves so far as to escape from total debasement, they may follow in later life the calls of honour and virtue, but they are handicapped in the race, and they would probably be glad to sacrifice any object of worldly desire in order to undo the past, if that were possible. I referred just now to Gray's "Ode on Eton College;" it sets before young men some very unhappy contingencies of life which may best be avoided by the early formation of habits of obedience to moral discipline. Every one can apply these observations, so far as they relate to gross forms of vice; and some people speak of morality as if it consisted wholly in abstinence from gross vices. I hope your conception of it is not so narrow. A young man is not really moral unless he is honourable and truthful in act and word, just and considerate towards others of every class, mindful of what is due to his parents and friends, scrupulous about living within his means and not incurring debt; nor if he lives in an atmosphere of excitement, and wastes in idleness or in excessive or unsuitable amusements the time which ought to be spent in study, and the money with which he is entrusted for better purposes.

NATAL.

PORT NATAL.

THE province of Natal has always borne the reputation of being the garden of Africa. So far back as the year 1837, when the Dutch Boers, under their brave leader, Retief, first caught sight of its shores, it was thus described: "From the summit of the Drakensberg mountains, five or six thousand feet above the level of the sea, Retief and his followers looked upon a land of singular beauty. There lay, stretched out before him, a vast range of billowy hills, with countless ravines and silver streams running between, extending to the Indian Ocean. The upland ridges along the mountains were here and there marked by a growth of timber trees, whilst the valley and broader flats were covered with luxuriant green pastures sprinkled with mimosa thorns, becoming more densely bush-covered towards the sea, where the blue haze hung over it. So at this day Natal remains truly the garden of Africa. This colony covers

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an area of about 15,000 square miles. Its shores stretch along the coast for a distance of 150 miles, extending from the mouth of the Umtamfuna river, lat. 31° 10′ to the mouth of the Tugela in lat. 20° 10′ south. The whole of this lower or coast zone is rich in the extreme, its products being semi-tropical. Here the sugar-cane, arrowroot, coffee, indigo, cotton-plant, and ginger thrive on the hillsides and in the valleys. Cane-fields, mills, and comfortable planters' houses are to be seen. Mostly highly cultivated, many of the estates are beautifully laid out. The coffee plantations in particular present a charming picture. The cotton-plant grows wild over this part of the country, and the Natal coffee is considered to be excellent, and commands a high price in the market. For fruits there are pineapples, oranges, bananas, peaches, and a variety of other kinds. It is, indeed, a veritable land of plenty."

CHURCH STREET, PIETERMARITZBURG.

Leaving this coast zone for the more central and higher-lying districts, a region of green undulating pasture-land is entered upon of a different character altogether. On the uplands sheep thrive and are becoming numerous; cattle and horses do well, and grain and vegetables are easily produced. The climate of Natal is delightful; hot winds are seldom felt. The thermometer on the coast averages about 72° in winter, and 80° in summer. Summer is the rainy season in Natal. Showers are then constant, and everything looks as fresh and green as possible; winter is the season of drought. On arriving at Durban the great beauty of the bay is very striking; it forms, indeed, a fine broad sheet of water stretching into the country for five or six miles. On the north-west side are several small islands agreeably dotting the surface. And standing out boldly on the left is the majestic bluff on which is placed the lighthouse, showing the entrance into the harbour.

Fronting the bay is a low sandy stretch of beach coming to a point, partially covered with vegetation, rising as it recedes towards the town of Durban, still again rising as it reaches the chain of hills called the Berea until it meets the grass-land on the top, where it is as level as the sea itself. Travelling inland from the coast, the edge of the table-land has the appearance of a lofty mountain range; the highest point is no less than 10,000 feet high. This is the "Montaux Sources." Another point is known as the Champagne Castle, and is 9,500 feet, whilst the Giant's Castle is 9,000 feet above the level of the sea. But it will be seen that these are not really mountains, but merely high points of the ledge of the Drakensberg, which is in fact a vast table-land, that range being in effect a great precipice. Durban is rather a lively town, its population now exceeds 10,000. From here the import and export trade of the Orange River Free State and the Diamond Fields is carried on. Should the harbour works ever be successfully carried out, and the difficulties of the sand-bar be thus effectually removed, this trade would be undoubtedly much improved.

The town of Durban is well supplied with stores, banks, and commercial buildings; and almost all churches and denominations of religion are here represented. The Botanical Gardens are varied and beautiful, and well worthy of a visit. The Berea mountain, one of the favourite resorts of the settlers, is a charming wooded upland, dotted with villas. Here the rich semi-tropical vegetation is cleared away in patches, and the road winds up luxuriantly-covered slopes, from which here and there charming vistas of the seacoast may be obtained.

Pietermaritzburg, the capital, is a dull, sleepy, Dutch-looking town, fifty-four miles distant from Durban. It stands 2,000 miles above the sea, on an elevated plateau, and is divided by wide grass-grown streets running at right angles to each other. These

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are planted with trees on each side, which at a distance give them a pretty effect. The town is abundantly supplied with water, which runs in channels cut at the roadsides. Here is the seat of government, consisting of the Lieutenant-Governor, Legislative Assembly, and the public functionaries. Here resides also the Bishop of the Anglican Church. The town is well supplied with schools and churches, has two newspapers, public gardens, a library, a museum, a subscription club, hotels, annual races, and other sporting institutions. A river flows past the town and gives animation to the landscape. Its banks are enriched with willow-trees, originally brought from England, which flourish luxuriantly. A handsome bridge spans this river at the entrance to the town.

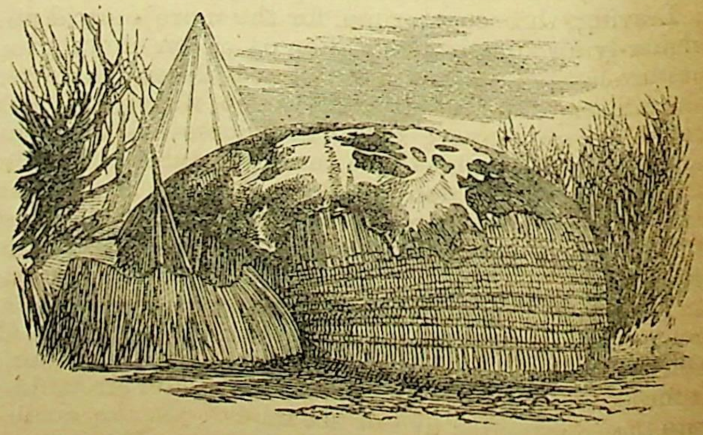
Taking the whole population of the colony of Natal, there is an enormous disproportion of races, of which the Europeans form a very small minority. The following is an approximate estimation. Of English, Dutch, and Germans about, 20,000; Zulus and other South Africans, 300,000; Hindu and Chinese coolies, 7,000; St. Helena emigrants, 250. The English chiefly inhabit the towns—viz., Durban, Maritzburg, Verulam, Pinetown, Richmond, Ladismith, York, and Greytown, and are also to be found on the sugar plantations on the coast. Many of the Dutch inhabit farms in the northern districts. Near Pinetown, about fifteen miles from Durban, is a settlement of Germans consisting of about 200 persons. The vast majority of natives live upon the produce of their herds and gardens, and the wages which they receive from their occasional hirings. They purchase some kinds of manufactured goods, but they produce very little. The imports and exports are supplied principally by the trade with the interior—viz., by the Orange Free State and the Diamond Fields. The latter have contributed much to the prosperity of the colony of Natal, being the means of opening an excellent market for all the home produce of the colonists, their import trade being thereby largely extended. Waggons laden with these supplies trek over the Drakensberg mountains through the Free State, which is the high road to the Fields, in regular succession. The position of the natives of Natal is a very exceptional one.

Although living under English protection for so many years, and, at the same time, brought under a system of taxation—for they are liable to a capitation tax, which is collected by a magistrate assisted by a force of native police—and although they have always been under the supervision of an active missionary agency, yet they are only one degree removed from the savagery of their kindred, who still rejoice in freedom from all restraint. They are polygamists, believers in witchcraft, ill-treat their women, live an indolent life, and go about scantily clad. These natives are all refugees, or the descendants of refugees, from the tyranny and cruelty of the more warlike tribes, or from the despotism of their own chiefs, and they have, therefore, lost, perhaps, something of their former warlike character, and have been amenable to rule, but their condition is unsatisfactory, nevertheless. Their labour, for instance, is so erratic that it cannot be depended upon; so that, with this enormous population of natives, the colonists are actually obliged to import coolies from Calcutta and Madras, and even to seek for labourers amongst the Amaswazi and Amatongu tribes from the regions about Delagoa Bay. This aversion on the part of the natives to labour, whilst, at the same time, they occupy land which the colonists could utilise, with the gradual increase of their numbers from year to year, is a serious difficulty, apart from the complications arising from the near proximity of the Zulus and other native tribes on their boundaries, and is, indeed, a problem ever increasing in complexity.

With extended lines of railway communication, and with increased means of continuous labour provided, Natal should become a rich colony in every sense of the word. Coal is supposed to exist in considerable quantities in the neighbourhood of the Umlhali in Victoria County, and a vein has been discovered fifteen miles from the Umvoti. Indications of gold are not wanting, though in small quantities. There is plenty of iron, and signs of copper have been discovered on the Illovo. Besides these, there are valuable beds of slate and marble. Granite is found, and good building-stone is to be procured in large quantities at the Umlhatuzan quarries. With regard to the sugar cultivation, there are not less than 30,000 acres of plantations cultivated, yielding 10,000 tons of sugar, and giving work to about 70 mills worked by steam, as well as several distilleries. The ground is so productive where the sugar-cane is planted that two or three, and even four, tons per acre have been realised. These are great advantages, and yet from a variety of causes Natal has not advanced in public favour.

With regard to the fauna and flora of Natal, the larger varieties of game have retreated from its immediate neighbourhood. A stray hippopotamus or two may yet be found in the lagoons and reaches of the rivers, and several varieties of antelopes may still be discovered. Herds of wild pigs always swarm in the thickets, and a day or two's journey will take the sportsman into the vast "uplands," where the antelope tribe abounds. The flora of Natal is very various and beautiful. Lovely lilies are to be seen in scarlet and white clusters. Several varieties of periwinkles, heaths, cinerarias, both purple and white, and the Kaffir broom (citsoin), with its golden clusters, abound. Then again every pool is margined with the spotless arum, and ferns are found in great variety. Nothing can excel the beauty of the roses in the gardens, where they grow to perfection.

Among the Natal timber trees may be enumerated the yellow wood, sneeze wood, black iron wood,



CETEWAYO'S CABIN.

(From a Photograph.)

stink wood, white iron wood, lance wood, white pear tree, white milk wood, South African ash, saffron

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wood, and South African elder. These are some of the characteristics and products of the colony of Natal. Alas! war is now desolating this fertile region.

Should order once more be established, it is to be hoped that "out of this nettle danger we may pluck the flower safety." At the same time, our relations with the natives under our rule must be established upon a better footing, and increased means brought to bear upon their moral condition, which our missionary labours up to the present time seem to have affected very little. It is hardly creditable to us as a civilising power that their contact with ourselves should have done so little to redeem them from barbarism.

T. J. LUCAS.

ANECDOTES OF THE ROTHSCHILDS.

IN a recent number we gave an account of the Judengasse at Frankfort, and of the origin and rise of the Rothschild family. Referring to that article for the story of Meyer Anselm, the founder of the fortunes of the house, we now give some notes about some of the most notable members of the family, especially the branch settled in England.

Until a few years ago, travellers led by curiosity to visit the Judengasse would be induced to pause opposite the house of the Rothschilds, and perhaps ask, "Who is that venerable old lady seated in a large armchair behind the little shining squares of the windows on the first storey?" The following was the reply invariably made on these occasions: "In that house dwelt an Israelitish merchant named Meyer Anselm Rothschild. Here he acquired a good name, a great fortune, and a numerous family; and when he died his widow declared she would never quit, except for the tomb, the unpretending dwelling, which had served as a cradle for that name, that fortune, and their children."

And here her sons came to visit her with respect and reverence.

In his eagerness to make his way in the world, Nathan, the third son of the banker at Frankfort, left his home at the early age of twenty-two, and in the year 1798 opened a small shop as banker and money-lender at Manchester. He left Frankfort with the small sum of 1,000 florins, or £84, in his pocket, and in five years he came to London from Manchester with £200,000.

Mr. Nathan Meyer Rothschild married, in 1806, Hannah, third daughter of Mr. Lewis Barnett Cohen, merchant in London, who is said so little to have anticipated the after success of his future son-in-law that he entertained some doubts of the prudence of the match. These doubts were instilled by some malicious persons long after Mr. Rothschild was an accepted suitor, and he was desired, in consequence, to produce testimonials as to his worldly means. The humorous response was, that whatever number of daughters Mr. Cohen possessed, he could not do better, so far as money and good character went, than give them all to Mr. Nathan Rothschild.

Mr. Fowell Buxton, writing to his daughter, says: "We yesterday dined at Ham House to meet the Rothschilds, and very amusing it was. He (Mr. Nathan Rothschild) told us his life and adventures. He said: 'All my success turned on the following maxim—*I* can do what another man can.' Another maxim on which he placed great reliance was, never to have anything to do with an unlucky place or an unlucky man. 'I have seen,' said he, 'many clever men, very clever men, who had not shoes to their feet. I never act with them. Their advice sounds very well, but fate is against them. They cannot get on themselves, and if they cannot do good to themselves, how can they do it to you?' He also told us, in the course of conversation, that he would wish his children to give mind, and soul, and heart, and body, and everything to business, as it was the only way to be happy!"

Mr. Nathan Rothschild was a constant attendant on 'Change every Tuesday and Friday, and for years was in the habit of placing himself at a particular spot with his back to a pillar known to every frequenter of the Exchange as "Rothschild's Pillar." On one occasion, however, a person of the name of Rose, possessed of great boldness, one Tuesday afternoon purposely placed himself in the spot hitherto occupied by the millionaire. On Mr. Rothschild's approach he requested the party to move. This was just what the other expected, and what he was prepared to dispute. He urged that this was the Royal Exchange, free to all, and that he, as a British subject, had a right to stand there if he thought proper. This doctrine could not, of course, be disputed, but he was told that this was the spot Mr. Rothschild invariably occupied, and, as such, ought to be yielded to him; but no, this obstinate Rose, being a powerful man, defied Mr. Rothschild and all his tribe to remove him. For nearly three-quarters of an hour did he keep possession of the pillar, and not until the business of the day was nearly jeopardised did the silly man, after having, as he said, established his right, retire, amidst the yells and hootings of the merchants there assembled.

Another anecdote is suggested by the mention of the pillar in the Exchange. Nathan was leaning one day, early in the spring of 1824, against his favourite pillar, his hands in his pockets, when his cousin Gompertz ran up to him in a high state of excitement. "Vat ish de matter?" queried Rothschild. Thereupon the other recounted in gasps how he had been applying for the vacant actuaryship of a large insurance company, and had been beaten in the competition. Though being admittedly the best candidate, on account of his religion the directors declared they would have no Jew. Now Nathan, too, got excited. "Vat!" he cried, disengaging his hands from his pockets, and laying hold of his brother-in-law by the shoulders, "Not take you pecause of your religion! Den I will make a bigger office for you than any of 'em." And Nathan was as good as his word, founding not only a bigger company than any other, but appointing Mr. Gompertz actuary under the deed of settlement.

One petition against the penalty of death for forgery was presented which bore three names. The first of these was that of Nathan Meyer Rothschild, through whose hands, it was said, "more bills pass than through those of any twenty firms in London."

Nathan Rothschild is reported to have said "that cheap money and free trade only were wanted to make England the centre for the trade of the world."

"I am as good as you," said Nathan Rothschild

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to the Duc de Montmorenci, when his title was granted; "you style yourself the first Christian baron, and I am the first Jew baron."

It was said of Mr. Nathan Rothschild that, though no man was less lavish of his money, no one was more ready to detect a love for it in others.

At a City feast a gentleman observed that, for his part, though he thought venison good, he liked mutton better. "I knowsh why," said Rothschild to his neighbour; "it is becaush he does not like to pay—to pay the prishe; it is because mutton 's *sheep* and venison 's *deer*."

On one occasion Mr. Nathan Rothschild is reported to have outwitted the Bank of England. In want of bullion, he applied to the governor to procure on loan a portion of the superfluous coin. His request was agreed to, the gold was supplied him, and a period was named for its return.

Punctual to the appointed day, Mr. Rothschild entered, and, with a cunning twinkle in his eye, handed over the borrowed amount in notes to the governor. Reminded of his agreement, and the necessity for bullion urged, the reply was, "Very well, gentlemen, give me the notes; I dare say your cashier will honour them with gold from your vaults, and then I can return you bullion."

Nathan Rothschild was not celebrated for his proficiency in the art of writing. This defect on one occasion caused him some little annoyance. He was travelling in Scotland, and on his return stopped at the town of Montrose. Wishing to replenish his exhausted exchequer, he went to the bank and requested cash for a draft of £100 on his agent in London. He was in no small degree surprised when the bank manager refused to honour his cheque without first having the genuineness of the signature, which he was unable to read, tested, for which purpose it must be forwarded to London.

To this arrangement Mr. Rothschild, however, unwillingly was forced to submit, and as at that time it took six days before an answer could be received from the metropolis, he was delayed until the reply came.

One cause of Nathan Rothschild's success was the secrecy with which he shrouded all his transactions, and the skilful manner in which he contrived to deceive those who watched him the keenest. If he was in possession of news calculated to make the funds rise, he would commission the broker who acted for him to sell half a million. This move on his part naturally caused those who followed his lead to sell with him. Once the news spread through Capel Court that Rothschild was bearing the market, then the funds fell. Men looked doubtfully on one another; a general panic ensued, and the price sunk two or three per cent. This was the result anticipated, and other brokers, who acted as his secret agents, bought all they could at the reduced rate. Naturally, on the arrival of the good news, the funds rose, and Mr. Rothschild reaped a golden harvest.

Nathan Rothschild's manner of evincing kind feeling towards Mr. Solomon Herschel, the grand rabbi of Duke's Place, had something in it which was both singular and whimsical. When any good speculation was afloat, he deposited on his account a certain sum proportionate to his own risk, and whatever percentage or profit accrued therefrom was carried by him to the rabbi, to whom he gave a full, true, and particular account even to the utmost fraction. The millionaire on such occasions invariably dined with the Levite, and the day was usually spent by the two friends in cheerful conviviality.

It is recorded of the wealthy banker that his mode of dictating letters was characteristic of a mind entirely absorbed in money-making, and his ravings when he found a bill unexpectedly protested were translated into mercantile language ere they were fit to meet the correspondent's eye.

Notwithstanding his avarice in ordinary life, Nathan Rothschild was fond of displaying his wealth in luxurious banquets and sumptuous entertainments, to which he invited the aristocracy of rank and birth. Peers and princes of the blood sat at his table; bishops and archbishops bowed before him; and those who were foremost in preaching against Mammon seemed foremost in worshipping at the golden shrine.

It appears from the following anecdote that Nathan Rothschild was occasionally outwitted in his money transactions. On one occasion a great banker lent him a million and a half on the security of consols, the price of which was 84. The terms on which the money was lent were as follows. If the price reached 74, the banker might claim the stock at 70; but Rothschild felt satisfied that with so large a sum out of the market the bargain was tolerably safe. The cunning banker, however, had a plan of his own. He immediately began selling the consols received from the latter, together with a similar amount in his own possession. The funds dropped; the Stock Exchange grew alarmed; other circumstances tended to depress it; the fatal price of 74 was reached; and the Christian banker had the satisfaction of outmanœuvring the Jew money-lender

Nathan Rothschild's management of the business of exchanges was one of the most remarkable features of his character. He never hesitated a moment in fixing a rate, either as a drawer or purchaser, of a foreign bill of exchange in any part of the world; and his memory was so accurate that, notwithstanding the numerous and immense transactions into which he entered on a foreign post-day, in the Royal Exchange he never took note of them, but on his return to his office could dictate to his clerks the whole of the bargains he had made, with the various rates of exchange, and the names of the several parties with whom he had dealt, with the utmost exactness.

It is also said of him that nothing seemed too gigantic for his grasp, nothing too minute for his notice; that while investing the profits of bargains of ten millions, and purchasing an estate of £115,000 with the premium of a single foreign loan, he at the same time calculated to a penny the wages on which a clerk was able to live. And it was characteristic of him that he never paid his *employés* a farthing more than was necessary for their bare subsistence; or at least not a fraction more than they could compel him to pay.

Among other sources of apprehension, that of murder was not infrequent. On one occasion Nathan Rothschild was waited on by a stranger, who informed him that a plot had been formed to take his life; that the loans which he had made to Austria, and his connection with investments adverse to the liberties of Europe, had marked him for destruction.

It is said that in the latter part of his career few weeks passed without his receiving threatening

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letters informing him that unless he should deposit a certain sum at a given place he would be shot or poisoned, or blown up in his house in Piccadilly. These threats at times haunted him like a nightmare. One day two swarthy mustachoed men were shown into the private parlour of the St. Swithin's Lane counting-house. Nathan bowed; the visitors bowed. Nathan arose, and the visitors moved closer up to him, fumbling about as they did so in the pockets of their great-coats. These suspicious movements on their part at once inspired the millionaire with the idea that they had come to assassinate him. Seizing the brass-bound ledger, he hurled it at their heads, at the same time shouting "Murder!" His screams at once brought his clerks to his assistance, when explanations ensued, and it turned out that the strangers were wealthy bankers from abroad, who had merely been feeling in their pockets for letters of introduction.

"You must be a happy man, Mr. Rothschild," said once a gentleman sitting at Nathan's banqueting-table, and glancing around at the superb appointments of the mansion of his host. "Happy! me happy!" was the reply. "What! happy when just as you are going to dine you have a letter placed in your hands, saying, 'If you do not send me £500 I will blow your brains out'!"

Nathan not unfrequently slept with a pair of loaded pistols by his side.

In order to obtain daily, and, if need be, hourly reports from his foreign agents, of the successes or defeats of the Continental armies, Nathan Rothschild provided himself with a number of carrier pigeons, paying large sums for birds of superior strength and swiftness. Embarking deeper and deeper in speculations on the success of the English arms, Nathan often got dissatisfied even with the speed of his winged messengers, and on more than one occasion hurried over to the Continent himself to watch the state of affairs. Upon Napoleon's return from Elba his anxiety knew no bounds, and during the hundred days he went to Belgium, following in the rear of Wellington's army. Eager to gather the earliest information of events which he felt would settle the fate of Europe for years to come, he did not even shrink from the dangers of the battle-field.

On the morning of the 18th of June, 1815, Nathan Rothschild rode over the ground in front of the Chateau de Hougoumont, in company with the Duke of Wellington and a number of diplomatic gentlemen. All day long he remained upon the field of battle, and when at sunset the French army was seen in full retreat, Nathan set spurs to his horse and rode off to Brussels. Here a carriage was ready to convey him to Ostend. Across the stormy sea which separated the capitalist from the shores of England sped Rothschild, the stout boat guided by a fisherman, whose services had been secured for no less a sum than 2,000 francs, so great the danger attending the passage.

Landed at Dover, Nathan hired the swiftest horses to carry him on to the metropolis. On the morning of the 20th he appeared at his usual pillar in the Stock Exchange. His unscrupulous whisper to a few friends, "that Field-Marshal Blucher, with 117,000 Prussians, had been defeated by Napoleon in the great battle of Ligny, then what had become of the handful of men under the Duke of Wellington?" spread consternation, and there was an instantaneous and tremendous fall in the funds. Nathan Rothschild's known agents sold with the rest, while his secret ones bought every scrap of paper that was to be had. Only on the afternoon of the 21st the news of the great victory of Waterloo got known. Then Rothschild, inwardly exulting at the success of his scheme, was the first to inform his friends at the Stock Exchange of the fortunate event. Waterloo, it is said, enriched Nathan to the extent of about a million sterling.

The marriage of Nathan Rothschild's son Lionel with his cousin Charlotte took place at Frankfort with due pomp, on the 15th of June, 1836. On the very same day Nathan was taken ill. Being nearly sixty years of age, it was suggested that his physician, Mr. Travers, should be sent for at once from London. But the millionaire would not hear of it. "Physicians," he said, "were expensive luxuries." Mr. Travers was at last summoned, but he came too late. On the 26th July Nathan grew delirious, and talked of pounds, florins, and thalers. On the 28th he was dead.

Early on the morning of the 28th an amateur sportsman, looking out for birds in the neighbourhood of Brighton, shot a pigeon, which, when picked up, proved to be one of the well-known carrier pigeons of the Rothschilds. Under its wings was a small piece of paper bearing the words, "Il est mort." That day, in consequence of the death of the great Jew speculator, there was a panic on the Stock Exchange and a great fall in the funds.

The remains of Nathan Rothschild were brought over from Frankfort to this country, and he was buried with great pomp in the Jewish East End Cemetery, on the 8th of August, 1836. Previous to burial the coffin, "which was different in shape to those made in this country, and so handsomely carved and decorated, with large silver handles at both sides and ends, that it looked more like a cabinet or splendid piece of furniture than a receptacle for the dead," was exhibited in the counting-house at New Court, St. Swithin's Lane. The body of the great millionaire was followed to the grave by a file of mourning coaches nearly a mile in length. Among the "mourners" were the Austrian, Russian, Prussian, Neapolitan, and Portuguese ambassadors, etc.

In his will Nathan Rothschild spoke of his wife with the warmest affection; and so great was his reliance on her judgment, that he wrote: "It is my special wish that my sons shall not engage in any transaction of moment without having previously asked her maternal advice."

In 1849 Baron Lionel Nathan Rothschild was returned as one of the members for the City of London. None could question his return; no law affirmed his incapacity. Then how was he excluded? By an oath designed for Roman Catholics. And their disabilities had been removed! He sat there for two seasons in expectation of relief from the Legislature; but being again disappointed, he resolved to try his rights under the existing law. Accordingly, in 1850, he presented himself at the table for the purpose of taking the oath. Having been allowed, after some discussion, to be sworn upon the Old Testament, the form most binding upon his conscience, he proceeded to take the oath. The oath of allegiance and supremacy was taken in the accustomed form; but from the oath of abjuration he omitted the words "On the true faith of a Christian," as not binding on his conscience. He was immediately directed to withdraw; when, after many learned arguments, it was resolved that he was not entitled to sit and vote until

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he had taken the oath of abjuration in the form appointed by law.

Of Baron James Rothschild, the late Mr. Whitehurst writes: "We all deeply regret the sudden death of Baron Rothschild, a loss which will be felt not only by a large circle of friends, but by a much larger circle of the poor of Paris. Though for years an invalid and blind, he never ceased to take an interest in what was going on in the world. Politics, art, scandal, theatricals, racing, and even ladies' dresses, were all duly reported to him; and thus he lived the life of Paris without seeing it."

Lady Clementina Davis, in her "Recollections of Society," says: "I used often to see Baron James de Rothschild, and I must confess I liked his large balls much better than I liked the host. In later years he improved amazingly in his mode of entertainment. But at the last ball he gave, at that now distant date, in honour of the allied commanders who were present, I and many other of his guests fainted away, for a larger ballroom than his house contained was requisite; so a spacious tent was erected in the garden; but the smell of fresh paint in this temporary ballroom was so overwhelming, that the result was as already told."

And again: "During my visit to the Drummonds in the Bois de Boulogne, Baron James de Rothschild was at that time at his well-known chateau in the neighbourhood, and we often went to his receptions. Upon one occasion I remember saying to the Comtesse de M—— that I was surprised the king did not purchase the baron's charming estate from him. But the comtesse, laughing, replied that, on the contrary, it would be easier for the baron to buy up the Bois de Boulogne of the king."

One morning, when the air of Paris was charged with rumours of an approaching and imminent declaration of hostilities on the part of France against Prussia, Baron Alphonse de Rothschild betook himself to the emperor's cabinet to ascertain directly from Cæsar himself whether or no such rumours were unfounded.

At first the emperor was quiet and receptive, as was his wont; but after the baron had eloquently exposed to the sovereign the great peril of taking so decided and irrevocable a step as to declare war, Napoleon III rose, smiled sadly, and, lighting a fresh cigarette, replied, "Soyez tranquil, mon cher baron, il n'y aura pas la guerre, c'est moi qui vous le dit" (Make yourself perfectly easy, baron, I tell you there will be no war). Rothschild retired satisfied with this assurance; but in the antechamber he met the empress going to her husband. A few hours later in the day the baron was informed that war was finally and definitely decided on.

The Paris "Figaro" of April, 1874, stated that Mdlle. de Rothschild, daughter of Baron Alphonse, had passed a highly creditable examination at the Hôtel de Ville, and received her certificate for competency as a schoolmistress. "We are assured," added the "Figaro," "that Mdlle. de Rothschild has expectations which render it improbable she will ever need to have recourse to teaching for a livelihood, but still, should such a contingency occur, she has a career before her."

It was said of the late Sir Anthony that he would find men work in the hope of making them industrious. On one occasion, as he was walking in his preserves, he observed a boy trespassing in them. He caught him, and asked whether the boy's father, as he suspected, was at hand. The man was in the preserve, and received a severe caution when he was found. But Sir Anthony immediately afterwards turned to his keeper, and told him the best way to keep people from poaching was to make them contented, and give them something to do, and that he had therefore better find the man work on the farm.

Whatever the weather, and whatever the demand for labour, it was his rule to keep all his labourers at work during the winter.

It is also recorded of Sir Anthony that he was always ready to bring forward by liberal assistance any boy who showed capacity and promise; and many a young man has thus had his career in life made for him by the private and unpretending generosity of Sir Anthony Rothschild.

Varieties.

Eucalypsinthe.—A new preparation bearing this name is now obtainable in France. It is obtained by distillation from the leaves of a species of *Eucalyptus*, and it is said to be at once grateful to the palate, exhilarating, and not only quite harmless, but possessing many useful medicinal properties. This new preparation is reported to be largely made and consumed in Marseilles and Paris, and it is asserted that it is likely soon to become as popular as *absinthe*, and that it will very probably take its place.

Flowers used for Perfuming Tea. — In a Chinese Materia Medica some information is given respecting the flowers used in perfuming tea. The principal of these would appear to be those of *Gardenia radicans* (Cape jasmine), *Jasminum Sambac* (the Arabian jasmine), *Aglaia odorata* (an interesting Chinese plant named in honour of Aglaia, one of the Graces), *Ternstrœmia japonica*, *Camellia Sasanqua* (Lady Banks's camellia), and *Olea fragrans* (the fragrant olive). The flowers of the last-named shrub are most highly esteemed for the purpose by the Chinese. Sometimes, in this country, an agreeable flavour is given to tea by putting a leaf of the sweet bay into the teapot before infusing the tea, or a few leaves of the lemon-scented verbena.

Mr. Bright on Protection.—The following letter from Mr. John Bright, M.P., was addressed to Mr. Cyrus W. Field, of New York :—

"My dear Mr. Field,—I never write for reviews or any other periodicals. It is so long since I have written that my hand has lost its cunning, if it ever had it. I do not think anything an Englishman could say would have any effect upon an American protectionist. The man who possesses a monopoly by which he thinks he gains is not open to argument. It was so in this country forty years ago, and it is so with you now. It is strange that a people who put down slavery at an immense sacrifice are not able to suppress monopoly, which is but a milder form of the same evil. Under slavery the man was seized and his labour was stolen from him, and the profit of it enjoyed by his master and owner. Under protection the man is apparently free, but he is denied the right to exchange the produce of his labour except with his countrymen, who offer him much less for it than the foreigner would give. Some portion of his labour is thus confiscated. In our protection days our weavers and artisans could not exchange with American flour. They exchanged with an English farmer, who gave them sometimes only half the quantity the American would have given them. Now your farmer is forbidden to trade with the Englishman, and must give to an American double the quantity of grain and flour for many articles he is constantly requiring that he would give if your laws did not forbid his trade with England. A country may have democratic institutions, its government may be Republican and based on a wide suffrage, and yet there may be no freedom to men for that which is the source of life and comfort. If a man's labour is not free, if its exchange is not free, the man is not free. And whether the law which enacts this restriction be the offspring of Republican or autocratic government and power, it is equally evil and to be condemned and withstood by all who love freedom and understand what it is.

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Nations learn slowly—but they do learn; and therefore I do not doubt that the time will come when trade will be as free as the winds, and when freedom of industry will do much to put down great armies and the peril and suffering of war. But I am writing you almost an article instead of a short note—as if I would teach you, which would be an impertinence. If you could teach your farmers, and ask the 'solid South' to help them and you, you might soon succeed.—Believe me always sincerely your friend."

Farming, Position and Prospects.—A discussion took place lately at a meeting of the Cheshire Chamber of Agriculture on a paper read by Mr. Bateman, on "The present position and future prospects of farming; is there any remedy, if so, what?" Mr. Bateman pointed to America as the great competitor of the English farmer. Many men in America lived on their own estates, and the rest at nominal rents with light rates and taxes, and a vast continent to revel in. Brother Jonathan, wiser than some rulers, was not perpetually thrusting his fingers into other peoples' fires, and when he had burnt his fingers, imposing taxes on the people to pay. Coming to the Cheshire local industry (cheese-making), he asked if the low prices arose mainly from the manufacture of inferior articles, or from an overstocked market. He maintained that even if Cheshire cheesemakers made a superior article and sold it at 7d. per pound, the Americans would beat them in price. He would be a bold man who would impose a protective duty on American cheese and flesh. As well thrust his head at once into a hornet's nest in quest of peace and comfort. They had an Agricultural Holdings Act, but the benefit from that, if any, was to come. No; he maintained that English agriculturists must aim at a higher state of cultivation, and a consequent larger production from the land. They had it on the authority of Mr. Mechi that a proper state of agricultural cultivation would supply the wants of England. He relied more on liberal agreements and perfect confidence between landlord and tenant than low rents. Farmers should gain a better acquaintance with the chemical properties of the soil they cultivated, the manures they used, and the class of food which the crops they grew required. Mr. Bateman also argued against excessive preservation of game, and especially of rabbits, and against the abolition of small holdings, as detrimental to the interests of agriculture.

Canal Boats Act.—The following letter from Mr. George Smith, of Coalville, appeared recently in the daily newspapers. "A few days since, at the Worcester Wharf, Birmingham, I counted between thirty and forty canal boats, not one of which had been registered as the law directs. While on the wharf a number of the boatmen grouped round me, and warmly expressed their desire to have their boats done at once, while they were 'tied up.' Last Saturday I was at Oakthorpe and Measham, and counted over seventy boats, not one of which bore the registration marks and numbers. I am told a similar state of things exists at Worcester. At Stoke-upon-Trent, out of four hundred boats, only forty have been registered, and the officer appointed to see to this matter has been prohibited going beyond the borough, a distance of not more than one mile. Thus, with the exception of Stoke, boats plying between Rugeley and Runcorn are left as they were before the passing of the Act. This state of things exists, in a more or less degree, all over the country, in the face of an Act which has been in operation more than a year." The health and comfort of a very large section of the population depends on the provisions of the Canal Boats Act being carried out. Why will not the Government appoint Mr. Smith inspector? he would see that the improvements were carried out for which he has so long laboured. It was chiefly through his exertions that the Act was passed. A very heavy responsibility rests on the Home Secretary if the Act remains a dead letter.

Virginia, U.S.—The following letter from a Yorkshireman in Virginia appeared in the "Edinburgh Scotsman":—

"Orange, Virginia, U.S.A.

"Sir,—Knowing the interest you take in all connected with the agricultural interest of Great Britain, I thought you would perhaps like to hear from a Yorkshire tenant-farmer who has been in Virginia for three years. During that time things appear to have got worse each year for the British tenant-farmer; neither do I see much chance of improvement, unless rents are very much lower than at present, as it is simply impossible for the English farmer to compete with the American, who can buy the land for what the Englishman has to pay in rent and taxes every year. The American can raise and feed cattle, sheep, and pigs, and ship them to British ports for less than it is possible the British farmer can feed them at, and pay the present high rents and taxes. . . . . Land that would bring £3 per year rent in Britain, can be bought here in Virginia for that price, and then the farmer has it for his own; and the only difference in the value of his produce is the freight from Baltimore, or some 'Va.' port, to England, which is very low. Then we have such things as wool, which are worth as much here as in England; and it leaves a very large profit for growing. In fact, I think that growing wool for the American market and mutton for the English is the best paying part of Virginia farming. Then we have many valuable crops, such as Indian corn, etc., that will not grow in England. A gentleman from the county of Durham, England, who has charge of the experimental farm at the University of 'Va.,' has been very successful in growing turnips. He sows them on the wheat stubble, after harvest in June, so that he gets two valuable crops in one year. In advising farmers to come to Virginia in preference to any of the Western States, I wish it to be understood that I do not recommend all parts of the State, as a large proportion of it is not adapted to the British farmer's style of cultivation; besides, in some portions of the State the land is very poor and worn out, through constant cropping. The portions I recommend are what is called the grass sections, such as the Piedmont Valley, where grass grows beautifully; in fact, I have seen some as good grass in Piedmont, 'Va.,' as any part of England, and better clover than I ever saw in either England or Scotland. In conclusion, let me warn intending emigrants to beware of land speculators and such like who are advertising land in Texas, Kansas, and such like out of the way places, where the crop you grow is all consumed by railway, etc., before you get it to a market."

London Birds in Winter.—Among the records of the long and severe winter of 1878–79 many interesting notes were made as to the effect on birds. Mr. Tatersall gave his observations in a south-western suburb. "I have grounds of nearly two acres. Hereford House garden, which adjoins mine, is about the same size, so that there is an open space of four acres. In my garden there are some large timber trees—elm, oak, ash, sycamore, and walnut, and a large old cedar, now almost dead—so that there is plenty of shade and shelter round the lawn, which is about half an acre. This was a country house in Cromwell's time, and one of his generals lived in it, and he may often have strolled from his house near the Cromwell Road, through the green fields and lanes, and have sat beneath the cedar. However that may have been, the birds are constant visitors now, and some of them—the blackbirds, thrushes, and robins—are residents. Since the frost has set in corn has been laid in a train across the lawn, and water placed for them, and there I have seen at one time, about nine o'clock in the morning, twenty-four rooks, several jackdaws and starlings (one of whom has a nest in the large walnut-tree every year), blackbirds and thrushes, robins and sparrows, all at the same time, the latter eating the crumbs thrown out for them down the stone steps every morning by my children. It is curious to see how punctually they come to watch for the morning's meal. The twenty-four rooks, in a straight line across the lawn, one morning when the snow was on the ground, had a very curious effect, reminding one of the 'four-and-twenty blackbirds,' etc., and looking like a lot of clerical students, with a fussy old rook or two to keep them in order. The gardener tells me a curious fact. When I asked him if he had seen the robins lately—as I had missed them—he said that he had picked up several in a state of stupor, from the cold, on the grass, had taken them into the greenhouse and laid them on a shelf in a warm corner, when after a little while they seemed to thaw and recover. After a time they flew out again at the open slide where he lets the air in to the plants. As there is only one pair—or two pairs at the most—I think he must have picked up the same birds more than once. A little wren lives in the greenhouse, and is not foolish enough to leave it during this weather. As the rooks seem fond of my trees, and are being driven out of almost all their old haunts by the builders, I hope one day to have a small rookery, when, with a pure-bred Alderney under the trees, I think my house and garden will, as nearly as possible, come up to the description of 'Rus in urbe.'"

Pew-rents by Auction.—The annual auction sale of pews at Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, realised for 1879 a total of 40,721 dols., including the assessed rental of the pews, which amounted to 12,743 dols. The premiums formed an aggregate of 27,978 dols., an increase over the premiums obtained last year of nearly 4,000 dols., and about 5,000 dols. less than in 1877. In 1876 the rents and premiums amounted to 63,680 dols.; in 1875 to 71,165 dols.; in 1874, 59,430 dols. The

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highest premium paid was 500 dols. Mr. Beecher announced that the renting of the pews in the last twenty-five years—the rentals and the premiums—had produced 955,204 dols.

Spain in 1879.—Spain is deplorably backward in all her public works. She wants more and better railways. Her few roads are in a deplorable condition; even the short hill leading from the Northern Station to the Plaza de Oriente, the King's palace, and the rest of the town, is now a sea of such deep, thick mud as breaks the horse's back, and the first impression a stranger receives of a Madrid thoroughfare is hardly any better than the worst he recollects of Christian Pera in Turkey. Spain suffers from an almost total destitution of works of irrigation; agriculture in its main branches is little more than in its infancy; her population is entirely inadequate to her work; she must rely for all these things and for mining enterprise on foreign labour, intelligence, and capital; and she ought to meet more than half way the advances of those prosperous nations which have both the power and the will to fill up her sad deficiencies. It is said that Providence aids those who help themselves, but that assistance is often lent through human intervention; and there is no doubt that Spain could at various periods have greatly benefited by foreign speculation had not her jealousy and exclusiveness often interfered with schemes of colonisation and co-operation which might have had the most signal results. When an English company had by a large outlay of money constructed an irrigation canal at Alcalà de Henares, and another near Leon, and offered water to farmers whose crops are usually killed by drought at least once in three years, the ignorant and superstitious boors expected that the blessing of that life-giving moisture should be allowed them as a present; but when they heard that it had to be paid for, they shook their heads and said, "Si queremos agua, la Virgen nos la darà" ("If we want water, the Holy Virgin will bestow it upon us"). And the work of the canal remained unproductive and the English company collapsed.—*Times Correspondent.*

Bravery in Saving Life.—The Royal Humane Society gives its rewards and exerts its influence abroad as well as at home. On the 15th of February last, early in the morning, Mr. Kristo Chunder Chuckerbutty, on his way to bathe at a ghat on the Ganges, found a number of people running from the river and calling out, "Bhutt, bhutt!" (the goblin, the goblin!). Looking for the cause of their terror, he saw what at first seemed nothing more than one of those objects common enough on the Ganges—a corpse floating down to the sea. The place was in the centre of a whirlpool about twenty-five feet deep, where the apparent corpse sank. As it was sinking Mr. Chuckerbutty thought he saw it move one of its hands, trying to remove the hair which fell loosely over its eyes. He then jumped into the river and swam to what he found to be a drowning woman. Seizing her left hand, he tried to make his way to the shore, some forty-five feet off, but she grasped his right hand with her left, became insensible, and both were in imminent danger of losing their lives, as Mr. Chuckerbutty's legs became entangled in his clothing, and both sank. He fortunately, however, disengaged himself, and after great exertion succeeded in reaching the shore in safety with the woman. It afterwards transpired that the woman had been suffering from illness, and was considered incurable, becoming insensible and apparently dead, when her relatives, thinking all hopes were over, bound her hands and legs—according to the practice among the Hindoos—and carried her to the ghat. On the way she partially recovered, and, making known to her ignorant relatives that she was alive, prevented them from burning her, but as they were convinced that the body was animated with a ghost, they threw her into the river and fled in horror.

New York Public Schools.—The whole number of schools under the care of the Board of Education is 305; the average attendance of pupils in 1878 was 130,076; and the whole number enrolled was 263,371. Of these 109,944 belonged to the primary, or grammar schools. 3,275 teachers are employed, only 382 of whom are males. This shows that *women* are not kept out of work in this the highest department of labour.

Grimsby and the Fish Trade.—Some discussion having taken place in the newspapers about the high retail price of fish, a fish-salesman of Grimsby writes:—"The Grimsby fish trade is the largest and most important in the kingdom (*vide* F. Buckland). The number of smacks now sailing out is between 700 and 800; registered tonnage 20 to 100. The cost, with gear, etc., ready for sea, is—for a trawler, £1,300, and for a codman £1,600. The former catch by net cod, ling, halibut, plaice, soles, haddocks, etc., which are packed in ice. The codmen are welled vessels, catching cod and ling (mainly) by hook and line, and bringing all in alive. The former are manned by five or six, and the latter by ten to twelve hands, and both work on the share system. Immediately on arrival in port the fish is sold by Dutch auction—*i.e.*, downwards—either to the commission merchants, who send to all large towns where there is a wholesale market, or to those who follow the order trade, and send direct to all the larger fishmongers' shops throughout the kingdom and a few Continental cities, and also to many large private establishments. The fluctuations in price are excessive, regulated by the order of supply and demand, the state of the weather greatly affecting the former. The average wholesale prices run thus: Plaice 1d. to 2d. per lb., soles 9d. to 1s. per lb., halibut 6s. to 9s. per stone, cod and ling per score, £3 alive, 25s. dead. Yet I have seen a single codfish fetch, by auction, £3, and have myself sold plaice for more than 5d., and soles for more than 2s. per lb. On the other hand, last week I saw cod sold at 9s. per score, and sold plaice at less than a farthing per lb. The idea of destroying fish to keep up prices is simply absurd; all is sold for what we can get, and the refuse for manure."

Syrian Railways.—Midhat Pasha, the new Governor of Syria, called a railroad convention at Damascus, of the more prominent men of Syria, and declared his purpose to build a railroad from Damascus to the Hauran, where lies the great wheat region of that country, and also to carry a railroad around the Southern Lebanon to Sidon, and so up to Beirut. This would be a mighty stride towards the development of Syria.

Omaha.—Not many years ago Omaha was on the borders of civilisation, yet we read lately that "The citizens of Omaha have shipped a car-load of flour to Glasgow, Scotland, for the relief of the unemployed and distressed in that city. Free transportation is furnished to New York by the railroad companies, and from there to Glasgow by the Anchor Line."

Lord Beaconsfield compared with Joseph and with Mordecai.—A clergyman at Ardwick, Manchester, in a recent sermon joined the name of Mr. Disraeli with those of Joseph, prince of Egypt, and Mordecai, ruler of Babylon, though estimated as the greatest of the three. He hoped that in addition to the honours that Lord Beaconsfield had received, and in addition to the heart of England that loved him and stood for him, a splendid golden wreath might be got up for Benjamin Disraeli by the millions of England, by each giving a penny to pay for this wreath of gold.

Prize Tenement Houses in New York.—In the upper part of Clinton Hall, Astor Place, there was lately a free exhibition of plans for tenement houses. The immense importance of a reform in our mode of providing lodgings for the poor has roused philanthropy to a new and sensible effort in the right direction. Several gentlemen united in the offer of a prize for the best plans for a house on a lot 25 by 100 feet, as high as may be, so as to provide best for light, air, health, and comfort. Not less than 184 plans, from all parts of the country, from Canada and England, were sent in. The award committee consisted of the architect, Mr. Hatfield, Professor Chandler, of the Board of Health, Rev. Drs. John Hall and H. C. Potter, and Mr. Hoe, of the printing-press. It is said, and with great truth, that the number of deaths in this city is far greater than it would be if our tenement-house systems were improved. Yet we have cause for gratitude that our city is one of the most healthful in the world. If the ratio of deaths in a year is greater than in some other American cities, it must be remembered that we receive the sick and miserable and the dying of all nations; that 4,000 die in our hospitals, most of them foreigners; and even then, with these disadvantages, our annual rate of mortality is less than that of any of the large cities of Great Britain and Ireland. We have the returns of deaths in December last from several cities: out of every *thousand* inhabitants the deaths were in London, 31; Glasgow, 29; Edinburgh, 23; Liverpool, 39; Dublin, 41; Belfast, 41; Paris, 26; New York, 22.—*New York Observer.*

Presence of Mind.—The mother of David Hume, the historian, a sagacious Scotchwoman, said that her son was always very "wake-minded." Dean Stanley, in a lecture on "Presence of Mind," said that "this watchfulness of mind was exactly the thing which we could cultivate in all sorts of ways. If they took the mere acquisition of knowledge, it was that quality which was described in Miss Edgeworth's story of 'Eyes and No Eyes,' where two boys travel the same country lane, one of whom sees everything with an intelligent eye, and the other terminates his walk in pure ignorance of the notable things that were round about him."

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THE FIRST LETTER FROM THE EMIGRANT.

T. Faed, R.A.

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THE LEISURE HOUR.

BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,
AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND.—*Cowper.*

A FOREST REVERIE.

"WAIT A YEAR."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A YOUNG WIFE'S STORY."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

A WEEK after Mr. Sinclair's arrival at Allevard there was a perceptible change in Mrs. Lestocq. She knew that her end was near, and often expressed herself thankful to have Warren Sinclair about her. Besides the comfort derived from his ministerial office, she was attached to him as a man, and often dwelt upon the satisfaction her daughter's prospects afforded her.

"Had it been otherwise, had my spoilt wayward child really offended you, how unhappy I should be. But your presence here shows me that you have forgiven her."

To all this Warren gave a cold response. He could not reciprocate Mrs. Lestocq's sentiments, nor could he cloud her last hours with apprehension on Helen's account. Had this illness occurred a few

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weeks later, he would have acted differently, but he was bound now. He had promised to wait a twelvemonth, and the time had not yet expired. Circumstances, too, were against him, but working for Helen. He could not throw her off. Without her mother she would be unprotected and dependent, and must naturally look to him to fulfil his engagement. Reflect as he would, he saw no escape. Had he ever betrayed his feelings to Mona, had he any reason to suppose that he had a part in the happiness of her future life, he might have thought there was some cause for hesitation, he might have balanced the claims of the two, but he had been scrupulously honourable. Holding his promise in the letter, if not in the spirit, he had fenced himself round with an unimpeachable propriety, and kept within the limits of a friendship which, as her pastor and her father's friend, was perfectly intelligible. He saw plainly that Helen was his destiny, and that he must make the best of it. If any hope of benefiting by the changes and chances that are proverbially of such frequent occurrence entered his mind, it was speedily dissipated.

One afternoon, after exercising his pastoral functions at Mrs. Lestocq's bedside, he was requested by her to send for her daughter, as she had something to say to them both.

Fatigued with nursing and watching, Helen had gone to lie down, but came immediately, looking distressed and alarmed.

"My child, do not frighten yourself; I am not worse," said Mrs. Lestocq; "but my time here must be short, and I want to say a few words to you and Warren while my head is clear. If any earthly matter could interest me in another world, it would be to know that you and he were happy together. I commit you to him without a shadow of fear or doubt. Make him a good wife, darling," she said, laying Helen's hand in Warren's, "and live as you will wish to have done when you come to die. The fashion of this world passeth away, oh how swiftly! I have something more to say," she added, after a pause made to recover her failing breath, and still holding their hands together. "Don't let my death be a reason for deferring the marriage. Let it be soon, very soon. A protector will be all the more necessary for my child."

The last words were addressed to Warren Sinclair, who bent his head in token of assent, but as the anxious eyes fixed themselves upon him still unsatisfied, he replied that Helen should fix her own time.

"You promise?" feebly faltered Mrs. Lestocq.

"I promise," returned Warren. He held firmly the hand that Mrs. Lestocq had given him, until her heavy eyelids closed as if in sleep or from extreme weariness, and then telling Helen that she had better take that opportunity to rest, as, before long, she might be again disturbed, he led her from the room, engaging to call her if any change took place.

From that hour Mr. Sinclair accepted his fate. Whatever it might cost him, he was bound in honour to make Helen Lestocq his wife. No change, no excuse was possible. He could not now break the tie between them and leave her in loneliness and poverty to battle with the world. If only the news sent by Cecil had been true, and Helen had given him up; but Cecil had been cruel, and he was fettered by a renewed promise. He must thrust out of sight for ever a vision that so repeatedly haunted him, the vision of a face so mournful and so good, and he must look forward to years made up of dull empty days. Warren stopped to reproach himself—no, his days could not be purposeless while he had his Master's work to do. His home might be void of domestic joys, but life has many phases in which these have no part.

Of these feelings Helen knew nothing, nor had Warren much time to indulge them. Mrs. Lestocq died in the night, having scarcely spoken again after that important interview.

Sparing Helen every trial, as well as all the exertion in his power, Mr. Sinclair at once took upon himself the duties of a son-in-law. He managed everything without difficulty, and it was soon done. The funeral was simple, and the affairs speedily settled, their expenses having been on a small scale.

When all was over, he took it for granted that Helen would repair to Thornmeade, the residence of her grandfather and uncle, and here he encountered his first difficulty. She would not hear of it. In vain he represented that her mother's home was the most suitable one for her until she went to her own. She said that she should be moped to death in such a dull place, with such uncongenial society, and declared that she would not go.

"What will you do then?" said Warren, with more than a dash of impatience, visions of future disagreements rising unbidden before him.

Helen hesitated, and then said she would ask the Millers to take her on a visit. On a visit! To Warren's ear that signified the expectation of a speedy establishment in her own home, another rivet to the chain now solidly forged, as it could only be for a short time that she remained with them as a guest. He yielded, and not with a bad grace, being too kind and chivalrous to put her in a false position. Besides, this was a point that concerned her personal feelings, but hereafter it would be different, he said to himself, with a grim smile. In taking her for his wife, he intended to treat her with the consideration that was her due, with all the kindness she would permit him to offer, but there would be many points on which she would have to give way, whether she liked it or not, in everything that concerned his work, his office, or his flock. And yet Warren meant to be good and just and loyal, doing all he could to make his wife happy, but was so sure of encountering vexatious opposition that, to tell the truth, he could not bring himself to look upon marriage in his case as a paradisaical institution.

For Helen all went smoothly. The Millers answered her telegram by another; they were happy to receive her. That being the case, Mr. Sinclair left her with them in Paris and returned to England, where he had work to do. He knew he must put the Rectory in order. To vex his wife at the outset by making no preparations to receive her would be a gratuitous unkindness of which he was incapable. Nothing had yet been done, as he did not expect Helen to be more ready to marry him when the year had expired than she was at its commencement. And now very little could be attempted—at least at present—little more than to purchase new furniture, to make an appearance, leaving the principal improvements and alterations to be made at some future time, under her direction. His first care was to write to London about new furniture, and all the time he was painfully alive to his own shortcomings in the matter. There was no eagerness, no pleasure, no interest in preparing the new home for his partner.

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But for the shame of the thing, he did not care where he took her; the meagre, faded objects now filling the Rectory had sufficed him for nearly a year, and would have lasted longer without taking one iota from his happiness. It would be different, however, with Helen; she loved pomp and show, the handsome external glitter so valued by the world, the outward symbols of station and wealth. He could give her these, and would do so ungrudgingly, but caressing words and tender demonstrations had no part in filling up the picture of his future home. The "till death us do part," which must shortly ring in his ears, had in it more solemnity than joyful anticipation.

Meanwhile, the aspect of things was improving in the south. After his removal to Nice, Edward Moreton made such steps towards recovery that it was judged feasible to send him to England. As Mona did not like to leave her brother, Mrs. Fraser kindly prolonged her stay until the young man could be taken away. This occurred at the end of the second week in June, when Mr. Sinclair was at home to receive him.

At first Edward was taken to the Rectory, and placed in the charge of Jeannet, whom Mr. Sinclair thought likely to prove a better nurse than his excitable mother. About the time that the Rectory was to be given up to workmen, Mrs. Moreton moved to Pomona Hall, thus enabling Mr. Sinclair to establish Edward and Jeannet in Payne's Cottage, taking up his own quarters in the village hotel as he had previously done. And now he set to work in earnest to have carried out Cecil's suggestion of the bow windows for the dining and drawing-rooms, and in the selection of furniture. For any fundamental changes there was not time, as, faithful to his promise to the dead, he never contemplated postponing his marriage a day later than was necessary.

About the middle of July he wrote to Helen, proposing that she should go to Thornmeade, and that the wedding should take place from thence at the beginning of August. He had to wait some time for the answer, which, when it came, took him completely by surprise. Helen was then at Tavannes with Mrs. Fraser, who also wrote, expressing a strong desire for the ceremony to be performed in Switzerland, where she might give Miss Lestocq the support of her presence, as well as aid her in all the little intricacies of preparing a trousseau. Obviously Helen had enlisted the widow on her side, who proved, as was but natural to her character, a zealous partisan. Both urged his joining them as soon as possible to talk over matters before making definite arrangements, and Warren was obliged to consent. It would not do to be too stiff and dictatorial before marriage, he thought to himself, but afterwards Helen would not have her own way.

"You will have more choice in your wedding tour, and more enjoyment of it," wrote Mrs. Fraser.

The latter clause was not without its weight. Among scenes of such diversified beauty as Switzerland afforded, Warren believed that the time, passed away from his people and his home interests, would go less heavily, and so, one fine day, he started to obey the summons he had received.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Tavannes, a small village with a good hotel, one of the best sleeping-places between Basle and Bienne, was selected by Mrs. Fraser as a summer resting-place on account of its proximity to many interesting spots, recommended to her as especially worthy of a visit. She went there in company with her friends the Combermeres, and with them made acquaintance with the Weissenstein and the beautiful Val-de-Moutier. The Combermeres eventually established themselves at the Weissenstein, where Mrs. Fraser intended joining them later in the season. Just now she was too much occupied with Helen Lestocq, throwing herself into her affairs with characteristic ardour, no longer attaching any importance to Cecil's letter. It was one day of many in July. There had been rain, some heavy showers which fell pitilessly for a time, enough to refresh and beautify the earth. It was very fine, with only cloud enough in the sky to temper the heat, which otherwise would have been oppressive. Gay butterflies and long-bodied dragon-flies flashed their brilliant colours in the sunshine, and the beetle tribe, with their green and golden coats, hurried to and fro among the grass blades, whilst the noisy, irrepressible cigale loudly chirruped its monotonous note. Seated in the shade, where they could best inhale the sweet air and enjoy the scenery without inconvenience, Mrs. Fraser and Helen were talking and planning—arranging how the important episode of Helen's life, so soon to take place, could be most comfortably carried out—whether the event should occur at Lausanne or Berne, and how soon the previous residence in either town ought to commence. They expected Warren, but neither of them had any intention of leaving the decision to him. Mrs. Fraser's excitable temperament did not permit her to be inactive in anything in which she took an interest, and Helen—well, it was her nature to wish to rule and dominate others.

Some distance off Mona and Fanny had been reading together. The book was now closed, and Fanny, in high spirits because work was over for the day, was making a bouquet of wild flowers, and straying farther and farther from the rest. For some time Mona sat still in quiet thought. Before her was the purple splendour of the distant hills, the deep repose of the dark-green woods fringing their base, and near the leafy gloom of oak and elm in their summer beauty. She was paler and thinner than formerly, for which her late anxiety about her brother furnished sufficient explanation. Even now the news from home was not good. After the first week he had made no progress; on the contrary, he appeared to be gradually losing strength. Half reclining against the gnarled root of a large tree, her senses alternately soothed by the cooing of the wood-pigeons or lulled by the hum of the ladies' voices, discussing toilet and other trivialities, she was in danger of sinking into the moral abandonment of an unprofitable reverie, when a name she could never hear without interest aroused her attention.

"When did Warren say he should be here?" asked Mrs. Fraser.

"He mentioned no particular time, but merely said he was coming," returned Helen.

"And his last letter was dated—"

"Saturday."

"Exactly a week ago," pursued Mrs. Fraser, beginning to make a calculation of time and distance. "He would not start on Monday, perhaps not on Tuesday, probably on the Wednesday. Well, Wednesday in Paris, Thursday in Geneva, Friday somewhere else, and here to-day. It is quite possible. And you are looking more charming than ever,

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Helen," added Mrs. Fraser, with impulsive admiration.

The little widow had thrown all her sympathies into Helen Lestocq's affairs, and had cooled very much in her feelings towards Mona. The bereavement of the one, and the disgrace reflected upon the other through her brother's misconduct, had drawn her towards the former and repelled her from the latter. Had it not been for Warren Sinclair's representations, and his strictures upon the cruelty of the act, she would not have taken Mona back. Her affection, proof against the gambling, had not been able to stand against the abstraction of the note when it was discovered, and for that Mona had to suffer. Though aware that she had lost favour, the poor girl could not bring herself to resign her situation. The salary was high, and to her important. Who could tell if she would ever obtain such advantageous terms again? And if not, what chance had she of defraying any part of her debt to Mr. Sinclair? With these considerations before her she was fain to bear in silence many little slights, many an impatient word, as well as the conviction that she only remained on sufferance. And yet she was doubly diligent in the discharge of her duties. She made vigorous efforts to amuse as well as instruct her pupil, and endeavoured to disarm every unkind feeling or hasty expression of it on the part of Mrs. Fraser by a meekness so touching that Mrs. Fraser was sometimes forced back into her former good-nature; yet all the same Mona at times thought her lot too hard to bear, and even unjust.

Sometimes, however, Mona struggled into a better mood, and argued differently. She had received mercies for which she could not be sufficiently thankful. Edward's life had been preserved. For a shorter or longer period, time was given him for repentance. There were moments when she fancied she would gladly change places with him, and give her healthy life for his.

The afternoon was declining. Before long it would be necessary to prepare for dinner, and she was getting tired—tired, perhaps, of hearing the rippling laughter that came every now and then from Mrs. Fraser, as she chatted merrily with Helen. Much as she liked and reverenced Mr. Sinclair, she did not wish to see him again. The prospect of his coming to Tavannes gave her pain, and she cherished the hope that in some way or other, possibly through Mrs. Fraser's diminished interest in her, she should escape being present at the wedding. Going indoors to their private sitting-room, where she knew she should be alone, she took off her hat, and rested, as well as it was possible, in one of the uneasy "easy-chairs" for which second-class hotels in Switzerland are famous.

Shutting her eyes till her thoughts grew troublesome, she next took up a book, in order to divert her mind from painful subjects, but was not able to read. A bustle outside, voices, and quick steps, soon interrupted her. Looking up just as the handle of the door turned, she saw a waiter enter, followed by Mr. Sinclair. "Miss Moreton!" was the exclamation in the mixed accents of pleasure and surprise, when Mona, letting fall her book, came forward as the servant retired, startled by the suddenness of the meeting.

Coming upon her so unexpectedly and alone, her face, even in the one hasty glance he had of it before speaking, looking so sweet and sad, Mr. Sinclair was thrown off his guard. It was a moment of mutual embarrassment, opportunely relieved by the entrance of Mrs. Fraser.

"Oh, Warren, Warren, I am so glad you are come! both Helen and I have been longing for your arrival," she said, and rushing from one subject to another with untiring eagerness, she left him little opportunity for speaking. "And now I will take you to Helen," she added, coming at length to a pause. "She is not in the hotel with us, but in an apartment close by, which she finds less expensive. It is so thoughtful of her, is it not? She is saving her little income in order to have a better trousseau, one more worthy of Mr. Sinclair. I will take you to her, and we will have her to dine with us."

But the lady's characteristic impatience met with little response from her imperturbable brother. He talked of being tired and travel-stained, and suffered his sister to announce his arrival to Helen, promising to join her later. One glance round the room as he left it showed that Mona had already effected her escape.

In due time Mr. Sinclair presented himself at Helen's cottage, and went through the ordeal of the meeting creditably, though without any of the emotion a woman valuing affection at its proper worth would wish to inspire.

Through Mrs. Fraser's contrivance, Helen joined them at dinner, and, as a matter of course, sat next to Warren, while Fanny and Mona, in harmony with the head-waiter's ideas of order, were placed opposite. The situation was a trial to more than one. Eating little, Mona beguiled the time by tasting of everything that was offered her. Mr. Sinclair was hungry, or pretended to be, and occupied himself with the dinner, leaving the ladies on either side of him to keep up the conversation. But even a *table d'hôte* must come to an end at last.

When it was over they repaired to Mrs. Fraser's sitting-room for tea, and then Warren, thinking that he had sufficiently expiated his misdemeanour by neglecting Mona, sat down beside her and talked of her brother, taking especial care to keep the conversation on safe ground. To all this Helen listened with placidity, her former jealousy laid to rest by the misconduct of Edward Moreton and her own recognised position as bride-elect. More fidgety, Mrs. Fraser soon called Mona away to pour out the tea. Before tea was over, some of the wedding arrangements came under discussion through Fanny's excessive eagerness about her post and dress as bridesmaid.

"I shall be the principal bridesmaid, and I suppose Miss Moreton will be the second. What a pity there will only be two of us, because—"

"Impossible!" exclaimed Mr. Sinclair, in a tone that completely confused Fanny's ideas, and left her sentence incomplete.

"How careless of you! What has come over you, Mona Moreton?" said Mrs. Fraser, sharply, as Mona, in the act of handing her a cup of tea, let it slip, and poured the contents over a grey silk too delicate to bear such a catastrophe. Sorry for her carelessness, Mona busied herself in trying to wipe away the stains, until Mrs. Fraser told her to desist.

"If you spoil my dress you need not rob me of my tea," she observed, returning to her natural good-nature as she saw the pain written in Mona's face, and noticed the muscles of her mouth quivering with emotion evidently difficult to suppress.

Pouring out fresh tea at this hint from Mrs.

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Fraser, Mona was about to take it to her, when Mr. Sinclair interposed, and took it from her.

"And now another cup for me. I will forgive any accident that may happen," he said, laughing. "Old friends cannot be alienated by trifles."

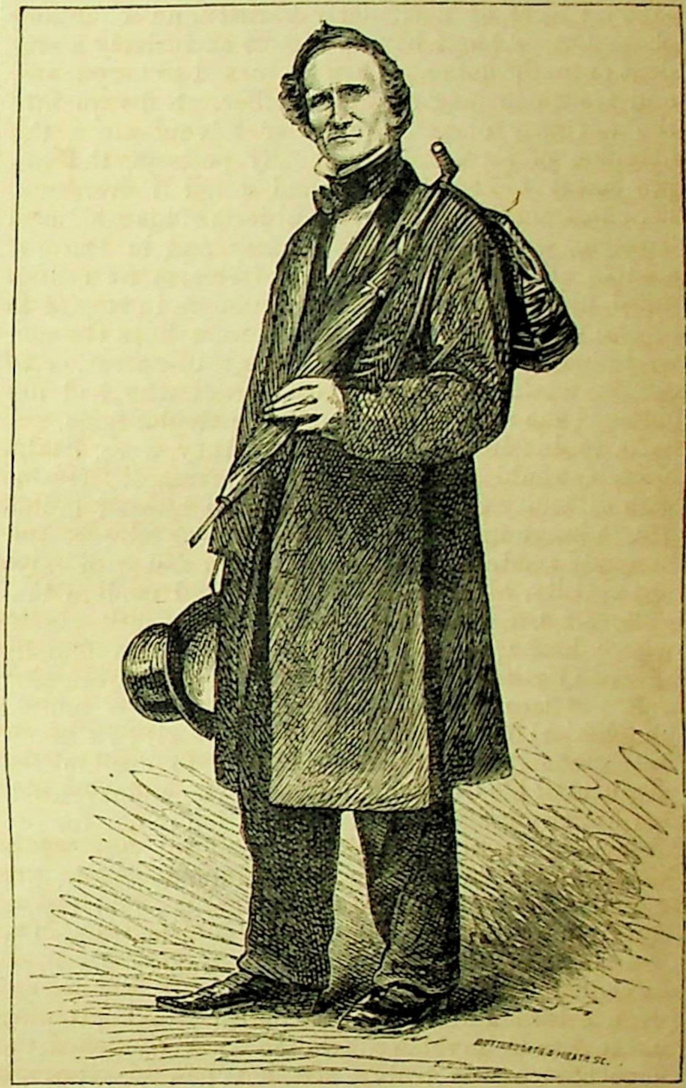
Perhaps he sought to make his own peace with Mona Moreton or indirectly to reprove his sister for a harshness obviously deeply felt. It had its effect, however, for Mrs. Fraser, with more kindness of manner than she had lately exhibited, told Mona not to mind the little disaster, for if the dress were spoilt for her it could be passed on to Fanny.

The rest of the evening went by without any further *contretemps*. It was late when they thought of separating, and then, as in duty bound, Mr. Sinclair accompanied Helen to her lodging. Having left her there, he did not return to the hotel; sleep in his present state of mind was less than probable, nor did he care to seek it.

There was a greater charm in the stillness of the summer night, in the fantastic shadows creeping along the ground, indistinct in the fading moonlight—a charm, too, in his complete isolation, as he paced along the grass-grown pathways leading beside the different cottages whose inmates were fast asleep. He had no intention of evading his destiny; his promise to the dying mother prevented any such idea. Even Cecil, if he came upon the scene and had any substantial reasons to urge, could not help him now, unless Helen were willing to break off her engagement, which did not appear very likely. But, all the same, he indulged no pleasant visions of home joys, though in the solitude of his hearth he had more than once beguiled a winter evening by dreaming dreams as unreal as he now felt them to be unprofitable. Helen had made a great mistake in calling him again into Miss Moreton's presence. Not till he had seen the two side by side did he fully feel the extent of the sacrifice he had to make, and now, to his own sorrow, he could not help carrying on the comparison. He had known them both in the familiar freedom of daily intercourse, and in circumstances of severe trial. In Helen's nature there was but little tenderness; it formed an essential part of Mona's. The one was more impressed by the thwarted will than by kindness, regarding the former as an injury, the latter as her due; while Mona, far happier, could open her heart easily to the sweetness that flows from gratitude.

Assuredly it would have been very much better for Helen had she complied with Mr. Sinclair's wishes and gone to Thornmeade. It was not his fault that one image stood out in strong relief as the fragrant air of the dewy night reminded him of other scenes, when the soft perfume of early summer had been breathed, more than two months ago, where hedges of roses and beds of violets mixed their sweet odours in the mildest and balmiest spot of the Riviera; not entirely his fault that the centre of all recollections was a sorrowful face and drooping form, keeping an untiring watch and trying to kindle afresh a feeble spark of life, and to woo a weak and bruised spirit back to strength and health. Another picture had lately passed under his eye to which he could not deny the character of filial affection, but it did not move him. He could pity Helen's loneliness, he could surround her with many things that she valued, but love her as formerly, never! He had shut her out of his heart, which would not open again to receive her. But she was his fate, and he meant to act loyally by her. To love and lose is no uncommon lot; most men have to bear it once at least in a lifetime, and happily, suffering of this description does not kill, it usually wears itself out. And so, in time, it would do with him, thought Warren, as he turned his steps in the direction of the hotel.

ELIHU BURRITT.



ELIHU BURRITT.

[*From a Photograph by Elliott and Fry.*

ELIHU BURRITT, popularly known as the American "learned blacksmith," was, like his friend Richard Cobden, an "international man." This word best summarises his useful and industrious life, which was mainly devoted to the promotion of international peace, international communication, and international freedom. His father was one of the old soldiers of the Revolutionary War of Independence. Of ten children, Elihu was the youngest. He was born, in 1810, at New Britain, in Connecticut, and died there in 1879, at the age of sixty-nine. In his childhood he received very little school education, but early developed a genius for self-instruction and for self-direction. This disposition he retained through life, and although brought into contact with many and varied colleagues, he manifested an abiding preference for individual modes of action, seldom working long together with any single associate. He also

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exhibited through life a remarkable versatility, and although he turned it to good account for the assistance of varied forms of philanthropic labour, yet it precluded him from ever attaining the prominent position which he might otherwise have done. This feature was a characteristic of his career. During his youth and early manhood he became successively a blacksmith, a teacher, a commercial traveller, a grocer, an editor, and a lecturer; and he resumed some of these occupations several times during his life, as necessity demanded. His literary and philanthropic labours were of a similarly varied and changing character. At first he was almost exclusively a student of mathematics. Then he turned to languages, and from one language to another. Subsequently the advocacy of peace, popular advancement, the abolition of slavery, ocean penny postage, the improvement of agriculture, and other movements, became, from time to time, the objects of his assiduous devotion, both in his own country and in Europe. And to all these departments of reform he contributed praiseworthy services; although, in regard to several of them, some of his admirers have claimed for him the results of the earnest co-operation of certain modest but able colleagues who had not obtained the notoriety of Burritt's polyglot fame.

As to his lingual attainments, they were, as he himself would admit, much exaggerated. It was with difficulty that he could express himself in one or two languages other than his mother tongue. But he could read, by plodding industry, and with varying facility, about twenty ancient and modern languages. On one occasion an English gentleman, at whose house he was visiting, invited a profoundly skilled Continental linguist to meet him, presuming that the two learned men would enjoy a mutual philological discussion. But Mr. Burritt, in manifest embarrassment, was obliged to decline the advances of his Continental friend, who endeavoured, in vain, to engage him in conversation in one tongue after another, upon topics of joint interest. But with the aid of dictionary and grammar, and by his indomitable perseverance, Mr. Burritt could translate from a number of languages sufficiently for his own interest, and in several instances he even published certain of these versions—as, for example, a selection from the Icelandish Sagas, relating to the pre-Columbian discovery of America. His perseverance was truly great. When working at his smith's forge he would turn his mind to such extraordinary problems (for purely mental calculations, without the aid of pen or pencil) as the following: "How many barleycorns, at three to the inch, will it take to go round the earth at the Equator?" Or, "How many yards of cloth, three feet in width, cut into strips an inch wide, and allowing half an inch at each end for the lap, would it require to reach from the centre of the sun to the centre of the earth; and how much would it all cost at one shilling a yard?"

When he left the smithy for the editor's desk and the lecturer's platform this perseverance greatly aided him; for he persisted, in spite of a somewhat dreamy and by no means brilliant style of public speaking, in urging and reiterating his views in every possible direction, until he succeeded in communicating to many other minds a measure of the same convictions and the same perseverance.

His interest in the cause of peace was curiously originated. He was studying the subject of physical geography, and was impressed with the analogy between the earth as a whole and the human body, or, as he expresses it, "how near akin, in functions, to our veins, muscles, blood, and bones, are the rivers, seas, mountains, and arable soils of the globe we inhabit." He was greatly interested in pursuing this analogy into its details, and derived from it a strong conviction that it was the purpose and will of the Creator that all nations should be connected by perpetual ties of amicable intercourse. He took the promotion of this object thenceforth as a principal vocation of his life. With a view to assist this and kindred advocacies he started a newspaper, entitled "The Christian Citizen," which, with the aid of kind friends, he continued for many years. It was published at Worcester, in Massachusetts, where Mr. Burritt spent much of the earlier and middle portion of his life. It was the first journal in America which was specially devoted to the cause of peace. In addition to this he adopted a system which he termed the "Olive-leaf Mission." He used once a month, or oftener, to prepare a brief article or extract on the peace question, which he set up in type as a "slip," with the engraving of a dove and olive-leaf at the head of it. Hundreds of these slips were posted to the chief newspapers throughout the United States, many of which inserted them. During his subsequent visits to Europe he transferred his Olive-leaf diffusions to Great Britain and the Continent. In most instances his insertions in European journals were paid for. To raise the needful funds for this purpose he formed, throughout the United Kingdom, a series of Ladies' "Olive-leaf Circles," whose members used to meet periodically to receive reports, and arrange for making local collections in aid of their common object. Mr. Burritt travelled over Great Britain in the work of organising these "Circles." He was peculiarly in his element when surrounded by these groups of sympathising benevolent ladies, who long continued to regard him with loyal and admiring respect as their director-in-chief. Here, too, he was relieved by the ladies themselves from most of those details of philanthropic business-work which would have been distasteful to himself. Thus for years he wrote his Olive-leaves, and the ladies secured the payment for them.

He also took an active part in another useful form of peace propagandism. On more than one occasion of international difficulty, aided by Mr. Joseph Crosfield, Mr. Joseph Sturge, and other philanthropists on both sides of the Atlantic, he procured the preparation of a number of manuscript addresses from the chief towns of Great Britain, which, after being signed by their leading inhabitants, were forwarded to particular towns in other countries, with the object of counteracting hostile observations in the public press. Thus, on the occasion of the difficulties connected with the Oregon dispute between England and the United States, a number of such friendly missives were interchanged between the two countries, and probably tended materially towards the peaceful solution of this once threatening question. Subsequently, when an angry feeling between England and France was endangering the peace of both countries, a similar series of friendly letters from English towns was addressed to another series of French towns. Here again the effect upon the public mind soon became pleasantly manifest.

Between the years 1849 and 1853 Mr. Burritt took an active share in the Peace Congress movement.

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In conjunction with his friend Mr. Henry Richard (subsequently Member of Parliament) he travelled extensively through England, France, Germany, Holland, and Belgium, seeking interviews with influential persons, and holding meetings or conferences as occasion offered. These efforts were followed by a series of important international congresses, held in London, Brussels, Paris, Frankfort, and Edinburgh. Amongst the speakers who took part in some of these gatherings were many of the foremost philanthropists of Europe and America, including, for example, Mr. Cobden, Sir David Brewster, Victor Hugo, Emile de Girardin, Amasa Walker, Professor Hitchcock, Joseph Sturge, and many others. The quiet perseverance of Mr. Burritt, with the indispensable aid of Mr. Sturge's business habits, and Mr. Richard's tact and organising skill, were the chief causes of the success and harmony which characterised these large and variously constituted assemblies of men of many nations and languages.

Still pursuing his life-long aspirations after international union, Mr. Burritt now devoted much time and labour to efforts for securing cheap postage between Europe and America. He enlisted the favourable support of many eminent men on both sides of the Atlantic in aid of this movement. The press also rendered him great help, and in a few years he had the pleasure of seeing a general reduction in international postage—almost indeed, if not quite, to the extent which he had earnestly pleaded for.

His diversified philanthropy also led him to the formation of the "League of Universal Brotherhood." This was, in a special degree, his own scheme, and was worked in his own way. Consequently, it was not so practically successful as some other movements in which abler and business-like men took a more active share with him. The objects of the league were of a somewhat vague nature, and its modes of operation too independent in their nature. It chiefly consisted of the collection of a vast number of signatures, from persons of all nations and classes, to a pledge, incorporating the subscribers into "one peaceful brotherhood for the abolition of all institutions and customs which do not recognise and respect the image of God and a human brother in every man, of whatever clime, colour, or condition of humanity." Mr. Burritt's journalistic attempts were also lacking in success when he was mainly reliant upon his own plans. As a curious illustration, it may be mentioned that a little periodical which had been commenced under the title of the "Bond of Brotherhood," and which in other hands had had some success, was ultimately taken entirely into his own management. He then changed its title into "Fireside Words," and devoted it specially to the young. With this object he rendered it a polyglot magazine, containing "Fireside Lessons in Forty Languages!" Of course it was a failure, as any sensible man could have at once predicted of an attempt based on an assumption that children in general would willingly—or, indeed, with any probable advantage—cram their young minds with disquisitions of this nature. Another similar attempt by Mr. Burritt to start a bi-lingual newspaper also collapsed. It was indeed a fortunate circumstance for him that in most of his labours he received the assistance of wise and judicious fellow-workers, such as Mr. Henry Richard and Mr. Joseph Sturge.

Shortly before the outburst of the American Civil War, Mr. Burritt devoted much time to the advocacy of a scheme for "compensated emancipation," which proposed that the Federal Government should sell the public lands of the Union for the purchase and emancipation of all the slaves of the Southern States. This was one of those vaguely beneficent schemes which did more honour to the heart than to the head of its projectors, and the shrewd Yankee mind manifested so little "metallic sympathy" with it, that during the time Mr. Burritt devoted himself to its advocacy he was almost left to starve, being obliged, as he records, to live on "cheap cold water from the pump and a small loaf of brown bread for breakfast and tea, and a sixpenny cut of meat for dinner." The war, however, put a total end to all other emancipation projects, and liberated Mr. Burritt for more promising and more remunerative occupations. In 1865 his friends procured for him the modest appointment of United States Consul at Birmingham. The salary, after deducting office expenses, was only about £100 a year; but during the few years that he held the post the pay was certain, and the appointment also gave him a certain dignity and position which were of use to him and his philanthropic labours.

In 1870 he again returned to his native land, after which date he never revisited Europe. The remainder of his life was spent quietly at the place of his birth, New Britain. He still retained his interest in peace, philology, and other objects. He wrote many articles for the newspapers, and prepared several works for publication, including a selection of prayers from the Psalms, and "Ten Minutes' Talk on all sorts of Topics." He watched with great interest the public attention to the question of international arbitration which had been aroused by the Treaty of Washington and the subsequent Tribunal of Arbitration at Geneva, by which the long and threatening dispute between Great Britain and the United States was peacefully settled without bloodshed. He strongly urged upon the American Peace Society the importance of availing themselves of this occasion to send a deputation to Europe to advocate a general and permanent establishment of Courts of Arbitration for the settlement of similar international disputes. Mr. Burritt and the Rev. James B. Miles, of Boston, were appointed a deputation for this purpose. But Mr. Burritt's health did not permit him to undertake his share of the duty, and consequently the task was undertaken solely by Mr. Miles, who twice crossed the Atlantic for the purpose, and eventually succeeded in enlisting the co-operation of some of the principal jurists of Great Britain and the Continent in his object. The result was the formation of the "Association for the Reform and Codification of the Law of Nations," a body which has held a series of useful annual conferences at Brussels, Bremen, the Hague, and Geneva.

Mr. Burritt in the concluding years of his life resumed his study of languages, and prepared a series of brief grammars of several tongues. He taught Sanskrit to a class of young ladies whom he helped to translate into that language Longfellow's poem of "The Psalm of Life," a copy of which, neatly written, was sent by the fair students to the poet.

Mr. Burritt also devoted much time, at this period, to home mission work, seeking to gather for worship on Sundays some of the numerous class who, in every

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locality, attend neither church nor chapel. He fitted up his own barn as a plain chapel, and invited laymen of the various churches to address the companies there assembled. He entertained strong convictions of the importance of lay helpers in the churches, feeling that ministers in general are too exclusively burdened with pulpit duties which might with mutual advantage be shared by pious and intelligent laymen. Mr. Burritt believed that every Christian ought to become, in some form or other, a minister of Christ. Probably his long and frequent intercourse with beneficent members of the Society of Friends had deeply leavened his own mind with their convictions as to the inalienable responsibility to God, both in the present and the future, of all persons, as individuals. At any rate he attached much practical importance to the doctrine of "the priesthood of all believers," and in a persevering and modest way endeavoured to induce his friends and neighbours to act it out with himself.

But the end of his useful life was approaching. In 1878 a fatal disease, consumption, had manifestly fastened its deadly grasp upon him. Its progress was, however, very gradual, and he was spared much pain. He passed away suddenly at last, in March, 1879, leaving a name which will be held in honourable remembrance on both sides of the Atlantic.

GREY PARROTS.

THESE birds are natives of the West and South-West of Africa. They are of a grey colour, as their name denotes; but the tail is red. They are great favourites with all classes, especially on account of their wonderful talent for imitating the human voice; but it has struck me that here, in England, their recommendations as household pets are not known as they deserve to be.

The African Mail Steamship Company's steamers bring vast numbers from Lagos, Accra, Bonny, and other parts on the West Coast of Africa, but comparatively few remain in England, as most of them find their way to Germany, France, Belgium, and the Continent generally, where their capacities are evidently better known and appreciated.

Unfortunately a great many die very soon after arrival in Europe, especially of those that are landed in Liverpool. The cause of this is probably the rapid change of climate they experience, the mail-boats bringing them to Liverpool in less than three weeks, and also the wretched attention they get shown to them on the voyage. Hundreds are crowded together in small boxes, smuggled on board by the sailors at the time of departure from the African ports to avoid paying freight, and are stowed away into all sorts of unhealthy holes and corners. For economy's sake, too, they are fed on sopped bread, or boiled Indian corn; it is, therefore, only too probable that the diseases to which they eventually succumb are generated during the "horrors of the middle passage" from Africa to Liverpool.

Still, it appears that, notwithstanding their great liability to die off so soon after arrival, the demand for grey parrots is such that the imports go on increasing from year to year. One man alone in Liverpool professes to import over eighty thousand grey parrots annually! This increasing demand proves that the talents of these parrots are duly recognised, on the Continent at least, and it is not to be wondered at, for the ease with which they master every inflection of the human voice to perfection is really striking.

Now for some practical hints. When you purchase a grey parrot, see that you get one that is accustomed to eat hemp-seed; if such a one is not obtainable, then you should yourself wean the bird from the sop or boiled Indian corn which most likely has hitherto been its staple food. This you do by placing several tins with food in the cage, one containing hemp-seed, the others sopped bread and Indian corn; and when you find that the bird will eat the seed, then remove the other tins altogether, and feed it on nothing else than hemp-seed, with clean water to drink. This is the most nourishing and wholesome food; bread, meat, sweets, etc., will only tend to disarrange the natural functions of the parrot and lay the foundation for future disease. A little fruit or boiled vegetables, however, may now and then be given as a relish, and your bird will appreciate such kindness, and learn to know you as a friend. Feed it yourself if possible, and each time you do so repeat short sentences, such as, "Halloa, Polly!" "Pretty Polly!" "Come on!" etc. When it knows them, then go on teaching it longer phrases, which, with its wonderful memory and powers of imitation, the parrot will very soon pick up.

Sometimes the parrot will surprise you by changing the position of the words into other intelligent phrases. This, of course, must be accident; it is, however, most amusing.

I have one that considers itself quite a member of the family. Polly is the first to greet me on my return home from business with a loud whistle and "Halloa! here you are!" She sits on a swing hung up in the kitchen, which is on the ground floor, and is not quiet until I have gone in and taken her up on my finger. The servant, Rebecca, has been her instructress principally, and Polly was always fond of her, but lately the bird has shown a great dislike to her, I presume because when she is rather more loquacious than is agreeable she is told to "shut up." At such times she will defy Rebecca, and goes on talking and whistling more than ever. "Rebecc—ah, Rebecc—oh! Rebecca!" (short) in various keys. "You are a wretch! Shut up, you old fool!" These are her favourite sentences when angry, but when in good-humour she will ask you to "Come on! Scratch pretty Polly! Poor old Polly. Give us a kiss!" She is now learning to say "God bless the Prince of Wales," and is getting on very well with it. The other evening I overheard her soliloquising, "Poor old Prince of Wales!" The mewing of the cat, cackling of hens, and crowing of the cock, she imitates to perfection.

Polly is very much attached to me, and sometimes when I am sitting reading by the fire will descend from her swing and cross the hall into the dining-room, get up on the fender, and draw my attention by gently nibbling at my slipper. I must then, of course, take her up and make a fuss with her.

I have had Polly now about eighteen months; she is not quite two and a half years old, and being thoroughly acclimatised, she is likely to live to a ripe old age. Before closing let me give you one piece of advice. Keep your bird well out of a draught, as nothing is more pernicious. Parrots will catch cold immediately, and then no doctoring will bring them round again.

A. E. JAMRACH.

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Nature's Solitude.

"To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,
To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,
And mortal foot hath ne'er or rarely been;
To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,
With the wild flock that never needs a fold;
Alone o'er steeps and foaming falls to lean;
This is not solitude; 'tis but to hold
Converse with Nature's charms, and view her stores unroll'd."

—*Childe Harold.*

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UTOPIAN EXPERIMENTS AND SOCIAL PIONEERINGS.

BY THE REV. M. KAUFMANN, M.A., AUTHOR OF "SOCIALISM: ITS NATURE, ITS DANGERS, AND ITS REMEDIES CONSIDERED."

CHAPTER VI.—THE JESUIT SETTLEMENTS IN PARAGUAY.

OUR survey of Utopian experiments would not be complete if we could not point to a community founded on the equality principles, but subject to an enlightened despotism. We have passed in review several kinds of Communism practically tried and found wanting under varying circumstances, but in all these cases the rulers and the ruled were originally of the same race, and in most cases belonging to the same social classes. The case is different with the Commonwealth of Equals established in South America, where the natives were raised from a state of semi-savage independence to that of a civilised but complete subjugation under paternal government.

> "When the happier sons of Paraguay,
> By gentleness and pious art subdued,
> Bowed their meek heads beneath the Jesuits' sway,
> And lived and died in filial servitude."

In tracing the progress and decay of this remarkable society, which is held up as a pattern of good government and national contentment by such high authorities as Muratori and Montesquieu,* we shall have occasion to watch the effects of communistic principles directed in a religious spirit, applied by a superior race, to a people just emerging from barbarism. At the same time we shall have an opportunity of distinguishing the social tendencies of Romanism and Protestantism respectively, by a comparison of the Moravian and Jesuit settlements, which, although they differ widely as to the manner of their original foundation, further development, and final resultants, yet have this in common, that both start with the identical object of promoting a higher religious life on an improved social basis, that basis being Christian equality.

At the time when the Pilgrim Fathers left their native land to settle in the Far West, a band of Jesuit missionaries had already succeeded in founding a new Christian society in the New World.

Almost the same year which gave the deathblow to the ancient Moravian Brotherhood in Bohemia marked the complete success of the Jesuits in Paraguay, twenty-one settlements having rapidly risen by that time during almost as many years' exertion of the Fathers. But how different the results now! Whilst from New England the North American continent has been peopled with an ever-advancing race, vieing in the spirit of enterprise and modern progress with the foremost nations of the Old World, the South American Republics, and Paraguay among the rest, are still in a backward state of civilisation. Whilst, as we saw in the last paper, the Moravians have gradually developed into an influential confederacy, spread over the whole globe, conducting successful missions for the social and religious emancipation of the race, the Jesuit *Misiones*, in the Indian Commonwealth of Paraguay, have entirely disappeared, and the work of the missionaries, so promising and flourishing for a time, has left behind nothing but ruin and desolation. Is it too much to infer from this, as M. Emile de Laveleye, an eminent Belgian economist and himself an enlightened Romanist, has done in comparing the social condition of Protestant and Catholic nations generally, "that Protestants advance more rapidly and steadily than Catholics," so that it is "difficult not to attribute the superiority of the one over the other to the religion they profess?" *

Perhaps a full and complete answer to this question may be found in the history of the settlement itself, and to this we must now direct the reader's attention.

A fertile soil, irrigated by two noble rivers and their tributaries, no insurmountable difficulties of transit, in the absence of lofty mountains, with navigation on the rivers encouraging inland communication, abundant variety in natural produce, and wood in plenty for building both houses and ships—such were the natural conditions of the country all favourable to the social pioneerings of the invaders. The natives themselves, of a gentle and docile disposition, living in a climate inviting to indolent ease rather than robust opposition, were rendered peaceable by mild and genial surroundings, and by reason of awe-inspiring natural phenomena, such as terrible thunderstorms and lightning, made amenable to religious instructors, and prone to superstition. Averse to commercial enterprise in the absence of the indispensable requisites of industrial activity, and thus retaining a natural simplicity and kindly disposition, hospitable and even generous, though somewhat wanting in moral fibre and vigorous independence—such were the people selected by the Jesuits for spiritual conquest and social experiment as a means for promoting this end. Let us see how they went about in order to attain it.

It was towards the end of the sixteenth century that the first settlements, or "Reductions," were organised on the fertile plains of Uruguay, east from Paraguay, a sheltered position encircled by chains of mountains sufficiently high to preserve the settlers from incursions of unruly neighbours,† whilst the salubrity of the soil and brightness of the atmosphere gave every promise that the spot selected for experiment would reward the pioneers with ultimate success. Here the missionaries collected the scattered herds of natives roaming in forests and living in caverns, strangers to the pleasures of home and the security and sweet enjoyments of civilised life. They changed their habits from the predial to the peaceful state, and turned their attention from the chase to agricultural pursuits. They began by providing the necessary food and shelter, and established a guild

* Even Voltaire, the sworn enemy of the Jesuits, says: "The establishment in Paraguay of the Spanish Jesuits alone, seems, in some respects, to be the triumph of humanity."

* See his pamphlet, "Protestantism and Catholicism in their bearing upon the Liberty and Prosperity of Nations," translated, with a Preface, by the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P., p. 11, *et passim*.

† The Spaniards first settled in the country in 1515. The Jesuit Mission was established in 1608 and expelled in 1768. In 1811 Paraguay was freed from Spanish rule, and in 1817 Dr. Francia became Dictator of the Republic. Its independence was recognised by Great Britain in 1853.

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of weavers to introduce European stuffs for clothing the natives; they opened an apothecary's shop with medicaments for the whole community; and a public library for the district, together with educational establishments to instruct their new converts in the principles of religion and the arts of life. They taught them the rudiments of a commercial system applied to inland traffic by encouraging native industry, and became the negotiators for transmitting products suitable for exportation, the Procurator-General of the Jesuits acting as the sole medium in all commercial transactions with the outer world. This was done professedly with a view to avoid the evils of the mercantile system in Europe, with its corrupting influence on morals and its tendency to social degeneracy. In the same way the Jesuits carefully preserved the natives from the temptations of competition among themselves by establishing a community of goods. By means of pious frauds they gained a powerful ascendency over the native mind, and by a careful and just distribution of necessaries and comforts of life, the result of common work, they secured their affection and admiration.

> "Benevolence had gained such empire there,
> That even superstition had been brought
> An aspect of humanity to wear,
> And make the weal of man its first and only care."

Their zealous anxiety for the temporal and spiritual welfare of the converts, and their frequent exhibition of self-denial, incurring dangers and sufferings on their behalf, raised them in general esteem. The area of their activity was soon extended, and the number of adherents increased, so that after fifty years of their landing on the coast of Brazil, they had gathered around them no less than 100,000 natives, spread over about thirty settlements. Each settlement had a town of simple but not unsightly mud houses, whitened and covered with tiles, and provided with verandahs on either side. Each mission had its own church, generally built of stone, and magnificently ornamented. Two curates were attached to each, whose office was that of parochial minister as well as general organiser of the local economy, and thus the Jesuits became at once the teachers and the magistrates of the community.

To protect their followers from the incursions of the lawless settlers in the neighbouring province of St. Paul, they trained them in the art of self-defence and fortification, as they had taught them previously habits of industry. Romantic accounts of heroic defence and precipitous retreats of the settlers when attacked by overpowering numbers of these ruthless freebooters and marauders, called "Mamelukes," are related in the history of the *Misiones*. They gave frequent opportunities to the ecclesiastical governors to distinguish themselves by a noble fearlessness in the midst of danger, and a devoted self-forgetfulness in their endeavour to save the commonweal from the terror and scourge of powerful enemies, and so as to enhance still more the love and reverence of the people for them.* The zeal of the pastors increased the fervour of devotion among the people.

The religious exercises forming part of their regular routine resemble, in a measure, those of the Moravians under similar conditions, if we make due allowance for the differences of religious dogma and ceremonial usage in the two bodies. The following is a description by Muratori: "Every morning, before dawn, the children go to church, taking their place there, girls on one side, boys on the other. There they recite prayers and creeds until the rising of the sun. Then follows the mass, in which all the inhabitants must join, except in particular cases demanding dispensation. After this, everybody goes to work. In the evening the children are catechised. Then the bell summons all the faithful to vespers. Special services on Sundays and on other occasions preserve the religious tone of the people, and church discipline, strict, though gentle, preserves the community from worldliness and conduct unworthy the Christian profession. The sexes are kept apart in public places, and marriages are arranged not by mutual attachment, nor, as in the case of the Moravians, by casting lots and leaving the decision to Heaven, but by ecclesiastical authority acting for the community. Still, the results were, upon the whole, satisfactory. Chastity, soberness, and calm, peaceful enjoyment of life prevailed among the people of Paraguay. The cultivation of music and the dance at festivals, martial processions and tournaments, with prizes for the victors, provided innocent amusements. Religious pageants on special occasions were held to satisfy the craving for novelty and sensuous enjoyment among the people, and to keep before their eyes symbols of higher ideals. A perfect system of organised charity to relieve the distressed in their own community or strangers without it needing assistance, stimulating the virtue of self-denial, gave full play for the emotions of love and pity. Everything, in fact, we are told, was done to preserve an equal balance of mind and health of body, while the dictates of morality and religion are obeyed without murmur." In fact, the people of Paraguay, if we may give credence to Muratori, whom Gibbon calls a "diligent and laborious writer, who aspires above the prejudices of the Catholic priest,"* fulfilled most of the conditions of Lord Bacon's "New Atlantis" and Campanella's "City of the Sun" at about the very time when those dreamy compositions were compiled—a strange coincidence of theory and practice in the Old and New World of contemporaneously working out Utopian ideals and social experiments, and giving thus expression to the prevailing tendency of the spirit of the times to bring about an entire moral and material reformation among the masses of mankind.†

It has to be noted, however, that although the principle of fraternal union and devotion to the common good, in imitation of the *naïve* simplicity of Primitive Christianity, proved the rule of life among the people of Paraguay, community of goods was more in the nature of a custom than a law, and therefore was not rigorously enforced. Every one had his own field and herd of cattle. But in addition to their *private* property there was also a *collective* or corporate property for the benefit of all, called *God's possession*. The products of this common property went towards paying the royal tribute due to the King of Spain, and to provide for the exigencies of war and famine, and the maintenance of members of the commonwealth in distress, or afflicted by

* See, for an interesting detailed account of a typical case of the kind, "Letters on Paraguay," by J. P. and W. P. Robertson, vol. ii., p. 60 and following.

* The aspirations of the Roman Catholic priest have, however, not always been realised, for the account he gives of the "Reductions' is undoubtedly tinged with partiality and a strong desire to defend the Jesuits at all hazards.

† See "Leisure Hour," 1878, p. 246 and following.

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infirmities. Here all had to work, even the heads of the towns, for "the community," at the bidding of their ecclesiastical rulers; and although they were ostensibly governed by a representative body chosen from among themselves, implicit obedience to "catholic discipline," *i.e.*, the word of command of their spiritual superiors, was expected from the people in this "Christian Republic." But since the rule imposed upon them was upon the whole wise, humane, and beneficent, the Indians wore their chains, which set so lightly on them as to be almost imperceptible to their simple and guileless minds, without a murmur, unconscious that their uniform and constant labour, whilst contributing to their own support according to a comparatively low standard of life among them, was mainly instrumental in promoting the aggrandisement of the religious order to which their spiritual benefactors belonged.

As some of their apologists have endeavoured to represent the Jesuits as more disinterested and philanthropic than they were actually in their relation towards the natives, so others have gone too far in attributing nothing but false motives to these "refined rogues" (as Dr. Francia, the Dictator of Paraguay, later on called them), in their skilful tactics of social government, with a view to their own advantage.

"Affecting to govern all their establishments on the principle of community of goods," says the author of "Letters on Paraguay," "and having persuaded the Indians that they participated equally with their pastors in the advantages derived from their labour in common, the Jesuits made subservient to their own aggrandisement the toil of 100,000 Indian slaves. They instructed them in agriculture and in the mechanical arts; they made of them soldiers and sailors; and they taught them to herd cattle, prepare yerba, and manufacture sugar and cigars. But while the churches and casas de residencia were built with elaborate splendour, the Indian architect and mason occupied mud hovels. While the padres had all the conveniences, and even luxuries, that could be furnished by the carpenter and upholsterer, and while the churches exhibited fine specimens of architecture, carving, and embroidery, the Indian workman had scarce a table and a chair, very seldom a bed, and never any other hanging or coverlet in his hovel than a coarse poncho. The Indians *made* shoes, but the padres *wore* them, and exported the surplus. . . It is true that the Indian was fed and clothed out of the common stock of produce, but so scantily and disproportionately that, while his earnings might amount to a hundred dollars a year, his food and raiment never cost one-half of that sum! He was allowed two days in the week, latterly three, in which to cultivate a small patch of ground for himself; but whatever this produced went in diminution of the supplies issued to him from the public stores. So that, after all, it came to the same thing. The 'community' (that is, of the padres) was still the gainer by the personal labour of the Indian."*

On the other hand, Muratori, anticipating in his "tract," without altogether contradicting these statements of our modern travellers, draws a ravishing picture of Utopian felicity enjoyed by the people of Paraguay under the Jesuit *régime*. "Regulated liberty, abundant supplies of all the necessaries of life, a tiny home, indeed, but large enough for all purposes; peace, union, concord—do not these constitute a people's happiness?"* Then he expatiates on the blessings of equality: "Caciques, captains, and magistrates, and the principal persons in the community, are distinguished, indeed, from the people, but this distinction is not founded on large or more permanent possessions, nor wealth arising from commerce and industry. And so it does not remove equality as among ourselves between nobles and commons, rich and poor, masters and servants, odious distinctions by which one portion of the human family becomes a lasting object of dislike and envy to the other."

If the absence of mines and metals, iron and steel, retard social progress in placing impediments in the way of industry, he argues, the total absence of gold and silver and every sort of money—"these idols of cupidity" happily unknown among them—are a salutary preservative against the crying evils of a capitalistic system in more advanced communities; for commerce consists among these simple people in barter and exchange of commodities.

Indolence and improvidence are the natural faults of people in a low state of social culture. But the prodigal wastefulness of the natives is mitigated by the watchful superintendence of the European missionaries, measures are taken to make provision for eventualities, and to insure the community against unforeseen calamities. And so, too, inspectors are selected to take the supervision of the country districts, to stimulate and enforce exertion, and to prevent the indolent sharing the advantages of common labour unless they contribute their proper share towards the creation of commodities. And in all these the missionaries take often the lead. There you may see nobles by birth, and celebrated men come fresh from the universities of Europe, acting as shepherds, masons, carpenters, and all manner of common trades, by way of teaching the natives, while they, with crossed arms, stand by, gazing with confused bewilderment at the strange spectacle. The result of all these precautions and efforts approximately to maintain a community of goods is summed up in a few words: "The Indians are poor, and yet lack nothing. They maintain among themselves perfect equality, which is the strongest support of union and public tranquillity."

We are at a loss how to reconcile such conflicting statements, and must make allowance for the fact that in such cases friends were apt to be too indulgent in their favourable criticism, whilst enemies are unfair in passing judgment, and we can only arrive at an approximately true conclusion.

Probably the following is a tolerably true and unvarnished account. "A Jesuit Reduction was a model of order and regularity; perfect uniformity was observed in its long comfortably-built rows of houses, and the small circuit of the towns offered every facility for preserving its domestic tranquillity, or insuring a

* See *loc. cit.* pp. 47, 48.

* So Southey, in his interesting "Tale of Paraguay":—

"Content and cheerful Piety were found
Within their humble walls. From youth to age
The simple dwellers paced their even round
Of duty, not desiring to engage
Upon the busy world's contentious stage,
Whose ways they wisely had been train'd to dread.
Their inoffensive lives in pupilage
Perpetually, but peacefully, they led,
From all temptations saved, and sure of daily bread."

—CANTO iv. 6.

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ready defence against outside danger. The great square was the centre-point, the public resort and general rendezvous of the people; upon it were erected the church, the college, the arsenal, the stores, the workshops of carpenters, joiners, weavers, and smiths, together with other important public buildings, all assembled under the close and unsleeping vigilance of the Fathers. . . . The Reduction moved and had its being, as it were, with the precision of clockwork. The people prayed, toiled, ate, and slept so long and no longer; from one duty or employment they passed to another, like soldiers changing guard, *equally participating in the charges of the day, each one undergoing his measure of fatigue for the one and common family*. . . . The Indian laboured for his spiritual guardian, and looked to him for a material return."

These are the balanced statements of an independent witness, the commander of the United States expedition in 1853-56. He concludes, after a careful survey of the efforts of the Jesuits' mission: "If there were nothing in the Jesuit rule to excite emulation, yet the natives lived happily under it, attained considerable civilisation, and relapsed rapidly into barbarism under the temporal and spiritual rule which replaced that of the Fathers."*

There can be no doubt that under the management of the Jesuits (whatever their motives may have been) the "Reductions" were in a highly prosperous condition, and that the expulsion of the Jesuits produced among the bulk of the population feelings of regret and despair, and had for its immediate result the entire disorganisation of the community, so that within thirty years of that event it had been reduced to one-half of its original size. But neither the success of the settlement under Jesuit rule nor its collapse after the departure prove in any way the perfection of the system they adopted. Their signal success, no doubt, was owing to the adaptability of their benevolent despotism to Indians in their savage state. Their independence at such a distance from the seats of royal and papal authority at home rendered their power absolute; and a complete system of subordination to central authority adopted in the colony itself (in fact a wise combination of Socialism and Cæsarism in their social politics—Socialism for the ruled, Cæsarism for the rulers) eventually placed the supreme power over every member of the community into the hands of the Jesuit Superior, who with a firm hand directed the whole from the central point of the establishment, the seat of government at Candelaria. But as this system of centralisation proved the strongest point in the government of the settlement, it failed to render the governed permanently happy.

"You see, my friend," writes the impartial and enlightened governor of the province of Concepcion, in *Misiones* (appointed in 1781), "that however excellent a *régime* this might be, if practised by a master by his pupils, as by a father towards his children in their nonage, it could never train or form a people to anything like knowledge or liberty. . . . When men acted upon this *régime*, and upon these principles of political economy, it cannot be a matter of surprise that in the course of 150 years, which it is since the establishments were formed, such immense wealth should have been found, as well in the churches as in that fund called 'The Fund of the Community.' For my part I am not astonished at this, when I consider the vast fertility of the province; the complete subjugation of the Indians; that they were absolutely shut out from all intercourse with the Spaniards; and that, knowing no other authority than that of the Jesuits, they became mere tools in their hands."

When, therefore, the controlling authority was removed the whole elaborately-constructed scheme fell to pieces; and the maladministration of the Spanish governors, who introduced a general system of spoliation and corruption without possessing the administrative power of the Jesuit rulers who had preceded them, completed the final ruin of the settlement. And when this hateful yoke was removed, the people who had been held in a state of helpless tutelage for a century and a half lacked the power of self-government and national recovery, the once splendid edifice of a Utopian Republic crumbled to pieces.

This is illustrated by the description of the chief town, Candelaria, the seat of government, given by the travellers in 1839, as compared with the same city under the flourishing condition of the country.

"Candelaria, under the Jesuits, had 3,064 inhabitants; they were now diminished to 700. It had a splendid church, richly ornamented, a capacious college, large gardens, and extensive *characas*, or cultivated grounds, around it. The church was now in a state of dilapidation, the rain was pouring in through many apertures of the roof, the walls were bare, and even the altar was uncovered by a cloth. Not having been whitewashed for years, the walls were not only bare, but black. From the damp parts of them, at not distant intervals, there oozed out a green mould, forming a soil, from which depended nettles and other noxious weeds. The college was pretty much in the same state, and what had once been a brick-laid patio, or quadrangle, was so completely covered with grass and weeds, that no trace of the original foundation was discoverable. As for the unweeded garden, 'things rank and gross in nature possessed it merely.' Every fruit-tree had been hewed down for firewood. Of the original huts and cottages, scarcely a third of the number was standing, and of those that did remain there was no line so little observable as the perpendicular. They were awry, some leaning to one side, some inclined to another, and all indicating a speedy intention of laying their bones and dust in the lap of mother earth, and by the side of the tenements that had already mouldered to decay."

At such a melancholy sight of the country the travellers "almost regretted, upon the face of its dreariness, depopulation, and decay, that the Jesuits were not still its masters." In a postscript of a later edition they add that since the above was written the *Misiones* have been falling into deeper ruin still, year after year, so that scarcely a vestige remains of what once they were. The public buildings have crumbled into decay, the scattered inhabitants are almost at a loss for subsistence, wandering about in the woods. Their towns have been repeatedly burned and sacked during revolutions, their cattle have been destroyed or carried away. Every trace of property and cultivation has disappeared, and the ruin of the Indians, like the fall of the Jesuits, though not quite so sudden, has been equally complete; it has been incalculably more calamitous.

What is the cause of this great difference between Paraguay "Past and Present"? It arose from grave

* "La Plata, the Argentine Confederation, and Paraguay," by Thomas J. Page, U.S.N., p. 499 *et seq.*

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errors in social politics and political economy on the part of the Jesuits. Community of goods slackens the motives of exertion and retards economic progress. The low level of mediocrity was rarely surpassed by the natives simply because there was no inducement offered for extra exertion. The men and women of the settlement did what the Fathers bid them do, and received with thankfulness their necessaries of life and scanty creature comforts in return, but nothing stirred them up into higher activity when their immediate wants had been supplied. The spiritual authority once removed, nothing but the slave-driver's whip of Spanish Government inspectors would accelerate their movements, and when freed from this latter bondage their natural indolence and the insecurity of acquired possessions lamed every further effort in the direction of industrial progress among the independent natives.

Further, the theory of enlightened despotism, as applied to nations in a low state of civilisation, although salutary in the first beginnings of a people, becomes pernicious if adopted as a permanent measure. "The practical result is," as Sir George Cornwall Lewis has pointed out, "that a community is least likely to obtain a good representative government when it is most wanted, and most likely to obtain one when it is least wanted."* This is exactly what happened in the case of the people here under consideration. The Jesuits, jealous of their power, discouraged representative government, and purposely, with a view to this, retarded the political education of the people. They would not allow them to advance beyond the stage of tutelage. The consequence was that when the South American Republics were established and the people of Paraguay gained their independency they were unfit for self-government. Excess of patriarchal rule had disabled the children to walk the onward march of progress without the leading-strings of their parents, and these parents were no more.†

Facts like these will furnish us with the necessary data for drawing a comparison between the increasing prospect of Moravian settlements and the decay of similar institutions in Paraguay, which shall form the concluding portion of this paper.

We saw in the previous paper how, in the case of the Moravian constitution, the course of development was in the discretion of representative government and local autonomy. In the case of the Jesuit settlement we have almost a repetition, on a small scale, of the gradual development in a contrary direction in the Roman Church, which, to use the words of M. Emile de Laveleye, consisting of a democratic republic at the outset . . . . at the present time realises the ideal of a theocracy, and of the most absolute despotism imaginable. Social progress under such rule is impossible, and hence we find that the Jesuits failed in raising the Indians progressively in the scale of society, whilst, as we saw in the previous paper, the Moravians, governing their converts on the principles of civil and religious liberty, produced a totally different result among the natives of Greenland and Labrador, where nature is much more frugal in her gifts, and social advancement is rendered immeasurably more difficult on account of climatic and constitutional obstacles, which only well-sustained effort and frugal self-denial can overcome.

Again, whilst freedom encourages internal growth in producing the spontaneity of individualism, the absence of social liberty, even in the presence of comparative material equality, produces stagnation in social development. Whilst Bossuet was formulating the theory of Absolutism Milton was writing that of the Republic. And so, whilst the Modern Puritans, if we may so denominate the Moravians, have imparted Anglo-Saxon free constitutions successfully in their growing settlements, the Jesuits have paid the penalty of following out Bossuet's maxim that rulers "are gods, and in a measure participate in the Divine independence," in the utter annihilation of their work in Paraguay.

Whilst the Moravians, without forming a political body, have been careful from the first not to come into collision with the governments in the countries of their dispersion, but rather to carry out the good Samaritan's work of social regeneration in spreading the principles of Christianity, instead of peremptorily introducing sudden social changes, the Jesuits "pestered the court of Madrid with their intrigues, and embarrassed the local governments of America by their insubordination,"* so as to provoke a struggle between the temporal and spiritual power, ending finally in their expulsion from the country, where, as in other Catholic countries, by reason of the ecclesiastical conflicts with the civil power, the people became at last "a prey to internal struggles which consume their strength, or, at least, prevent them from advancing as steadily and rapidly as Protestant nations."†

The growth of the Moravian settlements may thus be traced to the natural increase of internal vigour and life, whilst the causes of decrepitude in the Paraguay settlement must be sought in the deadening influences of artificial growth, the confusing and retarding tendencies of adherence to form and without spirit, and a trust in force rather than of voluntary effort. If, then, we compare the habits of industry, frugal contentedness, and progressive advances in civilisation in the outposts of Moravian missions in the present day with the wretched and precarious condition of the surviving population in Paraguay, their rude manners and squalid poverty, their dogged apathy and servile demeanour, we cannot help being struck with the contrast. When, moreover, we remember, at the same time, the struggles and defeats of the Moravian society, maintaining itself through centuries, in spite of persecution, misfortunes, and, at times, even threatened extinction, with the promising beginnings and continued good fortune of the Jesuit settlers in Paraguay, having all the advantages of superior knowledge, receiving augmented strength from papal and royal patrons, and meeting with scarcely any opposition from without, we cannot help being astonished at the respective results. In the one case, all but complete success and the promise of future improvement; in the other, a final and complete catastrophe, leaving no hope of recovery. We can scarcely help ascribing the result to the superior modes of government of the former over the latter, and the superiority of religious freedom in its influence over human affairs over ecclesiastical domination; in fine, the superiority of Protestantism encouraging self-expan-

* See his "Essay on the Influence of Authority in Matters of Opinion," 2nd edit., p. 192.

† "It was only after the influence of the Jesuits had emasculated the general mind of all sense of responsibility and every feeling of personal reliance, that the whole race became the willing forgers of their own fetters."—Washburne's "History of Paraguay," i., p. 66.

* "Letters on Paraguay," ii., p. 40 and *ante*.

† Laveleye, *loc. cit.*, p. 21.

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sion of the individual and the community over Romanism limiting the range of personal responsibility, and so laming the efforts of man in the aggregate, which must end in social decline and national decay.

In tracing the historical evolution of the Moravian communities, and describing their present condition, we were unable to agree with those who profess to believe in the possibility of remodelling society on their pattern. If such was the unsatisfactory conclusion in the case of society so far superior to the commonwealth of Paraguay, we need scarcely stop to point out the utter futility of allowing this latter experiment to be introduced as a type of social architecture. It only serves as an interesting study of a peculiar phase of society, and as an example of misguided, though well-intentioned, social pioneering.

The Emigrants' Good-bye.

"Calm sea and prosperous voyage."

A GALLANT vessel, westward-bound, had anchored in the bay,
Awaiting but a fav'ring wind to waft her on her way:
She bore a throng of young and old, of mingled rich and poor,
To seek at best an exile's home, remote from Britain's shore.

To reach that far-off ship I strove an onward course to steer,
No breeze arose to fill our sails, or died in drawing near;
But ere the crimson sun had set, in gazing towards the spot,
That bark became a stirring scene which ne'er will be forgot.

As evening fell the tide had turned, and ling'ring yet were vain:
I looked once more upon the ship while drifting home again,
And there behold a little girl, a kerchief in her hand,
Exchanging greeting with my child—they claimed one native land!

A hat was promptly raised in air—a courteous deed repaid:
How many ties doth childhood weave, in eloquence unsaid!
Fast spread the spirit o'er the deck, where, as beneath a spell,
All hands and hearts at once sprang up to join that mute farewell.

Thus ever in the darkened hour of trial, sorrow, fear,
Do those, who else were severed wide, in sympathy seem near;
Each fain would make the burden less, the anguish of another;
Would share the peril, soothe the pain, as brother for a brother.

At length, the vessel growing dim, was given our last farewell;
Then came a message o'er the deep, that more than words could tell:
They gave, and with their utmost might, three ringing British cheers!
A sound which fills some hearts with joy, but many eyes with tears.

Still seen across the moonlit waves, before the summer dawn,
For good or ill, for weal or woe, the outward-bound was gone.
Calm be the sea upon her path, may ev'ry breeze be fair!
To Him who maketh storms to cease shall rise the stranger's prayer.

The wand'rers' thoughts may oft return, from some far-distant land,
Unto the little English maid, who waved them hand for hand;
And often at the twilight hour, in dreams of days gone by,
Will yet be heard in memory the Emigrants' Good-bye.

A. L. M.

Varieties.

CHRISTIANITY IN THE CITY OF CABUL.—Many of our readers will be surprised to know that there is a Christian Church in the city of Cabul, the capital of Afghanistan. But in the Bala Hisar (or walled fort), and not far from the Ameer's palace, there has been a little Armenian Church ever since the days of Nadir Shah, and this little band of Armenian Christians have been allowed to worship their God and Saviour undisturbed in that church all through the many political disturbances and administrative changes that have taken place in that city. At one time there was a considerable number of Armenian Christians in Cabul, but now there are not more than some twelve souls. Most of these have received baptism from clergymen of the Church of England, four of them by the chaplains of the British forces in 1840-42, the others by the Church Missionary Society's missionaries at Peshawar. Indeed, on week-days, the little Christian flock have been lately worshipping according to the Persian translation of the English Book of Common Prayer, the chief person in the congregation being a young man named Luka, who received his education in the Peshawar Mission School. The first and last sermon the Christians in Cabul ever heard in their little church in the Bala Hissar was one preached in Persian by the late Dr. Wolff, on the 6th of May, 1832.—*Church Missionary Gleaner.*

HAZY PICTURES.—The story that on a recent occasion neither judge nor jury could tell which was the top and which the bottom of one of Mr. Whistler's pictures, is curiously matched by another concerning a work of Mr. Ruskin's. At the winter exhibition of the Water-Colour Society in 1873-74, an elaborate architectural drawing by the distinguished Slade professor was placed upside down, not by a porter of a court of law, but by persons employed by an eminent artistic body. And thus it remained for a time until some sharper-sighted visitor discovered the amusing mistake. There is also another painter's story which resembles this. When John Martin had finished his well-known "Zadok in Search of the Waters of Oblivion," which was more than once engraved, he sent for a framemaker's man to frame it; and, having occasion to remain in a room adjoining his studio while they were in the latter room, he was edified by a loud dispute between the men as to which was the top, which the bottom of his picture.

FRANCIS NEWMAN.—Mrs. Josephine Butler has published a letter lately received from Francis Newman, the brother of Cardinal Newman, and author of "Phases of Faith," "a man," she remarks, "who is generally considered to be an Atheist." Mr. Newman writes: "I have become very reluctant to write at all on public affairs to friends at home or abroad, for I am melancholy in the extreme about them. Things seem to have gone beyond the power of wisdom to aid. Nothing but publicly-avowed repentance and restitution seem to me available to avert severe, and perhaps overwhelming chastisement. But to propose even confession of sin is treated by all 'practical' statesmen as out of the question and ridiculous. I suppose Mr. Gladstone would not get one vote in ten to support him in such a proposal. Sir Harcourt Johnstone at Scarborough well pointed out that we dreaded the sin of Cetewayo in forbidding marriage to his young soldiers as an offence to a neighbouring State, and as amongst the serious justifications of war. But what do we do ourselves? We not only forbid marriage, but we make provision for sin. I begin to think that reform will only come in the midst of a dreadful crash, and that civil strife may become dangerously factious."

ARMENIANS AND TURKS.—The Armenian Patriarch, Nerces, who resigned his office in despair of the promised protection for his people, says: "Europe believed that by inserting Article 61 in the Treaty of Berlin it had discovered an efficacious remedy for the sufferings of the Armenian people. The provisions of this article have not been carried out, and the Armenians suffer now just as they did in the past. Anarchy prevails through the whole of Armenia, and the Christians are cruelly oppressed by the Turkish officials and the Mohammedan populations. Acts of oppression are being committed in the provinces of Diarbekir and Van, and as far as Zeitoun, in Cilicia, and are not punished. The Turkish Government treats the Armenians of Zeitoun with extreme severity; it accuses them of rebellion, and chastises as rebels poor people who have done no more than complain of the increase of taxes which they are unable to pay, and of the tyranny of the Kaimakams and the exactions of the financial officials. I have repeatedly called the

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attention of the Porte to these facts, and have been unable to procure the smallest relief for the afflicted Christians. I have laid detailed reports before the representatives of the Great Powers, and have not succeeded in obtaining the protection promised by Article 61 of the Treaty of Berlin. . . . The Armenians await with the utmost impatience the execution of the reforms promised by the Anglo-Turkish Convention of June 4, 1878. They still count upon the people of England.

"The Armenian Patriarch, NERCES."

This letter is accompanied by a series of reports from the ecclesiastical authorities of various parts of Armenia and Cilicia, setting forth the exactions, cruelties, and various acts of tyranny practised upon the Armenian Christians, and, in particular, the robberies and murders committed by the Kurds, whom the Porte seems unable to keep in check.

In a letter subsequently received, the Patriarch says:—

"The Government of Turkey is just the same as before. We can prove that all the facts contained in the reports (those just mentioned) are true, though the Government tries in every way to prove the contrary. From the province of Van, 50,000 Armenians have resolved to emigrate next spring into Russian territory, and they are already beginning to do so. The Armenians of Zeitoun (who had been seized on a charge of rebellion) are still in prison, and Sir A. H. Layard, notwithstanding his great influence, could not procure their release. In the province of Diarbekir, not only the Kurds, but also the soldiers and officers, rob and murder the people and violate the young girls with impunity. The Turkish Government does nothing, except by attempting to prevent news from arriving."

Mr. James Bryce, in communicating this to the *Times*, adds: "The picture which these letters and the accompanying reports present agrees only too closely with that drawn by your correspondent in his interesting letters from Diarbekir and Trebizond, although he does not seem to have visited the district of Van, where the sufferings of the Armenians from the Kurdish marauders have been most severe."

ANTS IN INDIA.—A correspondent in India comments on the statement of an "English Naturalist" that "in some warm countries, as in India, ants are dormant during the rainy season." He says: "I must confess such an idea gave us a little amusement, when read in the middle of the Bengal rainy season. On the table was the sugar, in a close-fitting glass bottle, and further fortified from the attacks of the myriads of ants about by being placed in a dish and surrounded by a moat of water. A week or two before I had gone on a tour in the country, and incautiously left my bread unprotected by such a moat for one night, and the result was that the next morning each loaf was swarming with ants, so that I had to cut the loaves into slices, shake out the ants as best I could, and look forward to the prospect even then of having a little animal food in the shape of broiled ants in these slices when toasted. Whatever it may be in other parts of India, in Bengal it is the rainy season when the ants are most troublesome."

ISANDULA.—A correspondent, writing from Natal, thus sums up the losses at Isandula:—Including non-combatants, 800 or 900 of our Natives must have died at Isandula. It is now ascertained that 850 Europeans perished. The booty taken consisted of 128 waggons, with £70,000 worth of commissariat stores, 300,000 rounds of ammunition, 1,200 Martini-Henry breechloaders, two Armstrong guns, rocket battery, all the baggage of the general, and all the officers and men of the headquarters camp, and volunteers and mounted police attached to it, about 2,000 oxen, 300 horses, and 50 mules, with three mule waggons of the general, and his carriage and eight horses —valued in all at not less than a quarter of a million of money.

AMERICAN DRIED FRUIT TRADE.—Colonel A. C. Jones, an official of the Agricultural Department at Washington, has completed an interesting paper upon the subject of the dried fruit trade, from which the following summary is made:—"The abundance of the fruit crop of the United States is one of the most gratifying results of the progress of agriculture in this country. In the strip between the Delaware and Chesapeake Bays more than 5,000,000 of peach-trees blossom annually. The cranberry has been found to be very profitable in Minnesota, where in 1877 there was a crop of 40,000 bushels, of the value of at least 150,000 dols. The European demand for American fruits increases with the supply, and proves to be very generally remunerative. There is fruit enough raised in the United States to supply both our country and Europe. The first exportation of apples was made thirty years ago, when apples commanded from six to eight dollars a barrel in Liverpool. That city now receives 90,000 barrels of American apples annually. The value of fruits exported last year was 2,937,025 dols. The exportation of canned fruit is rapidly increasing. The supply of dried fruit has never been equal to the demand. The extraordinary increase in the production within the last few years has been met by still greater consumption. No census of this trade has ever been taken. New York is the largest fruit-producing State, and the bulk of it is marketed at Buffalo. At Chicago the trade in dried fruit is very large, as it is a distributing point of considerable importance for the West and North-West. The secretary of the Board of Trade in Chicago, in a letter to the Department of Agriculture, states that the receipts of dried fruits in 1877 were as follows: Dried apples, 30,000 barrels, of 200 lb. each; dried peaches, 18,000 barrels, of 250 lb. each; dried blackberries, 6,000 barrels, of 200 lb. each. A proportionate amount of the smaller fruits and berries was received. The general trade in dried fruits is not increasing, the demand being supplied within a few years by the increase of canned goods."

THE FIRST PRINTING-PRESS AT LATTAKOO.—Dr. Moffat thus describes the introduction of printing among the Bechuanas: "Although many of the natives had been informed how books were printed, nothing could exceed their surprise when they saw a white sheet, after disappearing for a moment, emerge spangled with letters. After a few noisy exclamations, one obtained a sheet, with which he bounded into the village, showing it to every one he met, and asserting that my colleague and myself had made it in a moment, with a round, black hammer (a printer's ball) and a shake of the arm. The description of such a juggling process soon brought a crowd to see the press, which has since proved an auxiliary of vast importance to our cause."

DAKOTA, THE NEXT AMERICAN STATE.—Dakota lies to the west of the States of Minnesota and Iowa, and north of Nebraska. It is traversed from corner to corner by the Missouri. Its area is set down in the surveys at 150,932 square miles, or nearly one-fifth larger than the whole area of the British Isles. But the population at the census of 1870 was only 14,000. It has, however, increased very much since, having at present considerably more than the 60,000 requisite for its organisation as a State, and its friends insist that its rate of development is so rapid that it will certainly have 150,000 inhabitants by the time the Bill passes. It is at present badly off for roads of all kinds. The Northern Pacific Railroad runs through its northern districts; but the construction of this line has been arrested at the town of Bismarck, on the Missouri, which is its temporary western terminus. Other lines are projected; some have been actually surveyed. At the western frontier, extending into the adjoining territory of Wyoming, are the Black Hills, the scene of the massacre by Sioux, in 1875, of General Custer and many soldiers of the United States Army. Gold mines have been lately discovered among these mountains, and miners are already flocking thither.

CENTENARIANS.—Three years ago the newspapers in Scotland reported that a venerable minister, the Rev. Dr. Ingram, of Unst, Shetland, had reached his 100th birthday. His portrait was painted for the college of the Free Church at Edinburgh. He died recently (March 3), within a month of completing his 103rd year, having been born in Aberdeenshire on the 3rd of April, 1776. He was licensed to preach the gospel in 1800, and he was ordained a minister of the Church of Scotland in 1803. At the Disruption he became a minister of the Free Church. The degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred on him by the University of Glasgow in 1844. His son, the Rev. John Ingram, who is upwards of 70 years of age, and was ordained a minister in 1848, has been his assistant for a considerable time. The deceased's father lived to the age of 100, and his grandfather to the age of 105.

RABBITS IN NEW ZEALAND.—Mr. Cowan, a run holder in Southland, New Zealand, states that on his run of 29,000 acres he killed 26,000 rabbits in four months, and that the cost of destroying them was 3d. per rabbit, while he got no more than 1½d. per skin for the skins in winter. Their presence on his land had reduced the lambing of his flocks by 20 per cent. Whole tracts of country had been rendered almost valueless by the rabbit nuisance. On twenty-four holdings in the south, during last year, no less than 1,059,000 rabbits were destroyed. On the same runs there were 153,000 sheep less than were shorn previously, and these runs produced 1,700 bales of wool less than they did formerly. That amount of wool, taken at a moderate computation, of £15 per bale, would bring a return of £25,000, which at 10 per cent. would represent a capital of £250,000.

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THE LEISURE HOUR.

BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,
AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND.—*Cowper.*

A NIGHT ALARM.

"WAIT A YEAR."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

As Warren returned to the hotel—or rather primitive inn, for though large enough to accommodate several travellers, it had little pretension about it—he felt the air particularly hot and close. It was past midnight; no lights were visible in the windows except one twinkling close to a small side entrance, where some one was watching for the night diligence to Basle in order to deliver up the letters. The large door was closed. In front of the hotel, but at some distance from it, ran the high road, from which a private one diverged to the building, forming a semicircle, the intervening space consisting of a piece of grassy ground, divided in two by a broad gravel walk, planted on each side with poplars. The spot itself was nothing extraordinary, but the scenery around and near was interesting. It was, however, cool and pleasant, well wooded, fragrant with pine

No. 1433.—June 14, 1879.

Price One Penny.

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and other forest trees, and watered by the silvery Birs.

Whilst Mr. Sinclair was saying a few words to the sleepy watchman, the lumbering of the diligence was heard, and, as if by some stroke of magic, men and horses, issuing from some unperceived cover, were suddenly upon the scene. The wheels stopped, voices were heard, and lanterns flashed; then followed a jingling and scuffling, a few shoutings, and the wheels were again in motion. Next came the measured tread of the tired horses going to their stables, and soon all was again still.

After seeing the man fasten the door, Mr. Sinclair went in the direction of the principal passage, asking for a light. "This is the shortest way, sir, and as good as the other in the end," remarked the man, pointing to a small staircase facing the side door. "Permit me to show you the way." Suiting the action to the word, he preceded him up a flight of narrow, steep steps to the first floor, issuing on a part of the corridor which was strange to Mr. Sinclair. Being a new-comer, he was unacquainted with the windings of the passages, but happily remembered his number. His room was soon found by the rough attendant, who lighted his candle and left him. Notwithstanding his journey, he did not feel tired, and had no inclination to sleep, walking so long in the night air having refreshed him. Besides that, his thoughts were troublesome, and had to be reduced to subjection. His window looking upon the back, upon outhouses and untidy kitchen-gardens, offered nothing to please the eye, yet he kept it open on account of the heat. Aware, at length, that it was time to go to bed if he meant to rest at all, he went to shut it, and started with a sudden and frightful apprehension.

What was it? What did it mean? A red glow proceeding from one of the rooms below immediately darted into flames. As the fearful sight met his eye, the terrible cry, "Fire! fire!" (*au secours! au secours!*), always alarming, but a thousandfold more so in the dead of night, when help seems so far off, if not impossible, was raised. Doors opened and shut, screams echoed and re-echoed above, below, out-of-doors.

Where was Mrs. Fraser? Where was Mona? Warren did not know their rooms, only that they must be on the floor above, as he had gone up two pair of stairs on his arrival. No time was to be lost; the building being of wood would burn rapidly; volumes of smoke from below were already rolling up the staircase as he set his foot upon it. On reaching the top the first person he distinguished was Mona, in a dressing-gown, her hair about her shoulders, and pale as a spectre, hurrying along the passage with a light in her hand. She, too, had been sitting up, reflecting over the events of the day, and, her room looking on the back premises, she had become aware of the fire about the same time as Warren.

"This way—this way, down the staircase, and out of doors at once," said Mr. Sinclair, seizing her hand and trying to drag her towards the stairs he had just ascended.

"Mrs. Fraser and Fanny! save them, save them!" she answered, resisting with all her force, and impelling him along the corridor with her. Winged as she appeared in her rapid movements, and though it took but a couple of seconds to reach Mrs. Fraser's door, a general stampede had taken place before she gained it. From the upper storey many were hurrying down, adding to the confusion by cries and screams, and dense columns of smoke were rising all round.

At the first knock Mrs. Fraser made her appearance, partially dressed, asking what was the matter. Realising the truth in an instant, she precipitated herself back into the room, frantically calling upon Fanny to get up and run.

"There is yet time to dress her quickly, and to save some of your valuables. The fire is at present at the back; only make haste, and escape is easy," said Mr. Sinclair, who remembered the small staircase with which he had unexpectedly become acquainted, which now appeared untouched, all the smoke and turmoil being at the other end.

"There, Mona," he added, again seizing her hand, "round the corner and down the little staircase. Go out at the door at the bottom of it, I will follow directly with my sister and Fanny. You must, you shall obey me!" he said, imperatively, endeavouring to force her away.

But Mona shook him off, and was inside Mrs. Fraser's room at her pupil's side in a moment. Mrs. Fraser having snatched the candle from her, began securing one valuable after another, and tumbling them together into a shawl, at the same time calling upon her daughter to make haste, Mr. Sinclair and a maid, who had come upon the scene, lending all the assistance in their power.

"Come now, at once," said her brother, in a clear, firm voice, after a few minutes; "there is no time to lose," and Mrs. Fraser obeyed. Taking his arm with her disengaged hand, she told Mona to lay hold of Fanny and keep close to them. Pressed together, they walked towards the narrow staircase, down which others were also hurrying with boxes and bundles, hastily packed, the general alarm venting itself by cries and lamentations, which greatly served to increase it.

At the top of the staircase Mr. Sinclair stopped, saying, "Mona Moreton, give me your hand, and take Fanny firmly by the other, or if you cannot do that from the narrowness of the way, take hold of my coat. We must not run the risk of being separated." He spoke so imperatively that Mona did as she was bid, except that she reversed the position, giving her pupil's hand to Mr. Sinclair, and following herself.

In that way they safely descended the first flight, but before they reached the second their advance was impeded. Some who had remained behind, endeavouring to save their possessions either on their persons or by throwing them out of the window, frightened by the rapidly-spreading flames or half stifled with the smoke, came rushing upon them with such headlong speed just at the top of the stairs, that Mona found she must either relinquish her grasp of Fanny, or pull her back. Without hesitation she let her go, hoping to be able to follow, but was immediately swept aside, and was unable for a few seconds to regain the staircase. When she did so the bannisters were broken.

In front of the hotel the grass plats were covered with persons of all ages and degree, men, women, and children, asking or offering assistance; strewn besides with boxes, bags, and broken furniture, all that could be cast down in the hurry. The fire raged principally on the opposite side, where the greatest confusion prevailed; the lurid flames continued to

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leap into the air, making a canopy of light above, and suddenly bursting out afresh in some unexpected spot.

A fire-engine was soon at work, men of all degrees contributed their aid by forming the usual chain or line, extending from the building to the river or nearest fountain, passing the bucket from one to another, and generally losing half its contents before reaching the last hand.

Another engine was rattling along the road when Mr. Sinclair halted his party out of danger, as he hoped, from the falling timber or fire-brands. All at once Fanny set up a cry, "Where is Miss Moreton?"

"With you," thundered her uncle, in a voice of alarm. No, Fanny had let go of her at the top of the staircase when they were pushed asunder, and thought she was following.

"Mona, Mona, Mona Moreton," shouted Mr. Sinclair, rushing among the heterogeneous crowd, looking hard into every face, and especially at every crouching figure that seemed to be suffering or frightened, and even among the promiscuous heap of things thrown upon the grass.

There was no answer to his cry; no one heeded him. Each one for himself was the common feeling. Desperate with apprehension of the worst kind, he ran to the door by which they had issued. Apparently the flames had not reached that part, but it was shut up and guarded by a sentinel, there being some hope of saving that end, and no one was allowed to go in or out.

"Let me pass, let me pass!" gasped Mr. Sinclair, almost breathless, as he reached the door.

In answer the man on guard placed his gun across it, phlegmatically replying, "On ne passe pas."

"Let me pass, I say," repeated Mr. Sinclair. "There's yet one more to be saved."

"There is no one," returned the soldier in the same impassive manner.

"There is some one missing, a young girl who was with us on the stairs. Open, open; I will give all my fortune to save her."

The English accent of the stranger was not to be mistaken; perhaps the word *donner* on his lips conveyed some solid meaning to the stolid guard, or he thought that under circumstances so peculiar he might disobey orders. He turned the key, opened the door, and snatching a lantern from some one near, held it above his head, as Mr. Sinclair, uttering the same cry, "Mona, Mona, Mona Moreton," but more wildly and despairingly, hurried up the broken staircase.

When less than half-way his foot encountered something soft. He stooped down to ascertain what it was—dead or alive it was a human body—a woman by the texture of her clothes. "Mona, Mona, is it you?" he exclaimed; but there was no response. Half stifled by the smoke, and unable to see before him, he yet managed to get his arms round the senseless figure huddled up as it was, and, with a strength furnished by the occasion, descended the steps and tottered into the open air with his burden in an agony of fear lest he had come to the rescue too late. A breeze just risen, to the dismay of those working against the flames, revived the inanimate form he held. A convulsive shudder passed through her frame sending a thrill of joy to his heart. She moved, she lived, and he had saved her!

"Mona, Mona!" he said, in accents of irrepressible tenderness, rejoiced to have been the means of saving her from so terrible a death, though their lives must henceforth be parted, and he was answered,

"Ah! Mon Dieu, où suis-je?" The national expression so repulsive to English ears in its application to every trifling incident, was to him as a pistol-shot. His grasp relaxed, his arms fell apart, and he sank senseless to the ground beside the stranger he had rescued.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

When Warren Sinclair came to himself, so as to be fully conscious of passing events, he was lying on a bed in a strange room, large, and almost meagrely furnished. It contained only the barest necessaries. Where was he? How long had he been there? The western sun was shining in at the curtainless window. Certainly it was afternoon. Putting his hand up to his head, in an attempt to collect his thoughts, he found it swathed in linen—another puzzle for his bewildered brain to solve. He remembered having seen a black figure moving about him, and to have heard strange voices, and also a feeling of great pain followed by sudden ease. He had been asleep, perhaps for a long time, but he was now awake, and wondered where he was.

By degrees his recollections became clearer. He remembered that there had been a fire, and that they had been trying to escape, and—he knew it all now. Back upon his memory flashed a deep, poignant regret. Mona had perished, while he had saved another in her stead. The first consciousness of his misfortune had sunk him to the ground, where his head must have come in contact with a sharp stone, hence the bandages and the aching. Anyway his head was sore to the touch, and he had better remain quiet. Some compassionate soul was caring for him, and some kind hand had bound up his wounds. For some time he lay still, trying to realise how it had all happened, and shortly his thoughts grew more and more distinct, and then over Warren Sinclair swept such a wave of hopeless grief that he could not restrain his tears, and they were very bitter ones.

Mona Moreton could never have been more to him than a sweet memory—a centre round which tender thoughts might cling, as to something noble and good, raising human nature in his estimation; but she would always have been that; and now the remembrance that she, whose life he would have purchased with his own, had perished so miserably!—that he had saved another and left her to die—would ever be to him a real affliction, the sternest trial he could be called upon to bear. Growing calmer after a while, partly from the strength of character inherent in him, partly from a spirit of resignation sedulously cultivated, he waited patiently, thinking that as so much attention had already been paid to him, some one would soon be coming to see after him, of whom he could make inquiries where he was, and why he was in bed. But time passed and no one came.

Tired at last of playing the invalid, he tried to get up, and, to his surprise, found himself able to do so without difficulty. Having resumed his coat, which had been taken off, he opened the door and looked out into a narrow passage with two other doors opening into it. Of the first he turned the handle and examined the room. It was small—about one-third the size of that he had left—with a poor little iron bedstead on one side, and on it lay a figure in what

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appeared a dressing-gown, Part of the hair, which had been carelessly gathered up, had escaped, and was streaming loose about the pillow. The dark eyes wide open were fixed on vacancy, no ray of intelligence was there to light them up; but alive or dead, sane or insane, the face was Mona's.

Oblivious of the sorry figure he cut with his bandaged head, he threw himself down beside the little couch in irrepressible grief. Suddenly a hand was laid on his shoulder, and a voice not quite unfamiliar addressed him in broken English.

"Come back to your room, you. What brings you here? You ugly man. The lady would have one great fright if she saw you with your head tied up like that. You, like the dog of Madame Hubbard, that English sing about. I go for the doctor and I find you well. This way, *mon ami*, I am your good nurse, and will take care of you, though you did throw me away like a bit of *chiffon*. But I am grateful; you saved my life, and I have done you a good thing. Do you know where you are? No! I will say you where. In my uncle's house, and well for you he is a friend of the doctor, or you would have been forgotten. I bring you here all bleeding with your head, and he make the doctor come."

"Who are you?" said Warren, yielding to her wishes and retreating under her direction, as he remembered how much his appearance was calculated to alarm, if indeed it were true that Mona was not dead.

"Who I am? The lady you threw away. I not forget it," she answered, laughing.

"Does she live?" asked Warren, too absorbed by his own apprehensions to heed what was said on any other subject.

"Yes, she is in a kind of stupor from smoke and fright and pain."

"But she must not stay here, she must change rooms with me; mine is larger, better, more airy," repeated Warren, quickly.

Looking first at him, then at the recumbent figure, the Frenchwoman nodded her head, saying shortly, "Can you carry her?" Warren did not hesitate. In the strength of a great joy he forgot his own pain, and taking Mona in his arms, bore her safely into the next room, knowing by the warmth and flexibility of her body that she was not dead.

"That is well; you did not mean to save me, but this one, and you were very sorry. Oh! but you threw me away, as if I were no more than a little dog. And this is your *petite*, your friend. I thought so when I heard she was found. But I am grateful; without you I should have died. I was too late, I went back to fetch my money. Take courage, I will nurse her for you. You are right, she will be better here and you there. Chut, chut, here comes the doctor; he will be so glad to have done with you. Go, go; if the lady comes to her mind she will be frightened to see you."

Thus bound to good behaviour, Warren returned to the little room from whence he had taken Mona, but waited in the doorway to hear the medical report.

The village doctor was a fussy little man at all times, and rendered doubly so by the different cases now thrown upon his skill, two of which were really difficult. Mr. Sinclair's was speedily dismissed, it turned out too simple to be very interesting. Mona's was more serious, but he did not despair even of that, and only wished he had nothing worse upon his hands. After giving directions to the French lady, with whom he seemed on intimate terms, and telling Warren that he would soon be well, he went away.

Before long Mr. Sinclair obtained from his self-constituted nurse a circumstantial account of what happened after he lost consciousness. He discovered that the lady he had rescued was the niece of the French abbé of the village, who, as soon as her wits were restored, called out for her uncle. Through her means Mr. Sinclair, senseless and bleeding, was conveyed to the abbé's residence, and the doctor sent for, some charitable hand meanwhile staunching and binding up the wound.

When the doctor, after some delay, arrived, he was accompanied by two men carrying some one on a shutter, who had been found by the soldier on guard on the flagstones, close to the staircase where the bannisters had given way. It was Mona, who, having been pushed aside by some impatient hand, had fallen to the ground, too stunned perhaps to rise again, and afterwards kept insensible by the smoke.

In raising his lantern high above his head to light Mr. Sinclair, the soldier had seen something on the ground, and advanced to take a nearer view as Warren issued from the doorway with his burden. Help was immediately procured, and the lifeless body carried out just as the dense smoke burst into flames, and all hope of saving that part of the hotel was lost.

Very soon the whole of it was on fire, and before morning was almost entirely gutted. But among the unhappy fugitives some order prevailed at last. While the men and villagers worked on, trying to reduce the fire, the women and children were housed in different places, the greater part being received into the other hotel, and stowed away upon mattresses in every available space, or upon the floors.

Mrs. Fraser, only partially clad, after being assured that Mr. Sinclair and Mona should have every attention, was induced to go away with her daughter, and naturally repaired to Helen's apartment, already overcrowded. Property, of course, was lost or destroyed to some considerable extent, in spite of a local police engaged to protect it. But the greatest disaster was the loss of a life. One man, in leaping from a window, fell, and was killed. Amid these scenes of alarm, confusion, and suffering, the Abbé Auger was everywhere encouraging, assisting, and directing, putting himself, his servant, and his house at the service of as many as needed them.

By the time Warren Sinclair recovered sufficiently to act for himself the little community had fallen back into a state of resigned quietude, except those engaged in watching the furniture, restoring the property thrown from the windows, or providing for the exigences of the coming night. When next Mrs. Fraser visited her brother she found him walking about, making light of his own accident, but in great anxiety respecting Miss Moreton.

Helen Lestocq did not accompany her. Garbled accounts of what had taken place kept her in retirement; she heard people talk about the Englishman's despair on discovering that the lady was missing, and of his disappointment at having saved the wrong person, and knew that they were speaking of Warren Sinclair. Only too naturally her former jealousy returned. Even Mrs. Fraser could find nothing satisfactory to say, and wisely remained silent, leaving Helen's affairs to adjust themselves.

As day after day passed, she had greater matter

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for surprise. Passing from a state of insensibility into fever, Mona became delirious, and was continually calling for Captain Orde, urging him to come quickly before it was too late, and to speak out at any cost. But that was not all. After a vehement address to him, frequently repeated, she would turn to any one in attendance and say, gently, "You know he is his brother's heir."

Once, when Helen Lestocq, more from curiosity than kindness, came to visit her, Mona raised her head from the pillow, and, after looking at her for an instant, pointed to the door, and imperatively told her to go away, adding, in an explanatory tone to Mrs. Fraser, who was present, "She knows he is his brother's heir."

Dismayed as much as astonished, Helen needed no second bidding, but quickly disappeared, telling Warren, whom she met on the way, that Miss Moreton's mind was completely deranged. Those about her shared the same opinion in a measure, yet Mona had her lucid intervals, when she was as quiet and tractable as a child. If she were mad, there was some method in her madness, as her manner to each one about her was uniform. To Mrs. Fraser she was calm and rational, except that, constantly harping upon the same string, she was always asking her to send for Captain Orde, and when Warren Sinclair was present she was fidgety and uneasy.

The little Frenchwoman appeared to please her, nor did she tire of her volubility. True to her promise to Mr. Sinclair, Madame Sicard nursed Mona with great devotion.

"Monsieur saved my life, and I will take care of his *petite*, although he threw me away as soon as he knew who it was," she repeated to every one who would listen to her story. "I am grateful, but he think me worth nothing at all," and the little woman laughed all the more merrily when she found her narrative unpalatable to the hero.

There was much in it distressing to Miss Lestocq, and something perplexing to Mrs. Fraser. Having vainly tried to prevent Madame Sicard from designating Miss Moreton as Mr. Sinclair's *petite*, she was wise enough to enter into her joke of having been thrown away as a *chiffon*, nevertheless she was greatly puzzled by the new aspect of things, and could not cease to wonder over Mona's fixed idea, repeated with vehement energy, that Captain Orde should be summoned immediately. He had at length been heard of, having written to his banker for money, to be forwarded to Copenhagen, where he purposed going when he left Norway. His letters would naturally be sent there to await his arrival, but no one could calculate upon his movements.

Meanwhile most of the visitors to Tavannes had left; only a few, and those chiefly detained by the indisposition of one or more of the family, remained. The accident of the fire seemed to have the illogical effect of postponing all the arrangements connected with the marriage. No allusion was made to it. Warren Sinclair spent his time chiefly in wandering about the country all day, returning late, tired and exhausted, and even Mrs. Fraser's ardour was quenched for a time.

Under these circumstances Helen began to think that it might be better for her to go to Thornmeade. Her present surroundings were uncomfortable; her position was daily becoming more and more false. It had been Mr. Sinclair's particular wish that she should stay with her mother's family; it was not too late to comply with it, and could she not yield in such a manner as to make it appear a graceful concession on her part? She did not hide from herself that she had need to conciliate him, and yet was ever haunted by the fear that if once she made Thornmeade her home, she might be neglected, if not forgotten, excluded from every other kind of life. Such was the state of things when, about ten days after the fire, Cecil Orde walked into his sister's primitive little sitting-room.

LEAVES AND BLOSSOMS.

THE love of flowers, when once it has taken root, grows like the flowers themselves, putting forth branch after branch to cover the bare places of life, and budding and blossoming afresh year after year, each year a little more freely, a little more brightly, till every bit of leisure is filled with interest and hope, every home space lighted up with colour and penetrated with fragrance. Of late these blessed messengers of spring and summer have been finding their way more and more widely into the homes of the poorest and the abodes of sickness and misery, bearing a message of the mercy which endureth for ever to many a heart which words would fail to reach, rousing no spirit of contradiction in the bitterest, and never wearying the most heart-sick or feeble sufferer. We can never be thankful enough for flowers. It is well worth our while to study how to make the most of them. And this I think we do not always succeed in doing with our gathered flowers, just for want of keeping in mind a few very simple principles of arrangement.

In the first place, we often mar all their beauty by wrong choice of receptacles for them. And it is the greater pity to do this, because the best are nearly always the simplest. The humblest flower that grows has colours far more beautiful than most glass or china; and be the vessel ever so beautiful in itself, it seldom adds much by its colour to the beauty of the flowers; seldom even entirely harmonises with them, unless, indeed, it is of one uniform and rather neutral tint. For every nosegay, even every single spray of flowers, is already a combination of colours, if only of simple white and green; and generally a perfect combination. And it is seldom, indeed, that a combination already beautiful can be bettered by adding to it another combination of colours, made without special reference to it. As a rule, the fewer colours—we might even say the less colour—a flower vase has, the better it answers its purpose. Nothing is more beautiful for this purpose than clear transparent glass, of some simple form, without any sort of pattern or decoration whatever. Common drinking tumblers, especially if rather deep, answer admirably for most flowers, and are always at hand. One of the loveliest arrangements I ever saw, the recollection of which has haunted me ever since, was a simple bowl of clear glass, standing upon a *round piece of*

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looking-glass, and filled with pure white azaleas with abundance of their own deep-green leaves. The great white blossoms seemed to be suspended in a kind of mysterious atmosphere of their own, all sparkling and radiant, and separating them from everything else in the room while harmonising with all. The use of looking-glass in this way is very important, and not so frequently practised as it might be. Wherever flowers are it is a gain to be able to multiply them, and present different views of them, showing the underside of the leaves, and the profiles of the lovely stems and blossoms; and besides this, the light reflected by them plays among the petals and sets them off in unexpected ways. I would advise every lover of flowers to have a few pieces of looking-glass, of different sizes, and with either glass or the most invisible of metal rims for frames, upon which to place their glasses of cut flowers. They not only multiply beauty, but preserve our tables without the abomination of fluffy mats.

A very simple arrangement, which gave me continual pleasure for many weeks, made itself for me quite unexpectedly by the accidental breaking of a common bedroom water-bottle, leaving a ball of glass like the so-called little "fish-bowls," which have been so much used of late for single flowers on dinner-tables. And, by-the-by, real fish-bowls of various sizes, intended to hold gold fishes, can be bought at Covent Garden and elsewhere very cheaply (from about sixpence to two or three shillings apiece), which would make beautiful glasses for large nosegays, only the opening is so large as to require an abundant supply of flowers to fill it. My broken bottle has an opening of not more than an inch in diameter, so that it grasped firmly about half a dozen long-stalked daffodils, which stood up proudly among their own leaves, with the air of growing out of their glass bulb. Round the opening I stuck in a few ivy-leaves, originally, I confess, with the view of hiding the rough broken edges of glass, but the broad dark leaves made an admirable foundation for the pale grey-green leaves and stems of the daffodils, and set off the brightness of their golden heads.

The size and shape of the lip of flower vases is a very important point. Perhaps no general rule can be given about it, but a little practice in arranging flowers soon gives one a kind of instinct about the forms which will give sufficient support to the stems without cramping them, and which will contain a sufficient allowance of water. Even if the water is changed every day (and few people can be troubled to do this) the flowers will not last so long if they have not abundant *space* of water. Different flowers require such different kinds of support that every one should keep a supply of shallow and deep, spreading and grasping glasses, and remember the fable of the fox and the stork. Soup-plates and pudding-basins are among the most useful vessels for flowers. I can remember delightful days long ago in the country, when our poor cook's patience used to be sorely tried by the rapid disappearance in spring and summer of all her best-loved dishes. They fitted so irresistibly into certain favourite baskets, which asked open-mouthed to be filled with roses—and with roses looking in at the windows and crowding upon the hedges, how could one refuse to satisfy them?

Baskets are among the most charming flower-holders, especially for wild flowers. Not elaborate painted things in white and gold, or fine bleached construction, like lace-work, but real serviceable wicker baskets. Many of the very prettiest come from the greengrocer's, or may be picked up in out-of-the-way villages for a few pence. I make it a point of conscience never to pass by a really pretty basket without buying it, if it is cheap, as almost all the really pretty, because simple, ones are. That is, unless I have enough already of the same pattern, and even then it sometimes costs me a pang to pass it by. It is so pleasant to fancy one will want a few more baskets for one's flowers.

When we are supplied with all we want in the way of baskets, bowls, vases, glasses, etc., comes the question of how to fill them. If possible, let us gather our own flowers, bearing in mind the particular vessel destined to receive them. The perfection of pleasure in arranging is to be able to step out through the open window to gather just such another spray as we want for this tall glass; such a fern to droop over the edge of that basket; such a crimson bud as will give a point of colour to the bowl we have in hand, as an artist would lay on a dash of chrome or carmine to bring out the warm tints of his picture. But we cannot all have beds of growing flowers under our hands, as the artist has his colour-box; and happily, unlike him, we can hardly go wrong if only we love and admire our colours enough. For the picture is almost made for us, everything is prepared without our labour, and we have only to taste the joy of completion. We are not called upon to make, only to see that we do not mar, what is put into our hands.

In gathering flowers only two mistakes can well be made, but they are disastrous. One is not cutting the stems long enough; the other is not gathering leaves enough. To please the lover of flowers you must be prepared to brave the gardeners; and, indeed, it is better to be content with the commoner flowers, of which you can gather enough to do justice to their manner of growth, than to snip off the choicest rose or lily that ever was grown, just at the base of the flower-stalk, without a bud or a leaf to complete it. Of course we are thankful enough for such "specimen" flowers when we cannot have more, and they may be craftily put in among somebody else's leaves, like cuckoos; but they will never have half their natural grace without their own perfectly adapted leaves and stems, and a sister bud more than doubles the beauty of a fully open blossom. A single blossom cut off by itself is like a portrait of a beautiful woman's head without the figure; we lose half the character, as well as the beauty, of the original, if we miss the pose of the head on the shoulders, the turn of the figure, the finish of the hands and feet. So I would rather have a perfect spray of the common china-rose, with its thorns and its little crimson buds and its delicate dark leaves branching out from it with such individual grace, than the most exquisite golden hothouse rose with two inches of stem, not to mention the possible horror of a wire through its tender petals.

And not only let us have each spray as perfect as possible, flower and bud and leaf forming a natural and unapproachable harmony of growth, but let us have abundance of each flower's own leaves to accompany it in its new sphere. What a cruel mockery it seems to lovers of flowers, living in London, when they go into any of the happily numerous and increasing flower-shops to see bundles of lovely blossoms—cheap and plentiful enough—without a single

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leaf of their own! I am in the habit of dealing at three of four of these flower-shops—and glad enough to have them within reach—but no money would buy there the branches and sprays of greenery that the humblest garden supplies in abundance, and upon which half the charm of the flowers depends. What Londoner does not know the bunches of really beautiful geraniums and roses and larkspurs and lilies and escholtzias and nasturtiums and sweet-peas, and all sorts of perfectly hardy and common flowers, tied up without a scrap of green; and the shilling or half-crown's worth of flowers which the shops send one, in a sheet of white paper, each single spray often as lovely and fresh as heart can wish, and plenty for the money, only with not a leaf to bless themselves with except the everlasting layer at the back of fern-leaves—male fern, hard fern, and broad buckler fern—laid quite flat, and used like so much wrapping-paper; sometimes a few sweet-scented geranium-leaves, or as many penny-worths as one likes of maidenhair fronds, which, though so beautiful, are the least serviceable of all possible foliage! Why does not some enterprising florist make a *spécialité* of foliage? Think of the abundance of long sprays of ivy, the shining berberis-leaves, the branches of guelder rose, and ilex and copper beech, the acanthus and mouse-ear, and myrtle sprays, which in every country garden one may gather to make a green bed on which to lay one's bright blossoms. Or if we go into the kitchen-garden for the same purpose, what an exquisite background can be made of strawberry or vine or fig-leaves, or even the feathery tops of asparagus and many-coloured carrots, noble artichoke-leaves, and others too many to name! Certainly any shop in which liberally-gathered leaves of these and other kinds were to be had would be worth going far to visit.

But I was speaking of the flowers' own leaves, from which they are so cruelly separated. I constantly see great white arums sold in London shops without one of their leaves, which must be at least as plentiful as the flowers, and which make half their beauty. And eucharis lilies are scarcely ever accompanied by so much as one of their broad green shafts of foliage when they leave their native green-houses. No doubt gardeners have their reasons for grudging us the leaves of some flowers, but it seems nothing short of heartlessness to separate, for instance, Christmas roses from their noble, dark, branching leaves, or larkspurs from the delicately-cut blue-green leaves, which so wonderfully harmonise with the ultramarine of the blossoms, or roses and geraniums from theirs, with all the delicate adaptation of more or less red tint in the foliage to the varying hues of the flowers. The way in which the various greens are adapted to the infinite variety of rich or delicately-tinted flowers is in itself a lesson in colouring; and when you can gather your own flowers you ought to feel a scruple of conscience about putting asunder blossom and leaf which have been so wonderfully joined together.

They are sure to supply a perfect harmony, so that if you are at all doubtful of your own powers of arrangement you have but to fill each glass with one kind of flower, among plenty of its own leaves, and your nosegay *must* be beautiful. One more caution, however, may be needed even in doing this. Do not crowd your flowers; most people put three times too many flowers into one vase. If you really love to see each one in its perfection you should carefully avoid this, not putting in one more than will allow the *growth* of each to be clearly visible. The way their lovely heads are poised upon the stems is sure to be full of grace and character, and this is lost by crowding.

If you can trust yourself to venture upon combinations, begin with the simplest, of only two kinds of flowers; more may be added if you see they really improve your arrangement, but cautiously. Self-restraint is needed as much in arranging flowers as in other works of art, and a certain severity belongs to the most cultivated taste.

I will conclude by describing a few particular flower-harmonies, which have been a joy to me not only for the short day of their actual life, but as a memory for years afterwards, and which any one may use as a hint for fresh experiments.

One of these was contained in a wicker basket of yellowish tint and good shape, with a twisted handle and an invisible pie-dish within; this was filled with dark shining leaves of the Portugal laurel, and from among the intense shadows of these leaves flamed out the most brilliant orange and gold of nasturtiums, melting into the darker fire of crimson-purple petunias. Set in a window where the light shone *through* the thin petals, these flowers were literally like flames, one changing splendour of glowing fire-tints.

I must be candid now, and confess that in this particular case their own leaves would have spoilt all. It was an artificial "*effect*," as the painters say—an exception which proves the rule. I remember the same basket filled entirely with common blue periwinkles *in their own leaves*, with some of the long sprays wreathed round the handle, being an object of wondering delight and admiration to some friends, who could not have imagined that so lovely an effect could be produced by such simple means. It took a long time to fill, for the periwinkles were small, and each one had to be carefully placed, so as to leave green enough, and not too much, as a background.

Another lovely sight rewarded my almost despairing search for flowers in a much neglected, over-grown garden, where the chickens were accustomed to have things all their own way. Two rather large and deep vases of milky-white glass were filled with long pendulous branches of half-wild guelder rose, the great white balls drooping over the sides of the vases in the most graceful, languid way, and here and there in the middle rising up like a fountain. With these were mixed in some long straggling branches of the palest pink monthly roses, growing in clusters of four or five together, with a wild grace peculiar to such shady wildernesses as had been their birthplace. These pale loose bunches had an inexpressible charm of drooping form and subdued and delicate tints, with a certain wild luxuriance of growth which one rarely sees in properly cultivated garden flowers.

Another combination of white and pink, which I shall not soon forget, was a shallow bowl, or plate, filled with Christmas roses, resting on their own most characteristic and beautiful leaves, intermingled with sprays of coral-coloured begonia. A bowl filled with large moon-daisies and dark ivy-leaves, the ivy-leaves chiefly filling up the centre, and the daisies wreathing the edge, lightened by feathery sprays of quaking couch-grass, was a very lasting and harmonious arrangement. Another of most delicate

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grace was a tall, exquisitely-shaped vase of Venetian opal glass, holding a few blossoms of white spiræa, with two or three sprays of an exotic whose name I do not know; but it had very dark green narrow-pointed leaves, and tiny spikes of flowers, of a brilliant orange, verging towards scarlet.

But time and space would fail to enumerate half the lovely combinations which crowd upon one's memory and fancy as one recalls the flowers of the past. Visions rise before me as I look back of baskets full of nothing but autumn leaves and red or black berries; of bowls of heather, lasting almost as long as on its native moors, with a mixture of green or yellowing bracken; of beds of moss sprinkled over with primroses or wind-flowers; of simple bunches of fern fronds, or wallflowers, or blue irises, and I gratefully think how beautiful they have made our homes, with scarcely a moment's thought or labour.

And, after all, some of the nosegays we have most enjoyed have been indescribable rainbows of nameless colours—great bowls and baskets and pots full of gleaming tints jumbled together, as in an old-fashioned garden border, and diffusing a general sense of summer fragrance, made up of all sorts of indistinguishable scents. But one great advantage of the simpler combinations is that they do fix themselves so distinctly in the memory and recall the days of long ago, whose flowers never fade, though they may die every day. The flowers of the field, which are a type of all that is perishable, are also surely a fitting type of what is most unchangeable. They have been with us all the days of our life, they are bound up with our earliest and our tenderest memories of father's love and mother's sympathy, and still they are new every morning. C. E. S.

HANSTEEN'S TRAVELS IN SIBERIA.

VII.—VOYAGE DOWN THE JENISEI AND RETURN TO JENISEISK.

In the vast solitudes of Northern Siberia nomad tribes are to be seen who subsist entirely on what the chase affords. The west portion, between the Oural Mountains and the River Jenisei, is inhabited by Ostiaks; the central portion (within the government of Jeniseisk) by Tungusians and Samoyedes; and the immense tract to the east by Jakutes. These countries possess neither paths nor high roads; therefore, a journey across Northern Siberia is only practicable by means of the five great rivers — Obi, Jenisei, Lena, Indighirka, and Kolyma. Dr. Erman (who formed one of our party) followed the course of the Obi from Tobolsk as far as the small town Beresov, situated about lat. 64°. Lieutenant Due, who had left Irkutsk, went down the Lena as far as Vilnisk, which is placed in the midst of a desert in about the same latitude, and I descended the Jenisei from the town of Jeniseisk to Turuchansk, situated about lat. 66°. These settlements, exposed to the rigorous climate of the extreme north, serve as places of banishment to political exiles; and every three months each of us, on our different routes, beheld some of the unfortunate victims of the insurrection of which I have already spoken. The more compromised, the farther towards the east were the conspirators exiled; but at these three stations they are permitted a certain degree of liberty. The most culpable were employed in the mines of Nertschinsk, near the Chinese frontier, where they worked in chains. Nothing very remarkable can be related of such desert zones! However, these countries, rarely visited by strangers, are little known to Europeans, so that I venture to put down some simple jottings of my excursion, in case any *savant* would like to follow my route, to serve as a guide, and to furnish him with useful information.

TUNGUSIAN SCHAMAN, OR SORCERER.

The River Jenisei, flowing from the town of Jeniseisk, directs its course towards the north, and ultimately falls into the Arctic Ocean. All along the river side, as well as on the shores of all the rivers flowing to the north, Russian peasants have constructed wooden huts and have made settlements. Between Jeniseisk and Turuchansk, over an extent of 921½ versts, are five villages with churches, ten villages without churches, and twenty-nine groups of winter habitations. These last consist of about five wooden buildings each. Perhaps they were originally constructed for travellers when overtaken by storms; perhaps as dwelling-places for the peasants, who at this season are engaged in fishing. At the time of my visit (July) they were all occupied. Here, as in all parts of the Russian empire, at the entrance of every village one sees large posts, on which is inscribed the number of dwellings and of their occupants—so many souls. The men only are counted, women not being included in the number of souls. Although no post-horses are found in this territory, arrangements can be made with the peasants for conveyance in

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sledges during the winter from Jeniseisk to Seló-Dubtscheskoie. From this last place to Turuchansk, a distance of 582 versts, no horses are to be had for sledge-travelling on the river, so that during summer the traveller hires a boat, called a lodka. Going northward, with a southerly wind, sails are used, and sometimes oars, or when the air is calm one is borne along by the current. For the return voyage, made against the current, sails cannot be set unless a strong north wind should prevail. If there be no wind, the lodka must be drawn on either by men, by horses, or by dogs. In this case, a long slight rope (called "*betscheva*") is made secure to the top of the mast, at the end of which four or six cords of different lengths are fastened, and the extremity of each of these cords is bound round the body of the man or the animal. Generally five horses are used, three abreast, and two others harnessed in front. When men are harnessed, each man wears a band of birch-bark, several folds thick, round his body, a little below the shoulders. The cord is fastened to the back of the waistband, and if there be six men, they trot on, one after the other, rapidly enough, stooping forwards to help themselves on.

Dogs are harnessed in the same manner by small belts round their bodies. As there are no paths by

A YAKUT WOMAN.

the river side, all merchandise and effects are transported by water. When the peasants wish to visit each other, it is always by water that they do so. Each peasant possesses at least one pair of dogs; and that they may not have the labour of rowing, they fasten them to the betscheva cord. When the peasants go down to the boat, one sees these dogs gaily gambolling before them, jumping into the boat, as though it were really a party of pleasure for the

A TUNGUSIAN.

poor animals. The saying of the Kalmuk is true indeed, "The dog is the friend of man."

Our boat was borne by the current slowly towards the north; but to sleep at night was impossible, on account of the musquitos, while during the day the heat was stifling. Upon arriving in the evening at Jartschevskoie-Seló, we met a troop of Ostiaks, men, women, and children, coming from Jeniseisk, where they had just paid their annual impost, consisting of skins of sable, squirrels, blue foxes, and other animals. Each of their light boats, bordered with skins and birch-tree bark, was drawn by three dogs. During the hours of their meals, the dogs were fastened to stakes by the river side, the women and children remaining with them. The women had lively black eyes, and the faces of some were quite black. Their figures were small and slender. One, distinguished by a crimson "caftan," or chemise, was the wife of an Ostiak prince, whose husband had just paid his tribute, and he was now accompanying the district inspector on his tour of inspection, perhaps in the quality of interpreter. The other women wore blue caftans. Their language resembled the Mongolian. It is rare amongst the Ostiaks to find any one understanding Russian. The men were armed with bows and arrows, and on their shoulders they bore a well-filled quiver. Their dexterity as

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archers is most remarkable; they have a correct eye, and their arrows invariably hit the mark. Even children of nine or ten years old are extremely expert.

To prevent all chance of escape of the unhappy exiles, the government has given the Ostiaks the right of shooting all unknown persons, not of their own race, whom they may meet on their territory. In the part of Siberia inhabited by Russians, every one unprovided with a passport is arrested as a vagabond ("bradiaga"), and sent to prison. If he be taken up in European Russia, he is transported to Siberia. It is, therefore, impossible for an exile to escape on that side. Some have endeavoured to do so by following the shores of the Arctic Ocean towards the west, with the hope of arriving at Archangel; but they have either perished with the intense cold, or have been devoured by wild beasts, or become victims to Ostiak arrows. One individual only, it is said, arrived alive at Archangel, having taken twelve months to perform his journey! He had undergone such privations, that upon the completion of his hazardous enterprise, and on the recital of his sufferings at St. Petersburg, he obtained his pardon.

For a time we advanced towards the north without any remarkable event. The left bank of the river was quite flat, covered with heaps of sand forced up by the river. On the right bank appeared a chain of low-wooded hills, stretching far away in the distance. On the 6th July we reached the convent of Troitzkoi, a large white edifice with a fine tower, situated on the high banks of Nischni Tunguska, which, flowing from the eastern Tungusian territory, falls into the Jenisei a little to the south of Turuchansk. On the 7th, Schadrin, our captain, announced my arrival at Turuchansk by firing off his guns three times, and I discerned with horror a procession of the town functionaries coming to pay me their respects, for I had resolved to employ the first days of my arrival in taking observations, the opportunity being very favourable, and had decided not to make nor to receive any visits until I should accomplish my scientific labours.

During the hot season at Turuchansk it is the custom to take a siesta during the day, and to begin active life only at midnight. My host was a trader, engaged in commerce, and so the house began to be alive and animated in the middle of the night. The town derives its name from the little river Turuchan, which flows from the west into the Jenisei. It is built on an acclivity, with a marsh lying beneath, and in the principal streets you have to walk on half-rotten planks. If you make a false step you get plunged up to the knees in mire. Even in summer the surface of the soil is covered with stagnant water, above which a greenish slime appears, partly concealed by rubbish and all kinds of refuse thrown down from the windows of the houses. Of course pestilential vapours are exhaled in profusion. The fact is, that the soil is never completely unfrozen to a lower depth than about twenty-five inches, even in the height of summer. The roots of trees, instead of penetrating downwards, extend laterally, therefore, through the earth. When the winter snow melts, for it cannot escape by infiltration, it is arrested by the underlying ice, and forms a liquid mire mixed up with the first layer of earth. The unhealthy exhalations rising from it produce many maladies, especially scurvy and dropsy. Nevertheless one sees little children playing about the streets, laughing and enjoying themselves, just as they do in other countries.

When we started on the return journey my captain fired three salvos as a parting salute to the town, and on Gustav bringing me my coffee the next morning he informed me that we were now proceeding with six dogs. I ran to see the new team, but could not at first distinguish the animals to which we were so much indebted, for the boat was being forced on against wind and tide, as though by magic. At length he called my attention to an undulating line caused by the dogs' tails, and I soon discerned this line in the midst of the reeds by the river side. They were laboriously performing their work, intelligently pulling all together. We were certainly proceeding more rapidly than if we had been directed by men, who are sometimes obliged to go out of their way to avoid marshy banks, whilst the light-footed dogs manage to secure their hold on the bank, and sometimes even descend into the water.

After dinner we passed an Ostiak encampment on the left bank, and saw two "yourtes" (or huts), constructed with the bark of birch-trees; also five of their small boats heavily laden. Some of these wanderers paid us a visit, but we could not very well understand one another, as they did not speak Russian. The river here appeared like a large lake, being about six geographical miles long to one and three-quarters broad, with steep rocks on each side, which force the river towards the east, then abruptly to the north-west, and at last to the south-east, forming a wide bend towards the north and north-east. In this irregular course, restrained by impendent rocks, large and small rapids occur, which much accelerate the downward voyage, although they render one's return difficult. To overcome these impediments on our route we engaged eight men to draw the boat, in addition to our crew. Two ropes were made fast to the top of our mast, each man was attached to the boat by his rope, and all had to surmount rocks which were almost perpendicular, and indeed scarcely accessible. The boat advanced but slowly, and sometimes we came to a dead halt. Soon a projecting point of rock rendered it necessary to send a portion of our men to the other side of the river (which just there was very narrow), in order to conquer the difficulty. The extremely rapid current caused our rope to break, which rendered our position critical, and we had to remain several hours without moving. In the morning some horses awaited us at Derevna-Solika. They trotted along, but with a contrary wind it was difficult to advance against the current. At night a northerly wind enabled us to set the sail, and we arrived at Serebrimkova. We soon after reached one of the large villages, Selo-Nazimovoskoie, consisting of thirty-two houses, and a population of sixty-six souls; and in the afternoon reached Jeniseisk, reiterated firing of cannon announced our approach to the wife of our captain. The whole voyage, comprising more than 2,000 versts (the five days' rest at Turuchansk included), had occupied only twenty-six and a half days, notwithstanding the frequent halts necessitated by observations and other causes.

During my stay at Jeniseisk the heat became intense. I find in my notes that the thermometer in the shade, at noon, marked 24° (Reaumur), and at four p.m. 33° exposed to the sun. In the evening,

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after having taken leave of the mayor and others, I quitted Jeniseisk to find Lieutenant Due at Krasnoiarsk, whence we had agreed to continue our route by Tomsk, Barnaul, Semipalatinsk, and along the Kirghis line as far as Orenburg and Astrakan.

VIII.—TO ORENBURG, AND DEPARTURE FOR THE KIRGHIS COUNTRY.

After having rejoined my companion Due at Krasnoiarsk, we commenced travelling towards the south. The country which we were about to traverse was studded with small forts, with redoubts and advanced posts, about twelve and thirty versts apart from each other. These fortifications, defended by Cossacks, are constructed to protect the Russians domiciled along this line of country against the savage hordes of Kirghises (a Tartar race, whose blood is perhaps mingled with that of the Kalmuks), who lead a nomadic life on the great steppe. The Kirghises sometimes make incursions on the neighbouring territory, seize on the Russians whom they find, and sell them as slaves at Khiva and Bokhara, where they are treated in the most barbarous manner.* Their last attack had taken place about ten years before our arrival, but it was energetically repulsed, and 2,000 assailants paid for their temerity with their lives. Since that period they have shown a more pacific tendency, and now one may pass without incurring much risk. These fortifications serve also as stations. We declined the two armed Cossacks whom they offered us as an escort, deeming this addition to our party useless.

The Kirghises, who are exceedingly poor, take service as artisans or labourers with the Russians domiciled on the line; some even speak Russian as well as the Cossacks do. They live all the year round, even in winter, under tents made of felt ("kibitkes"), which they contrive to keep warm by fires made of reeds. Their little children go quite naked, and at night they are thrust up to their throats in the warm cinders. We beheld, once only, a Kirghis woman of high rank. She was on horseback, and it was a curious sight. Her velvet habit was really magnificent. She was of slender figure, sat astride her horse like a man, and wore boots with great green heels. From the top of her pointed turban a long white veil floated. Her black hair was plaited with strings of coral and pearls descending to her shoulders. We wished to have had a closer view of her, but when we tried to make her understand, and approached nearer, she was frightened, and galloped off, making use of her whip and of her heels to accelerate the pace of her horse.

From the town of Semipalatinsk (the most southerly point that we visited on the "Line of the Irtisch") an important trade has of late years been established with the population, extending from Tashkend to Thibet. We were free to go to Thibet, and even to the East Indies, they assured us, only it would be necessary that we should shave our heads and adopt the Kirghis costume. That is what the Russian merchants do, who repair thither every year, and gain five per cent. on their capital. Thus Russia, with a portion of territory only half-civilised, succeeds gradually in civilising her wild undisciplined neighbours, like the tame elephant which attacks the wild one. Commerce and reciprocal interests bring them together; and here, as elsewhere, Providence causes the wants of men and their desire of gain to subserve His supreme designs.

Arriving the 1st November at the citadel of Troisk, the commandant informed us that merchants of Bokhara had brought the cholera to Orenburg, and that the city was surrounded by a military cordon; he thought it would not be without difficulty that we should be allowed to enter the town, and that we should have to undergo a long quarantine if we wished only to make a short stay there. The line of Orenburg was the most dangerous of all the lines, six or eight Russians having lately been captured by the Kirghises, and sold as slaves at Khiva. It was necessary, therefore, to be escorted on all that line by twelve Cossacks. To avoid these perils, he advised us to make a *détour* towards the north-west, across various slopes of the Oural Mountains, which would give us the opportunity of seeing the great iron foundry and the manufacture of arms at Slatoust, which furnishes arms to almost the entire Russian army; that then we could proceed to the town of Ufa, and there await news from Orenburg. To this arrangement we were obliged to submit.

The town of Slatoust is situated on the Oural Mountains, a mile to the west of the highest summit which belongs to Europe. The director and the workmen at the foundry are nearly all Germans, and all kinds of arms are manufactured here. For the commonest manual labour Russians are employed. The Russian peasant, living on bread, onions, and water, with, at rare intervals, a little brandy, receives a few kopecks only per day. We remained many days in this town, having the rushing sound of conduits of water, and the click-clack hammering of the iron forges constantly in our ears. Presently we were informed that the cholera had disappeared from Orenburg, owing to the cold weather. This good news being confirmed, we pushed on resolutely southwards. The tract lying between Orenburg and Ufa is inhabited partly by Tscheremisses, by Tschuvasses, by Baschkirs, and by poor Tartars. We had much to suffer during this journey. Our last resting-place at night was a Baschkin station; and, with the cold at 20° degrees, we had to sleep on the bare boards in our overcoats, two broken panes in the window allowing the keen air to penetrate. We set off in the morning to Orenburg quite frozen. Arrived there about midday, and found it surrounded by a military cordon. Immense bonfires had been lit at certain distances to purify the air, and near each fire a large cross, painted black, had been erected. Processions of monks in black mantles, bearing crucifixes and images of saints, made the circuit of the city, singing hymns and praying. All had felt consternation whilst the exterminating angel had swept over the city. After a delay of two long hours we were informed that we could enter the town only on condition of going at once into quarantine in one of the suburbs; that we must abstain from all communication with the inhabitants, and give our parole that we would remain at least one month at Orenburg, until it should be certain that the town was free from infection.

Orenburg, a fortress and arsenal of the first rank, was built in 1754, near the River Oural, to overawe the Kirghises who dwelt near. The city is spacious and populous, has large and regular streets, with more stone edifices and buildings than one generally finds in these countries. It contains nine churches

* The recent annexations of the Russians in Asia have pretty well put an end to these proceedings, and have been partly brought about by them. Interesting information on the Kirghis will be found in Vambery's "Travels in Central Asia," and Atkinson's "Travels in Siberia."—ED

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and two bazaars. The "Menovi Dvorr," or exchange (called also the Asiatic Corn Exchange), is about three versts from the farther side of the river. A large fair is yearly held there. It is a large square, surrounded by four rows of small houses, intended for the occupation of the Russian and foreign merchants who congregate at the market. Towards the month of July one sees the Kirghises arrive, the Bokharians, the Khivans, the Taschkentes, and even traders from India. Not to expose themselves unnecessarily to danger in the steppes, they travel in caravans, each composed of fifty merchants, and fifty to a hundred camels loaded, and asses, which carry men and provisions, so that one may reckon every year more than 2,000 camels arrive. The Bokharians bring raw and spun cotton, cotton stuffs with silken stripes, thick warm dresses, and lamb-skins. The Kirghises bring annually 15,000 lambs, sheep, and lamb-skins; some thousands of ox-hides, fox, wolf, and other sorts of skins, and coarse felt carpets. The Tartar and Russian merchants barter the produce of their own and foreign countries, the Russians taking the Kirghis merchandise in exchange for the commonest articles of their national industry, especially those made of iron or other metal. It is estimated that Russia yearly gains two millions of roubles by transactions on this market-place. The Kirghises, with whom they like to keep up friendly intercourse, are infinitely more favoured than the Bokharians and the Khivans. By order of the Emperor Alexander, a Russian church was erected here, as well as a mosque for the use of strangers, who are almost all Mohammedans.

We have made the acquaintance of a young man, Gregorii Karelin, who had received an excellent education. Formerly a lieutenant, he was now secretary to the chief of the Kirghis horde, established on the steppe between the Oural and the Volga. His wife, brought up at St. Petersburg, and gifted with excellent talents, had profited by her good education. Karelin offered us a room in his house, where we found the repose necessary for our labours, and enjoyed the advantage of daily intercourse with this interesting family. In his house we made the acquaintance of all those best worth knowing at Orenburg. Karelin said he would accompany us part of the way, and offered to repair to the khan to announce our arrival, to suggest to him that he should invite us to rest a few days in his palace. He added that he would propose to the prince to send us camels with kibitkes, which we could set up on the steppe, on whatever spot we wished to pass the night. This furnished us the opportunity of studying this nomad people, so interesting in many respects, and making the acquaintance of their sovereign, who was esteemed a wise and well-informed prince. But the governor of the district would not hear of this project, under the plea that he was responsible for our lives. Owing to this opposition, and as the governor obstinately maintained the sanitary cordon and the quarantine, our stay at Orenburg was prolonged until the beginning of January. The general had never visited the steppe, whilst Karelin had crossed it several times, and the latter knew by experience that we should not meet with any difficulty.

All the country to the south of Orenburg, between the Rivers Volga and Oural, as far as the Caspian Sea, is a flat and arid steppe, of which the soil is salt, as though the sea had once covered it. On the 6th January we made an excursion about seven Norwegian miles to the south-west of Orenburg. In removing the surface soil one finds a vast layer of transparent mineral salt. This salt is shaped by means of hatchets and wedges into blocks ten feet long, one foot broad, and one foot thick. These blocks are again subdivided into smaller portions. They are stacked up like wood, and then sent to the Volga on sledges. The depth of this deposit has not yet been ascertained; it extends several versts on each side, but it is not known where it ends. It has been calculated that the space now being worked would suffice to provide the empire with salt for many generations to come. The labourers make pretty articles for presents of this clear transparent salt, such as crosses, goblets, saltcellars. When polished, it has the transparency of glass; reduced to powder, it is as white as snow, and its taste is agreeable. At length, on the 14th January, we quitted Orenburg to descend towards the Kirghis steppe. Our visit to the khan seems to offer sufficient interest to claim a special chapter.

OVERLAND TO BLACKWALL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JACK AFLOAT AND ASHORE."

A BOAT that will call at Brunswick Pier has just started from the up-and-downing "dummy" on the west side of London Bridge; but well worth seeing, over and over again, as are the riverscape and shorescape which her passengers will behold, they are too familiar for fresh description. Let us, then, descend the orange-peel-littered steps that lead down into ditchlike Thames Street, and set out for Blackwall by a land route that shall follow the windings of the river. If St. Magnus the Martyr was a Christian who thought cleanliness next to godliness, he must suffer a second martyrdom when he looks down upon the mire about the handsome church which Sir Christopher Wren built for him, with the three apertures in the base of its steeple, provided for by the architect, as if in anticipation of the time when houseladen London Bridge would have become a memory merely, and passengers would come down Fish Street Hill—where City men's mansions, as well as the King's Weigh House, whilom stood—to take steamboat for Gravesend, Margate, or Boulogne. But the mud at which St. Magnus's dial glances askance is the true gold with which London streets are paved, the dirt engendered by incessant traffic. Lower Thames Street contains Billingsgate, the Custom House, the Coal Exchange—the last fast losing its inappropriate whiteness, and looking very much like a grimy schoolboy's tear-slobbered face. We are in a region of wharfingers and warehousekeepers, of wool quays, packet wharfs, warehouses, shipping agents, lightermen, carmen, shipbrokers, Custom House agents, Custom House solicitors, gaugers, merchants of many orders, fish factors, fish salesmen, and fishmongers.

The roadway is blocked with vans and carts and costermongers' barrows, some of the first piled high with "empties." The foot-pavements are thronged with a queer miscellany of people, male and female, almost all moist and muddy, and many slimy or spangled like harlequins. Fruit porters in knee-

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breeches and dirty white stockings trot along in file with bulging boxes on their shoulders, or dive back, still in file, to the riverside, their knots looking almost as natural a part of them as the hump of the camel. Smaller fruit boxes slide down boards from the first floors of warehouses into waggons like schoolboys keeping the "pot a-boiling." At the bottom of other waggons pink Dutch cheeses roll about like giants' "blood alleys." Crane chains dangle overhead with unoccupied ball and hook, or creak as the winch winds up dropsical-looking bales and straw-packed crates. Some of the early coffee-stalls still keep their stands, and collect little throngs of customers. Here a man is selling blue guernseys and bright-coloured underclothing. There a man stands with a tray of streaky yellow "rock," and other highly-spiced and more highly-coloured confectionery. The fruit shops glow with oranges and lemons, and gleam with chestnuts nestling in sacks or receptacles like workmen's tool-baskets. Great cocoa-nuts, trimmed, frizzled, carved, and painted into the likeness of the heads of ferocious Indian chiefs, hang from the lintels. That little cask with the head off looks at first like a keg of oatmeal, but is really filled with the green grapes of Almeria packed in sawdust. In the window there are sloping trayfuls of pomegranates, baskets of tomatoes that seem rather to have been modelled out of red wax than ripened by the sun; cricket-ball-like Brazil nutshells, with a bit sawn off to show the nuts snuggling within like field-mice in a nest; bunches of yellow and black bananas from the Madeiras or Azores like bundles of soiled white kid gloves; and, also from the Azores, plump pineapples set up in wooden frames, which give them the look of hour-glasses.

Now and again one gets a refreshing whiff of fruity perfume in Lower Thames Street; but its dominant odour is fishy—even when fresh, not appetising. Billingsgate, whether or not it got its title from the King Belin, who is said to have built it B.C. 400, and to have had the ashes of his burnt corpse placed in a brass vessel on a high stone pinnacle of his portal, is an ancient name in English history; but Billingsgate Market is not so old as a fish market as is generally supposed. In Richard the Second's reign, fish taken east of London Bridge was sold in Cornhill, fish taken west in Cheapside. In Queen Elizabeth's time fish shared the market with corn, salt, stores, victuals, and fruit, "grocery ware excepted." In 1699 it was made a free market for all kinds of fish on every day except Sunday, when mackerel only might be sold before and after the hours of divine service. The growth of London has so swollen the market's trade, that there is now a New Billingsgate, whose still freshly-white brick contrasts strangely with the slush upon its floors.

There are curious contrasts of colour, too, in the wares displayed in box, barrel, tub, sack, basket, hamper, or piled like heaps of road-metal or old clothes; silvery salmon and salmon trout, gleaming in the midst of great knobs of glittering ice, and sprats as silvery; white-undersided flat-fish, making moonlight in shady places; coral boiled lobsters and crayfish; unboiled, muddy-blue, mottled lobsters, with claws tied up with twine; unboiled crabs making spiteful pinches at vacancy; live cod, barrelled cod, salt cod; fresh haddocks, smoked haddocks, looking, as they hang in row, very much like miniature yellow oil-skins; brown shrimps, pink spreads of Yarmouth prawns, like rose beds; Yarmouth bloaters, fresh herrings, red herrings, kippered herrings, brassy Digby chicks; dried sprats in bundles like firewood; writhing eels; sand-coloured cockles and whelks; dull purple periwinkles and mussels, with seaweed still sticking to them; clumsy dried shad; graceful, fresh mackerel, still gay in mottled golden-green and silver; mullet, gurnet, and John Dorys; and oysters, ranging from slim, thoroughbred Whitstable natives, down to "commons," that look like lumps of mortary old building material. The varnished Dutch eel boats, not unlike Dutch vrows, of plump person and soap-polished apple-cheeks, which lie off the market, manned by stolid mariners in Dirk Hatteraick costume, are in themselves a picture. In addition to the open-air vendors of savoury edibles and hot bibibles, there is plentiful provision for refection in Lower Thames Street, and the names of the taverns have a pleasantly old-fashioned smack. The Vintners' trade, so far as years go, is venerable here. In Henry VI's reign, we read, the Searchers of Wines made presentment of one pipe of unsound red wine "at the corner of St. Magnus, at Le Coroun." The names of the affluents of the street are also quaint: Darkhouse Lane, Beer Lane, Water Lane, Harp Lane, St. Dunstan's Hill (named from the church around which pigeons circle with clapping wings, and then fly off to settle, strut, and peck on the Custom House Quay), St. Mary-at-Hill, Salutation Court, Love Lane, Botolph Lane, and Pudding Lane, in which stands the rectory of Allhallows, Lombard Street.

A file of its bearskinned Grenadier garrison march out of the Tower's Lion Gate and tramp up Tower Hill, rifle on shoulder. In the Tower Ditch a couple of drummerboys are practising round-arm bowling at a stick.

It is hard to believe that this muddy spot, on which those commonplace modern warehouses look down, and two ragged urchins are squabbling for a halfpenny fished up out of a puddle, was the site of the scaffold which drank the blood of Fisher, More, Cromwell, Earl of Essex, Lady Shrewsbury, Surrey, Lord High Admiral Seymour, Protector Somerset, Sir Thomas Wyatt, Dudley Earl of Warwick, Guilford Dudley, Strafford, Sir Harry Vane, Stafford, Algernon Sidney, Monmouth, Derwentwater, Kenmuir, Kilmarnock, Balmerino, and Lord Lovat. On Tower Hill Lady Raleigh lodged while her noble husband was caged in the grim fortress yonder; but we shall never get on if we stop to talk about the Tower.

Passing nautical instrument makers, cochineal merchants, the grey Trinity House, looking out on its green-and-black enclosure, gay shipping-boards, leaning back to back, and the dreary-looking Mint, whose drab is relieved only by the red coats of its sentries, we turn down by the lofty dead wall which encloses the docks, to form which St. Katharine's Hospital and a whole parish were swept away, the dug-out earth being carted westwards to form a foundation for Pimlico. Irongate Stairs and Wharf at the bottom still tell of the Tower—how much more easy would escapes from it have been if fast steamers had started from a spot so near to it in olden days. Luggage-laden cabs are rattling up to the adjoining St. Katharine's Wharf with passengers bound for the Continent, while about the entrance hangs a little crowd of amphibious loafers, swollen by strays from the little knot of unemployed labourers

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lingering about the dock-gate round the corner, watched silently, and perhaps not superfluously, by two statuesque policemen.

The bridge over the Hermitage entrance to the London Docks is sundered, and on each portion stands a little impatient throng, waiting until a barge shall have made her way out, which she does in the most provokingly leisurely of styles, as if glad of the opportunity of being, for once in her life, an object of interest, although in her case it is only a wish that she would make herself scarce a little more rapidly. On the other hand, just when we think that we are free, she manages to foul some of her rigging with the shore. But at last the severed halves of the bridge swing round, and the imprisoned passengers leap the gap as they come to.

Malcolm tells us that, although Wapping was embanked in 1544, and had dwellings upon it not long afterwards, the low ground behind the river wall, Wapping Marsh, was so little built upon that the London Docks, unlike the St. Katharine, could be constructed without erasing any large number of houses. Wapping High Street and Wapping Wall we have now to wind along. At first there are high buildings on both sides, connected by second and third-floor bridges, spanning the darkened street, but the buildings dwindle as we go on, and here and there, precious though their sites must be, we come upon old mud-splashed, close-shuttered houses that seem to have been locked up for half a century. It is easy to imagine ghostly eyes peering out of the shutter-holes, or to picture to yourself a robber of the water-rat species suddenly opening the door and fiercely demanding why he was disturbed in his lurking place, if you hammered at any of the rusty knockers after nightfall. Execution Dock, where pirates used to be hanged in chains at low-water mark, and left for three tides to cover, still retains its name; and one almost expects to see the "Molly who has never been false, she declares," coming up from "Wapping Old Stairs," when the eye lights on those familiar words upon a wall. The alleys that give access to these and other old stairs, nowadays are curiously slim slits between high walls, sometimes blocked by a muddy boat that looks like a hippopotamus come on shore to have a nap. Lamps glimmer, like miners', in the dark, far-stretching ground floors on both sides. Floury men peer over from the top floors of throbbing steam-mills, as if they meditated suicide. The smartest shops in Wapping are those of the shipping butchers, which Arthur Orton has made notorious. Marine stores shops here are appropriately so named; and in the gloomy pawnbrokers' shops, which seem to be suffering from indigestion owing to the quantity of ill-assorted booty they have gorged, spyglasses and such like articles also tell of the sea. Ship biscuits are baked here, and potatoes preserved. We pass rope and oakum works, chain-cable makers, tobacco warehouses, filtered water works, sailmakers, mast, oar, and blockmakers, shipwrights' and barge-builders' yards, and other works connected with shipping. There is, so to speak, an almost ubiquitous smell of tar. One is scarcely ever out of sight of the red ensign, or the white-fringed mercantile Jack. And the publics that fly the flags are congruously named: the Old Dundee, New Gun, Ship and Punch-bowl, Black Boy, White Swan, Golden Anchor, Watermen's Arms, Prospect of Whitby. Wapping is fringed with a bow of wharfs, Sufferance and otherwise; and Old Gravel Lane, which runs into it, derives its name from the ballast-carts that used to rumble down from the gravel-pits in Sun Tavern Fields, where, in 1615, a cemetery was discovered, from which were dug up coffins of stone and lead, urns, lachrymatories, ivory sceptres, and a cupid.

Side by side on the river bank stand two buildings which tell of the triumphs of modern engineering—the round staircase which once marked the Wapping shaft of the Thames Tunnel, now converted into the Wapping station of the East London Railway, and the covered approach to the Thames Steam Ferry. Wapping Church is one hundred and twenty-one years old, but, thanks to the smoke-drying it has received, it looks a good deal older. Its predecessor had seats below the level of the graveyard, which was so swampy that graves had to be baled out as soon as dug. In spite of the moist nature of her surroundings, however, a Wapping milkwoman is said to have lived to the age of 101, dying in Well Alley, 1766, and leaving behind her £1,000, which she had made by her business, to be divided among her children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren.

And so on by Shadwell and Ratcliff, from which, in 1553, Sir Hugh Willoughby sailed to discover a north-east passage to China, sweeping in state past Greenwich Palace, in which Edward VI lay a-dying, too sick even to look out on the brave show. It is difficult now to associate grandeur of any kind with Ratcliff. A ship in dock thrusts her bowsprit almost across its Broad Street; the mean buildings look as if they had been washed with a mixture of sepia and soot; and the longshore men, who loaf about with their hands in the pockets of their threadbare pilot-jackets, seem to be some of the least prosperous members of their tribe. Crossing the bridge which spans the inlet to Limehouse Dock, passing wharfs littered with wood, stone, hay, and straw, we worm our way into Three Colt Street, Limehouse, which, in spite of its narrowness, seems, with its street stalls and knots of loungers, quite a main thoroughfare after the solitude of some of the lanes, all their bustle being upon the riverside, which we have traversed. Some of the loafers, clustered about public-house doors, are plainly of the type in Liverpool called "corner men," and regard with rat-like eyes four tall, broad-shouldered, well-dressed negro sailors who have strayed from the Strangers' Home in West India Dock Road, and are staring about them and expressing their gratification—it would be hard to say at what—with white-balled eyes that look, and white-toothed mouths that jabber, in a very childlike or childish fashion. Brawny though the darkies are, I fear that they will not stand much better chance than their slim Arab fellow-lodgers, shamefully maltreated here a short time ago, if they go on strolling about Limehouse in that fashion, and refuse, when challenged, to hand over their tobacco and give out money for beer. The stock eulogies on English morality and manliness make me sick when I think of the cowardly roughs who swarm, like vermin, all over London, and the especial ruffians who haunt the riverside.

When Pennant took, before us, his riverside walk, he ended it and stopped to dine "at a small house called the Folly, on the water's edge," in the regal manor of Poplar, so called from its abundance of poplar-trees—where are they now? But we must do more than that—circumambulate the Isle of Dogs.

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Notwithstanding renewed depression of trade, it is a very different looking place from what it was during the time of wide-spread distress some years ago. Then once busy works stood silent and solitary, row after row of cottages was shuttered, and depressed men out of employment dawdled about with their hands in their pockets by scores. But now the industries of the island seem to be in pretty fair swing, and varied industries they are. The West India and Millwall Docks bristle with masts; we pass the rattling yards of engineers, iron-workers, shipbuilders, ship-tank manufacturers, iron cable makers. Here lime is burnt, there copper ore is stored, there slate, and farther on stone, brick, and tile. Bolt and nut makers, seed crushers, gas-holder makers, manufacturing chemists, night-light makers, makers of wire rope and telegraphs, firewood dealers, manure merchants, timber dealers, sellers of pitch and tar, rag and canvas merchants, shoulder one another in jumbled proximity. Riggers, sail-makers, and stevedores, barge-builders, ship-chandlers, ship-carpenters, tar-refiners, cement makers, gun-carriage, mast, and flock makers, white-lead manufacturers, patent metallic lava manufacturers, are congregated here. In this dry dock a ship is being prepared to brave the billow and the breeze once more; in that yard a ship is being broken up into a picturesque jumble of worn planks, truncated spars, frayed cordage, and crumpled green copper; and among towering chimney stalks and puffing steam-engines rise dumpy pottery cones.

The dock labourers pour out to dinner, and engineering hands, in black-streaked, greasy duck, which looks as if hardest scouring could never make it white again, hurry home to theirs in neat houses, which seem half ashamed of the begrimed paterfamilias who pays the rent. Half-a-dozen bronzed foreign man-of-warsmen are strolling to their vessel with their shirt-collars half down their backs; a little fellow, with gilt "foul-anchor" buttons on his brand-new "reefer," comes along with his plump papa, *en route* for his first ship, the merchantman in which he will soon cease to look so smart, proudly striving to imitate the roll of the more experienced mariners ahead; and a negro sailor is amusing the whole youthful population of a miry lane, and their mothers also, assembled grinning on their doorsteps, by the capers he cuts in the middle of the mud.

These muddy lanes running up to the river-wall give one somehow the impression of being in a big shallow saucer, floating on the Thames, which, if the saucer tilt, may come over. Although the isle has been much built upon of late, every here and there it still shows a green, moist patch of the original marsh, and boards announcing land to be let on building lease are islanded in coffee-coloured ponds, which splash refreshingly as mischievous youngsters bombard the boards with stones and clods. To protect their panes from such artillery, all the windows of one far-stretching factory that still stands empty have been closely wired. Free-and-easiness appears to be the most prominent characteristic of the rising generation in the Isle of Dogs. A member of it, who has not risen much above one's knee, punches the same with his podgy little fist as he passes, exclaiming with cheerful familiarity, "Hullo, old fellow!" The literal kids of the Isle of Dogs are also frisky, playing at leapfrog in the streets; but its donkeys are the dreariest of their race. Here is one, with a hide like a worn-out hair-trunk, that stands up to his fetlocks in blacking-like slush, watching two men who are beating a carpet—thud, thud, thud, thud—on a slightly less soppy bit of ground, with lack-lustre eyes too work-weary even to be able to take spiteful delight in seeing a couple of his oppressors set to it. Railways run into and steamboats touch at the Isle of Dogs, but its moist wildernesses, in which churches and chapels, houses and schools, seem to have sprung up like funguses, and the cries of costermongers make one think of the croaking of frogs, are connected with the drier world by a peculiar line of omnibuses also, the vehicle being two-thirds an ordinary bus, and one-third a grocer's van with the sides knocked out. Altogether, although only a few minutes' railway ride from the City, the unaccustomed wanderer in the Isle of Dogs might fancy himself in some colonial new settlement, especially when he reads announcements on the walls of a forthcoming entertainment by "The Aborigine Minstrels."

Crossing more flanged bridges, passing Lloyd's black proving range, and more drab dock-wall, we find our way into a narrow street, in which blue omnibuses suddenly disappear in a dark yard, like bluebottles dragged to slaughter by some huge unseen spider—a street with low, dark houses, which look old enough for Defoe's Blackwall waterman to have lived in them. From one, tenanted by a ship-carver, there protrudes, as a trade sign, a figure-head, and a little lower down there is an old-fashioned gateway, with still graceful though crumbling carving on its lintel, and a massive carved coat-of-arms above. And thence we penetrate into the muddy road that fringes the eye-wearying dead wall of the East India Docks, white-stencilled, as indeed a good many other dead walls are throughout the dock region, with "Power of Prayer."

Entering by a police-guarded gateway, we pass through the docks, with their four-wheeled waggon dust-bins, their tiny trams for barrows and toy-trucks, their clipper Blackwall, Thames and Mersey, and Aberdeen liners, their fussy little tugs, and huge yet lanky ocean steamers—those that use the Suez Canal painted or being painted white—and come out from the Export Dock on broad, breezy Brunswick Pier, with the bright, bustling river beyond. Except a single Australian liner anchored off the Emigrant Depôt, very tiny do the craft look after the leviathans we have seen in the various docks on our way down, but these two mites of tugs, towing trains of coal-barges, are making splash and splutter enough for craft twenty times their size.

A boat for Woolwich has just left the pier, red rings on a black funnel show that a boat from Woolwich is alongside, so we will dive down the pier's hatchway to its landing-stage and embark for Hungerford.

Varieties.

Revenue from Alcohol.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer, in his last Budget speech, referred to the consumption of spirits as affecting the national revenue. "I ask, in what circumstances could it be expected that the consumption of spirits in this country would fall off to such an extent as seriously to injure the revenue? It must be from one of two causes—either from some general failure of the consuming power of the people—from some failure in their ability to purchase spirits, the will remaining as it was—or from some great change

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in the habits of the people, inducing them to abandon the use of such enormous quantities of ardent spirits. If it were the former, it would tell upon all the sources of revenue, just as well as upon that derived from spirits. But if the reduction of the revenue derived from spirits be due to the other cause, if it should be due to a material and considerable change in the habits of the people, and increasing habits of temperance and abstinence from the use of ardent spirits, I venture to say that the amount of wealth such a change would bring to the nation would utterly throw into the shade the amount of revenue that is now derived from the spirit duty, and we should not only see with satisfaction a diminution of the revenue from such a cause, but we should find in various ways that the Exchequer would not suffer from the losses which it might sustain in that direction."

Monaco and Monte Carlo Gambling.—The stories of ruin to be heard every day, sometimes on good authority, are horrible. Fortunes, trust money, provision for children and widows, the sums acquired by the sale of commissions, sums raised on house and land, have disappeared in a few days or hours. Often it is the extravagance of the companion that drives her victim back and back to the tables, deeper and deeper. But the women themselves are the most reckless gamblers. The common computation is a suicide a month, and there sometimes come three or four together. On the ramparts, or the gardens of Monaco, there are several points from which ruined gamblers have thrown themselves into the sea, 300ft. below. Only the other day, a "lady" threw herself out of her third-floor chamber into the road. There have been suicides in the rooms of the Casino, and one at the table itself. Having staked and lost his last franc, a gentleman stood up and drew a pistol, and discharged it into his mouth. For the reception of such scandals there is provided a room, handy for the railway, which passes almost directly under the Casino. Some inquest there must be, and it is performed by the servants of the establishment. But most of the victims go away and hide themselves, and die, like a sick dog, in some corner, where they hasten death, or let a broken heart take its course. It is impossible even to conjecture the total amount of the annual ruin, nor is that an important matter, for the loss of a few hundreds is as utter ruin to some people as tens of thousands to others. When a man cannot meet his creditors, or even his wife and children, it is all over with him, unless he is devoid of natural feeling and lost to shame. The mere excitement of a day's gambling has been known to kill people constitutionally weak of heart or head, whether they have won or lost. Ecstasy works the effects of despair in such cases. People have been known to go to Monte Carlo after being assured by friends and doctors that it will be their death if they do, return home late, and die in a few hours. The attraction once given way to, becomes irresistible. It is on this fact that the bank chiefly stands. If a visitor loses, he leaves the table and there is an end of him. If he gains, he always returns and plays till he has lost everything. . . . France has a protectorate over Monaco, and it is even said that the people are liable to conscription for the French army. Why, then, it is asked, does the French Government allow here what it does not allow at home? Europe, it is added, is interested, and, indeed, under an obligation to interfere. These are questions which people will answer their own way. The real strength of Monte Carlo consists in the weak points of European morality. The Prince of Monaco has only to point to the Stock Exchange of every European capital, where, every year, there is twenty times as much real gambling, under the name of speculation, as there is at Monte Carlo.—*Times Correspondent.*

Zulu Kraals.—The village usually consists of a circular enclosure, formed by a single or double row of stakes, the only break in which is a narrow door or gateway just wide enough to allow a cow to pass. Inside this is a second, but much smaller, enclosure—the "isi-baya" in which the larger calves are kept. Between the isi-baya and the outer enclosure are the round mole-hill-like huts of the inhabitants of the kraal, the number of which varies from ten to almost any number, though they are usually few rather than many. The huts of the servants and inferior people are placed on either side of the gateway, while that exactly opposite to it is the abode of the great man, should the kraal be a small one. In the latter case, the little hamlet may be the abode of the members of one family; and if large, the neighbouring ones are also tenanted by his relatives, especially if the latter are people of consequence, and have many wives and a corresponding number of huts—each consort requiring one for her own special use. Ulundi, the Zulu capital, is not an imposing city. The late David Leslie, who knew it well, describes it as lying in the northern end of an amphitheatre about eight miles in diameter. The surrounding hills are very beautiful, partly green and partly covered with mimosa-trees, and broken up here and there into precipices. The White Umvalesi river runs through the centre, and smaller streams intersect the area in all directions. "The consequence is that, from its situation, it is very hot in summer; while, from the plenteousness of water, it is very cold in winter. The kraal itself contains, I should think, about five hundred huts." This was in 1868, but it is not likely that there have been many changes, if any, since then.

Prejudice Waning.—American papers record that on a day in February last, for the first time in the history of Congress, the Senate of the United States was presided over by a coloured man. The Vice-President having occasion to leave the chair, Senator Bruce, of Louisiana, was called to his place, and presided with great dignity. It is a remarkable coincidence that while he was occupying the chair, the discussion of the claims of another race, the Chinese, to an equality of privilege with white men (or rather privilege to come to this continent) was in progress.

Canaries.—At the last Crystal Palace Bird Show, there were no fewer than 680 canaries. These were divided into 56 classes, a number which could be indefinitely increased, but is in itself sufficiently significant of the effect which artificial selection has had during the comparatively short space of time (only three centuries, it is believed) during which the little finch of the Fortunate Islands has been known to Europe. In 1677 canaries in England were chiefly imported from Germany, and were of a green colour. In a work published in 1709, 28 varieties are mentioned, comprising nearly all those known at the present time. They are now bred in Norwich, Coventry, Derby, Northampton, Nottingham, Glasgow, and the manufacturing towns of Lancashire and Yorkshire. In thousands of garrets, in which a sedentary employment is pursued by the head of a family at home, the clear notes of the canary rise above the click of the shuttle or the whirr of the sewing-machine. Almost invariably the nest-birds are reared by the assiduous care of working men. The pet fancies of the Norwich shoemakers have the place of honour in the Crystal Palace catalogue.

Hailstones.—A hailstorm of extraordinary severity passed over the Tipperah district in Eastern Bengal on the 13th of March. The magistrate's official report says:—"Some hailstones fell as large as cricket balls. The storm lasted only about fifteen minutes, and its track was apparently not more than 300 yards wide. Large trees were uprooted, bamboo clumps swept down like grass, and houses levelled with the ground. Twenty-nine persons were killed and 114 wounded, mostly by the falling trees and houses. A considerable number of cattle were killed, and among the victims was a tiger."

Heliograph Signals.—On the organisation of the Afghan expedition heliographs were supplied to each division. With General Donald Stewart's column telegraphic communication was maintained by means of the heliograph from the Khojak Pass to Girishk. General Roberts, from Khost, flashed his messages to the fort at Bannu, a distance of sixty miles; while Sir Samuel Browne, from the heights above Ali Musjid, announced the capture of that fort to the expectant garrison of Peshawur by means of the Mance heliograph. While we in India have been utilising the instrument, other nations have not been slow to avail themselves of Mr. Mance's admirable invention. The Spaniards use it largely, and recently a series of experiments was conducted by which Madrid was placed in communication with Ceuta and Algeciras by optical telegraphy. Owing to the difficulty experienced in maintaining electric cables across the Straits of Gibraltar, orders were issued, on the completion of these experiments, for the permanent establishment of heliographic comunication between Tangier, Tarifa, Ceuta, and Algeciras, and arrangements are in progress for its employment between different outlying West Indian islands not connected by cable. The United States Government have adopted the heliograph in their army, and it is in use in France and Belgium. For some reason the instrument was unfavourably reported on at Chatham, and consequently its introduction into the home army has been retarded. It is vain to cast idle regrets over the past, but there is no doubt that had visual signalling, either by the heliograph or by flags, been adopted in South Africa between Rorke's Drift, Isandlana, and the advanced camp, the disaster of the 22nd of January would never have occurred.

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THE LEISURE HOUR.

BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,
AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND.—*Cowper.*

BURIED HOPES.

"WAIT A YEAR."

CHAPTER XL.

WARREN SINCLAIR was out wandering over the hills when his brother arrived, late in the afternoon of a bright summer's day. His absence enabled Cecil to collect the information he required. Two important closetings had already taken place when he went to meet Warren. After a long conversation with Mrs. Fraser, in which her natural volubility, stimulated by the really important events that had recently transpired, found ample room for exercise, he paid a visit of even longer duration to Miss Lestocq, and left her about the time that Warren usually returned from his rambles.

"Why is Miss Moreton so anxious to see you, and what can be the meaning of that strange refrain she chants so mournfully—'You know he is his brother's heir?'" asked Mrs. Fraser, suspecting from Cecil's manner that he could give an explanation if he chose,

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PRICE ONE PENNY.

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yet sorely at a loss to reconcile Mona's words with any knowledge she herself possessed.

"We ought not to attach importance to the sayings and oddities of the sick, especially of one who must have suffered as much as Miss Moreton has done," was the answer.

Though far from being satisfied, Mrs. Fraser could not get him to say anything more; for when, as much from curiosity as from a desire to gratify the invalid, she proposed that he should see Mona before going in search of Warren, he declined, saying he would do nothing until he had seen his brother, and prevented all further questioning by starting off to meet him.

Before long, from a slight elevation on which he had posted himself, he saw a figure, not difficult to recognise, slowly and wearily plodding along the road that must, he thought, lead through the village, and bent his steps in that direction.

As soon as Cecil and Warren were within sight of each other, a complete change was apparent in the deportment of the younger brother. The slow, listless pace became quick and decisive, the almost slouching gait firm and elastic. He was an altered man—still more so when, about an hour later, the brothers returned together. What passed in that fraternal interview no one ever knew exactly. How much Cecil confided, or how much he suppressed, was never revealed to a third party. Whatever might be suspected, nothing was known, except the results, and they were patent.

We will now turn to Mona. Taciturnity not being the special virtue of Madame Sicard, she no sooner heard of the arrival of Captain Orde than she imparted the news to her patient, believing, perhaps, that the gratification of a desire so vehemently expressed might be beneficial. The first effect of this intelligence was to produce a fever of impatience. But quite as much as Mona's nurses were anxious for a meeting between the two, Captain Orde was obstinate in declining it.

"Let her wait until to-morrow," was the only reply that could be drawn from him; and till the morrow Mona was enjoined patience and quiet.

The morning came. As soon as the invalid was fairly awake she importuned to be dressed. As nothing belonging to her had been saved out of the general destruction, her toilet consisted chiefly in arranging her hair and slipping on her dressing-gown, with the addition of clean cuffs and a collar, supplied by Mrs. Fraser, whose servants had been able to fill her boxes before throwing them out of the window.

Propped up with pillows, arranged so as to render the rough couch as easy as was practicable, Mona awaited her visitor, now dreading the interview as much as she had at one time desired it, and wondering at herself for having so persistently asked to see him. After all, what had she to say? She could only recall to his mind what she had learned from the mirror on that one particular day, and to what purpose? What would he think of her? That which appeared so easy and right in the partial delirium of sickness had become hard, if not impossible. Her judgment now prevailing over the febrile excitement of the last few days, she saw herself involved in difficulties from which she would gladly escape if she knew how. But it was too late to draw back.

The preparations for the reception of Captain Orde were made, and Madame Sicard had left her charge to enjoy a short period of repose after the fatigue of getting up, before introducing him.

The room did not possess the luxury of a bell. Mona was too weak to move about, and no one was likely to come near her. There being no way of making known her altered state of mind, she had not the chance of exposing herself to ridicule or rebuke by changing her intention at the last moment. Not the less, however, did she regret that the oft-expressed desire was to be gratified, and she sincerely wished Captain Orde would again decline visiting her. She wished to speak faithfully to him, yet shrunk from what might seem to be prompted by another motive.

At the end of half an hour Madame Sicard entered her room, laughing and talking with some one behind her, upon whom she closed the door and retired. To Mona it was a painful moment. Confused, disturbed, ashamed, she pressed her cheek against the cushions of the couch, unable to encounter the searching eyes or covert raillery of one who usually saw clearest the weakest points of character, and knew exactly how best to expose them. Great was her astonishment when words of a totally different nature fell upon her ear.

"Mona, dear Mona!" said Warren Sinclair, standing beside the prostrate girl, and gently removing the hand raised to screen her face, "don't think that I would thus address you if it were any discredit to you to listen or dishonour to me to speak," he continued, reading alarm as well as surprise on her countenance. "Cecil has engaged himself to Miss Lestocq, and I am free to ask you to share a life, which you may assuredly render happy, and perhaps more useful than it would otherwise have been."

Mona did not answer in words. In the excess of her wonderment and emotion she found none to utter, yet Mr. Sinclair was satisfied.

No happier persons could be found in the whole canton than the two who now for the first time spoke unreservedly together; no hour in their whole lives was sweeter than this, when heart responded to heart, and they both acknowledged that God had given them the best gift to be enjoyed on earth—a deep mutual love, added to a desire to spend their lives in His service.

The tale is nearly done. Miss Lestocq left that very day, making the first stage of her journey to the despised Thornmeade, where she was to remain until it might please Cecil Orde to claim her.

Warren requested Mona to ask no questions about his brother's engagement to Miss Lestocq, and to dismiss the subject from her mind entirely, although he once alluded to their engagement and probable marriage in an indirect way.

"Our tastes are so simple, Mona," he said, "and so completely in unison, that in our quiet life at Hillesden we should find it difficult to spend the whole of our income. You will not, I am sure, mind sharing it with Cecil and his wife, whose habits are more expensive."

With her characteristic impulsiveness Mrs. Fraser threw the same interest into the preparations made for Mona's wedding that she had evinced for Helen's, but with a more satisfactory result. She had her own way in everything; neither Mona nor Warren interfered with her arrangements, and the ceremony took place at the British Embassy in Paris, whither

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they repaired as soon as the young girl was sufficiently strong to undertake the journey.

CHAPTER XLI.

By an unexpected combination of circumstances the first year after Mona's marriage was passed at the Abbey, the Rectory not being ready for her reception. As the alterations were going on part of the walls gave way, and it was consequently judged best to rebuild it entirely. Sir Felix Hampton having about that time some thoughts of going abroad, decided to do so for a twelvemonth, and Mr. Sinclair took the Abbey off his hands for the time, glad of the opportunity to arrange his wife's future home under her own eye.

Edward Moreton went to live with his sister, and, for a short period Mona indulged the hope of his ultimate recovery. His amendment was slow, but she thought it real. Before long, however, a disappointment came, the change in him being too decided to permit her any more to deceive herself. Gradually, though surely, the poison of remorse consumed the little strength obtained by judicious nursing, good nourishment, and the thousand cares of which he was the object. It became evident that no solicitude, no attention, no drug that the whole pharmacopœia contained, could do more than prolong for a few short months, perhaps only weeks, the life which, not long ago, was full of promise. He faded from day to day, literally dying of a broken heart. His folly and his shame, his ruined hopes, his wasted existence, were always before him, undermining the little vigour he might otherwise have acquired. The contrast between himself and his sister—what he was and what he might have been—between a character loved and honoured as hers, and one degraded and justly contemned like his own—never left him.

It made his heart heavy by day, and soaked his pillow with bitter tears by night. His eyes became more sunken, his cheeks more hollow. In Mona's presence he was able to command himself, but in the hours of darkness, when he could not sleep, the past returned as a relentless avenger. The weakness, the folly, the sin that had destroyed his youth were ever present to his mind, and yet some consolation was mingled with his sorrow. Over his last days fell a certain peace. He was thankful that he had been spared until now, that he had not perished in the act of committing the one offence for which there is no room for repentance. But there were no more yearnings after earthly happiness, no aspirations after anything better here below. He had nothing to hope, nothing to wish for, except pardon from those whom he had grieved by his misconduct.

"Forgive me," was the request made to every member of his family; "forgive the grief and the pain I have caused you, and remember me with kindness when I am gone," he would say, with pathetic humility, his blue eyes filled with tears.

Calmly and repentant he passed away in the springtime, when the primroses and violets came into blossom, and they laid him beside his father in the village churchyard. His heart was broken, his spirit too crushed to struggle against the tide of poignant recollections. Could he have lived his life over again he thought it would have been a better and happier one, but that might not be. There is but one youth, one spring, one seed-time, and one harvest for all. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

When Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair went to their own home it was completely changed in appearance from what it had been, which may account for Mona's mother having forgotten her long-cherished grievance, or perhaps the offence was obliterated by her having become the mistress of Pomona Hall when the first year of her widowhood expired. Be it as it may, Mrs. Graves never again bewailed having been turned out of the Rectory.

CHAPTER XLII.

Those who have followed the fortunes of Helen Lestocq thus far, may like to know how it fared with her in the end. The dreaded return to Thornmeade did not take place. The prospect of its homely life, involving a daily monotonous routine among uncongenial companions, was too dreary for her even to contemplate with patience. It would be far worse than Hillesden, which, with advantages that Thornmeade could never boast, she had deemed insupportable. How unkind as well as foolish it was for Cecil to recommend it! The more she reflected, the less possible it appeared for her to settle down, even for a short time, with her grandfather and farmer uncle. But would it be for a short time? And if not—

Captain Orde was about to resume his interrupted wanderings, and had suffered her to depart without proposing any definite period for their marriage.

"Under their peculiar circumstances they must wait," he said. "When Warren was established in his home, and certain memories had faded into distance, their union would be more suitable than it could be now."

In the first relief from a great embarrassment, when the events connected with the fire so palpably revealed her true position with regard to Warren Sinclair, Helen acquiesced, partly influenced by the stirring of the only tender sentiment she had ever known. Afterwards, during the solitary journey to Geneva, a few hours of quiet reflection made more apparent the possible difficulties in which she might be involved. What if Captain Orde changed his mind! He never laid claim to constancy of purpose, and might not, on consideration, have the courage to encounter the life of self-denial which their very limited income but too surely threatened. Without breaking his engagement, he might prolong it indefinitely. Once settled at Thornmeade, which of all her gay acquaintance would care to remember her?—would she not slip out of that brilliant society in which she delighted, and be lost sight of as completely as a pebble dropped into the sea? No, a hundred times, no. Let Cecil insist or reproach as much as he pleased, she would not take up her abode at Thornmeade.

If Captain Orde's engagement was a puzzle to Helen, how can we hope to explain it to the reader? With the decided conviction he had formed of her heartless character, was he yet fascinated against his better judgment? Did love and pity for his brother form an element in his act of apparent self-sacrifice? or did he think that he ran little risk in an engagement with one so fickle and changeable? Whatever his thoughts may have been, the event proved that he had little to fear from her seeking to hold him to his engagement.

She had determined not to take up her abode at Thornmeade. Negatives, however, form but a part of our existence; there is also the positive side, and with that Helen had next to deal. If

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she would not live at Thornmeade, where then? She could not remember the time when the want of money had not weighed heavily upon her happiness, and matters were worse now that the pension of her mother had ceased. And it might have been otherwise; riches were within her grasp, and she had cast them into the lap of another! Without loving Warren, her soul was bitter against Mona; she could not forgive the girl who had supplanted her. It was also an aggravation to her present desolate condition that a country maiden, whom she had alternately despised and patronised, should be exalted above her. Mona Moreton's life promised to be a happy one, not only on account of the peaceful character suited to her tastes, which Helen could have pardoned, but with wealth superadded, while hers would probably either be tempest-tossed with ungratified ambition, or passed in a dull monotony even more repelling. Before Helen could arrive at any satisfactory conclusion, the train steamed into the station, when it was necessary to snatch herself from the serious question where she should pass her life to one not less important for the moment—where she should spend the night. A long line of omnibuses in front offered an abundant choice of hotels, of which, however, she did not avail herself. Entering the first at hand, she caused her luggage to be put upon it, and was driven to the Hotel des Bergues, reaching it just as a carriage with a pair of wearied horses drove up.

"Miss Lestocq! What a fortunate chance!"

The speaker was Mrs. Buxton, who had been "doing" Switzerland with her son, and who had just returned from Chamouni, their last excursion before going home. The pleasure expressed was mutual, for Helen was too quick-witted not to perceive some of the advantages to be derived from the renewal of their acquaintance. It was only superficial, formed in the crowded rooms of a fashionable season place, and exactly suited Helen on the present occasion. Without fear of having them challenged she could make her own representations of what had passed since they parted. One thing was patent. She had lately lost her mother, and with her the greater part of her income, an addition to her trouble which Helen did not try to conceal. Her sable dress, white cheeks, and care-lined brow touched with a pathetic interest the motherly heart of Mrs. Buxton, who had seen her last in the undimmed splendour of her imperial beauty, receiving with supercilious indifference, real or affected, the homage her personal attractions habitually procured her. A few hours' further observation made the change in her yet more apparent. If a smile, or the ghost of one, flitted over her lips, the mouth never lost a certain hardness as of one prepared for a struggle. Sympathising with her loss, and commiserating her present isolated condition, Mrs. Buxton, with good-natured assiduity, set herself to comfort her. It was sad to be so young, so fair, and so forlorn. Without much difficulty, she prevailed upon Helen to remain with her during the six weeks they spent in Paris, and had the satisfaction of seeing now and then a return of her former vivacity.

But the day of separation came. Mrs. Buxton went home, when Helen, declining to accompany her, placed herself in a French pension, half prepared, if needful, to adopt a bolder resolution than any she had till now meditated.

Holding counsel with herself, she examined her purse and her resourses. Both were limited. The last remittance from her grandfather had been chiefly devoted to the purchase of the trousseau, now likely to be useless unless— The alternative Helen seriously debated within her own mind. Captain Orde had not written since she left Switzerland. His habitual carelessness was not, in her eyes, a sufficient cause for his silence. She first chafed and fretted, and then grew angry, her high spirit ill brooking to be treated with negligence. But she must either bear it or right herself. One phase of her pride was up in arms, another was about to bury itself in the dust, but in either case mortification must be the fruit of so bitter a root. An opportunity had already occurred for her to free herself from her embarrassment. Before Mrs. Buxton left Paris, Helen had attracted the attention of a wealthy and eccentric Englishman, who was seeking a wife to place at the head of his establishment. Style and fashion were indispensable. These were pre-eminent in Helen, and for them he was willing to pay the price the lady practically demanded—the indulgence of caprices numerous enough to destroy the patience of any sensible man.

But Mr. Byers was not sensible, nor refined. He was a *nouveau-riche*, had made a large fortune in trade, and desired to dazzle his less fortunate neighbours. Helen Lestocq suited him, at least he thought so, and though often rebuffed with undisguised disdain, he determined to persevere, encouraging his pretensions with the vulgar adage, "He who knows how to lime the twig will secure the bird at last."

It was Christmas Eve and a stormy one. The driving rain beat loudly against the Abbey window, near which Mona stood looking out into complete darkness, except where the waving branches threw even a deeper shade as every sudden gust of wind tossed them to and fro with a mournful sound. Dinner was waiting, and Warren had not yet come home. Quitting the bright hearth for the fifth or sixth time to look out, Mona had again put back the curtain to see if the weather had improved. While so engaged the closing of the front door, followed by the noise of departing wheels, caught her ear. She hurried into the hall, praising her husband for his thoughtfulness in taking a fly; his health, never having become robust, frequently caused her some little anxiety.

"I hoped you would do so, but the storm came on so suddenly I was afraid. Did you get wet, dear?" she asked, with solicitude, laying her hand on a masculine sleeve.

"No, not at all, but I never answered to that name before," said a voice that was not Warren's, and the laughing face of Cecil Orde was quickly turned towards her.

"Captain Orde!" exclaimed Mona, drawing back in surprise.

"The very same. Did I not promise to be here for the burning of the yule log at Christmas time? Am I unwelcome?"

"What will you give me for my news?" asked Cecil, some minutes later, when, divested of his wraps, he stood warming his hands over the fire. "It is good, reliable information, fresh from the scene of action. Ah, you will not bid. Then here it is, gratis. Helen Lestocq was married yesterday at the British Embassy in Paris."

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"To whom?" asked Warren, eagerly, having entered as Cecil gave utterance to the last sentence.

"To whom? To no one in particular," replied Cecil, demurely. "She has married £6,000 a year and a handsome apartment in the Champs-Elysées."

For all answer Warren silently grasped his brother's hand, and then followed him and Mona into the dining-room.

"*Passe l'Amour, reste la Cassette,*" ejaculated Cecil, gaily.

If Captain Orde's peace of mind was really disturbed by the unexpected news of which he had been the bearer, he did not suffer it to overcloud the brightness of that Christmas Eve.

THE BEGUM OF BHOPAL.

WHEN the Prince of Wales was in India, one of the great incidents was the ceremony of the investiture of the Star of India. Among the native personages honoured with the imperial dignity was her Highness the Begum of Bhopal.

The appearance of this lady in person at Calcutta caused no little sensation in India. Of course she was veiled, and no one saw her face. This added all the more to the excitement and mystery. She was known to be young, and rumour said she was beautiful. The papers gave marvellous descriptions of her splendid robes, adorned with diamonds and jewels of fabulous value. Although veiled, she no doubt could see the Prince, and all the personages and proceedings about which she had natural feminine curiosity.

This ceremony passed, like other nine-days' wonders, and the Begum returned to comparative retirement.

It so happened that Miss Carpenter, loved and honoured for her beneficent labours in behalf of the women of India, was at Benares when her Highness the Begum was on her way home from Calcutta. She was the guest for a few days of a lady there, who asked her if she would like to pay a visit to the Begum. She gladly availed herself of the opportunity, writes the lady,* as she wished her Highness to become a vice-president of the National Indian Association, and would be glad to go with me so that she might have my services as interpreter.

An appointment was made for eleven o'clock, but when we arrived we found that her Highness had gone out to see the city and bathing ghâts. How she managed to *see* much, riding as she did in a closely covered palanquin, I do not know. We left word with her head servant that we would call again in the afternoon. We did so, and were told that her Highness was expecting us. We were kept waiting only a short time, at which I was agreeably surprised, for, as a rule, natives are very much wanting in politeness in that respect, and seem not to consider that time is of the slightest value to any one.

When at last we were ushered into the great lady's presence, I could hardly command my countenance sufficiently to enable me to pay my respects with proper solemnity, so much amused was I with Miss Carpenter's look of amazement and dismay. I am tolerably well accustomed to see Indian Ranis and princesses "at home," therefore I was not much surprised at the *tout ensemble* which this lady presented, but Miss Carpenter had never visited any native lady who was not decked out to receive her as an honoured guest. This lady evidently felt that she was conferring an honour, and had not thought it necessary to *dress up* for us.

Let me describe her appearance. She is very short and stout. This is common to many native ladies. I do not think that in all my intercourse with native women I have met with half a dozen who were above five feet high, while by far the greater number, especially of the higher classes, are very short. This, as well as the tendency to obesity so prevalent among them, doubtless is due in great part to the secluded and inactive lives they lead. She had small, bright, piercing black eyes, and a rather dark muddy complexion. Her teeth were very black, and we noticed what seemed to be a large swelling on the cheek, which during our visit moved occasionally from one side to the other. It must have been some preparation of tobacco and other things, possibly opium, which is largely used by the Mohammedans, male and female. This greatly disfigured her face, which however was not ill-natured looking.

Her dress was composed of a pair of pink calico trousers, made exactly like those worn by the lower class of Mohammedan women, tight at the ankles and widening up to the waist, a loose white calico jacket reaching only to the waist, with long tight sleeves, a piece of coarse white muslin, unhemmed, thrown over her head, and a flannel shawl of blue and green plaid, folded straight in half and fastened with a common pin, round her neck and over the ends of the bit of muslin which did duty for a veil, making it look as if it were intended for a nightcap. She had no jewels on except a few bangles on her wrists.

No wonder that Miss Carpenter exclaimed to me in an undertone, "Is *this* the Begum?"

A very fine-looking man, magnificently dressed in green satin and gold, was in the room. The Begum explained to me that he was her husband, but beyond the first formal courtesies, he did not enter into conversation with us, nor did he even sit near us.

We chatted for a little while about Calcutta and the visit of the Prince, about the state of female education in her territory, which she admitted was very low indeed, about the railway journey from Calcutta, about Benares, etc., and then she made a signal to a man who had stood at the other end of the room all the time, when he brought to her a little bottle of English perfume. She took it and rose. The same man immediately brought two little trays on which were several small square paper packets containing spices, betel-nuts, etc., which he first offered to us with a low bow, and then laid at our feet.

I had risen with the princess, and said to Miss Carpenter, "This is the signal that our visit is over."

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "I have not yet mentioned the Association; please do so." The Begum told the man to take the trays out to our carriage, and held the scent bottle out to drop some on our handkerchiefs. I had a clean unfolded one ready, but Miss Carpenter was not so prepared. I told her to offer the one she was using, though natives do not like that so well. I was glad it was not attar that was presented, as that has a very sickly, unpleasant odour, which clings to one's clothes for days. Most

* The "Leisure Hour" being much read in India, we withhold the name of the lady, as the fact of her publishing her "interview" with the Begum might interfere with her reception into other native homes.

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natives who are in the habit of receiving English visitors now use English scents for the purpose of offering to them when they leave.

While this ceremony was going on I told the Begum in as few words as possible about the Association, its President, and its objects, and that Miss Carpenter wished to have her name on the list of Vice-Presidents. She seemed pleased at the request, but referred us for an answer to Colonel Osborn, the Political Agent at Bhopal, who was then staying at a hotel in Benares. Thanking her, and expressing our pleasure at having been permitted to pay her a visit, with a cordial shake of the hand from her, and a low *salaam* from her husband, we retired.

THE L'ESTRANGE ANECDOTES.

Sir Nicholas L'Estrange, first Baronet of Hunstanton, in the county of Norfolk, who lived the uneventful life of a country gentleman, at his death, which occurred two hundred and twenty years ago, left behind him a MS. volume of anecdotes, which he had carefully compiled from the contributions of relatives and friends. Of his family we know much more than we do of him. His father was a brave knight—as indeed were all his ancestors—his younger brothers wielded the pen with considerable ability. Sir Roger L'Estrange, more especially, distinguished himself as an essayist and pamphleteer.

Sir Nicholas, with whom we have to do, was either too modest or too wise a man to venture into print, and it was not until after a lapse of two centuries that his "Merry Passages and Jests" were made public, and then only to the learned few who constituted the "Camden Society." The value of the anecdotes is not to be estimated by their intrinsic worth, for many of them are of the most trifling description, but rather by the light which some of them throw upon contemporary history and customs.

It was, doubtless, our author's younger brother, of whom mention has already been made, who launched the severe witticism against Sir Thomas Richardson, Chief Justice of the King's Bench, in the reign of James I, a man who had acquired the unenviable reputation of being a judge of profound learning, but not habitually observant of truth. "When Charles Richardson," says our author, "was dead (younger son of the Lord Chief Justice, then living), some were questioning where the body should be interred: 'Why,' says one, 'where should he be buried but where his father *lyes* at Westminster?'" Of the same Sir Thomas Richardson our author gives us the following.

No Upright Judge.

Judge Richardson, going Western Circuit, had a great flint stone thrown at his head by a malefactor then condemned (who thought it meritorious and the way to be a benefactor to the Commonwealth to take away the life of a man so odious), but leaning low of his elbow in a lazie recklesse manner, the bullett flew too high and only took off his hat. Soone after, some friends congratulating his deliverance, he replyde by way of Jeast (as his fashion was to make jeast of everything), "You see now if I had been an upright Judge (intimating his reclining posture) I had been slaine."

There can be little doubt as to the opinion entertained by our author of the Chief Justice, whose ability as a lawyer was acknowledged, but whose integrity as a judge seems open to some doubt. Sir Thomas Richardson was Speaker of the House of Commons in the last Parliament of James I, and was born at Mullbarton, in Norfolk, a county which the old historian Fuller has quaintly described as having a great reputation for litigiousness. Indeed it used to be said of it that "Men there study law at the plough-tail."

The following trifle, which doubtless found its way into the collection from our author's desire to preserve such evidences of wit in the members of his family or their friends as came under his notice, is really of more value than might at first sight appear, from the light it throws upon an obsolete custom.

Sir Drue Drury's Penmanship.

Sir Drue Drury, being an ill scribe, having writt a thing very ill, Sir Robert Bell check't him thus: "Fie, Drue; pr'y-the, write so that a man may be saved by the reading on't, however."

This pleasantry reminds us of the evil custom, belonging to evil days, when the learned few claimed and enjoyed the "benefit of clergy." In other words, they escaped the punishment due to their offences by proving their learning in being able to read from a psalter. If the condemned was a layman and could read, he was burned on the hand and set free.

The following anecdotes relate to long sermons, which were among the customs of that time:—

A Long Sermon.

There was one preach't in summer, and stood two houres; and one say'd at dinner that 'twas a very good sermon, but halfe on't would have done well cold.

A minister having preached a very long sermon, as his custom was, some hours after, ask't a gentleman his approbation of it. He replyed that "'Twas very good, but that it had spoyled a goose worth two of it."

"Asking approbation" is delicate work. It reminds us of the answer of an eminent divine under similar circumstances: "The finest passage, sir, was from the pulpit to the vestry."

Mr. Thoms, who so ably edited L'Estrange's MS., tells, in a note to one of the anecdotes, a story of a sermon preached on a special occasion, which fitly illustrates the low ebb to which both pulpit and pew had fallen to tolerate such unseemly jests. An evil woman, who died during the reign of Charles II, left by her will ten pounds for any clergyman who would preach her funeral sermon and say nothing but what was well of her. A clergyman was found who undertook to carry out the conditions of the will. He preached his sermon, and then concluded with the following remark: "By the will of the deceased it is expected that I mention her and say nothing but what is *well* of her. She was born *well*; she lived *well*; and she died *well*; for she was born with the name of Cresswell, she lived in Clerkenwell, and she died in Bridewell."

Of Dr. Dod, "the Decalogist," we hear:—

Dod on the Commandments.

One Dod, who was a nephew to the minister who wrote upon the Commandments, on arriving as a stranger in London, went up and down Paule's Churchyard, amongst the stationers, enquiring for "his unkle upon the Commandments."

This only anticipated the modern story, recorded as a fact, of a man inquiring at the post-office for a letter from his father in the country. In his time

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Dr. Dod enjoyed the reputation of being an eminent divine, and Granger, the historian, records of him, in 1779, that his "Sayings" had been printed in various forms, and were in such favour amongst rich and poor, that many—on two sheets of paper—were then to be seen pasted on the walls of cottages. An old woman told Granger that she should have gone distracted for the loss of her husband if she had been without Mr. Dod's "Sayings" in the house.

The "Paston Letters" have made us familiar with the family which gave its name to the interesting correspondence, of which specimens were given in a former number of this journal.* It may not be generally known, however, that the family was distinguished for other things besides the talent displayed by its earlier members for letter-writing.

Foolish Jack Paston.

Jack Paston began one time to jeast upon Capon (who sat very silent) and reply'd nothing, and told him merrily he never met with such a dull, clay-pated Foole, that could not answere a word, and bade him remember he out-fool'd him once. "Not so," sayes Capon, "I were a very Foole indeede, to deale with you at that weapon: I know the straine of the Pastons too well, and you must needs be right-bredd for't, for I am sure your Race has not beene witho't a good Foole these fifty yeares and upward."

A Concentration of Talent.

Sir Robert Bell, being in company with Sir J. Hobart, Sir Charles Grosse, etc., in a merry humour would goe make his will, and give every man a legacie; but when he came to Mr. Paston, sayes he, "I know not what to bestow on the: my witt I shall not neede, for thou must needs be well stor'd with that, because thou hast the witt of at least three generations," for his great-grandfather, grandfather, and father were all fooles.

Such unfeeling jests illustrate the rude character of the wit of our forefathers, in days when it was considered no breach of etiquette to sharpen the edge of a witticism even by allusions to personal deformity. The affliction to which such pointed allusion is here made seems to have been hereditary in the family, and was a matter of sufficient notoriety to find its way into Bloomfield's "History of Norfolk." It is there recorded that at an inquisition taken at Norwich Castle on the 3rd day of September, in the ninth year of James I, the jurors found Sir Christopher Paston, who appeared before them personally, to be *Fatuus et idiota*, "a fool and idiot," and that he had been so for a period of twenty-four years.

The following anecdote throws considerable light upon the real character of the unfortunate Lord Bacon, one of whose many failings seems to have been the confidence which he reposed in persons totally unworthy of it. That a man of his intellect could regard any kind of knavery with leniency seems to indicate a weakness in the moral nature, for which no genius, however commanding, can atone.

Lord Bacon.

The Lord Verulam used to say, that he loved to have his throate cut with a razour, and not with a saw; intimating the smooth and keene oyly knaverie of some, and the ragged, rough, and rude knaverie of others.

Whilst upon this subject, it may not be out of place to quote an anecdote recorded by our author of a man whose name has come down to us as the faithful friend of Lord Verulam, in all his distresses and in spite of every disgrace.

Hearing versus Understanding.

Sir Julius Cæsar, Master of the Rolls, was reputed none of the deepest men, and had many slye jerks passed upon him; amongst others, he was once hearing of a cause somewhat too intricate for his capacitie, and his judgment beganne to incline the wrong way. The Court at that time being very loude and clamorous, one of counsell to the adverse part stepps up and calls out, "Silence there, my masters: yee keepe such a bawling, the Master of the Rolls cannot *understand* a word that's spoken."

The benevolence of Sir Julius Cæsar was of a most princely character, and charity in his case may be truly said to have covered a multitude of shortcomings, so far as his legal acumen was concerned. It is on record that a gentleman, who borrowed his coach, was so besieged by an army of importunate beggars, who recognised the equipage of their benefactor, that it cost him more to satisfy their demands than if he had hired twenty coaches in the ordinary way. We have said that he was the intimate friend of Lord Bacon, who wrote some of his most famous works under the shelter of his roof; and if devotion to a fallen friend could merit the noble title of friendship, truly Sir Julius proved himself worthy of the distinction he enjoyed. When ruined in mind, body, and estate, the great philosopher found himself destitute, it was to the liberality of his friend's benevolence that he owed all the comforts he enjoyed; and when, finally, he sank into a premature grave, it was in the arms of this benevolent man that he sighed out his spirit.

The personality of some of the witticisms must have given them at the time a considerable degree of notoriety. In the following we have a specimen of the more harmless of these dangerous weapons.

A Man of Metal.

Sir Richard Bingham was a man eminent both for spiritt and martiall knowledge, but of a very small stature; and, understanding that a proper bigg-bon'd gentleman had traduc'd his little person or corpusculum, with the ignominious tearme of Daude-pratt: "Tell him from mee," says he, "that, when it comes to the tutch, he shall find there is as good silver in a Dande-pratt (which is a very small kind of coine) as in a brodd-fac't groate."

The Dandy-Prats were small coins stamped in the reign of Henry VII, and the "broad-fac't groats" were coins bearing the full visage of bluff King Hal, and were coined originally for fourpence, but were afterwards of the value of eightpence.

In the story which follows, we have a very capital illustration of the character of King James I, whose use of intemperate and profane language, whenever he lost his temper, is matter of history.

An out-of-the-way Reproof.

King James, being hunting in the North, was forc't out of the field by a tempest, and a church being the nearest building, there he takes sanctuarie, and thrusts into an obscure and low seate, being very meanly habited and attended. The minister had newly stept into the pulpitt, and spyed some beames of his Majestie through all those clouds, but took no farther notice on't. He falls to his worke, dichotomizeth his text, and proceeds a little way very logically with the parts; at last he suddenly digresses cleane from the point, and falls into a bitter declamation against swearing, and runns out all his sand upon that subject. The Sermon ended, the King sends for him to dinner, and when they were merry, "Parson," says he, "why dids't thou flee so from thy text?" "If it please your Majestie," sayes he, "when you tooke the paines to come so far out of your way to heare me, I thought it very good manners for me to steppe a little out of my text to meete with your Majestie." "By my saul, mon," sayes the King, "and thou hast mette with me so as never mon did."

* "Leisure Hour" for October, 1873.

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The reproof here recorded was as fearless as it was well-timed, and contrasts favourably with the flattery of the king's courtiers, who gave him the title of Solomon, in allusion to his, supposed, supernatural wisdom. Whether the following narrative can be considered as strengthening the king's title to such a dignity, we must leave the reader to judge: "He took it in his head one day to go and hear causes in Westminster Hall, in order to show his great learning and wisdom. Accordingly, being seated on the bench, a cause came on, which the counsel learned in the law set forth to such advantage, on the part of the plaintiff, that the sagacity of the royal judge soon saw the justice of it so clearly, that he frequently cried out, 'I'se ken the matter unco well! The gude mon is i' the reeght!—the gude mon is i' the reeght! He mun ha' it!—he mun ha' it.' The plaintiff's counsel having ended, his Majesty was for determining the cause immediately, and was much offended, after so plain a state of the matter, that the judges of the court should desire him to hear both parties before they passed judgment. At length, curiosity to know what could be said in such a case, rather than any respect to the rules of the court, made him defer his decision; but the defendant's counsel had scarce begun to open their cause when his sacred Majesty appeared greatly discomposed, and was so puzzled as they proceeded, that he had no patience to hear them out, but starting up in a passion, cried, 'I'se hear na mair; ye're all knaves aleeke! Ye gi' each other the lee, and neither 's i' the right.' "

There is a good story told of that shrewd woman, Queen Elizabeth, which is well worth repeating.

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S KINDRED.

One begg'd of Queene Elizabeth, and pretended kindred and alliance, but there was no such relation. "Friend," says she, "grant it be so, do'st thinke I am bound to keepe all my kindred? Why that's the way to make *me* a beggar."

Her Majesty was exceedingly jealous of the dignity attaching to her position, and although she undoubtedly had numerous maternal relatives occupying a very inferior station in life (which fact gives point to the above anecdote), it does not appear that she ever made any effort to relieve or advance them.

The following was evidently written during the troubled times preceding the revolution, and explains itself.

A PRAYER AMENDED.

At the close of something read by a ballett-monger in the streete, he cryed, "God save the King and Parliament," sayes a merry fellow that went by, "God save the King, the Parliament will looke well enough to save themselves."

We conclude our extracts from this interesting volume with one that may seem almost incredible in the present day, from the barbarous nature of the punishment which was then common enough.

A CUT-PURSE CUT.

A gentleman at a play sate by a fellow that he strongly suspected for a cutt-purse, and for the probation of him, took occasion to drawe out his purse and put it up so carelessly, as it dangled downe (but his eye watch't it strictly with a glance), and he bent his discourse another way; which his suspected neighbour observing, upon his first faire opportunitie, exercised his craft, and having gott his booty beganne to remove away, which the gentleman noting, instantly drawes his knife, and whipps off one of his eares, and vow'd he would have something for his mony. The Cutt-purse beganne to sweare and stampe and threaten. "Nay, go to, sirrah," sayes the other; "be quiete; I'le offer you faire; give me my purse againe, here's your eare; take it, and be gone."

This may appear a very severe retribution for such an offence, but the cut-purses of those days were very desperate characters, and generally united with that branch of their profession others of a more sanguinary character. A certain Mary Frith, or "Moll Cut-purse," who flourished in the reign of King Charles I, distinguished herself by robbing General Fairfax on Hounslow Heath, and by the commission of almost every crime in the calendar. She amassed a considerable fortune, and died in the seventy-fifth year of her age, "but would probably have died sooner," says one chronicler, "if she had not smoaked tobacco, in the frequent use of which she long indulged herself." She left by will a sum of £20 for the conduits to run with wine when King Charles II returned.

One other "merry passage" and we have done.

GOOD ADVICE.

A grave gentleman in this kingdome us'd this phrase often: "Do nothing rashly but catching of fleas."

With this we close the interesting old volume which contains so many curious references to persons and customs not usually met with on the highways of history.

The anecdotes belong to a period which seems all the more remote because of the progress we have made as a nation since they were collected. We may venture to express a belief that one of the most powerful factors in this progress has been the diffusion of that message of "Good Will" which is the highest code of all morality. May we ever keep that standard in view, and so shall our morals become purer, our laws wiser, our words kinder, and our deeds braver, for

"Righteousness exalteth a nation."

DON EMILIO CASTELAR.

THE history of Spain in our own time is a drama of the most thrilling interest, and among the actors in this play, Señor Castelar—or Don Emilio Castelar y Ripoll, to give his patronymic in full—occupies one of the most prominent places. His name is a household word in his native land, and far beyond her borders it is known as embodying almost all the best and noblest, and scarcely any of the less favourable, traits of the Spanish national character. As an orator, Emilio Castelar stands unrivalled; as an author he is distinguished; his acts as a politician and a statesman may be disapproved by many, but in every sphere we recognise in him that true patriotism which places the interest of his country, and of humanity at large, far above every other consideration.

Cadiz is the place where Emilio Castelar was born on September 8, 1832, in the last year of the reign of Ferdinand VII, one of the worst specimens of the Bourbon dynasty. As early as 1834, Queen Maria Christina, who ruled over Spain during the minority of her daughter Isabella, endowed the kingdom with a sort of constitution called the Estatuto Real, and in 1837 she was forced to restore the Cadiz Constitution of 1812; but it was not until the Revolution of Vicalvaro, in 1854, that parliamentary rule became acclimatised in Spain,

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and this was the time when young Castelar, having completed his studies in the Normal School and University of Madrid, first entered the arena of politics, in which he soon made his mark. In 1857 he became a Professor of History in Madrid University. After having for some years contributed to various democratic papers, and defended some of them against which criminal informations had been preferred, he founded, in conjunction with a friend, a weekly journal of his own in 1864.

This periodical soon attracted public attention by its historical articles, in which all the Spanish kings, from the time of Philip II downwards, with the exception of Charles III, were held up to the hatred and contempt of the present generation. But it was not long before it began to take a more active share in the politics of the day. At the commencement of the year 1865, when the Spanish exchequer was at a very low ebb, Queen Isabella offered to abandon the property of the crown called "Patrimonio real," and in exchange take the fourth part of its value in cash. The Government party praised this act up to the skies, and declared that there was no parallel in history of such royal abnegation and munificence, but Señor Castelar, in his paper, published an article entitled "El Rasgo" (the generous sacrifice), in which he endeavoured to prove that the Queen had in reality no legal title in the crown-lands, and that it was cheap generosity to give up a mere shadow of a right for the substantial consideration of several millions.

This article created an immense sensation throughout the country, and Señor Gonzales Bravo, the home secretary, at once resorted to the severest measures against the writer. He called upon Señor Montalvan, the rector of the university, to have him tried by the Senate, and expelled from his chair. The trial took place; the governing body of the university declared that no offence had been committed; and the rector refused to dismiss Castelar. Thereupon the Government superseded Señor Montalvan, but his successor, the Marquis of Zafra, was received with groans and catcalls by all the students, and Señor Castelar became from that hour a hero and a martyr in the eyes of the Spanish public. He went on writing for the most advanced opposition press, and was recognised as a leader of the Republican party. The 22nd of June, 1866, came, when a military riot broke out in Madrid, which had for its object to drive Marshal O'Donnell, the then premier, from power. The insurrection failed, the constitutional guarantees were at once suspended, and Señor Castelar, along with a number of other leading democrats—Sagasta, Bercera, Ruiz Zorilla—were sentenced to that infamous death penalty called the *garrote vil.*

SEÑOR CASTELAR.

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Señor Castelar would undoubtedly have fallen into the hands of his enemies, and suffered the extreme penalty of the law, had not an asylum been provided for him and several of his companions in the house of Mr. Perrey, the United States Consul, who was married to a noble Spanish lady. For some time they remained there, and eventually they all escaped one by one under various disguises. Castelar also made good his flight, and proceeded to France, where he lived for some considerable time in the company of the leading democrats. After this he spent some time in Italy.

About the spring of 1868 he went to stay at Rome, where he had given himself up entirely to the pursuit of literary research, when, one morning, the proprietor of the Minerva Hotel waited upon him to inform him that a warrant of apprehension was out against him, and that he was to be extradited as a revolutionist and fomenter of disorder. It should be remembered that at that time Rome and the Tyrrhenian coast of the ex-Pontifical States were still in the hands of the despotic Papal Government, which, as a matter of course, identified itself with the cause of tyranny throughout Europe. It was half-past nine when Señor Castelar heard the news of his contemplated extradition, and at ten o'clock he was comfortably seated under his wonted disguise in a railway carriage, which carried him off to Naples, where he was under the protection of the tri-coloured Italian flag.

The revolution of September 29th, 1868, known in Spain as the glorious revolution *par excellence*, came, and one morning Queen Isabella found her shaky throne overturned, and herself, together with her major-domo, Marfori, her confessor, Father Claret, and her mystic friend, Sister Patrocinio, on the high road to France. A provisional Government was established under Marshals Prim and Serrano, and Admiral Topete, who had made the revolution, and a new legislature, called "Cortes Constituyentes," was summoned to decide on the future form of government, and give the country a new constitution, the eighth since 1808. Señor Castelar, who had returned to Spain immediately after the outbreak of the September revolution, was returned a member of the Cortes by freedom-loving Saragossa. Don Estanislao Figueras was the recognised head of the large and well-disciplined Republican party in the Cortes Constituyentes, but Don Emilio Castelar was its very soul, and not only the chief orator of his party, but of the entire legislature.

The Republicans, from the very beginning, made a persistent opposition to the monarchical tendencies of the provisional Government and of the majority of the Cortes. They contributed more than their fair share of oratory, ability, and statesmanship to the preparation of the constitution of June 1st, 1869, the most liberal organic law made in Spain since the days of the Cadiz Cortes of 1812, and many of the most beneficial clauses of that constitution are their work; but they staunchly refused to agree to the insertion of the word *rey* in that instrument. They would have no more kings, but only an elected and revocable chief of the Government. However, the new constitution was passed, and, pending the election of a king, Marshal Serrano was appointed irresponsible regent of the kingdom, with Marshal Prim for prime minister. For nearly eighteen months the new crown went begging from one European court to another. From sunny Italy to hyperborean Scandinavia, and from England in the west to Russia in the east, Prim knocked at the door of every royal palace, but nowhere could he find a candidate for the diadem he offered.

On one occasion, being pressed with inquiries in the Cortes, he fumbled about in his pockets, as though he were going to pull a king out of them, and the Republicans repeatedly proposed that the throne should be put in commission so long as the new Warwick remained at work. In July, 1870, the Marshal appeared to have succeeded, when Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern was said to have declared his willingness to accept the crown; but the mere rumour was sufficient to create new difficulties. The Franco-German War followed.

At last, however, the time came, and the man whom the Conde de Reus had been so anxiously looking for. Rome having been taken by the royal troops of Italy on September 20th, 1870, King Victor Emmanuel no longer refused to assent to a member of his dynasty assuming the sceptre of Charles v, and on November 16th the Cortes were at last called upon to elect a ruler, it being understood that Prince Amadeo, Duke of Aosta, the second son of the King of Italy, would accept the crown if offered. Out of 311 votes cast on that occasion, 191 were for Prim's candidate, 63 for the Republic, and 27 for the Duc de Montpensier. Don Ruiz Zorilla, the President of the Chamber, proceeded to Florence to fetch the new king, but while the vessel that carried him was still on sea, an assassin's ball struck the king-maker to his heart, and on arriving at Madrid, on December 31st, 1870, Amadeo found nothing of Prim but the corpse.

Emilio Castelar was of course one of the sixty-three Republicans who opposed the election of the Duke of Aosta, and in doing so he prophesied that the Savoy throne would be but short-lived. In addressing the Progressist party, who had the principal share in the vote of November 16th, 1870, he thus apostrophised them: "You have determined to astonish Europe by your wisdom; is that the reason why, after putting up for two years with a provisional regency, you now put up with an equally provisional monarch? All you want is to have a king of your own, to represent your self-interest and the domination of your party." Soon after the accession of King Amadeo, the fiery tribune proposed to the Cortes to cancel the vote of November 16th. The proposal was of course thrown out, but still the reign of the Savoy prince was an endless chain of disappointments and heartbreakings to him. A Carlist insurrection began to desolate the North of Spain, and one party after another, and one ministry after another, having tried to administer the country and failed, the King in the end sent for Don Ruiz Zorilla, the most Republican of Royalists.

On February 11th, 1873, a little over two years after his accession, Don Amadeo laid down the crown that had made his head lie so uneasy, and retired to his native Savoy mountains. The Cortes, in accepting his resignation, had at once constituted themselves as a National Assembly, and proclaimed the Republic, with Don Estanislao Figueras for President, Don Juan Pi y Margall for Home Secretary, and Don Emilio Castelar for Minister of Foreign Affairs. Don Emilio, in his circular to the Spanish representatives in foreign courts, sought to controvert and refute the notion that Spain is monarchical to the core, and that the Republican party is in a

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microscopic minority there. He promised that what the monarchy had failed in doing the new form of government would succeed in.

The intentions of the new rulers were excellent, but no government has ever met with greater difficulties and had to undergo more arduous labours at the very outset than they did. The Cortes were still in their majority Progressist, and not Republican, and their standing committee raised embarrassments to the ministry at every step. Their own party were hopelessly divided and subdivided. It was understood from the beginning that Spain was to be not a Unitarian Republic, like France, but a Federal Republic, like the United States and Switzerland; but almost every Republican had a different way of interpreting the word "Federal." Without waiting for the decision of the new Cortes Constituyentes that were to meet in the summer, the Republican leaders in several of the provinces of the South —such as Andalusia and Murcia—hastened to proclaim Cantonal institutions, whilst in other parts of the country the Socialists and Intransigentes began to stir.

In the North, Carlism continued to make headway, and the central Government, with a disorganised army and an empty exchequer, was powerless to prevent the raids of the Basques into the adjoining districts of Aragon and Catalonia. But it was at Madrid that the principal difficulty accrued to the Republican rulers. A plot had been laid by the Progressist majority of the standing committee of Cortes to overthrow the ministry and invest Marshal Serrano with the Dictatorship, and on April 23rd this scheme was to have been carried into execution. The ministry, by a skilful strategy, thwarted it, and, having done so, they dissolved both the standing committee and the Cortes themselves, and ordered fresh elections to be held in May. All the monarchical parties thereupon agreed on a system of *retraimiento*, or passive neutrality, and kept away from the polling booths, so that the new Cortes, instead of being the expression of the natural will, were but the representatives of a party, and lacked from the outset the confidence of the nation.

In the meanwhile the revolution went on in its accustomed Saturnian work of eating up its own children. On June 7th Señor Figueras withdrew from the presidency of the Government, and Señor Pi y Margall succeeded him. Señor Castelar availed himself of the opportunity to resign his post likewise, declaring that he would now devote himself exclusively to his duties as a representative of the people. The "rump-Cortes" proclaimed the Federal Republic *sans phrase*, and anarchy became rife even where there had been a semblance of order before. The atrocities of Alcoy appalled all Europe, and Don Juan Pi, being utterly powerless to cope with the tempest, retired after six weeks' rule. Don Nicolas Salmeron, another of that large crop of doctrinaire professors who had propagated the Republican idea for years, took the helm of the state on July 18th, 1873. He and his party had always opposed the principle of standing armies, but when in power and finding that Spain was fast verging into anarchy and chaos, he was but too glad to keep up the *cadres* and the *quintas*, and readily availed himself of the services of the vigorous General Pavia to repress the insurrections in Alcoy, Seville, Cadiz, and Cordova.

But Señor Salmeron himself had heretofore been one of the foremost opponents of capital punishment, and a civil war cannot be allayed without martial law and bloodshed. Conscientious scruples forbade his continuing at the head of a government compelled to acts of sanguinary repression for the preservation of society, and thus, on September 8th, 1873, he laid down his mandate, and Don Emilio Castelar was elected President of the Republic by the Cortes over whose deliberations he had already presided since August 26th. Opinions may be divided on the policy of the Republican party during that terrible year 1873, but no two opinions can exist in regard to the statesmanship displayed by Señor Castelar while actually at the head of the Government. His entire past had been a protest against the system usually followed by the monarchical parties of Spain in repressing the frequent risings of their opponents, but he at once declared that the safety and integrity of his Fatherland was dearer to him than his political opinions, and that he was now prepared to fight against demagogy as he had erst seemed to fight for it—"that demagogy," he said, "which spreads social terror in the air, and lends its shoulders to autocrats to step into power upon. We are dead against it, and shall fight it with all the vigour of our character and all the energy of our authority. We want to prove that true democracy means not only liberty, but also order and justice; that it is not only law, but authority too. That is our ambition. We aim at converting the Republican party into a Government party." Nothing could be stronger than the peroration of the speech he delivered on this occasion. "I cannot and will not consent," he said, "to acts such as we have witnessed. Tax me with inconsistency if you like. I shall let you speak and not defend myself. Have I a right to save my reputation at all costs, and to prefer it to the good of my country? Perish my name! Let posterity cry anathema on me! Let the present generation proscribe and exile me, I care not. I have lived long enough. But the Republic is not to perish through my weakness, and more especially let no one say that the Fatherland has perished in our hands!"

Not quite four months did Señor Castelar's supreme rule last, but when it came to an end the integrity of Spain was saved. Cartagena, where a criminal faction had possessed itself of all the naval and military resources of the country, was on the eve of falling into the hands of General Lopez Dominguez, and throughout the rest of Spain, with the exception of the Carlist provinces, order had been restored. The Cortes, which met again on January 2nd, 1874, were not satisfied with the manner in which he had discharged the duties of his dictatorship, and upon their refusing a vote of confidence he resigned his office. On the same day General Pavia turned the legislators out of their palace, and Marshal Serrano resumed the power he had consigned to the hands of King Amadeo three years before. Señor Castelar himself carried away with him into retirement and exile the respect and affection of all true lovers of their country. Twelve months after, Don Alfonso, the son of Queen Isabella, was raised to the throne by the *pronunciamento* of General Martinez Campos of Murviedro, and in another twelve months a new legislature was called together to endow Spain with a new constitution.

Señor Castelar was the only Republican whom Señor Canovas del Castillo allowed to be returned

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to these Cortes, but though utterly isolated he upheld in them the cause of liberty and humanity. He was one of the most strenuous opponents of that "Catholic unity," which is the name given by Spanish Ultramontanes to religious intolerance, and there has never been a more brilliant advocate of the freedom of conscience that he proved in the debate on the 11th clause of the Constitution of June 30th, 1876. The following is the leading passage of the great speech he made on that occasion :—

"Ah! Conscience cannot be coerced; it is inviolable. You cannot move it with an idea; you cannot move it with a command, let it be ever so peremptory; the most powerful lever cannot raise the most invisible and impalpable thought. The tyrant can persecute sectarians, he cannot proscribe the essence of sects; he can proscribe the believer, he cannot proscribe the belief. The inquisitor lights the furnace, calcines the bones, scorches the flesh, consumes the blood, but he can neither consume nor calcine nor scorch thought, for, from that heap of ashes which the wind disperses to the four quarters of the globe, thought rises, and is communicated in the inevitable communion of spirits to all generations, until the fulness of time arrives."

It may not be uninteresting to compare this declaration with one of his utterances on a previous occasion, *i.e.*, on May 5th, 1869, when he wound up a speech on the same subject with the following eloquent passage :—

"Were I a priest, were I a clergyman, were I to represent Christianity in any character, as this House does at times, which now and then in its deliberations is turned into a temple, I should raise up my hands to God and say, Bless these legislators who set up religious liberty, which is part of Thy love; bless these legislators who reconcile all classes and all the people; bless these legislators, because before them, as before Thy power, there are neither Jews nor heathens, they are men only; bless these legislators, because in carrying great ideas into practice they come near to Thee, and realise upon the face of the earth those two essential principles of Thy ineffable and perfect being—Thy love and Thy justice."

Yet, strange to say, Señor Castelar having never lived in a Protestant country, has that prejudice against Protestantism which is still to be found very frequently among those Spaniards who are more attached to the religion of the senses than to that of the heart or the mind. Witness the fact that in that same great speech of May 5th, 1869, by which he promoted freedom of conscience in Spain, no passage was more vociferously applauded by all parties of the Cortes than one in which he, in sheer ignorance of facts, denounced Protestants, and cast the glamour of his rhetoric over the superstitions of Rome.

Señor Castelar's works are numerous. Those most highly appreciated are his "History of Civilisation in the First Five Centuries of the Christian Era" and his "Historical Studies of the Middle Ages." His collected speeches also are monuments of literature and oratory of the highest class. We may remark, in conclusion, that at the elections of April 20th, 1879, Señor Castelar was once more returned a Member of the Cortes, and, being still in the prime of life, it is to be hoped that for many more years he will be allowed to continue to work in the cause of political and religious liberty, both in Spain and in the world at large.

We hope that Señor Castelar's visit to England will enlarge his political knowledge. He may learn here that a Republic is not necessary for securing civil and religious freedom. He may learn that Monarchy is a word of different meaning in England and in Spain. He may also possibly learn that the Protestant religion is not opposed to patriotism or to progress. Strange that a Professor of History is ignorant of the noble work of the Reformation in the sixteenth century! Strange that he knows not how the suppression of the Reformation was the chief cause of the decline and fall of the Spanish empire!

THE BLACK FOREST.

II.—ITS HISTORY (*continued*).

A FEW large towns arose on the edges of the Great Forest in mediæval times. Freiburg is the principal, founded by the Duke of Zähringen in 1118, then handed over to the Counts of Urach, and next transferred to the house of Hapsburg. In 1386 it became a free town—hence its present name. In 1490 it was constituted an imperial city, and here a celebrated Diet was held in 1499, after which the Treaty of Basle was signed, recognising the independence of Switzerland. Its ancient cathedral is a magnificent structure, and its archbishop is the ecclesiastical superior of the Hohenzollern principality together with the Grand Duchy of Baden. No other place of equal importance belongs to the Black Forest district. Heilbronn lies too far north to come within its confines. Baden-Baden is not to be compared with it in extent and architecture; and Donaueschingen, first heard of in the thirteenth century, though an interesting, is but a small and unimportant town. The fact is that in the Black Forest town life in the middle ages gained but little upon country life. Whilst great old cities were flourishing elsewhere, and ambitious towns were springing up round about them, the Schwarzwald remained with a scattered population of villages, dotted over the verdant valleys, in some cases growing up into small towns, as in Gernsbach, on the River Murg, where a handsome old building of the sixteenth century, used as a town house, indicates the growth there of municipal aspirations at that period.

The Lutheran Reformation penetrated the Black Forest, but the Roman Catholic faith retained its hold on a majority of the people. When the Protestants had by their zeal leavened the community with their doctrines, and after the rulers had favoured the new cause, then came the Jesuit reaction, when Baden-Baden came under the rule of Duke Albert v of Bavaria, who abandoned Protestantism for Popery, and did all that he could to extirpate the former from this, as from other part of his dominions. The Roman Catholics in the Duchy of Baden, according to the census of 1871, numbered 942,560, or about two-thirds of the whole population. The Protestants amounted to 491,008. In Wurtemberg the cause of the Reformation proved more successful, for in the circle of the Black Forest in that kingdom there were in 1871, 329,960 Evangelical Lutherans, and 116,121 Roman Catholics.

The thirty years' war brought a great deal of misery to the Black Forest people, as to other portions of the German race. Some went forth to fight in the great battles that deluged the Fatherland with blood; and at

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Pforzheim there is a monument erected to the memory of 800 men who fell at the Battle of Wimpfen in 1622. Nor did destroying armies avoid altogether the neighbourhood of the Hercynian Forest. The abbey ruins at Herrenalb bear witness to devastations committed by the soldiery. The kingdom of Wurtemberg suffered still more from the troubles of that melancholy period.

In the castle of Baden-Baden, and in the neighbouring parish church, there are memorials of some distinguished rulers of that part of the Forest which lies within the Duchy. Leopold William fought against the Turks and died in Hungary, 1671, in token of which Turks in chains are represented on his monument; and the Margrave Louis William, who, after serving in twenty-six campaigns and doing battle with the Turks, died at the beginning of the last century, appears in the same church commemorated in a piece of very tasteless sculpture. Another Margrave, Frederick, who was also Bishop of Utrecht, is seen on his tomb clothed in armour with a mitre on his head. As we look on these figures we are reminded of distant countries, whither these warriors led their troops, including many a hardy soldier born within the boundaries of Schwarzwald, for in past ages, as in the present, the inhabitants of the Forest have had to unite military duties with peaceful pursuits, and to exchange the green meadows of their lovely vales for the ensanguined plains of other lands.

The fate of the governments of this part of Germany, and to a large extent of the people, has been involved in the revolutions of European politics during the last and present century. The reigning house of Baden, who removed their chief residence to Carlsruhe in 1715, became involved in the troubles of the French wars. A congress was held at Rastadt, near Baden-Baden, to promote peace between France and Austria, when two French delegates were murdered in a neighbouring wood by some Austrian hussars. The congress came to nothing. Charles Frederick favoured the policy of Napoleon, and joined the confederation of the Rhine, which secured for him and his descendants the title of Grand Duke. His grandson, Charles Ludwig Frederick, married an adopted daughter of the French Emperor; but, after the Battle of Leipzig, he joined the German Confederation, in which Baden holds the seventh rank. The fortunes of Wurtemberg were different. Ludwig Eugene took part against the French Republic, in consequence of which a French army invaded his territories. His son, Duke Frederick, after having aided Napoleon against Austria, and raised his duchy into a kingdom by French favour, returned to the German cause when the battle of the nations had checked the ambition of the troubler of Europe on the world-known fields near the city of Leipzig.

III.—ITS SCENERY.

From our imperfect sketch of the history of the Black Forest, we proceed to notice its beautiful scenery. The method we shall pursue is to describe what we have seen in repeated visits paid to this part of Germany, and then to add to our reminiscences hints and illustrations borrowed from accounts given by other travellers.

We shall first turn attention to Baden-Baden and its environs, and indicate certain excursions made from that locality, which forms a convenient starting-point for the survey of the north-western portion of the Schwarzwald. On arriving at that watering-place by rail from Oos, the traveller finds himself surrounded by wooded hills and several hotels of different degrees of pretension. In walking up to the town he sees that there is not much to occupy his attention there. The streets are few and winding, and the shops not of a first-rate description, though affording all which a tourist usually wants. But turning round to the public walks which run by the waterside, which are gratefully shaded by trees and enlivened by stalls and stores containing all kinds of tempting articles—especially glass ornaments brought over from Bohemia—and adorned by the "Conversationhaus," and the Trinkhalle, both buildings of some architectural pretension, he comes upon one of the most attractive promenades of Europe, and can scarcely fail to congratulate himself, if the weather be fair and his spirits buoyant, upon the prospect of future rambles amidst scenes of sylvan loveliness. We must pass by the springs of hot mineral water which have created the town. The parish church, with its monuments, we leave guide-books to describe, and hasten up to the Neue Schloss, whose subterranean passages and prisons we described in a former paper. The ascent is steep, but when the building is reached, the trouble is amply recompensed. Not that the apartments in the castle are at all wonderful, though rather handsome, and interesting for the portraits they contain and the anecdotes communicated by the custodian, but any defects in the house are supplied by the charm of the garden on the upper side, and the views thence obtained of the town and neighbourhood. To ramble there, or to sit under the shadow of the noble trees, is very enjoyable to the hard-worked visitor in search of rest and recreation; and when he has drunk in the enjoyment afforded him after this pause in his upward walk, let him follow the road up the hill, which abounds in direction-posts, pursue the zigzags through the woods, rise from one point to another, commanding views of the valley, till, after two miles' gentle climb, he attains to the Alte Schloss, which crowns a rocky elevation girt by majestic pines. The castle was forsaken by the margraves in the fifteenth century, and was reduced to ruins by the French in the seventeenth; but towers and walls and battlements remain, which can easily be examined, and are suggestive of no inconsiderable feudal grandeur. The copious vegetation which spreads around and clings to the mouldering fragments of architecture, gives additional picturesqueness to the ruins, and a number of Æolian harps, inserted in the old window-frames, add plaintive music in harmony with one's feelings on visiting such a spot. We never can forget the delight with which we first stood on the topmost tower and gazed on the round hills and dark woods on the one side, and the open valley and the far-spreading plain on the other, stretching to the foot of the Vosges Mountains, fields, meadows, gardens, and villages lying between.

There are eminences in the vicinity, commanding various views of the same general description; the Jagdhaus, from which Strasburg can be seen; the Yburg, a conspicuous point on the hills, looking up from the valley; and the Mercuriusberg, which affords a panorama reaching as far as Heidelberg. A votive tablet to Mercury was discovered here, hence its name. To enjoy these spots, more or less

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of walking is indispensable; but there are drives which present competing advantages to those disinclined to do much on foot. A carriage, in the course of fifteen minutes or so, will take you through a charming avenue of oaks to Lichtenthal, where, beyond the convent, there opens a bright green valley of almost Eden loveliness, named Geroldsau, conducting to wooded heights, where, under the shadow of magnificent pines, you are carried along a zigzag road to a little nook, where you discover one of the most romantic waterfalls ever seen, embedded within rocks draped by ferns and towering trees rich in form and hue. The waterfall is about three-quarters of a mile distant from the village of Geroldsau. Another drive, partly along the same road, takes us in the course of an hour or rather more to Gernsbach, on the banks of the River Murg, which waters a valley of pleasant landscapes. Beyond to the south, ten miles from Gernsbach, is Forbach, a flourishing village, where cattle are bred and wood is collected—one of the finest points of the Murgthal: and still farther on are almost interminable forests of virgin fir, and mountain streams are dammed up, that they may float down the hewn timber to the Murg as it flows northward to the Rhine. The Schloss Eberstein, noticed in our former article, overlooks Gernsbach and the Murg valley, and the eye following the winding stream catches here and there glimpses of cosey villages dotting the banks, whilst to the south the waters are seen flowing on to an immense distance, inspiring a wish to explore what lies beyond. The castle itself, now restored, and made a comfortable habitation, is worth looking at with its painted glass windows, pictures, weapons, armoury, and other relics of olden days. There is a good carriage road from Gernsbach up to the castle. Gernsbach can be reached from Baden-Baden by railway, but the only advantage secured by that means is cheapness—the time it takes is longer, and the road is much less interesting. There is a tempting hotel at the foot of the hill, leading up to the castle, with a garden by the river side.

All this part of the Black Forest abounds in pine wood. The pine is the *pinus pinacea*, very different from the Scotch fir. It grows to an enormous height, often 200 feet, has a silvery stem, round, broad, straight, and robust, like "the mast of some tall ammiral," and does not put forth branches until near the top, where it spreads out in a dark-green crown, decked with numerous cones. To stand at the foot of one of these lofty pines, and to look upwards, has a strange effect on the sight and the imagination, especially if at the moment the ear is filled with the murmurings of an adjoining brook, and the music of the wind through the boughs overhead. The whole is calculated to affect the mind with "a sense of sublimity," and it recalls the language of Sir Walter Scott: "All nature seems united in offering that solemn praise, in which trembling is mixed with joy, as she addresses her Maker."

An excursion of greater length can easily be made from Baden-Baden. On a brilliant autumn morning we started by rail to Oos, and on to Achern by the main line. Achern is the third station south of Oos, and the thriving little town which lends the name is situated at the mouth of the Kapperthal, boasting of a monument to the Grand Duke Leopold, and possessing in its immediate vicinity a large lunatic asylum, containing 400 patients. Several carriages are found awaiting the train, and engaging one of these, we directed the coachman to drive to Allerheilegen, about nine or ten miles farther, where there are ruins of a famous abbey, a great object of attraction in these parts, and which we had been advised by all means to visit. The road leads through the Kappeler Thal, a bright green dale, such as are frequent in the depths of the Schwarzwald; and on the left could be seen, high up on the hills, the Brigittenschloss, commanding a noble prospect. Two small villages were passed, and then, ascending by the course of the Achernbach, leaving the Chateau of Rodeck to the left, we reached Ottenhöfen, 1,020 feet above the sea, a German résort containing humble pensions, where people can live for a florin and a half a day. A fine walk can be taken in that neighbourhood, over hill and dale, and across brooks and meadows, and by grottoes redolent with legendary lore; but the carriage road ascends the Unterwasserthal to a place called Neuhaus, when it makes a curve, enabling the tourist to enjoy rich retrospective views of rural tranquillity left behind. From the top of the hill the road descends, and as the carriage winds down, we come upon a densely-wooded dale, out of which rise noble ruins belonging to the ancient abbey of All Saints, of the Premonstratensian order, an order founded by St. Norbert in the twelfth century. They are not equal to those at Tintern, or Fountains, or Melrose, but they are stately, and contain some fine columns and arches and windows, and they cover the whole breadth of the narrow dale. The abbey was founded by the Duchess Uta of Schauenburg in 1196, soon after the institution of the order. We sauntered about on the green turf, where once broad stones were trodden by the feet of the brotherhood; round the crumbling walls, so unsteady that accidents sometimes occur, and a gentleman lost his life fifteen years ago; down the widening valley into depths of wooded pastures; and then rested and refreshed ourselves in a convenient rustic dining-room attached to the inn near the ruins. A drive back in the evening to Achern, where we caught the train which conveyed us home to Baden, completed a most agreeable excursion, which we would commend to every reader who goes that way.

JOHN STOUGHTON, D.D.

A PLEA FOR PRETTY GIRLS.

THERE is a legend of Solomon and the Queen of Sheba. As the story goes, on her visit she tried Solomon's skill in various ways, and among others in the following manner. She appeared before him, standing at some distance, with two wreaths of flowers in her hands, one natural and the other artificial, but so similar that it was impossible to distinguish them. Solomon was at first greatly perplexed, and much annoyed at the idea of being baffled by a woman. However, his knowledge of natural history came to his aid. He observed that there were bees outside the window in the garden; ordering the window to be opened, the bees entered, and all went to the wreath of natural flowers, not one settled on the artificial. This decided the point, and the Queen of Sheba was completely baffled, and more astonished than ever.

Now to apply this pretty tale to young girls. There are in the lady-world, natural and artificial

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beauties. The artificial young ladies are not merely those who are "got up," possibly rouged, dyed, padded, shams, with no adornment but what is got from art; in the mind and in the character, even more than in outward appearance, the difference appears. You can tell them by their manner and their talk, by the books and periodicals they read, and by the amusements and company preferred by them. The natural beauties are strong and healthy with vigorous exercise, artless good-nature dimpling in their cheeks, and honest cheerfulness sparkling in their eyes; they can manage a house as well as play the piano. Sensible young men are sure to see the difference; they will pass by the artificial, and be attracted to the natural beauties.

Pretty girls have pretty faces. The old song says, "My face is my fortune, sir." It is true of every girl, till she reaches a certain age, that her face is no inconsiderable part of her fortune. No wonder then that young ladies should pay some attention to "good looks." I can sympathise with them in this matter, as I, though an old married man, am an admirer of female beauty. There is no lovelier sight than a girl with a pretty face, and that face lighted up with happiness and good-nature. Look on the rose, it is not only beautiful, but it has a delightful odour; the beauty of the rose is the beauty of the girl, especially when that beauty is fragrant with love and goodness.

Pretty girls are pretty in their dress—we mean that they dress neatly, becomingly, and gracefully. We have no sympathy with those who decry dress. To a person who was criticising showy dress too severely, Dr. Johnson replied with admirable sense and spirit, "Let us not be found, when our Master calls us, stripping the lace off our waistcoats, but the spirit of contention from our souls and tongues. Alas! sir, a man who cannot get to heaven in a green coat will not find his way thither the sooner in a grey one." No passion unfolds itself sooner than the love of the ornamental. The savage decorates his person, and the child is more struck with the beauty than the uses of its raiment. So far from limiting ourselves to convenient food and raiment, we enjoy but little a repast which is not arranged with some degree of order and taste, and a man who should consult comfort alone in his wardrobe, would find himself an unwelcome guest in circles which he would very reluctantly forego.

It is true that the propensity to which we have referred often breaks out in extravagance and ruinous luxury. We know that the love of ornament is often vitiated by vanity, and that when so perverted it impairs, sometimes destroys, the soundness and simplicity of the mind. Still it proves, even in its excesses, that the idea of beauty is an indestructible principle of our nature, and this single truth is enough to put us on our guard against vulgar notions of nothing but utility in dress. There may be much pride in the affectation of simplicity, and ladies ought to consult their own good sense and taste in the matter of becoming dress, and not leave themselves helplessly in the hands of milliners and dress-makers.

Pretty girls have pretty tempers, minds, and dispositions. There was a notion which once prevailed in medical science that the breath of a young girl was conducive to longevity, so that it could often restore a dying patient when every other remedy had failed to arrest disease and decay. One thing is certain, that the breath of a good temper is conducive to beauty, health, and happiness in its possessor. The temper and disposition are often mirrored in the countenance. How often will you see a pretty face transformed by passion into that of a fury, absolutely repulsive and repellent, while, on the other hand, native goodness of heart gives the most winning expression to plain features?

Mere regularity of feature is but a small element in beauty. In fact, a doll-like face, whether wooden or waxen, becomes insipid and wearisome. Beauty of expression is immeasurably superior, because the mind beams through it. Mrs. Wordsworth, the wife of the poet, was neither handsome nor even comely, but generally pronounced very plain; and yet she exercised all the practical fascination of beauty by the mere charm of sweetness all but angelic, of simplicity the most entire, womanly self-respect and purity of heart speaking through all her looks, acts, and movements. Pretty girls ought to render their beauty still more attractive by constantly cultivating that goodness of temper which will diffuse over their countenance a sunny benignity and a radiant graciousness.

And then pretty girls ought to remember that their beauty will not last long. The empire of blooming cheeks and sparkling eyes is but transient. They who have only artificial beauty, when the wrinkles of age overtake them, will be reduced to insignificance or become objects of pity. But an intelligent and cultured woman can never be neglected, she will attract notice and confer happiness even when descending into the vale of years. The ravages of time cannot reach the mind, and if to natural culture there has been added divine grace, there is in old age more than the renewal of youth. Death itself cannot strip off the habit of immortality, it will only remove "the excellent woman" from earth, and place her among the white-robed company in the tearless world, and her memory will be fresh and fragrant as ages roll on.

Varieties.

Butter.—One of the largest provision merchants in London states that "every week thousands of pounds sterling are sent into France for fresh butter alone, and that butter sells here for an average price of 3d. per pound more than English. Now this is not sent direct from the French farms, but is bought in the different markets, taken to the magazine, and worked up together. The fact of this being sold at 3d. per pound more than ours ought to be a shame to the English butter-makers."

Highways from England to India. — An American missionary, well acquainted with Central Turkey, writes to a New York paper: "I have often been struck by the remarks of the common people in regard to Alexandretta; when I have expressed my surprise at the enormous amount of merchandise that passes through the place, the reply has always been, 'Alexandretta is the port of Bagdad.' This is true; as you watch the camel-drivers loading on their ships of the desert the great bales of goods from Liverpool and Manchester, if you ask them their destination they reply, 'Aleppo, and thence to Bagdad.' And if you ask the camel-drivers of the immense caravans that head towards the setting sun whence they have come, they answer, 'From Bagdad.' Alexandretta is not only the port of Bagdad, but of all Northern Syria and of Upper Mesapotamia; it is the centre to which all the streams of trade and travel flow from the whole region south of the Taurus Mountains and to the east beyond the River Tigris; it is the key to Northern Syria. The town itself is an insignificant and most unhealthy one, but the position almost as effectually commands the eastern end of the Mediterranean as Gibraltar does

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the western. But Alexandretta is not the only place in these regions that seems likely to pass quietly but really into English hands. Captain Cameron, the famous African explorer, is now at Aleppo, having been authorised by the English Government to examine the country with reference to a railway from the eastern end of the Mediterranean to the borders of India. I am informed, on the best authority, that Captain Cameron has decided that, in his opinion, the Mediterranean terminus of that railway should be at Tripoli in Syria. From Tripoli the road will run to Aleppo, thence to the Euphrates at Biridjik, thence to Oorfa, and from Oorfa to the valley of the Tigris, passing near Mardin, thence down the Tigris to Bosrah, at the head of the Persian Gulf; thence along the coast of that gulf, and along the northern coast of the Gulf of Arabia to Kurrachee, one of the great railway centres of India."

NIGHTINGALES.—All the poets have forged epithets to characterise the bird, and as they all differ, the question arises who amongst them is right and who wrong. The bird is variously described as sad, merry, loud, soft, monotonous, and various in its song. Hartley Coleridge tried to make up his mind, but failed :

"Oh nightingale, what doth she ail,
And is she sad or jolly?"

In the "Minstrelsy of the Woods" the song is described as a "plaintive lament." It is a curious circumstance that Shakespeare, who describes the song as a complaint, appears not to have been aware of the habit of the nightingale of singing by day as well as by night. For example, in the "Merchant of Venice," v. 1, we read :

"The nightingale, if he should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren."

But Cowper, a careful and loving observer of nature, knew of the day-song of the bird, as proved by his lines :

"The nightingale that all day long
Had cheered the village with his song."

It is a matter of the first importance in discussing these matters to bear in mind that nightingales differ very considerably amongst themselves, and hence many of the descriptions that are so opposite may nevertheless be true, and in some cases they certainly are so. For example, when the bird is young and strong it sings from night to morning without stopping, and but rarely speaks in the day. In this stage of its being it is called by the birdcatchers a *nocturnal*. But when six or seven years old, or when out of health or spirits, it takes to singing by day as well as by night, and makes many distinct pauses, sometimes of several minutes, between the several strains. This kind of bird is called a *moper*, and is never valued so highly as a nocturnal. But not only do individual birds change in habit, but they also differ individually ; so that some naturalists contend that there are two species, while others are content to reckon them as varieties. Bechstein distinguishes them as "the nightingale" and "the greater nightingale," and there can be no objection to this, provided it be understood that individual differences do not constitute specific distinctions, for in truth there is but one species of nightingale, but the birds differ in various degrees in size, plumage, and song. At this very time some nightingales that have been singing gloriously have become mute, while others continue in full song. Those that are mute have reared a family, while those that are still vocal have not found mates or have lost their mates, and sing in the hope of yet becoming happily mated.—*Shirley Hibberd.*

AFRICAN OUTFIT.—An assistant-commissary general gave some hints to officers starting for Zululand. As most of the hints are useful to travellers and sportsmen, as well as to soldiers, they are worth preserving. "A saddle should be got, as far as possible, to fit any horse. A couple of plain bridles, girths for that climate should be of hide in strips, and not a whole piece. The rough Cape pony grooms himself to perfection. The saddle is taken off, he carefully selects a dusty, soft place, kneels down, rolls over on his back with all fours kicking in the air, gets up, shakes himself, and is groomed—this, perhaps, in the middle of the day's journey. A bundle of forage is thrown to him, and he is happy. If your saddle should be on him he will give it a roll at the same time. Do not forget useful, strong shooting-boots ; the best grease for them is a mixture of tallow or fat, with beeswax and resin. It preserves the leather, and boots polish better afterwards. It is a good mixture for a gun, and keeps it from rust. Every sportsman should take a muzzle-loader—also a breech-loader if he likes—but you are so far away from the coast, and the means of transport to an outpost is uncertain, that there is not the same dependence on cartridges as there is on plain powder and shot, caps and wads. I always kept one barrel loaded with ball, and the shot should be of the largest size for some of the game. Do not neglect a long clasp-knife, or a knife to go in a sheath which is strapped to the side ; the blade seven or nine inches long and an inch wide ; a good steel and sharp. This is the *vade mecum* of the Cape sportsman—a bowie-knife in fact—for having shot your large game, you want the knife to cut off its head. Clothes.—Two suits of corduroy or moleskin are absolutely necessary, for, once past Natal, adieu to collars, white shirts, etc. The suits should be of not too heavy material, and pockets should be plenty and strong. A hammer and axe combined in one, and some plain nails, string—needle and thread are things so often forgotten and always wanted that I may be pardoned for mentioning such trifles. Riding trousers should be cord, and double-seated with same material, not leather ; but had the bottom of the trousers six inches of leather the same colour as the cord it would be better. The Cape is a dry and very dusty place, and the mimosa and other thorny bushes play havoc with clothes that are not of a stoutish material, to say nothing about the thorns going through light material. In conclusion, the less flimsy things the better. Troops in the Kaffir war came out of the bush with their clothes torn to shreds. Any old linen that can be converted into tinder will be useful, for, strange to say, those in the front may have to go back to flint and steel when matches are not to be got. The tinder-box for lighting the pipe can be purchased in the Cape. Do not forget the tobacco, but avoid 'Cape smoke.' No officer will go far wrong if he takes six shirts of very stout material. Two portmanteaus, strong ones, packed so as to be of equal weight, both being the same size, and not large, will be the more easily carried across the *bât* horse, and valise and bed go on the top between them."

CLIMATE.—A young gentleman who had received a special mark of his sovereign's favour by being appointed to represent her Majesty in one of the most insalubrious stations on the West Coast of Africa, called in at the Colonial Office to make inquiries as to what might be the retiring allowance pertaining to the post. The obliging clerk, after a prolonged search through a series of documents, looked up at the hopeful young man, and blandly said, "I do not find, sir, a single instance of a retiring allowance having been paid to gentlemen who have gone out to this particular station."

PATRIOTIC FUND.—Application having been made for a grant from the Patriotic Fund in aid of the subscription for victims of the Zulu War, the Commissioners have issued the following statement : The Patriotic Fund was established under a commission isued by her Majesty in 1854 for the relief of the widows and orphans of the soldiers, sailors, and marines who might "die amid the ravages and casualties of the Russian War." The sum of £1,460,000 was collected at that time for these objects, and this sum has received additions from investments. Out of the fund thus created, the sum of £1,470,000 has been disbursed in allowances to widows and orphans, and in educational allowances to orphans. At an early period of the administration of the fund a part was appropriated to the erection and endowment of two schools, situated on Wandsworth Common, capable of receiving 500 children of soldiers and sailors, which are called the Royal Victoria Patriotic Asylums for Girls and Boys. The part thus appropriated amounted to nearly £280,000. In addition, the sum of £46,000 was appropriated to the purchase of nominations for the admission of sons and daughters of officers to the Wellington College, the Royal Naval School, and other institutions. There is now remaining in the hands of the Commissioners a sum of nearly £470,000 ; but this sum is, in the judgment of the actuary of the Commissioners, not more than sufficient to cover the claims of the persons on the books of the fund under existing arrangements. In 1867 it was considered desirable that the appropriations made by the Commissioners for the schools and nominations above mentioned should be sanctioned by Parliament, and an Act was passed (30 and 31 Vic., cap. 98) confirming those appropriations. These schools and nominations are now made available for the orphans of any war. The committee are ready to receive children of soldiers, sailors, and marines of the present wars into the schools at once, and will be able to grant admissions, as vacancies occur, for children of officers into institutions where they have the right of nomination. Applications for such admissions and nominations should be made to the Secretary of the Patriotic Fund, 5, St. Martin's Place, W.C.

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THE LEISURE HOUR.

BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,
AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND.—*Cowper.*

BOOK TASTING.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BOY AND MAN," ETC.

I.

"WHAT are you doing with those books, good woman?" said Dr. Karl Blattstaub, ex-professor in the grand-ducal college of Hoch-wodu-willst, in a querulous tone to his housekeeper, Martha Schlank. The poor man was lying almost helpless upon his couch, and in great pain, from an attack of rheumatism, and saw with anxiety his careful servant and nurse and friend and factotum flourishing among his precious books, which were almost the only solace of his life, with a duster.

"They have not been touched for a month," she replied, gently; "they must be dusted sometimes, dear master."

"By no means," he answered; "it is quite unnecessary. Leave them alone, I say. A coat of dust does no harm as long as it is undisturbed; if you

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wipe it away it soon settles again, and has to be rubbed off once more; and rubbing is bad for the books."

Martha was always careful to touch the precious volumes only with a gentle hand; and, notwithstanding her master's remonstrance, she continued her dusting, using an old silk handkerchief for the purpose.

"Dust upon books is like snow on the ground," the ex-professor resumed; "it protects them; it is only when the duster comes, or the thaw, that any harm is done. Take care how you put them up again, pray."

"Yes," she said. "See, now, I have replaced them exactly as they were, and all in their proper order."

"Why, bless me, good woman!" he exclaimed, "look at Pindarus."

"Who?—where?—what?"

"*Editio princeps et Aldina*—the duodecimo on the top shelf—1513—most rare and valuable—'Pindarus'—don't you see? He is standing on his head; reverse him this minute, or I must get up and do it myself."

"Lie still!" she cried. "I will do it, if I can only find out which book you mean."

"Pindarus, I tell you; that volume, vellum-bound, without any name upon it."

"Ah! now I see. I cannot tell which is the top and which is the bottom of a book when it has no names or labels."

"But I can," said the doctor, who knew every mark and stain upon the old vellum covers of his favourites, "and it vexes me to see my books ill-used."

"There, then," she said, "I have set him upright again, so be easy."

Martha Schlank knew very well that her master was in pain, and she could put up with any little irritability that he might manifest under such conditions. Moreover, he was poor, having been long disabled both from his tutorial and literary work; and the weather was cold, and he had great difficulty sometimes in procuring even the necessaries of life, to say nothing of the comforts almost equally essential to an invalid.

"Bless you," she said, turning to him with a smile, "why are you so anxious? You are not afraid that the letters will drop off the pages, are you?"

"I like to see books properly treated," he answered, more pleasantly. "See, now, how you have misplaced that lower shelf. Aristotle and Athenæus side by side! and so jammed up in consequence, that the great philosopher has no room to move, *peripatein*: it tears the binding to force books in and out in that way. Aristotle, too—the folio—is now standing on his head, like Pindar."

By dint of great patience on the part of good Martha Schlank, the books were all properly arranged at last; and the ex-professor being appeased, went on talking, partly to her and partly to himself, in a pleasanter humour.

"Aristotle, of all others," he said, "ought not to be exposed to such unworthy treatment; of him, more than of most authors, it might be said in the words of the poet,

> '*Os homini sublime dedit, cœlumque tueri*
> *Jussit, et erectos ad sidera tollere vultus.*'

We all have our reverses, but for Aristotle to be upset in that fashion is too bad! you would not like it yourself, Martha!"

"No," she said; "but that is a different thing."

The difference was not quite so apparent to the doctor as to his housekeeper. The books were his oldest, and almost his only friends; intellectually they were more to him than the good faithful creature who waited upon him with so much tenderness and devotion. He had spent all his spare money upon them, and nearly all the pleasure and interest of his life was centred in them.

"Just give me that volume of Aristotle here," he said, and taking the book from Martha's hand, he opened it tenderly. It was long since he had handled it, for it was an old and choice edition, and extremely scarce; and he used a cheap modern "Tauchnitz" for his ordinary work. He dwelt upon its pages now as if they had been so many beautiful pictures, and seemed to find pleasure even in the abbreviations and contortions which abounded in the old Greek type, although clearly and beautifully printed. Presently, a piece of paper which had been shut up between the leaves dropped from the book and fluttered down upon the floor.

"Take care," cried Martha; "the letters are falling off now."

"It is only one of my notes," said the doctor.

"A note indeed!" she answered, taking it up and examining it open-eyed and open-mouthed. "Why, my dear Doctor Blattstaub, look at this!"

"Ten gulden, as I am alive!" cried the doctor; "I can scarce believe my eyes. How came it there I wonder. I must have put it in one day to mark the place when I was collating, not seeing what it was."

"No doubt," Martha answered. She had herself often seen him take up a letter, or anything that happened to be within his reach, without looking at it, and place it between the leaves of a book while turning from one volume to another. "I wonder whether there are any more where that came from," she added, eagerly.

"I fear not," said the doctor. "I could not have used more than one or two at most in that way without missing them, they have always been so scarce."

But they looked the book carefully through, notwithstanding. It was a long process, and Martha soon got tired of it; for at every tenth page, or thereabout, the ex-professor lighted upon some passage that interested him, and would stop to read it, forgetting entirely the object of his search. He got through it at last, but no more notes were found, and they were fain to content themselves with the one which had so unexpectedly turned up. They had been in great straits, and it promised relief from their immediate wants. So Martha Schlank put a handkerchief over her head, and went forth at once to get it changed, and to buy some necessaries.

"This kind of note is of some use," she said to herself; "it is better than all the 'Vosses' and 'Span'ms' and 'Variorums' that the good professor talks so much about. I can't tell what they be, for my part, but I know what this is. I hope I may find another or two yet. I'll give every book on the shelves a good shake up to-night after the master is in bed, if I should shake every letter off upon the floor, and have to sweep them up and sort them afterwards." And she went on her way, smiling, partly at her own good joke, and partly at the thought of what she was to buy with the ten-gulden note between her fingers.

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II.

Although Martha Schlank carried out her purpose, and submitted every book upon her master's shelves to a searching and most undignified ordeal, turning them all ways and blowing the leaves apart after a fashion that would have made the ex-professor shudder, if he had not been asleep, she could find no more notes, except those at the foot of the pages. She had flattered herself that the books, which she thought had never been of much use to any one so far, might have turned out to be a mine of wealth to her master at last. She had never felt any desire to open them before, but now she addressed herself to the many-volumed Plato, as if he had been Pluto, the giver of wealth; and all the authors of the golden and silver periods were put upon their trial, but proved wholly wanting in the precious metals which they were supposed to represent. The only thing which fixed the good woman's attention was a small figure inside the covers of some of them, representing, as she supposed, the prices at which they had been bought and sold; though these were so enormously above her conception of the value of the soiled and dingy old volumes that she could hardly believe it possible that any one had really paid so much money for them. She had heard her master say, indeed, that they were very precious, but she had looked upon that as one of his eccentricities. The conclusion she came to now was that it was no wonder he should be so poor if he had really thrown away his money when he had any, in that insensible manner.

These thoughts often returned to the good woman when the long winter days drew on, and Dr. Blattstaub's infirmities increased, and his temper became more irritable, and there was little money coming in, and all the necessaries of life were getting dearer. It seemed hard that money should be locked up in such a useless form while they were so greatly in want of it; and often when the ex-professor was not looking she would take down one or other of the precious volumes and examine the price-mark in the cover, and sigh to think how useful such a sum would be just then. She knew that her master could not part with any of them without a pang; but was he not suffering grievous pangs already which money might alleviate if it could not cure? Yet things went on from bad to worse, and had come to a very bad state indeed before Martha could summon courage to tell the ex-professor what was in her mind. She brought herself to the point at last, however.

"You don't often look at those books now," she said. "Is it not a pity that they should stand there in a row, doing no good to anybody, and eating their heads off?"

"Eating their heads off; what do you mean?"

"It's the same thing," she said; "if you had as much money as they are worth, you could get a good return for it. The books are of no use except to look at, while you want good things to eat and drink. If I were you I should part with some of them."

"Part with them! Do you mean *sell* them?"

The good woman hardly dared to answer yes, so she said nothing.

"Ah me!" he cried; "poor me! I have had them so many years. I picked them up one by one, cheap, very cheap; but they are worth a great deal of money now."

"So much the more reason for parting with them," she said.

"Yes, yes; perhaps. A poor man, as I am, has no right to keep such treasures on his shelves. I have been thinking for some time past that it would come to this."

Martha Schlank breathed a sigh of relief. Her proposal had been in a manner anticipated, and her task was comparatively an easy one.

"The worst of it is," he went on, "that if I were to sell them, I might never see them again."

"That is true," she replied; "unless one of the professors of the grand-ducal college would buy them, or one of your old friends."

"I will not trouble my old friends," he said; "it would be like asking them for money; and it would come to the same thing in the end."

"Then I had better take one or two to Master Scharfsinn, the bookseller, in Bleiche-strasse, and see what he will give you for them."

"Scharfsinn is an old Jew; he will want to buy them for nothing."

"I will bargain with him roundly. But perhaps he will not know what they are worth."

"He knows well enough, but he will not admit it. He will not give one-half nor one-fourth of their value."

"I can try, however."

"Well," said the invalid, with a sigh, "I fear there is no help for it. I will give you one or two of the least valuable to begin with. I have bought many good books from him in time past, and he ought to deal well and fairly with me now."

Martha hastened to make ready for her errand, fearing all the while that Dr. Blattstaub would change his mind. It was a long time before he could decide which of his books should be the first to leave his shelves. He had them taken down and replaced a dozen times; for each had some peculiar claim upon his regard, each called to mind some pleasant association which made it specially painful for him to part with it. He made his selection at last, however; and placing two or three on the table, covered his eyes with his hands while his housekeeper wrapped them up in a cloth and put them into her basket. Then, without another word, she turned towards the door and was gone. Yes, gone! She would return; but the books—never! He almost shed tears as he thought of it.

III.

Jacob Scharfsinn's "Buchhandlung" was a long narrow place, which was not so much a shop as an open stall, having been, in fact, the carriage entrance of a large house and courtyard at a time when Bleiche-strasse was a more fashionable locality. It was enclosed now on all sides except the front, which was still left open, that customers might enter without restraint and be tempted to purchase; only at night it was closed with long shutters. No one knew where Jacob Scharfsinn lived, or whether he had any home at all; but all day long he sat watching his books and his customers, and a cold weary time it must have been for him in the winter, when the ground was covered with snow, and long icicles hung down, like a glistening cornice or fringe, over the front of his retreat. But he was always well wrapped up, and made himself as comfortable as he could, sitting in a high-backed chair upon a little platform,

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which kept his feet out of the draft, with a quantity of dry straw about his legs and a pan of burning charcoal between his knees. The boys who ran past on their way from school were apt to take liberties with him, making a feint of snatching at his books, knowing very well that he would not leave his perch to meddle with them as long as they kept within certain bounds. He was used to this, and though he would rave at them and scold them, he did not trouble himself much about their tricks. The only thing that really vexed him was when they came with malice aforethought and, standing at a safe distance, threw stones into his charcoal pan, under pretence of kindly giving him chestnuts to roast, making the burning coals fly about, into his lap, or among the books, and sending a shower of sparks into his eyes. But that was a dangerous game for them, as it brought him forth like a lion upon them, and only the elder boys, who ought to have known better, ventured it. There was another annoyance of quite a different kind to which the bookseller was exposed, namely, when a passenger would halt at his stall, select a book, and stand there reading it for half an hour or more at a time; or perhaps flit from one volume to another, evidently searching for some particular passage or quotation, and finally go away without asking the price of the book or showing any desire to purchase it. At such times Jacob Scharfsinn could not always keep silence. "You had better buy that book," he would say; "I cannot afford to give you its contents for nothing;" and if the intruder declined to act upon the hint he would call after him, "You have robbed me. Restore what you have taken away, or pay me for it." Restoration was of course impossible under such circumstances, and the bookseller had to put up with his loss, if loss it could be called, which made another man richer and himself no poorer.

The old man's temper had been disturbed by trials of this kind on the day when Martha brought him three of her master's books to ask what he would give for them.

"I can't afford to give anything," he said. "People come here and read my books, and go away without buying, and it would be only fair if I were to take yours and keep them without paying for them. And these books are of no real value. Dr. Blattstaub knows that very well. He has better books than these, and should send them if he wants money."

A great deal of patience and perseverance was required before Martha could soothe the old man's excited feelings and extract from him what was, after all, a very inadequate price for the books she had to offer. "Bring me some of his Elzevirs and Aldines," he called after her, as she hurried away with the money, "and I will pay well for them. I know the professor has some."

A few days later Mr. Scharfsinn's patience was again severely tried. The weather was colder than ever, and he was fain to rise from his chair from time to time, in order to stamp upon the ground and warm his feet. He had just settled himself after one of these *excursuses* as he called them, and was thawing the tips of his fingers over the glowing charcoal, when an elderly man, tall and lean, but wiry and healthy-looking, thinly-clad, yet with the manner and bearing of a gentleman, notwithstanding a certain carelessness in his apparel, stopped at the stall and began eagerly to inspect the books. He took down one after another, replacing some without a second glance, but dwelling upon the pages of others with interest. He even proceeded to take notes in a small book which he drew from his pocket, and tucked one volume under his arm while referring to another, wholly unconscious where he was, and regardless of the scowl with which the owner of the books regarded him. When at length he began to replace the books upon the shelves, the old man, concluding that the stranger was not a buyer, but a taster only, could contain himself no longer.

"Have you found what you wanted, sir?" he asked, sarcastically.

"Yes, thank you," the other answered, in the most innocent manner possible. "Yes, thank you."

"And is there nothing else that you would like to look at?"

"I don't know. There may be, perhaps," the stranger said, casting his eyes again over the shelves, and taking down one of the volumes which Martha had brought only a few days before.

"How curious!" he muttered to himself; then, turning to the bookseller, asked, "Where did you get this book, my friend?"

"Stole it," said the other, curtly.

"Did you? No, you don't mean that, I'm sure," he answered, in an absent, matter-of-fact way.

"Why not? Other folks make free with the contents of my books; why should not I go upon the same plan, and steal the books themselves?"

"I am going to buy this book, at all events," said the stranger, beginning to understand him. The purchase was soon effected, and the stranger again inquired whence the dealer had it.

"It is not a fair question," Jacob Scharfsinn answered. "I bought it of an honest man, and paid a fair price for it. You have now done the same; that is enough."

Doctor Hertz, to give him his name and title, was not so sure about the fairness of the price; he had paid it without demur, but he knew that the charge was excessive.

"Why won't you tell me the name of the honest man who sold it to you?" he asked.

"Why should I?"

"Why should you not?"

"For good reasons. The honest man may have other books to sell; it is my business to buy them. That may be your business also, for anything I know. I prefer to keep my customers to myself."

Dr. Hertz bit his lip, evidently annoyed.

"Tell me, at least," he said, after a pause, "whether you have many dealings with this Dr. Blattstaub?"

"Doctor Blattstaub! How did you know his name?"

"It is here, in this book, in his own handwriting."

"And how do you know his handwriting?"

"He is one of my oldest friends. I am a stranger here, and did not know that he was residing in this town. I must find him out now, and go to see him. Now will you tell me where he lives?"

"Yes, if you will first assure me that you are not a book-buyer like myself."

"To say that I am not a book-buyer would be untrue," said the other. "I buy a great many books."

"For yourself, or to sell?"

"For a public institution of which I am librarian."

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"Then I will supply you with all that you require."

"I buy old and scarce editions wherever I can pick them up. You could not procure such for me."

"Yes I can; come to-morrow and I will show you some."

"Very well; and in the meantime tell me where I can find Dr. Blattstaub."

"No, sir; business first, if you please. To-morrow I may be able to tell you. To-day I cannot."

Dr. Hertz turned away, but was recalled by the voice of the bookseller. "Here are two more books that belonged to your friend," he said; "will you buy them?"

"Are these all that you have of his?"

"Yes; all at present. Let me send them home for you."

"No; I will carry them myself."

"You will come to-morrow, then? I shall have some excellent editions ready for you. An Elzevir Horace, 18mo, and an Aldine, second edition, more correct than the first."

"I will come; I will come," cried the other, eagerly.

"A splendid Aristotle, seven folio volumes; Aldus's best work!"

"I will come; I will come," he repeated. "You are not deceiving me?"

"Certainly not."

"I will come, then, early; unless—unless these books also are Dr. Blattstaub's. In that case I may prefer to deal with him directly; and as you would not trust me with his address I shall feel myself quite at liberty to do so."

"It would not be fair nor right," cried Sharfsinn, unable to conceal his vexation.

"It would be quite fair and right," said the other. "If you had told me where to find him I might have felt a scruple on the subject; but now I can have none."

"You will not find him," said the bookseller.

"I shall try," said the other, and departed.

IV.

Dr. Blattstaub had been in great pain all day; and though he had not much faith in medical aid, he had consented to let Martha Schlank go for a surgeon who lived in the next street, and who was always ready to do what he could for the ex-professor, though it must be confessed that that was not much.

"As soon as the winter is over you must try change of air," the doctor had said. "You must go to Wiesbaden and have some baths; yours is just the case for such treatment. You will get well, Dr. Blattstaub, you will get well if you will do as I say. I have told you so before. Go to Wiesbaden; nothing else will cure you."

Herr Meyer was gone, taking with him a prescription which he had written, and which he promised to get made up for the invalid, though, beyond a little present relief, not much was to be expected from it. That other prescription, change of air and warm bathing at Wiesbaden, could not be so easily dispensed. Folks cannot travel, even when in health, without spending money. Holiday-making is costly; a week or two of it will sometimes swallow up the savings of a year; with many a family it is the beginning of poverty and debt. For invalids going from place to place it is yet more expensive; and, unless it can be done comfortably, is likely to prove more injurious than beneficial.

"We must look forward," said Martha, with a desire to comfort her master. "We must look forward, and upward."

"Upward, yes," he replied; "upward, yes!"

"We must get you to the baths somehow or other," she continued; "where there's a will there's a way. We shall manage it, no doubt."

"Impossible! Ah! you are looking at my poor books again; they will have to be sold sooner or later; but they will not supply more than our every-day wants if this goes on."

"But it must not go on. If we could get you to Wiesbaden you would, please God, recover the use of your limbs. You could then go on teaching and writing and earning money as before. It would be best to get what you can for the books, and spend it in that way, and then trust God for the future."

The ex-professor shook his head wearily. In the first place, he could not make up his mind to part with all his precious volumes at once. It was bad enough to let them go one at a time, as necessity required; he could not bring himself to make a clean sweep of the shelves at one stroke. And in the second place, he was too ill and depressed to think it possible that he could travel, or that such a change could benefit him if he did.

While they were talking thus a knock was heard at the door, and the surgeon returned followed by a stranger.

"I have brought you the medicine," he said; "and as your case is a painful one and in some respects peculiar, I have taken the liberty of introducing a friend whose advice and assistance may perhaps be of service to you."

"You are very kind; but I do not wish to give any more trouble," Dr. Blattstaub said, for he feared another fee might be expected.

"It is no trouble; I have asked to be admitted for my own pleasure," said the stranger, fixing his eyes with a kind but eager expression on the sufferer.

"I am afraid you will not be able to do much for me; Herr Meyer will tell you—"

But Herr Meyer the surgeon had vanished, leaving him to describe his own symptoms.

"Let us see," said the new-comer, and taking a chair he placed it near the invalid, and proceeded to ask him some questions as to the nature of his ailment.

"We must go a little further back," he said, presently. "You ought to tell me some particulars of your past life, which may account for your present infirmity. It has not been an idle life, I am sure."

"Indeed it has not," old Martha exclaimed; and seeing that her master was tired and in pain she took upon herself to answer the stranger's questions for him, enlarging, as she did so, upon the doctor's extraordinary talents and learning, his devotion to literature, his hard work, early and late at his books and writings, in addition to his regular professional duties, warming as she went on and giving vent to many painful truths, regardless of her maste 's occasional remonstrance. She would never have dreamt of making such an exposure to a total stranger, but this good man looked at her with so much kindness and sympathy that she was led on to speak to him out of the fulness of her heart, as if he had been an old familiar friend, with a rising hope that the "somehow or other" of the ways and means

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for her master's cure might be found through his assistance. She could fancy that the stranger's fine intellectual features quivered with emotion, and that a tear trembled on his eyelashes, as he sat there listening to her and looking quietly at the subject of her discourse, while Dr. Blattstaub, himself a little overcome by her sad story, leant back in his chair, pitying himself, and only uttering now and then a "Still, woman, be still!" or some other low word of remonstrance, to which she paid no attention.

Suddenly, while she was yet speaking, the stranger rose, leaned forward, and taking Dr. Blattstaub's hand in his own, pressed it gently, yet with warmth. The invalid looked up with surprise, evidently touched by this generous impulse on the part of one who seemed to be a total stranger to him. Still more astonished was he when his visitor, bending over him, kissed his forehead and his lips. It was many years since he had received such a salute. The learned doctor was not what could be called a genial man, and had few intimate friends. His occupation as a professor, devoted to study, placed a certain distance between him and those among whom his life was passed. They respected him, but were never on familiar terms with him. His face flushed now with something of displeasure at what he conceived to be a liberty on the part of this unknown visitor, and shrinking from him he leaned back in his chair and looked sharply into his eyes. For a moment more they sat facing each other; the countenance of the one beaming with tenderness, the other looking at him with doubt and wonder. But as Dr. Blattstaub gazed the hard lines about his forehead and mouth relaxed, his eyes kindled, his lips parted.

"Karl, don't you know me?" the stranger cried. "Have you quite forgotten your old friend Hertz? your old college chum—you old—?"

"Ernst! is it thou indeed?"

His voice trembled, and he could not speak another word, and they embraced again, like children.

"Why, Ernst, how many years is it since thou and I parted?" Dr. Blattstaub asked when he had recovered himself;—"twenty—thirty—aye, more! where hast thou been, my old, old friend?"

Many such questions were asked on either side and answered. They had been students together at the University, and dear bosom friends for two or three years afterwards. Then they had gone their several ways in life, and, after continuing for a short time to correspond, had lost sight of each other. Yet though out of sight they had not been altogether out of mind. No after friendship had equalled in warmth and constancy that first attachment. The romance of early life, the sympathy of young and fervent hearts, the mutual respect and esteem which they felt for each other, had never been forgotten.

"And how didst thou find me out, Ernst? How didst thou find thy way to this poor place?"

Dr. Blattstaub looked round him at the walls of his apartment as he spoke, not with any dissatisfaction, but rather with a feeling of pleasure in the thought that adversity had had no power to abate his old friend's ardour for him.

Dr. Hertz drew from his breast-pocket one of the volumes which he had purchased at the bookstall. "This was my guide," said he. "I did not even know that you were living in this town, or living anywhere, but I found your name inside the cover, and I knew your handwriting. I even recognised the book as one which I had seen in your possession. Here are others," he added, unfolding his handkerchief; "see, I have rescued them all from the hands of the spoiler."

"Well done!" cried the doctor. "I rejoice to see them again and in your possession; now I shall be contented. You will value them and take care of them. I shall make myself easy about my treasures now. There are others on the shelves. I will show you them by-and-by."

"That man refused to give me your address, but I found it out, and then I met your doctor in the street and he brought me to the door and told me how ill you were, and so I came in with the bottle and the pills."

"You have done me more good already than they will. The sight of you has taken away my pain."

Dr. Blattstaub waved his hand gaily as he spoke, but checked himself, with a grimace which belied his words. He was very happy, however; and presently his chair was wheeled round and he regaled himself and his friend with a sight of the books. They were very busy with them, Dr. Hertz holding one of the seven volumes of the precious Aristotle upon his knees, and turning its pages over with a loving hand, when a knock was heard at the door, and old Jacob Scharfsinn thrust his head into the room. He was come to bargain for the remaining books, but as soon as he caught sight of the profile of his late customer side by side with that of the ex-professor, and saw the much-prized volume on his knees, he knew that his errand was in vain, and turning away without a word, (except perhaps a muttered *pleonasm*), quitted the room. Dr. Blattstaub never troubled him again. His friend Hertz, who was on a book-buying tour, having been commissioned to collect some valuable works for the grand-ducal establishment of which he was librarian, was glad to purchase all his best editions, and to give him a liberal price for them.

V.

Dr. Blattstaub has been to Wiesbaden, and it has done him all the good that his doctor prognosticated. He can walk about, leaning on his friend's arm, or with the help of a stick only. Beyond a little stiffness of the joints very little trace of his late troublesome illness remains. He has resumed his literary work, and has also some private pupils, and he and Martha Schlank live much more comfortably, and with comparatively little anxiety or care. His books are in good keeping, and he is quite contented to be without them, knowing that they occupy a place of honour in a public library. Moreover, he can go and see them when he will—it is only a few hours' journey by rail—and he has a general invitation to stay with his old friend, and consult his old favourites. He has no fear that they should be set to stand upon their heads, or unworthily consorted; and it is a pleasure to see what good care is taken of them, and how highly they are appreciated. It must be confessed, however, that the books, even the best of them, hold but a secondary place in the doctor's estimation now. He has discovered that, though philosophy and poetry and classic lore, memorials of the dead, may have great charms, the living, breathing sympathy and fellowship of one with whom the soul is knit is much more precious. He has proved the truth and wisdom of the proverb: "Ointment and perfume rejoice the heart: so do the sweetness of a man's friend, by hearty counsel."

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FLOWERS AND THEIR FOLK-LORE.

BY THE REV. T. THISELTON DYER, M.A., AUTHOR OF "ENGLISH FOLK-LORE."

V.

IN this country the sweet flowering hawthorn, or May, has for centuries been the most popular of spring flowers, admired for its massy foliage and countless white and fragrant blossoms. It has been known under various names, especially hawthorn and haythorn. It derived its name of "may" from the month, but very rarely is it to be seen in bloom on May-day, the alteration in the style being the cause, for May in the old times began fourteen days later. It was in days gone by the principal decoration of the village May-pole on May-day, and in Chaucer's "Court of Love" we read how, early on May-day, "Fourth goth all the Court, both most and lest, to fetche the flouris fresh and blome." It has, too, from time to time, been associated with various May-day customs. Thus, in Huntingdonshire and other counties it was formerly customary for young men to place at the door of their lovers early in the morning a branch of may in blossom, repeating the following lines:—

> "A branch of may we have brought you,
> And at your door it stands;
> It is but a sprout,
> But it's well budded out,
> By the work of our good Lord's hands."

In Athens we are informed the may still graces every doorway on May-day. An Italian proverb* characterises the universal lover as "one who hangs every door with may." The may, or hawthorn, is, according to history, the badge of the royal house of Tudor. Miss Strickland thus describes its origin:—"When the body of Richard III was slain at Redmore Heath it was plundered of its armour and ornaments. The crown was hidden by a soldier in a hawthorn-bush, but was soon found and carried back to Lord Stanley, who placed it on the head of his son-in-law, saluting him by the title of Henry VII, while the victorious army sang *Te Deum* on the blood-stained heath.

> 'Oh, Redmore, then it seemed thy name was not in vain!'

It was in memory of this picturesque fact that the red-berried hawthorn once sheltered the crown of England, that the house of Tudor assumed the device of a crown in a bush of fruited hawthorn. The proverb of 'Cleave to the crown though it hang on a bush,' alludes to the same circumstance." At Hesket, in Cumberland, yearly on St. Barnabas's Day, by the highwayside, under a thorn-tree, is kept the Court for the whole forest of Englewood.† The whitethorn is one of the trees that claims to have been used for the sacred crown of thorns.

* "Flower Lore," 1879, p. 23.
† See Britton and Brayley's "Beauties of England and Wales," 1802, iii., 171.

The myrtle, which is often grown in mild, warm climates near the sea,* was in former times used for bridal wreaths:—

> "And I will make thee bed of roses,
> And a thousand fragrant posies,
> A lap of flowers, and a kirtle
> Embroidered o'er with leaves of myrtle."†

By the Greeks it was used for decking tombs. In Somersetshire a flowering myrtle is believed to be a great acquisition to a house, and a popular saying connected with it is this:—"The myrtle is the luckiest plant to have in your window. Water it every morning, and be proud of it." "Speaking to a lady," says a correspondent of the "Athenæum" (February 5th, 1848), "of the difficulty which I had always found in getting a slip of myrtle to grow, she directly accounted for my failure by observing that perhaps I had not spread the tail (or skirt) of my dress and looked proud during the time I was planting it." It is a common notion in Somersetshire that unless a slip of myrtle is so planted it will never take root.

One of the prettiest sights towards the close of April are the gardens of our London squares, at the time the lilacs are clothed with a thousand blossoms. This plant was introduced into our country about the time of Henry VIII. It is mentioned by Gerarde, who, writing in the year 1597, says, "I have white and blue lilacs in my garden in great plenty." Its name is simply a corruption of the word *lilag*, by which it is known in Persia, of which it is a native. A popular term for it is pipe-tree, from its branches having a large pith that is easily bored out to make pipe-sticks, whence also its Latin name, *syringa*, from the Greek *surigx*. In many parts of Devon and Cornwall it goes by the name of the May flower. In the province of Berry, which is, says Mrs. Lee, "very marshy, and consequently liable to much malaria, nothing is used for curing the intermittent fevers from which the inhabitants suffer but the common lilac."

Another beautiful shrub which gladdens most eyes in the spring is the laburnum, with its showers of golden blossoms. Truly it has been described—

> "Like a fountain, o'er the meadow,
> Gold the green laburnum flowers;
> Sprouting up a glossy column,
> Dripping down in amber showers."

It grows in great profusion on the mountains in Switzerland, and in France it is popularly termed "Cytise des Alpes." The name laburnum‡ is derived from the Latin, denoting what belongs to the

* Compare Virgil's "Amantes littora myrtos" (myrtles loving the shores).
† Roxburghe Ballads.
‡ Dr. Prior's "Popular Names of British Plants," p. 129.

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hours of labour, in allusion probably to its closing its leaflets at evening-tide, and expanding them again in the early morning. The laburnum-tree is sometimes large enough to be used by cabinet-makers; and by the Romans its wood, which was held in very high esteem, was considered next in value to ebony.

The broom was a most popular plant in the middle ages. Its Latin *planta genista* gave the name to the Plantagenet family, as recorded by various traditions. Fulk, of Anjou, is generally called the first Plantagenet. Some historians, however, are of opinion that the name was assumed by Geoffrey, Earl of Anjou, the husband of Matilda, Empress of Germany, who, having placed a sprig of broom in his helmet on the day of battle, acquired the surname, and bequeathed it to his descendants. The broom, too, was the special flower of the Scotch; it was also much esteemed on the Continent. In the year 1234 St. Louis made the broom the insignia of a new order of knighthood, the members of which wore a chain composed of blossoms of broom in gold, entwined with white enamelled lilies,* from which was suspended a gold cross, with the motto, "Deus exaltat humiles"—"God exalteth the lowly." This plant is alluded to by Shakespeare, Spenser, and Chaucer. Thus Spenser, in one of his sonnets, says—

"Sweet is the broome-flowre, but yet soure enough."

Hooker says the broom (cytisus) is derived from the Greeks, from the island of Cythnos, one of the Cyclades. Withering, however, who calls it *Genista Scoparia,* tells us it is from the Celtic *Gen,* a shrub. It is said to have intoxicating influence if eaten. Hence Allan Ramsay, in his address to a landlady who was famous for brewing a heady ale, tells us—

"Some said it was the pith of broom,
That she stow'd in her masking-loom,
Which in our heads rais'd sic a soom;
Or some lur'd seed,
Which oft the chaping stoup did toom,
But filled our head."

Besoms are called in the north brooms, having, until late years, been made of the twigs of this shrub.† Shakespeare, in his "Henry VIII" (Act v. sc. 3) says, "I made good my place; at length they came to the broomstaff with me." The broom is said to be an unlucky flower. In many places a superstitious notion exists that there is some mysterious connection between broom and death—

"If you sweep the house with blossomed broom in May,
You're sure to sweep the head of the house away."

According to the Northamptonshire peasantry this superstition extends to the apple-tree, for its blooming after the fruit is ripe is regarded as ominous:

"A bloom upon the apple-tree when the apples are ripe
Is a sure termination to somebody's life."

Mrs. Latham, in her interesting paper on "Some West Sussex Superstitions," in the "Folk Lore Record" (1878, vol. i. p. 52), records how a poor girl, who was lingering in the last stage of consumption, but whose countenance had always lighted up with the sight of flowers, appeared one morning so exceedingly restless and unhappy, after a fresh nosegay of gay spring flowers had been laid on her bed, that she was asked if their scent was disagreeable to her. "Oh, no!" she exclaimed, "they are very nice indeed to smell; but yet I should be very glad if you would throw away that piece of yellow broom, for they do say that death comes with it if it is brought into the house in bloom during the month of May."

* "Flower Lore," 1878, p. 55.
† Johnston's "Natural History of the Eastern Borders," p. 52.

One of the oldest favourites in our English gardens is the pansy, or heartsease. "Its habit," says Dr. Prior,* "of coquettishly hanging its head and half hiding its face, as well as some fancied resemblances in the throat of the corolla, has led to many quaint names in our own and in foreign languages; such as Three faces under a hood, Kiss me at the garden gate, Jump up and kiss me, Kiss me ere I rise, etc." Love in idleness is said to be still in use in Warwickshire.

Perhaps no plant except the ground ivy has attached to it so many curious nicknames. Dr. Johnson would derive the name pansy from panacea. Some consider it a corruption of the French word *pensée.* The word heartsease means a cordial, as in Sir Walter Scott's "Antiquary" (chap. xi.): "Buy a dram to be eilding and claise, and a supper and heartsease into the bargain." Milton places it in Eve's couch—

"Flowers were the couch,
Pansies, and violets, and asphodel,
And hyacinth, earth's freshest, softest lap."

He also uses it to strew the hearse of Lycidas:

"The white pink and the pansie streaked with jet,
The glowing violet."

One of the most glowing and rich flowers which blossoms late in the spring is the pæony. Its name is derived from Paion, a god of physic, supposed to be identical with Apollo, who healed the gods Ares and Hades of their wounds.† It is popularly called chesses, a name, says Dr. Prior,‡ that by some mistake has been transplanted to it from the poppy, which, from the shape of its capsule, was called chasses and chese-boules. Of the many species of this plant, the true pæony is the most beautiful, and when in full bloom is, perhaps, unsurpassed for grandeur. It is much esteemed in China, where, according to an old tradition, it is said to have grown for fifteen hundred years. Originally it is supposed by some to have been brought from the mountains in the "Celestial Empire." It is a subject of much dispute whether this plant is alluded to by Shakespeare in the following passage in the "Tempest" (act iv. sc. 1):—

"Thy banks with pionied and lilied brims,
Which spongy April at thy best betrims,
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns."

By some commentators, the word "pionied" is said to mean only *digged,* as in Spenser's "Fairy Queen" (ii. 10):—

"Which to outbarre, with painful pyonings,
From sea to sea, he heapt a mighty mound."

From the context, however, of the passage quoted above, there can be little doubt but that Shakespeare refers to the pæony, as otherwise the reading would be very tame.§ In Sussex, a necklace made of heads turned from the root of the pæony is worn by children to prevent convulsions.

* "Popular Names of British Plants," 174.
† Homer's "Iliad," book v., 401 and 899.
‡ "Popular Names of British Plants," p. 44.
§ See Ellacombe's "Plant Lore of Shakespeare," 1873, p. 163.

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TOO LATE.

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"WHEN GEORGE THE THIRD WAS KING."

CHAPTER VI.—CLOSING DAYS.

WE have already said that we regard the long reign of George III as, on the whole, the most interesting in the annals of English history. Let the reader for a moment attempt to recall the progress which England made during this long reign; the immense interest of the questions which were discussed; the great wars which were waged; the great discoveries which were made; the great movements of every kind which began to agitate national thought, and it will be instantly seen that this reign was the seed-time—perhaps the principal seed-time—of all that vast and fair cultivation in which we rejoice at present. Heartily as the king wished well to the cause of education, and generously as he supported Joseph Lancaster, and much as he was in sympathy with Robert Raikes and the Sunday-school movement—so far adopting it from its founder as, in conjunction with the queen, to establish Sunday-schools himself, personally visiting them in the neighbourhood of Windsor—and much as he approved of Dissenters, and the general exertions of the Methodist body, it must be admitted he was nervously opposed to the attempts strongly made to obtain a Catholic Emancipation Bill. The king looks nowhere so intolerant as in connection with this measure; his own coachman was a Methodist—old Father Saunders, as he was called; he and the king were growing old together, and at last Saunders retired, while living in the neighbourhood of Windsor; and the king never passed, on horseback or in coach, without pulling up for some words of conversation, after his first ordinary salutation of "Well, Saunders, and how do you do to-day?"

There are many anecdotes of his fine liberality of expression and action towards Dissenters; but, although Mr. Pitt pressed measures for the relief of Catholics upon the king with the utmost fervour and earnestness, he took a stand of the strongest opposition, and by it, no doubt, prostrated his own physical strength, and greatly embittered his declining days. He saw plainly the immense popularity he would win by his concession of the measure, but he conceived that he was bound by the terms of his coronation oath; he did not understand the doctrine of reserve; it had not been so ably expounded in his day as since, and his famous declaration of conscience is well known: "I can give up my crown," he said, "and retire from power; I can quit my palace and live in a cottage; I can lay my head on a block and lose my life, but I cannot break my coronation oath."

A number of speeches like this are on record: "Where is that power on earth," he exclaimed to General Garth, "to absolve me from the due observance of every sentence of that oath, particularly the one requiring me to maintain the Protestant Reformed religion? Was not my family seated on the throne for that express purpose, and shall I be the first to suffer it to be undermined, perhaps overturned? No, I had rather beg my bread from door to door throughout Europe than consent to any such measure!" And again, he exclaimed, "If I violate that oath, I am no longer legal sovereign of this country."

Whatever may be the sentiments of our readers, we trust they will honour the courage and magnanimity of the king, and scarcely try him by the large standard of liberality to which we conform our own opinions in these days. We have referred to it here especially because the king felt the matter so nervously that the body sympathised with the mind; and this, no doubt, hastened that last illness in which his life passed under a total eclipse.

One of the most painful necessities of age is to find old friends passing away until all with whom the old confidential relationships of life were held have gone. One of the earliest to pass, and not very long after the king's return from that bright Weymouth visit which we have described, was Lord North. The king had a great love for him, and very hearty attachment; his last years were afflicted by entire blindness, and the king expressed, naturally, exceeding sympathy for him in his affliction, perhaps little thinking that ere long it was to be his own. North's happy good temper never deserted him to the close, and the same easy indolent wit we have already noticed in the House of Commons characterised his last conversations. A great political adversary of the dying ex-minister, Colonel Barré, was at the same time passing through the valley of the shadow of death; fierce and fiery as he had been, often hurling the most powerful and stormy words at the good-humoured minister, he was afflicted with blindness also, helpless as a child, but bearing his affliction in such a manner as to win for him the affection of all his attendants. It was a very short time before their death the two old adversaries met each other at Tunbridge Wells, and it was like Lord North to say, "Ah colonel! whatever may have been our former animosities, I am persuaded there are no two men who could now be more glad to see each other than you and I."

And in 1808 died quite another character, whose name we have before had occasion to mention, the very dear and personal friend of the king, Dr. Hurd, the Bishop of Worcester. He died at the great age of eighty-nine, descending peacefully into the grave, and surrounding his last moments with the grace and courtesy, the scholarly dignity and politeness which had won for him, during a long course of years, the opinion of the king that "he thought him more naturally polite than any man with whom he had ever met." Thus the king was outliving his closest friends, those whom he had regarded as the staff and stay of his government; and those also upon whom he had looked, not unnaturally, as his foes. Glooms and troubles were thickening round his closing years, and the question of Catholic Emancipation was rising again to agitate him. In the sixty-ninth year of his age he caught what seems almost like a last passing glance of old days and old memories, in a visit from his sister, the Duchess of

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Brunswick, the mother of the Princess of Wales, and of that still more illustrious character, the Duke William Frederick, "Brunswick's fated chieftain," who, at Quatre Bras, "rushed into the field, and foremost fighting fell." The duchess was received with great sympathy in England, not only as a visitor to the venerable sovereign, who forty-three years since had given her away in marriage to the hereditary Prince of Brunswick, and who had not met her once during that long period, but as a widow whose husband had died of the wounds he had received at the battle of Jena, and who was herself driven into exile by the forces of Napoleon.

The vision of the monarch was undergoing almost total eclipse, but his intercourse with his sister was a pleasant domestic reunion.

We should like to lengthen out these papers by anecdotes of the king, of his keen sense of the ridiculous, of his humour, which sometimes flashed out with the sharpness of wit. Lord Eldon has retained several instances. He was on one occasion with George III, and with him the Archbishop of Canterbury. "I believe," said the king, "that I have the honour to be the first king whose Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord Chancellor both ran away with their wives. Was it not so, Chancellor?" Eldon was sly enough to turn the laugh away to the Archbishop. "May it please your majesty to ask the Archbishop that question first!" The king, on another occasion, observed to Archbishop Sutton, "I believe your grace has a large family, better than a dozen?" "No," said the Archbishop, "only eleven!" "Well, and is not that better than a dozen?" said the king. Another anecdote is mentioned of an eminent judge, Kenyon. Lord Kenyon, before his elevation, had been quite remarkable for his vehement ebullitions of temper. He had the sense, however, deeply to regret this infirmity, and when he became Lord Chief Justice he had strength of character enough to put himself under a strong control. The king had a great personal regard for him, and when he met with him, said, "My lord, I hear that since you have been in the King's Bench you have *lost your temper*. You know my great regard for you, and I may therefore venture to tell you I was very glad to hear it." Many such anecdotes as these set forth an amiable and beautiful character.

Somewhere about the commencement of the present century a bishop—it was probably Bishop Hurd—preaching before the king, quoted with admiration a passage from a work without mentioning the name of the author, but speaking of it as "by a minister of another communion." The king, always attentive, and remarkably interested in sermons when they were worth hearing, was impressed by this passage, and inquired after the work and the name of the author. It was the once well-known and very useful essay on Anger, by Dr. Fawcett, the Baptist minister at Hebden Bridge, near Halifax, and, we may incidentally mention, the pastor of John Foster, the celebrated essayist. The king contrived to convey to the author his high sense of the value of the work, assuring him that if any circumstances should arise in which he could serve him he would be glad to do so. It was in the year 1802 that a young man, a clerk in a large mercantile house, was tried and found guilty of forgery, at the York Assizes, and sentenced to death. His father's family was connected with Dr. Fawcett's church, and although it had been the almost invariable principle with the king never to exercise his prerogative in setting aside sentences, the good Dr. Fawcett presumed on the king's promise, and did not ask the royal clemency in vain; he obtained the remission of the sentence. The anecdote is interesting, not merely as illustrating the moral sense and kindliness of the king, but the good will with which he regarded the members and ministers of other communions. A similar anecdote to this, on which space will not permit us to dilate, occurred in the life of an eminent Independent minister, the Rev. John Griffin, of Portsea.

The nature of these papers forbids us to dwell at length, nor would it be profitable for our readers that we should do so, on those heavy clouds which gathered round the closing days of the venerable and beautiful king. The complications and distresses arising out of his own family were manifold. First, the heavy debts of the Prince of Wales; then the vexed question of his marriage with Mrs. FitzHerbert, for whom, although a Roman Catholic, the king and queen had a very high and affectionate regard; then his real but most unhappy marriage; and then came the trial of the Duke of York, a long continued and astonishing scandal, now happily forgotten. These and many other circumstances must all have been bitter, indeed, to a nature so sensitive and conscientious as the king's.

If the king was thus tried by the recklessness of his sons, not less were his affections tried by the continued illness and the progress of disease in the Princess Amelia, his most tenderly beloved daughter. Pious, pure, of a fervent and elevated nature, she had entwined herself most closely round the heart of her father. He appears to have loved her with a most pathetic devotion, and their last interview with each other has become one of the most well-known of all the royal stories of the king's household. The last time he led her to her sick chamber she affected him greatly by placing on one of his fingers a ring made of a lock of her hair, with the words "Remember me" upon it; and when the blind monarch bent, for the last time, over his dying child, her last words to him were, "Remember me, but do not grieve for me."

Is it necessary that we quote here, as illustrative of the character of the princess—said to be the most beautiful of the daughters of the royal family—those sweet lines so constantly associated with her memory? They show that human experiences are pretty much the same in monarchs' palaces as in peasants' cottages:

> "Unthinking, idle, wild, and young,
> I laughed, and danced, and talked, and sung;
> And proud of health, of freedom vain,
> Dreamed not of sorrow, care, nor pain;
> Concluding, in those hours of glee,
> That all the world was made for me.
> But when the hour of trial came,
> When sickness shook this trembling frame,
> When folly's gay pursuits were o'er,
> And I could dance and sing no more,
> It then occurred how sad 'twould be,
> Were this world only made for me."

The king employed Charles Knight to make a catalogue of the library of the princess after her death, and to arrange it in the suite of apartments she occupied, and from her prayer-book he copied a prayer as beautiful as the verses we have quoted.

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It is not wonderful that with such a nature as that we have seen in the king, distress upon distress became too much for the mind; and although his condition was for a long time kept a profound secret from the public, his mind again and finally lost its balance, and amidst accumulated distresses the blind old monarch entered upon that long-continued night-time of the soul, in which, while he bore the name of king, and was even invested with some of the decorations of royalty, the sceptre of the sovereign dropped from his grasp, and the affairs of government were delegated to the hands of the Regency. As he talked, and was able to talk, before the final cloud came down, of the causes of his malady, recapitulating many, he dwelt especially upon the illness of his loved daughter. "This," he said, "was occasioned by poor Amelia." It was some time before it was considered wise to tell him of her death. At last Sir Henry Halford, his physician, said to him he "was going try his Majesty's piety." The king replied that he "knew what that meant, Amelia was dead." He went on talking in a rambling, incoherent manner which lasted for some time. Then he became more composed, and mentioned her again, saying, "Poor girl!" But he ordered some of the arrangements for her funeral himself, and he selected for the burial anthem the last verse of the sixteenth Psalm: "Thou wilt show me the path of life; in Thy presence is fulness of joy, and at Thy right hand are pleasures for evermore." He insisted on attending to all her dying directions himself, and personally superintending the discovery of all her papers and the distribution of her donations.

Meantime disputes were arising again with reference to the Regency, and the prince was desirous not only that his mother should be excluded from that higher honour, but even unnaturally rebelled against her control of the royal household, and affected to regard the selection of the queen as a personal affront to himself. His attempt immediately to dismiss his father's ministers and public servants was, however, so strongly opposed to the moral feeling of the country that, upon this point, he had to yield his own wishes. On the 21st of May, 1811, the king was seen for the last time by his subjects in public. "On his favourite horse, the venerable monarch, blind but steady," writes Charles Knight, "was in the saddle, as I had often seen him. He rode through the Little Park to the Great Park. The bells rung; the troops fired a *feu-de-joie*. The king returned to the castle within an hour; he was never again seen without those walls."

CLAIRVOYANCE.

CLAIRVOYANCE, or "second sight," as practised in places of public amusement, is of so puzzling a character that there are not wanting those eager to ascribe its wonders to the supernatural. The method adopted to bring about the apparently inexplicable reading of another's thoughts is, however, extremely simple, and may be readily made clear to all. The first exhibition of the kind was introduced into England in the year 1784 by Pinetti, an Italian conjurer, who, taking advantage of Mesmer's theories, elicited replies from his "subject" in the supposed trance. Many professors of the magic art have followed in the Italian's footsteps. John Henry Anderson ("the Wizard of the North") performed it with the assistance of his daughter, and the clever Frenchman, Houdin, trained his little boy, Emile, to become marvellously quick in describing, sometimes minutely, articles taken indiscriminately from the audience.

The conjurer's art of clairvoyance rests entirely with two persons: one who looks at the objects to be named and puts questions to the "clairvoyant," the other who replies; and all that is required for this striking piece of humbug is a capital memory on both sides and a careful arrangement of signals, conveyed by words, between the two. Thus the clairvoyant may be, and usually is, blindfolded without rendering the task any more difficult. But you will observe that he, or she, cannot describe any article unknown to themselves, unless the person acting in collusion with them has seen the same, and been able to explain its nature in the question put to the performer.

In public exhibitions of this character the mystery is frequently heightened by having confederates amongst the audience with strange documents, etc., hidden away in pocket-books, which can, of course, be readily deciphered by the clairvoyant, and the interest is increased by carefully elaborated, but seemingly impromptu, sallies of wit.

As we have observed, the signals are conveyed by words, or combinations of words, and it may appear startling how any memory, however retentive, could be able to associate these with the multitude of articles likely to be presented in the course of a performance. This is the more remarkable, too, when it is noticed that the questions put to the clairvoyant do not vary to any great extent. The first difficulty is, however, removed, when we reflect that the audience is not either anxious or prepared to put any very severe test to the performer, and that only such articles as are usually carried about the person need be arranged for. Two or three hundred, or fewer, signals would quite exhaust all the purses, coins, cigar-cases, knives, pencils, handkerchiefs, gloves, and other miscellaneous contents of our pockets, while the umbrellas, sticks, reticules, etc., would form quite an inconsiderable addition to the list. Besides, the person who puts the questions—knowing the pre-arranged code—can reject or ignore any article for which no signal has been provided.

A greater stumbling-block to the uniniated than this is that mentioned above, viz., the questions do not seem to present sufficient variety to enable a person blindfolded, and mentally in the dark, to get at the nature of the multifarious objects presented to the interlocutor. In reality this is easily got over by the arrangement of money, precious stones, colours, etc., *in groups*, and as the questions put in each of these are nearly alike, they need present few peculiarities to the audience. We shall see how the grouping system stands the performer in such good stead in the examples hereafter given.

Sometimes the cue is given to the "clairvoyant" by the person who interrogates in an absurdly simple manner without exciting suspicion; as "Is it open or shut?" "It is shut;" or "Is it shut or open?" "It is open." "Is it perfumed?" "Yes." "Is there a stone in it?" "Yes." Etc., etc.

For ordinary articles a well-understood code must be arranged between the performers, and all who take to this line of business have their own systems,

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altogether or in part, which have grown out of the shifts they have had to make, and the corners into which they have been driven during past performances. We may here indicate sufficient to enable our friends to get some grasp of the subject and give a groundwork upon which to proceed if desirous of introducing this pleasing and astonishing art to the family circle. Of course to attain to the perfection of some of the modern professors of this very puzzling trickery is out of the question with those whom we now address; such experts have spent, possibly, years in perfecting their systems, they are constantly in the practice of clairvoyance, and are adding to their word-code daily; besides which, as we have said, their confederates lend an added mystery to a performance which in its simplest form eludes the detection of ordinary observers.

We will now give some questions with the ideas they convey to the clairvoyant, afterwards proceeding to give one or two groups of subjects, colours, etc., and then apply the whole to show how the system is worked.

Name this.	A pocket-comb.
This will puzzle you.	Court plaister.
What have I here?	A purse.
Do ladies or gentlemen use this?	Ladies. A pincushion.
Now, can you tell me this?	A pocket-book.
Is anything in it?	A portrait.
Tell me this.	A toothpick.
What is this?	A flower.
Speak loud.	A letter.
Is this for any purpose?	A reticule.
Answer instantly.	A handkerchief.
Of what use is this?	A scent-bottle.
Tell me now?	Keys.
What is this green stuff?	Maiden-hair fern.
Is this of any use?	An almanack.
Do you see this?	A ring.
And this?	A cane.
What should be done with this?	Smoke it. A cigar.
What is this for?	To light a cigar.
Would you like this?	Yes. A watch.
Do you admire this?	Yes. A brooch.
Who gave me this?	A lady. A bracelet.
Tell me instantly, who gave me this?	A lady. A chain.
Now, who gave me this?	A gentleman. A chain.
What kind of chain?	An Albert.
What is now in my hand?	A breast-pin.
What have I now?	Money.
What is here?	A bank-note.

These examples will be sufficient to indicate the line first taken, the rough and hard approach to the mystery of "second sight," and to show that the memory must not only be tenacious, but quick, to put the questions rightly and to give the answers without hesitation. Having gone through the preliminary hard work of getting the subjects by heart, the noviciate will proceed by a less thorny, but still toilsome path, into the system of grouping, of which we may give a few examples that can easily be applied to other subjects. First take

COLOUR.

What colour?	Black.
What is the colour?	Blue.
Tell me the colour.	Green.
Has it a colour?	White.
Any colour?	Yellow.
Name the colour.	Brown.
Please name the colour.	Red.

Etc. etc.

METALS.

What metal?	Gold.
What is the metal?	Silver.
Tell me the metal.	Copper.
Name the metal.	Iron or steel.
What metal is it?	Brass.
Please name the metal.	Bronze.
Can you tell me the metal?	Tin.
Do you know the metal?	Aluminium.

Etc., etc.

PRECIOUS STONES.

What stone?	Diamond.
What is the stone?	Topaz.
Tell me the stone.	Emerald.
Name the stone.	Ruby.
What stone is it?	Garnet.
Please name the stone.	Sapphire.
Do you know the stone?	Cornelian.
Any stone?	Amethyst.

Etc., etc.

COINS.

What coin?	A sovereign.
What is the coin?	Half-a-sovereign.
Tell me the coin.	Five-shilling piece.
Name the coin.	Half-a-crown.
What coin is it?	Florin.
Please name the coin.	A shilling.
Can you tell me the coin?	Sixpence.

Etc., etc.

FLOWERS.

What flower?	A rose.
What is the flower?	A camellia.
What are the flowers?	Primroses.
What flowers are they?	Violets.
Tell me the flower.	Carnation.
Name the flower.	Snowdrop.
What flower is it?	Lily of the valley.
Please name the flower.	Geranium.
Can you tell me the flower?	Passion-flower.

Etc., etc.

Now the application of all this, and much more, after the hard work of study is over, is as pleasant as playing the piano when you have got through the drudgery of the notes, five-finger exercise, and four hours a day of inharmonious strumming. Let us take an imaginary run through our material and see how it can be "worked in" together with the professor's "patter," and the "wheezes," or jokes, with which he interlards his discourse. Of course he will take a preliminary canter, in which he will dilate upon the wonders of mesmerism, and the special marvels of "second sight." He will then introduce his clairvoyant—most likely a young lady—and, after blindfolding her, he will proceed to take articles at random from the audience. Say the first thing handed to him is a purse, he will ask the clairvoyante, "What have I here?" "A purse." Then, turning to its owner, the professor may say, "Shall I open it? Thank you! I like handling other people's money!" Again, to his "subject," and taking a coin out of the purse—

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What have I now?	Money.
What is the metal?	Silver.
What coin is it?	A florin.
What is here?	A bank-note.

(You had better take your purse back, sir, the temptation is too great!)

Is this for any purpose?	Yes; a reticule is very useful.
Of what use is this?	It is very refreshing; it is a bottle of scent.
Do ladies or gentlemen use this?	Ladies. Gentlemen seldom carry pincushions.

(Of course the girl's right. How absurd I am not to have thought of that!)

This? answer instantly!	It is a handkerchief.
What is now in my hand?	A breast-pin.
Has it a stone?	Yes.
Tell me the colour.	Green.
Tell me the stone.	Emerald.
Tell me now.	You now have a bunch of keys.
Now, can you tell me this?	Yes; it is a pocket-book.

(May I open it, sir? Thank you. Dear me, strange!)

This will puzzle you!	Not at all. It is court-plaister.
This? Speak loud.	It is a letter.

(Don't be afraid, sir; I will not open *that!*)

Is this of any use?	Certainly; it is an almanack.
Do you admire this?	Yes; it is a brooch.
Is anything in it?	Yes; a portrait.
A lady or gentleman?	A gentleman.
His hair: please name the colour.	Red.

(Pardon, madam, the young lady should have said, "Sandy!")

What is this for?	To light a cigar.
What should be done with this?	Put it in your pocket; you like a cigar going home.

(Good advice, I'll act upon it! All right? Thank you, sir.)

Tell me this.	A toothpick.
Who gave me this?	A lady. (The clairvoyante here reserves her knowledge that it is a bracelet.)
Any colour?	Yes; yellow.
What metal is it?	Brass.

(Oh, madam, excuse the frankness of the clairvoyante!)

And it is?	A bracelet.
Now, who gave me this?	A gentleman. It is a chain.
What kind of chain?	An Albert.
Do you know the metal?	Aluminium.

(Dear me, how rude! I'm sure it's pure Brummagem gold.)

Would you like this?	Yes; it is a watch.

(I think you *want* a watch on you, young lady!)

What is the metal?	Silver.
What is this?	A flower.
Has it a colour?	It is white. Some say that is *no* colour.
What is the flower?	It is a camellia.
What is this green stuff?	Maiden-hair fern.
Who is the flower for?	Me!

(I thought she'd say so! You've no objection? Thank you, sir.)

And this?	It is a cane. *You* can have that.

(Well, Miss Minx, if every one got their deserts few would 'scape whipping. Shakespeare; hem.)

Do you see this? (holding up a ring)	Rather, sir; I'm looking out for a plain one myself!

(Are you? I pity the poor man, that's all!)

This and much more, when the professor will perhaps declare that his clairvoyante can read any sentence written by the audience (indiscriminately taken from a number placed in a hat), which has neither been seen by himself or his pupil, and more, will add up the total of a sum she has no knowledge of. To this end small slips of paper are distributed that any one who chooses may write upon them and set down figures. Those with the numbers go into one hat, those with the written words are relegated to another. The papers being "well shaken before taken," the professor dips into hat No. 1, and gets, not a slip written upon by any one in the audience, but one he has himself carefully prepared before the performance, and which the clairvoyante has studied, and he goes through the same process with hat No. 2, bringing forth a paper with the arranged sum of which his "pupil" knows the total. He has "palmed" both these slips, so they are in his hand before it goes into the hats; but he appears to take them from those written upon by the outsiders, so there is no suspicion aroused. Besides, does he not hand the papers to strangers to hold until the lady has in the one case deciphered its contents, and in the other added up the long column of figures? This would not do for a private room, because your friends would be sure to compare notes afterwards, and find that neither the sentence nor the sum had been set down by any of them, but in a public assembly there is no chance of the trick being discovered in such a manner.

The professor may "wind-up" by touching various articles of dress, etc., amongst the audience, in a sequence previously fixed upon. No. 1 may be a hat, 2 an umbrella, 3 an overcoat, 4 a necktie, 5 an opera-glass, 6 a glove, 7 a spectacle case, and so on.

It appears very wonderful, though, when he says, "Now tell me. This?" "A hat." "This?" "An umbrella." "This?" "An overcoat." "Name the colour." "Brown." "This?" "A necktie." "What is the colour?" "Blue." "This?" "An opera-glass." "This?" "A glove." "What colour?" "Black." "This?" "A spectacle case." "This?" "A wig." Whereupon the conjurer takes off his confederate's wig amidst a roar of laughter, in which the professor and his pupil make their bow and depart.

ARITHMETICAL SQUARES.

II.

G. B. B. sends the following.

The construction of arithmetical squares is divisible into two branches, the squares of even numbers, and the squares of uneven numbers.

The following remarks apply only to the construction of the squares of even numbers, and show how the squares of 4 and 8 may be constructed, namely, 4^2, that is the numbers 1 to 16, four figures to add to 34; 8^2, that is the numbers 1 to 64, eight figures to add to 260.

The word *diagonal,* as here used, means not only the lines from corner to corner, but all similar lines, supposing the square to be placed on a roller or cylinder, and the outer edges made to meet, whether horizontally or vertically.

The basis of the construction of these squares is that, with the numbers 1 to 16, 8 pairs of figures can be obtained which add to 17 each; four pairs which add to 16; and four pairs which add to 18 each; and also four pairs which add to 15, and four pairs which add to 19 each. It will thus be obvious that two pairs which add to 17 will make a total of 34;

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or 16 and 18 will add to 34; and a 15 and 19 will add to 34. Four minor squares are thus constructed

1	15	16		2	16	18		5	11	16		6	12	18
14	4	18		13	3	16		10	8	18		9	7	16
15	19			15	19			15	19			15	19	

These squares must so be combined that pairs of seventeens appear in the diagonals, namely, alternate numbers must add 17. The diagonal 1—4 in the first square requires the diagonal 16—13 in the second square, for $1+16=17$, and $4+13=17$. The first square must be joined to the fourth, because of $1+15+6+12=34$. Therefore the second diagonal is formed of 12, 9, and 5, 8, for $12+5=17$, and $9+8=17$. One diagonal runs to the right, the other to the left, therefore this arrangement:—

1	15					6	12
14	4					9	7
		16	2	11	5		
		3	13	8	10		

Besides these four pairs of seventeens forming the two long diagonals, there are four more pairs, namely, $15+2$, $14+3$, $6+11$, and $7+10$; these form the third and fourth diagonals, and when combined with the first four pairs they form the fifth to the eighth diagonals.

Combine the halves, and the work is complete.

1	15	6	12
14	4	9	7
11	5	16	2
8	10	3	13

Any horizontal or vertical border line may be transferred to the opposite side without derangement.

The four minor squares (2^2) are not necessarily composed of numbers which add to 16, 18, and 15, 19 respectively. Many other combinations may be made with equal results. For instance:—

1	12	2	11	3	10	4	9
14	7	13	8	16	5	15	6

make this square

1	12	13	8
14	7	2	11
4	9	16	5
15	6	3	10

The construction of tables of eights, 1 to 64, is as follows:—

1 63	2 64	5 59	6 60		9 55	10 56		13 51	14 52
62 4	61 3	58 8	57 7		54 12	53 11		50 16	49 15

17 47	18 48	21 43	22 44		25 39	26 40		29 35	30 36
46 20	45 19	42 24	41 23		38 28	37 27		34 32	33 31

Here we have alternately pairs of 64 and 66 horizontally.
And the pairs of 63 and 67 perpendicularly.

Now arrange these small squares.

1	63			5	59			9	55			13	51		
62	4			58	8			54	12			50	16		
		64	2			60	6			56	10			52	14
		3	61			7	57			11	53			15	49
		18	48			22	44			26	40			30	36
		45	19			41	23			37	27			33	31
47	17			43	21			39	25			35	29		
20	46			24	42			28	38			32	34		

The diagonals in each of these squares will add to twice 65.

Any *one* of the four lower pairs of squares may be placed with any *one* of the upper pairs of squares, and a complete square of $4 \times 4 = 16$ will be formed, that is of sixteen numbers.

And these four squares put together will make a square of eights.

But these will not *necessarily* add to 260 on the diagonal lines.

The next step therefore to attend to is the diagonals.

First, we find the key numbers 1, 5, 9, 13. We must place $1+13$ (14) in apposition with $5+9$ (14).

There is only one *root*, but eight arrangements of detail.

1 9	1 5	13 9	13 5	5 13	5 1	9 13	9 1
5 13	9 13	5 1	9 1	1 9	13 9	1 5	13 5

In like manner with the numbers 17, 21, 25, 29.

17 25	17 21	29 25	29 21	21 29	21 17	25 29	25 17
21 29	25 29	21 17	25 17	17 25	29 25	17 21	29 21

This stage is a tentative one, to find which set 17, 21, 25, and 29 will fit its proper place in the skeleton square; but when one is found, the rest fall into their places, and the work is done.

	1	63			9	55					26	40			18	48
a	62	4			54	12					37	27			45	19
			64	2			56	10	39	25			47	17		
			3	61			11	53	28	38			20	46		
	5	59			13	51					30	36			22	44
b	58	8			50	16					33	31			41	23
			60	6			52	14	35	29			43	21		
			7	57			15	49	32	34			24	42		

c *d*

The diagonals of this skeleton can be tested by adding the alternate dotted lines $a+c$, and $b+d$, thus: $62+63+7+6+50+51+11+10=260$, and $58+59+3+2+54+55+15+14=260$.

Combine the two squares, as over-leaf.

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1	63	26	40	9	55	18	48
62	4	37	27	54	12	45	19
39	25	64	2	47	17	56	10
28	38	3	61	20	46	11	53
5	59	30	36	13	51	22	44
58	8	33	31	50	16	41	23
35	29	60	6	43	21	52	14
32	34	7	57	24	42	15	49

This is perfect, for :—

(1). Each of the 8 horizontals adds 260.

(2). Each of the 8 verticals adds 260.

(3). Each of the 16 diagonals adds 260.

(4). Each corner-quarter and the central quarter forms a magic square of fours, sum 130.

(5). Each square of 4 numbers adds 130 ; there are 49 such squares,* and also the border-halves opposite one another, such as 62 + 39 and 19 + 10, add 130 ; there are 28 such halves, which together make 14 more squares of this smallest size, so that there are 49 + 14 = 63, and the four corners together make the 64th and last square.

(6). Each circle of 8 numbers adds 260 ; there is a set of 25 such circles, and 5 more circles of longer diameters, in all 25 + 5 = 30 circles, and there can be no more.

The correspondent who sends this last contribution adds the following wise remark: "To some minds the subject is very pleasing, and, indeed, fascinating; but if I might be allowed to advise the young men among your readers, I should say, as a rule, don't waste your precious time upon second-class studies; seek the *best* of everything : and a study of pure mathematics will not only yield a higher pleasure, but result in better cultivation of reasoning powers of the mind." We have introduced the subject only as a recreation from severer studies.

* In D. P.'s square, which will follow in another column, there are 8 of 49 squares that do not add 130.

Varieties.

Elementary Schools and Penny Banks.—The Post Office authorities have now given distinct encouragement to the movement by offering to furnish gratuitously any number of miniature bank-books, and at the small cost of eighteenpence they furnish likewise a cash-book and ledger to correspond. It may seem a little matter ; but it will probably be of considerable importance in the eyes of the youthful depositor that his pass-book is exactly the reproduction, only on a smaller scale, of the Post Office Savings-Bank Book. Certainly when he grows older the temptation will be stronger to exchange his little book for a bigger one, and to pass from the School Penny Bank into the Post Office shilling one, than though he had begun with a halfpenny account-book We may add that the Post Office authorities will send, on application, a draft set of rules, which may be modified to suit local circumstances, and of which a proof is most obligingly sent before the whole issue is printed off.—*School Guardian.*

The Bills of Sale Act.—This Act, which came into operation on January 1st, effects most important changes. It repeals the Act of 1854, save that the old law is to apply to all bills of sale made previous to the 1st of January. The term "bill of sale" is made to include, in addition to those assignments of personal property which were within its meaning under the Act of 1854, "inventories of goods with receipt thereto attached, and receipts for purchase-moneys of goods" where the goods remain in the possession of the seller, and also an agreement to give a bill of sale. "Personal chattels" has also a wider meaning than under the old law, as it includes fixtures and growing crops when separately assigned, and trade machinery when assigned, together with an interest in land so as to require registration. Certain instruments giving powers of distress are also to be registered under the Act to be of any validity against the trustees in bankruptcy or execution creditors. Every bill of sale must be registered within seven days from its making, instead of within twenty-one days, as under the old law ; and provision is made to prevent the evasion of the Act by means of renewed bills of sale in respect of the same debt—a practice much resorted to up to this to avoid registration. In future a bill of sale executed within seven days after the execution of a prior unregistered bill of sale, if comprising all or part of the same chattels, and if given as a security for the same debt or any part thereof, will be absolutely void. To prevent necessitous persons being inveigled by sharpers into signing bills of sale for sums in excess of advances, or in blank, as was proved to have been done in some cases which came before the Courts, it will be necessary in future that every bill of sale shall be executed in the presence of a solicitor, who shall state in the attestation that before the execution of the bill of sale the effect thereof had been explained to the grantor by the attesting solicitor. Registration must be renewed every five years of unsatisfied bills of sale. Another important provision is that which enacts that chattels comprised in a duly registered bill of sale under this Act shall not be deemed to be in the possession, order, or disposition of the grantor of the bill of sale within the meaning of the Bankruptcy Act, 1869. Bills of sale have of late been very much on the increase, doubtless owing to the depression throughout the country, which affects the lower middle classes. The new Act will probably add considerably to the number of registered bills of sale.

University of Edinburgh.—The aggregate number of students on the register in residence for 1877 was 2,560 ; for 1878 they amounted to 2,617. These were divided between the different faculties as follows :—In the Faculty of Arts there were 885 students ; in the Faculty of Divinity, 71 ; in the Faculty of Law, 368 ; and in the Faculty of Medicine, 1,293. In the latter faculty the gradually increasing ratio of increase is probably due in a great measure to the wide range of supply of students, to which India, our colonies, and even foreign countries, largely contribute. The entries in the register show that of the 1,293 students in the Faculty of Medicine, 565 are from Scotland, 445 from England, 22 from Ireland, 75 from India, 149 from different British colonies, and 34 from foreign countries. The average age of the students in the Faculty of Arts is 20·6 years ; in the Faculty of Divinity, 23·5 years ; in the Faculty of Law, 22·3 years ; in the Faculty of Medicine, 20·8 years. The list of graduates for 1878 gives the following results :—In the Faculty of Arts, 99 took the degree of M.A., and 11 took the science degree of D.SC. or B.SC. in the Science Department of that faculty. In the Faculty of Divinity, 3 took the degree of B.D. In the Faculty of Law, 2 took the degree of LL.B., and one the minor degree of B.L. In the Faculty of Medicine, 30 took the degree of M.D., and 115 the double degree of M.B. and C.M. The average proportion of students taking degrees in the several faculties is therefore about 1 in 9 in the Faculty of Arts, 1 in 23 in the Faculty of Divinity, 1 in 123 in the Faculty of Law, and 1 in 9 in the Faculty of Medicine.

Indian Prospects.—There is in India a population of about 250,000,000, ever increasing, whilst the production of food shows little development. The margin beyond the wants of the country is narrow ; large populations, particularly in Bengal, subsisting, even in good years, on the coarsest grains, and in dry seasons, not famine years, on roots and wild fruits. This necessarily weakens the stamina of the people, and makes them unable to resist the effects of such fearful visitations as those through which they have lately passed. The loss in cattle, moreover, the only agricultural labour-power in the country, has been very great, and, together with the consumption of seed grain, will make cultivation, even supposing the season to be favourable, extremely difficult for some years to come. Altogether the prospect is most gloomy, and brings home to us in a marked manner the fact that our future in the East is above all, as Mr. Fawcett has reminded us, a question of finance.—*The Athenæum.*

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HENLEY-ON-THAMES (FROM THE BRIDGE).

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THE LEISURE HOUR.

BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,
AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND.—*Cowper.*

THE LAST EVENING IN OLD ENGLAND.

STRAIGHT TO THE MARK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BOY AND MAN," "LOMBARDY COURT," ETC.

CHAPTER I.—DARBY AND JOAN.

Then I went to a garden, and did spy
  A gallant flower,
The crown imperial. "Sure," said I,
  "Peace at the root must dwell."
But when I digg'd, I saw a worm devour
  What shew'd so well.
—George Herbert.

A SHADY walk in the garden of an old-fashioned many-gabled house in one of the northern suburbs of great London. A clear sky overhead, the shadows lengthening out, and the air beginning already to gather freshness after the sultry heat of the day, though the sun is yet visible above the tops of the neighbouring trees and houses. A pleasant summer residence, in marked contrast with the new buildings which surround it, standing in its own grounds, with windows opening to the lawn and a verandah running along one side of it. Foot-passengers, going for a stroll in the summer evening,

No. 1436.—JULY 5, 1879.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

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pause for a moment at the iron gate to look in upon the well-kept garden, with its bright array of flowers, and its winding walk, partly concealed from view among the shrubs and roses, and think to themselves how sweet and pleasant it must be to possess such a delightful *rus in urbe*, and what a constant source of enjoyment it must afford its owners. They compare it, perhaps, in their minds with the narrow strips of ground at the back of their own houses, overlooked by all their neighbours, and graced only with a dusty lilac or two, or a bit of ivy to break the straight line of wall, and pass on with a sigh—envious, it may be, of the two figures of whom they catch a glimpse walking pensively with arms entwined across the lawn, and disappearing among the trees.

Envious! of what? All that glitters is not gold; and on the other hand there is a great deal of hidden preciousness in things that glitter not. There may be as much real happiness within the limits of a straight, narrow strip of back garden, where only a few coarse and hardy plants struggle for life among the remains of the contractor's rubbish, brickbats, and lime scraps, as in the choicest parterre. The chief joys of life do not grow out of the localities with which they are associated; they may be enhanced by their surroundings, but they do not depend upon them. A poor man's child will be as happy playing with its block of shapeless wood wound round with rags as any little heiress can be with the most artistic young lady doll that ever was dressed up in silk and embroidery. If that good woman walking by her husband's side, carrying her infant in her arms while he leads the elder child by the hand, could hear what those two in the pleasant garden are talking about, if they could read what is passing in their minds, or even look for a moment into their eyes, they would cease to envy them.

A mother and her son are there: the former still young, though some grey hairs are already visible among the rich dark tresses, which she wears without any covering or ornament. Her features are delicately formed, and her complexion somewhat dark, though just now more than naturally clear and pale; not unhealthy looking, but suggestive of the working of the mind and spirit within. Her deep brown eyes droop thoughtfully, and she turns them from time to time with lingering fondness upon the boy who is walking by her side, his hand clasped in hers. He is not like her; yet one might know instinctively, from the way in which they seem to hold to one another and to reciprocate every impulse, hand to hand and heart to heart, that they are mother and child. He is about twelve years old, tall of his age, and slender; yet his form conveys the idea of strength and vigour, being upright and well-proportioned. He has bright blue eyes, not large, but sparkling with animation, and so full of lively expression that they are by far the most conspicuous feature of his countenance. He looks you in the face, too, when he speaks, not without becoming modesty, but with the simplicity of truth, as one who naturally and of course says what he means and means only what he says. Strangers, perhaps, might think him a little forward, especially when he is in his usual high spirits; but those who know him best will not pronounce him so. He is fair, and altogether well-favoured; more so than he likes; he has often wished that his face were not so smooth and girlish, and he grudges to part with the freckles upon his nose and forehead which appear sometimes after exposure to the weather, but never remain long. His profile is sharp and delicately cut, with well-shaped ruddy lips smiling in harmony with the twinkling of his eyes; altogether a very pleasant face to look upon, and the more so as one has opportunity to study it and get used to it. One gives him credit instinctively for sincerity and candour, combined with energy and decision of character, as one looks into his eyes, which will not shrink or droop before another person's gaze.

"It will be fine to-morrow, I think," said the boy.

To-morrow was the common subject of their thoughts just then, as they both knew too well. She answered him only by a warmer pressure of her arm around his neck.

"Look at the sunset!" he continued. Then, breaking away suddenly from this common topic, though it was of more than common interest to them both just then, he exclaimed passionately, "Oh, mother, why cannot I?—go with you" he would have added, but the last three words were unspoken, for she checked him with a look. He had asked the same question before, and had received an answer; he had not intended to repeat it, but he was only a child. Why could he not go back with his mother to India? Why must he be separated from her again so soon? That was the question which recurred over and over again, and would not be repressed. His father was in India and he had not seen him for five years or more; he had himself been born there, and all his earliest associations were there. His mother had been at home for a few months only, to see her son, to feast her eyes upon him, to listen to the music of his voice, to gladden her heart with the sweet consciousness of his love, which she had begun to fear would almost be alienated from her after so long absence; above all, to watch the growth of reason and intelligence in his mind, and to cherish the earliest impressions of religion in his soul. Her visit was now drawing to an end. On the morrow she was to sail again for India to rejoin her husband. A cruel lot, it seemed to her, to choose thus between her husband and her child, being constantly separated from one or other of them. Why might not the boy return with her? Why could he not go, if only for a few weeks, that his father also might have his share of the unutterable delight which she had herself experienced in seeing her child? It was decreed in Heaven that a man should leave his father and mother and cleave unto his wife; but there was no such warrant for a mother separating herself from her son. The boy's passionate inquiry, only half expressed in words, might have been the echo of her own thoughts, an instance of that mysterious and sympathetic communication of mind with mind and heart with heart which seems to be evoked on some occasions of intense and mutual feeling.

"No, Tom, no," she answered him firmly, as she had already answered herself; "no, we must make up our minds to part, and look forward to a future meeting: look forward and look upward." The "upward" did not seem to her at that moment so far distant as the "forward."

"Yes, of course," he answered; "I knew that. I was not thinking what I said. But it need not be so very long before I see you again, mother." He had once more divined her thoughts, apparently. "My father will, perhaps, be able to come home soon."

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She shook her head at that suggestion, for she knew it was not probable.

"Well, then, when I go to sea I shall get a berth in a ship bound for Calcutta, and come and see you. I should like so much to go to India again. I remember it so well, and it is always like home to me; more like home than this place, though Mr. and Mrs. Beverley are as kind as they can be, and I am very happy here, as you know; as happy as I could be anywhere away from you."

"You must not think about the sea, Tom," she replied. "Neither your father nor I would choose the sea for you as a profession."

Tom was silent. He had long ago set his heart upon being a sailor; the charm of his first voyage in an East Indiaman to England by long sea dwelt in his memory. He had enjoyed it so much; he had been on such excellent terms with all the ship's company; he had felt so sorry when the vessel reached her destination, and he was handed over to the care of strangers. Mrs. Beverley was his mother's sister, and had engaged to receive the child on his arrival, and to make proper arrangements for him; and she had grown so fond of him that she had kept him with her, giving him a home in her own house, providing for his education, and discharging, as far as possible, all the tender duties of a mother towards him. Thus his life had been rendered almost, or quite, as happy under her roof as it had been in India, or even on the sea. But Tom Howard—that was his name—had never swerved from his resolution, or rather his wish, to be a sailor. He did not aspire to the Royal Navy, though he would have liked that best. Such a ship as he had sailed in from Calcutta, such messmates, such a captain, such a voyage, were all that he desired. And those who knew him best could not but admit that he was well calculated for such a profession. The love of adventure, the quiet courage and determination which he displayed whenever occasion called for it, the cheerful and contented disposition, and, in a word, the whole character and bearing of the lad, seemed to be in accordance with the desire and intention, which he so constantly expressed, of being a sailor.

"Well, mother," he said at length, in answer to her last appeal, "I mean to do everything I can to please you; but I do love the sea. Abbotscliff is near the sea; I shall be able to have a sail sometimes at Abbotscliff. And I have been thinking that I might go just a little of the way with you to-morrow. You will pass Abbotscliff. I might sail down Channel with you and go ashore there. Then instead of leaving you to-morrow, I should stay with you till the last moment, three or four days longer at least, and more than that if the wind were contrary, as perhaps it may be."

Mrs. Howard was more pleased than she would confess, at the idea of keeping her son two or three days longer with her; but she would give him no encouragement until she should have an opportunity of consulting Captain Broad, the commander of the ship Neptune, in which she was to make her voyage, not knowing whether it would be possible for him to send a boat ashore at the place indicated. While she was thinking how this could be managed, fearing that she might not have an opportunity of seeing Captain Broad again before the time fixed for the ship's departure, the drawing-room window was opened, and Mrs. Beverley stepped forth upon the lawn, followed by her daughter. A stout, pleasant-looking woman was Mrs. Beverley, many years older than her sister; and Miss Beverley was in the same ratio older than her cousin Tom. The elder lady had something to say to Mrs. Howard, and took her aside, while Tom attached himself to the younger, and began telling her in earnest tones of the proposal he had just made.

"I want to see Captain Broad," he said, "and to ask him to manage it for me—the going ashore, you know; but I cannot go to the East End of London to-night. I wish I had thought of it before. I am afraid my mother won't agree to it without his consent."

"I dare say not," said Joan—that was Miss Beverley's old-fashioned name; they were all rather old-fashioned people, like their house—"I dare say not; Captain Broad might not be able to put you ashore at Abbotscliff, and then you would have to go on to India instead of going to school."

"I should like that. I wish—" But the wish might not be indulged; he knew that only too well, and the smile faded from his face, leaving the sentence unfinished. On the other hand, the difficulty suggested by his cousin Joan was too serious to be trifled with, and he answered, "I do wish I could see Captain Broad; but I can't leave my mother now. Oh there's Darby!"

"Darby" was the name which Tom had given with saucy familiarity to a gentleman who, though not by any means old-fashioned in his own personal appearance, was known to entertain a very old-fashioned sort of attachment to Joan Beverley. His real name was Darville. He made his appearance now at the drawing-room window, and leaping thence on to the lawn, came directly to Miss Beverley, and took her hand in his. Tom caught him by the arm at the same moment, and told him the subject of their conversation. "What do you think about it, Mr. Darby?" Tom asked.

"I think you are as saucy as ever, Tom," he replied; "and I think it will be taken out of you before you have been long at school."

He was sorry when he had said it, for a shadow passed over the boy's face, though it was but for a moment.

"But about the trip down Channel, Mr. Darville, and about going to see Captain Broad?"

"It is too late; it would take you all the evening."

Tom looked at him wistfully. It seemed very hard that the possibility of such a delightful postponement of the terrible day of parting should be lost only because the idea of it had not occurred to him sooner; but he could not go in search of Captain Broad then.

"Could we not send a note?" he asked. "It would not be the same thing, of course, because I am sure Captain Broad would say 'Yes' if I were to ask him, and he might say 'No' to a letter, without taking time to think about it."

"What are you thinking of, Tom?" Mr. Darville asked, seeing that the boy's eloquent eyes were fixed upon him. "Tell me."

"If you bid me do so again, I will," he replied, "though you would perhaps say, as before, that it was like my impudence."

"Tell me."

"I was thinking that you could perhaps go yourself to see Captain Broad, and that you would do it in a moment if Joan were to ask you."

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Mr. Darville had anticipated the first part of the answer, but not the second. The latter, however, seemed to give him the greater pleasure, though he threatened to rub Tom's ears for his impertinence.

"I was obliged to say it, you know," Tom explained, laughing, "because I said I would if you desired it the second time. And it is true, is it not?"

"I don't know about that?"

"Don't you? Then try him, Joan; try him; tell him to go."

"Would it be very inconvenient?" Joan asked, addressing Darville.

"Well, it is a long way. Besides, I had thought of spending a pleasant evening here with you."

"Hardly that, I think," said Joan. "You knew we should be otherwise engaged to-night—the last night."

"That's true," said Darville, who had only come to say good-bye to Mrs. Howard and Tom. "Perhaps I may as well go then."

"Yes; go and see Captain Broad, and get his consent for Tom to go with him down Channel."

"I will, Joan."

"Thank you, Darby."

He was well satisfied with his reward, and after a word or two with Mrs. Howard, went away, followed to the gate by Tom, clinging to him and thanking him again and again, urging him at the same time to tell Captain Broad he must manage it somehow, and give orders to have his berth ready.

They were all made happy that night when Mr. Darville returned. It could easily be managed, the captain said. The pilot would leave the ship and go ashore not far from the place where Tom would have to land, and Tom could go in the pilot's boat. As far as he, Captain Broad, was concerned, he would not mind taking the youngster all the way to Calcutta. His berth should be got ready, and he could go down Channel with them at all events. The captain, it must be told, was an old friend of Mrs. Howard and her son. He had been chief mate of the ship in which they had taken passage from India some years previously, and Tom had kept up his acquaintance with him ever since, going to visit his ship whenever he returned from a voyage. Mrs. Howard had taken her berth in the Neptune, of which he was now in command, chiefly for this reason. She agreed to her son's proposal at once. They would be, as he had said, two or three days more together at the least. Two or three days! It was a great gain, coming as it did unexpectedly at the eleventh hour. Her heart felt lighter for it. It was but a putting off of the evil day; but meantime her sorrow was abated. To-morrow was no longer the word of grief and terror which it had been. Mother and son knelt down together that night, and thanked God for the respite, and slept the sounder for it afterwards.

CHAPTER II.—WHO'S WHO.

> While I have time and space,
> Or that I forther in this tale pace
> Me thinketh it according to reson
> To tellen you alle the condition
> Of eche of hem. —*Chaucer*

The house and grounds which Mr. Beverley occupied were known by the name of Mulberry Lawn. A fine old mulberry-tree formed one of the most treasured ornaments of the garden; and to that, of course, the name of the place was generally attributed; but there was another reason: Mr. Beverley was a silk merchant; his father and grandfather had been the same; and they had all resided in that house. They had extensive warehouses in Bread Lane, in the City, which had once been known by the sign of "The Mulberry Tree;" and though the fashion of using signs for such houses of business had ceased to rule, the old board on which the tree had been depicted was still to be seen inside, nailed up over the staircase, though so obscured by time and smoke that it would have been difficult for a stranger to say what it represented. The style of the firm was "Beverley and Darville." The latter name had once been written after the French manner D'Arville; for the first partner of that family had been a Frenchman; and even now there were D'Arvilles in the south of France, with whom the London firm had intimate relations. But the only real "partner" at the moment when our story begins was Mr. Beverley; "Darville" had been dead two or three years, leaving two sons, who were both engaged in the business, and who expected to be taken in as members of the firm at no distant date. Mr. Beverley was a stout, elderly man of grave and placid countenance, large features, strongly marked, and plentifully fringed with grey hair, the whiskers curling evenly forwards. He was slow and solemn in all his movements, and though he seldom spoke, the expression of his face always led one to conclude that, like a certain famous parrot, he "thought the more." Mr. Beverley was indeed one of those men of whom it might be said that he "looked wiser than it was possible for any one really to be." No one could have supposed that, as he sat by his fireside, his head gently inclining forward, his large eyelids half raised, and his large lips partly opened, that his thoughts were occupied with nothing more important than a threatened disease among silkworms, or the possible depreciation of velvets, or perhaps the introduction of some new dye which might make a sensation in ribbons next season. He understood his business, however, and attended to it with unremitting industry, and had received a good reward for his labour, being a "warm man," as was well known in the City. His late partner, Mr. Darville, had not been so diligent nor so successful; after his death it was found that he had left but little more than sufficient to pay his debts; his wife was dead before him, and his sons were supposed to be already provided for, being, as we have already said, in the counting-house, with a prospect of joining the firm eventually. Mr. Beverley was too honourable a man to depart from his engagements with the sons on account of the extravagance and indiscretion of their father, or he might have wished to place them on a different footing, now that they were left without capital. Victor, the elder, whom we have introduced as Darby, had always been intimate at Mulberry Lawn, and it was understood that he was to marry Joan Beverley. The young people were very much attached to each other, and the old people had agreed long ago that it would be a good thing for both of them. This aspect of the case had undergone a change in consequence of Mr. Darville's impecuniosity; and Mrs. Beverley in particular could not help regretting now that Joan had not been free to exercise a wider choice in matrimony; but it was too late for any interference, and she felt that they must make the best of it. It was stipulated, however, that they must not think of marriage until Victor had been long enough

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in the counting-house to satisfy them that he would give his mind to business and show himself worthy to be Mr. Beverley's partner as well as his daughter's. They did "think of it," of course, and behaved as young people usually do under such circumstances. But Victor was as steady and attentive to his duties at the office as could be desired, and Mr. and Mrs. Beverley had every reason to be satisfied with him so far.

Louis Darville, the younger brother, was not in such good repute, but they did not know so much about him or his proceedings. He seldom went to The Lawn, and was not so punctual or diligent in his business habits as he ought to have been. Mr. Beverley did not appear to take much notice of him, as he was supposed to be under his brother, and Victor was in a manner responsible for him. It was a rule with Mr. Beverley not to interfere with the subordinates more than was absolutely necessary; but he kept his large eyelids open, and when he saw anything going wrong would suddenly pounce upon the offender, and give him a severe reprimand once for all, or perhaps even dismiss him without any notice. He was not satisfied with what he saw and heard of Louis Darville, and did not think there was much probability that he would ever be admitted to the position of a partner in the house; but there was nothing to complain of; nothing, at all events, but what his brother was competent to deal with. Louis was, like his late father, more given to pleasure than to work, that was all; he would have to alter his habits if he intended to remain in the counting-house at Bread Lane.

The household at Mulberry Lawn was early astir on the day of Mrs. Howard's departure. She had taken leave of all her neighbours on the previous day. She had not many relatives,—scarcely any besides the Beverleys. She had been married in India, and knew nothing of her husband's family. He had no friends in England, he told her—none, at least, that he should care for her to know. He had always been very reticent about his own connections. Some day, perhaps, he might tell her something, he said; but she had better not ask questions. She had married him for his own sake, not for his belongings; and though she would have liked to make all the friends she could for her boy in England, she had forborne to press the matter with her husband, fearing that he would be annoyed at what might seem to be a want of confidence. Mr. Howard, if the truth must be told, was not the kind of man that any one could be on very easy terms with; he was reserved, gloomy, and morose. He did not enjoy good health, and the Indian climate seemed to have affected his temper as well as his digestion. His wife knew how to please him, but there were certain subjects which she had learnt not to allude to unnecessarily, and this not unimportant question of his family and connections was one of them.

Mr. Beverley took his nephew aside on the day of his departure, and, after looking at him solemnly for a few moments, told him to be a good boy, and to put that in his pocket (a sovereign), and to come home to the Lawn in the holidays; and then bade him good-bye.

Tom thanked him, and thought he ought to offer him a kiss, but could not summon courage to do so. He made up for it, however, when he came to Mrs. Beverley and Joan. At the gate two or three old people were waiting to see them. Miss Beverley had a district in the parish, and Mrs. Howard had sometimes accompanied her on a visit to the poor. A widow named Raffage had now brought her a parting gift—the widow's mite, she called it—in the shape of a pair of very large, thick, woollen mittens, which she had knitted expressly for her, extra warm, thinking they would be of use to her in them foreign parts. Her son, Dick Raffage, had just been entered as a warehouse boy at Bread Lane, at Victor Darville's instance, and he was present in a new jacket which Mrs. Howard had given him, to show himself and to know if there was "anything as he could fetch or carry."

"Yes," said Tom, giving him a shilling; "carry that."

Tom had a sovereign in his pocket, and could afford to be liberal; but it was rather as a diversion of his own thoughts than from any other motive that he turned towards young Raffage. He could say good-bye to him more easily than to any one else. It was said at last, however, to all of them, and the cab, heavily laden with a few last odds and ends of property, drove off, and left the Beverleys, with the Raffages and two or three servants, standing in the road looking after them. Tom had his mother with him still for a little while, and they clasped each other's hands tightly, as they sat side by side, without speaking.

JOTTINGS BY A BOOKWORM.

THE bookworm, I believe, is a small creature that burrows into books. I have an old copy of "La Bruyère" in three volumes, each of which has its leaves perforated, from the first to the last, with neat round holes—the work of the bookworm. The name is applied metaphorically to a human being who is much given to poring over books. Perhaps none of Sir Walter Scott's charming stories is more delightful than "Guy Mannering," with its fresh and picturesque scenery, its stirring incidents, and its inimitably natural and living characters. One of these—among the author's very best—is the immortal bookworm, Dominie Sampson. Who does not recollect the description of him? How he "was a good listener, and stirred the fire with some address. He attempted even to snuff the candles, but was unsuccessful, and relinquished that ambitious post of courtesy, after having twice reduced the parlour to total darkness." What is there more humorous to be found anywhere than his encounter and dinner with Meg Merrilies? And how graphic the picture of him in the library:—"He often opened a volume when half-way up the library-steps, fell upon some interesting passage, and, without shifting his inconvenient posture, continued immersed in the fascinating perusal, until the servant pulled him by the skirts to assure him that dinner waited. He then repaired to the parlour, bolted his food down his capacious throat in squares of three inches, answered aye or no at random to whatever question was asked at him, and again hurried back to the library as soon as his napkin was removed, and sometimes with it hanging round his neck like a pinafore."

Perhaps there is no personage in the whole range of fiction with whom I have so much sympathy as with Dominie Sampson. Books are as my meat and drink.

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I spend most of my time in a little room pretty well lined on three sides with books, and when I take my walks abroad some instinct leads me most often where I may still look upon books. I am fortunate in living within easy distance of Holborn, Oxford Street, and the Strand, these being the thoroughfares in or near which are to be found the greatest number of bookshops—the only shops that have any attraction for me—especially those which have a number of volumes exposed outside the door. How often have I stood five, ten, twenty minutes, and longer still, enjoying something I did not quite care to buy, but could not deny myself the pleasure of devouring hastily or partially. In that wonderful story of "A Voyage to the Moon," by Edgar Poe, the bellows-mender of Rotterdam tells us how he fell in at a bookstall with a work on astronomy which inspired him with the idea he afterwards carried out. But what struck my attention was the fact that a *chair* was provided for the accommodation of customers, or readers, an institution which I have never seen at any London bookstall, though it would often have been exceedingly welcome.

One cannot but notice the miscellaneous character of the assemblage of books on a stall. And here recurs the often remarked analogy between books and men. The bookseller ranks his books as he would his customers. The best bound, and those which are worth most money, are stowed safely within. Those with fading exteriors, and those that do not "go off" quickly, such as Greek and Latin classics, and school-books generally, theological, philological, and scientific works by less known authors, are put outside. It is amusing to observe how in many cases the books come down in appearance and price in exact proportion to their distance from the shop door—the best being nearest, and at the extreme end a melancholy heap of the paupers and outcasts of the book world. It is piteous to imagine the downward career of a valuable book until at last it reposes in the penny box. Here may be found many a book which has lost its jacket, though not its brains. That rare spirit and lover of books, Dr. Oliver Wendel Holmes, in his last "breakfast-table" book, describes his mode of dealing with his "crippled" books. If a volume had lost one of its covers—the fine old brown binding, perhaps, of the last century—he would look out another as like it as possible from an old lot, and taking one of its covers, supply with it the deficiency of the first. He tells us the remarkable things he found in one or two old books he got for nothing for this purpose, and wonders why we keep calling for new books when there is so much valuable matter lying neglected. The time may be out of joint in many respects, but for one thing I am devoutly thankful—the abundance and cheapness of books. We can hardly now conceive the condition of the middle ages, when a book was purchased with an estate. And though the deluge of trash is as great as ever, a stream of sterling literature is steadily flowing to counteract it. Above all it is pleasant to see the innumerable reprints of standard English authors. There must be a very large class sufficiently educated to wish for some acquaintance with these, and it is to be hoped that as the knowledge of them permeates the community a corresponding elevation of taste and feeling may result.

There is no better illustration to be found of the economical maxim that a thing is worth what it will fetch than the prices of second-hand books. Many a time have I turned homewards rejoicing, with a treasure in my pocket or under my arm, gladly parted with by the dealer "for an old song"—whatever may be the origin of that phrase. It was worth little or nothing to others, but much to me. The indifference of the public is the opportunity of the bookworm (apothegm after the manner of the late Lord Lytton). In this way I picked up a fine octavo "Iliad," in noble type, with Heyne's notes, for sixpence. Only a few days ago I secured Matthiä's famous Greek Grammar, in two volumes, for eighteenpence. Some time back I met with the "Enchiridion of Epictetus," and the "Characters of Theophrastus," with other standard pieces, in one volume, —evidently a choice edition—for ninepence; it was worth the money if only to have the beautiful type to look at.

Now and then one meets with singular books. I once lighted on a curious and clever thing, entitled, "Heliondè; or, Adventures in the Sun." It is the story of a gentleman who spent an unusually hot summer at a hydropathic establishment, drinking water and bathing till, falling asleep one day out-of-doors, his body, already much reduced by the *regimen*, became, through the sun's rays, attenuated into vapour, though still retaining the human shape, and was at length drawn up from the earth by the same power, and onward, along a brilliant road of sunbeams, till he was finally landed in the sun. A detailed account follows of the wonders of this new world, displaying very vivid imagination, great inventive ingenuity, considerable literary and scientific knowledge, and not a little satirical humour. The visitor to the sun was greatly struck at first by finding that the light came from *below* instead of above, as on earth. The arrangements consequent on this are ingeniously described. The inhabitants were of ethereal nature, and lived not on solid food, but on odours, extracted from the flowers of the sun. A dinner would consist of a variety of these perfumes, served in phials. Here is a description of Heliopolis, the capital of the sun:—"Spread out in vast dimensions was a metropolis which would have covered an area of nearly all Europe, built entirely of the beautiful minica (a material made from solidified air), and blending every conceivable colour in soft radiations, while palace after palace, dome above dome, minaret upon minaret, cupolas rivalling cupolas, rose glistening in the bright and buoyant air of the sun, the refulgent rays of whose light were here and there reflected back into double magnificence by peculiar glossy and shining clouds, which floated over the city like recumbent and benignant genii of the place."

This is the stranger's first meeting with an inhabitant of the sun:—

"'Permit me to ask from what world you have come?' said he.

"'From earth.'

"'From what country?'

"'England,' I replied, rather pompously.

"Upon this he took from one of his followers a sort of tablet—evidently a list of heavenly spheres—and, running his eye over it, muttered, 'Earth: small star, with a moon; inhabitants eat flesh. Mostly warlike and fierce; cruel to animals; land and water, atmosphere of its own.' Here he stopped as if satisfied that these few remarks classified the world from which I came." It should be mentioned that speech in the sun was musical. After seeing many

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wonderful things, and going through some strange adventures, the traveller returns to the earth in as incomprehensible a manner as he had left it.

Though, as a true bookworm, it is mainly for their contents that I regard books, yet I am not altogether indifferent to their outsides. I am especially fond of good editions of standard authors, and I know no more tempting spectacle than the window of a first-class bookseller. The *very* sumptuous editions, however, suggest that they are more likely to remain in their dignity on the library shelves than frequently to open their pages to their owner. Still, one likes to see the great writers worthily arrayed. The way in which books are "got up" now exhibits a wide variety of taste, some very good, much very bad. Attractiveness of appearance is, no doubt, a point of importance in a large class of books, but there is in general too much of gaudy ornamentation—a striving to catch purchasers by the eye, as if the public, like children, must be enticed by a pretty cover. Indeed, as on the stage, the scene-painter now divides the honours with the dramatist, so the binder and gilder come, in a manner, into competition with the author.

Books, by virtue of the wonderful *life* that is in them, carry us back into the past, till we stand in spirit among the men of the old generations. Does the reader know that extraordinary book, that quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore, "Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy"? It was the only book, Dr. Johnson said, that could make him rise two hours earlier than he wished. Burton is the prince of bookworms. His great book is made up, almost entirely, from other books. No other English author has quoted so largely and so aptly. He professes to treat of Melancholy: its kinds, causes, symptoms, prognostics, and cures. In pursuing this subject, he quotes from an immense number of authors, and brings in a vast and varied quantity of recondite and most entertaining matter. Wood says, "'Tis a book so full of variety of reading, that gentlemen who have lost their time, and are put to a push for invention, may furnish themselves with matter for common or scholastical discourse and writing." And many such gentlemen have availed themselves of it accordingly. Sterne's plagiarisms, in particular, have been fully exposed. Not a few writers and talkers have passed for great scholars by the aid of Burton's book, condensing, as it does, an enormous mass of reading into a volume. He quotes the ancient authors, and the more obscure writers of later ages. His book has been called "the delight of the learned, the solace of the indolent, and the refuge of the uninformed." Burton's own share of the work, however, his original writing, is full of wit and energy. In reading old books, how often are we surprised at finding in a long by-gone period the features of our own day: take, for instance, this passage, in which Burton speaks of himself and his mode of life:—

"I live still a collegiate student, as Democritus in his garden, and lead a monastic life, sequestered from those tumults and troubles of the world; and as if stationed on a watch-tower, in some high place above you all, I hear and see what is done abroad; how others run, ride, turmoil and macerate themselves in court and country, far from those wrangling lawsuits, I laugh at all, without care lest my suit go amiss, my ships perish, corn and cattle miscarry, trade decay. I have no wife nor children, good or bad, to provide for. A mere spectator of other men's fortunes and adventures, and how they act their parts, which methinks are diversely presented unto me, as from a common theatre or scene. I hear new news every day, and those ordinary rumours of war, plagues, fires, inundations, thefts, murders, massacres, meteors, comets, spectrums, prodigies, apparitions; of towns taken, cities besieged in France, Germany, Turkey, Persia, Poland, etc.; daily musters, and preparations, and such like, which these tempestuous times afford, battles fought, so many men slain, monomachies, shipwrecks, piracies, and sea-fights; peace leagues, stratagems, and fresh alarms. A vast confusion of vows, wishes, actions, edicts, petitions, lawsuits, pleas, laws, proclamations, complaints, grievances, are daily brought to our ears. New books every day, pamphlets, currantoes, stories, whole catalogues of volumes of all sorts, new paradoxes, opinions, schisms, heresies, controversies in philosophy, religion, etc. Now come tidings of weddings, maskings, mummeries, entertainments, jubilees, embassies, tilts and tournaments, trophies, triumphs, revels, sports, plays; then again, as in a new-shifted scene, treasons, cheating tricks, robberies, enormous villainies in all kinds, funerals, burials, deaths of princes, new discoveries, expeditions, now comical, then tragical matters. To-day we hear of new lords and officers created, to-morrow of some great men deposed, and then again of fresh honours conferred; one is let loose, another imprisoned; one purchaseth, another breaketh; he thrives, his neighbour turns bankrupt; now plenty, then again dearth and famine; one runs, another rides, wrangles, laughs, weeps, etc. Thus I daily hear, and such like both private and public news, amidst the gallantry and misery of the world; jollity, pride, perplexities, and cares, simplicity and villainy; subtlety, knavery, candour, and integrity, mutually mixed, and offering themselves."

Is this a picture of two hundred and fifty years ago; or, with scarcely an alteration, of the time we are living in?

The modern bookworm must ever feel a kindly sympathy with the great book-lovers of former days. Chief among them we must rank the immortal Petrarch, to whom we owe the preservation of so many of the Latin classics. He devoted himself with the utmost ardour to the task of rescuing these great works from perishing through the ignorance and neglect of the times. "On many occasions," he says, "when I met strangers, and they asked what I desired from their country, 'Nothing,' I replied, 'but the works of Cicero.' And frequently was this request repeated, when I sent money, not into Italy only, where I was best known, but into France, and Germany, and Spain, and Britain, and as far as Greece. Thus I obtained some small volumes, but seldom such as I most anxiously sought . . . When travelling, if at a distance I descried some ancient monastery, to it I turned my steps. Haply, thought I, I may there find what I most want."

He also eagerly collected the works of the famous Greek writers, though, to his great regret, he did not succeed in acquiring the language sufficiently to enjoy their beauties. When a present of a Greek Homer was sent him from Constantinople, he wrote: "Your present of the original text of the divine poet is worthy of yourself and me. Yet your liberality is imperfect: with Homer you should have given me yourself—a guide who could lead me into the fields of light, and disclose to me the wonders of the Iliad and Odyssey. For, alas! Homer is dumb, or I am

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deaf; nor is it in my power to enjoy the treasure which I possess. I have placed him by the side of Plato—the prince of poets—near the prince of philosophers; and I glory in the sight of my illustrious guests. Of their immortal writings, whatever had been translated into the Latin idiom I had already acquired; but, if there be no profit, there is some pleasure in beholding these venerable Greeks in their proper and national habit. I am delighted with the aspect of Homer; and as often as I embrace the silent volume, I exclaim with a sigh, Illustrious bard! with what pleasure should I listen to thy song, if my sense of hearing were not obstructed."

This great man transcribed many works with his own hand. He lived about a hundred years before the invention of printing.

Another book-collector deserving of mention is Mathias Corvinus, King of Hungary. He built a tower in his capital city, Buda, and lodged in it fifty thousand volumes, bound in vellum and gold or silver. He appointed thirty amanuenses to be constantly employed in copying and illuminating them. When Buda was taken by the Turks, the barbarians destroyed or damaged most of the books, tearing off the rich covers, with their silver bosses and clasps. One book, picked up by a Hungarian soldier, and preserved for the gold and ornaments of its cover, was a manuscript of the celebrated Greek romance, "The Adventures of Theagines and Chariclea," by Heliodorus, Bishop of Tricca, in Thessaly. This work is very interesting, as being the oldest prose fiction now extant, except those which survive in the epitomes of Photius. It has been highly popular, and imitated by many subsequent romancers. Raphael painted two pictures from it. It is also valuable as giving much antiquarian information about Egypt, where the scene is laid. It was first printed in 1534, at Basil, from this manuscript. Leigh Hunt says he met with a translation of it on a bookstall in Chelsea for tenpence. By such accidents have ancient books come down to us. But how poignant the regret with which one thinks of the treasures of antiquity that have perished irrecoverably; the list of more than thirty lost works of Plutarch, for example, of which Dryden says that the reader peruses it with the feelings of a merchant who scans his bill of freight after his vessel has gone down. Especially exasperating is the loss when caused by the sottishness of barbarian conquerors, as in the lamentable case of the Alexandrian Library, destroyed by order of the Saracen Caliph Omar. Ockley, in his "History of the Saracens," tells us that a certain learned man, "perceiving the great respect shown him by Amrou (the general), ventured one day to petition him for the books in the Alexandrian Library, telling him 'That he perceived he had taken an account of all things which he thought valuable in the city, and sealed up all the repositories and treasuries, but had taken no notice of the books; that if they would have been anyway useful to him, he would not have been so bold as to ask for them, but since they were not, he desired he might have them.' Amrou told him 'That he had asked a thing which was altogether out of his power to grant, and that he could by no means dispose of the books without first asking the caliph's leave. However,' he said, 'he would write and see what might be done in the matter.' Accordingly, he performed his promise, and having given a due character of the abilities of this learned man, and acquainted Omar with his petition, the caliph returned this answer: 'What is contained in these books you mention is either agreeable to what is written in the Book of God (meaning the Koran), or it is not; if it be, then the Koran is sufficient without them; if otherwise, it is fit they should be destroyed.' Amrou, in obedience to the caliph's command, distributed the books throughout all the city, amongst those that kept warm baths (of which there were at that time no fewer than four thousand in Alexandria), to heat the baths with. And notwithstanding the great havoc that must needs be made of them at this rate, yet the number of books which the diligence of former princes had collected was so great, that it was six months before they were consumed. A loss never to be made up to the learned world!"

A library is the bookworm's paradise. Such might be the great reading-room at the British Museum, did not the multitude of "readers" and the bustle of the attendants render it anything but a still retreat for the scholar and the student. As far as the books go, however, it is perfect. On entering, you are immediately sensible of the delicious odour of Russian leather. The wall is a great circle of books, and out of sight are myriads more. But the excessive multiplication of books has become a serious hindrance to study. The learner is perplexed and misled. Selection is imperative. A guide to books is sadly wanted. I remember reading in that marvellous romance, "Monte Christo," how the old Abbé said to his fellow-prisoner that he thought all ascertained knowledge might be acquired by perusing some hundred and fifty well-selected volumes. As for history, however, and literature proper, Emerson, in his capital essay on "Books," passes in review the chief books of the world—the great productions of the human mind in successive ages—which have been weighed and not found wanting, and which have been transmitted as a priceless possession to our time. "'Tis an economy of time," he says, "to read old and famed books. Nothing can be preserved which is not good. . . . Be sure, then, to read no mean books. Shun the spawn of the press on the gossip of the hour. The scholar knows that the famed books contain, first and last, the best thoughts and facts."

I will bring this rigmarole to an end with an anecdote showing the value set upon a rare and famous book. In 1812 the Duke of Roxburgh's library was sold by auction. The sale lasted forty-two days. One of the choicest items was an edition of "Boccaccio," published by Valdarfer at Venice, in 1471. This was the only perfect copy. It was bid for by Earl Spencer and the Marquis of Blandford, afterwards Duke of Marlborough. At last Earl Spencer said, "A thousand guineas." "And ten," added the marquis. Amid great excitement the rivalry proceeded till the marquis bid two thousand pounds. After some consultation with his son, Lord Althorp, Earl Spencer raised his offer to two thousand two hundred and fifty pounds. The company were astounded. "And ten," calmly added the marquis. There was no further bid. The hammer fell. "The stroke of its fall sounded," says Emerson, "on the farthest shores of Italy. The tap of that hammer was heard in the libraries of Rome, Milan, and Venice. 'Boccaccio' stirred in his sleep of five hundred years, and M. Van Pract groped in vain among the royal alcoves in Paris to detect a copy of the famed Valdarfer 'Boccaccio.'"

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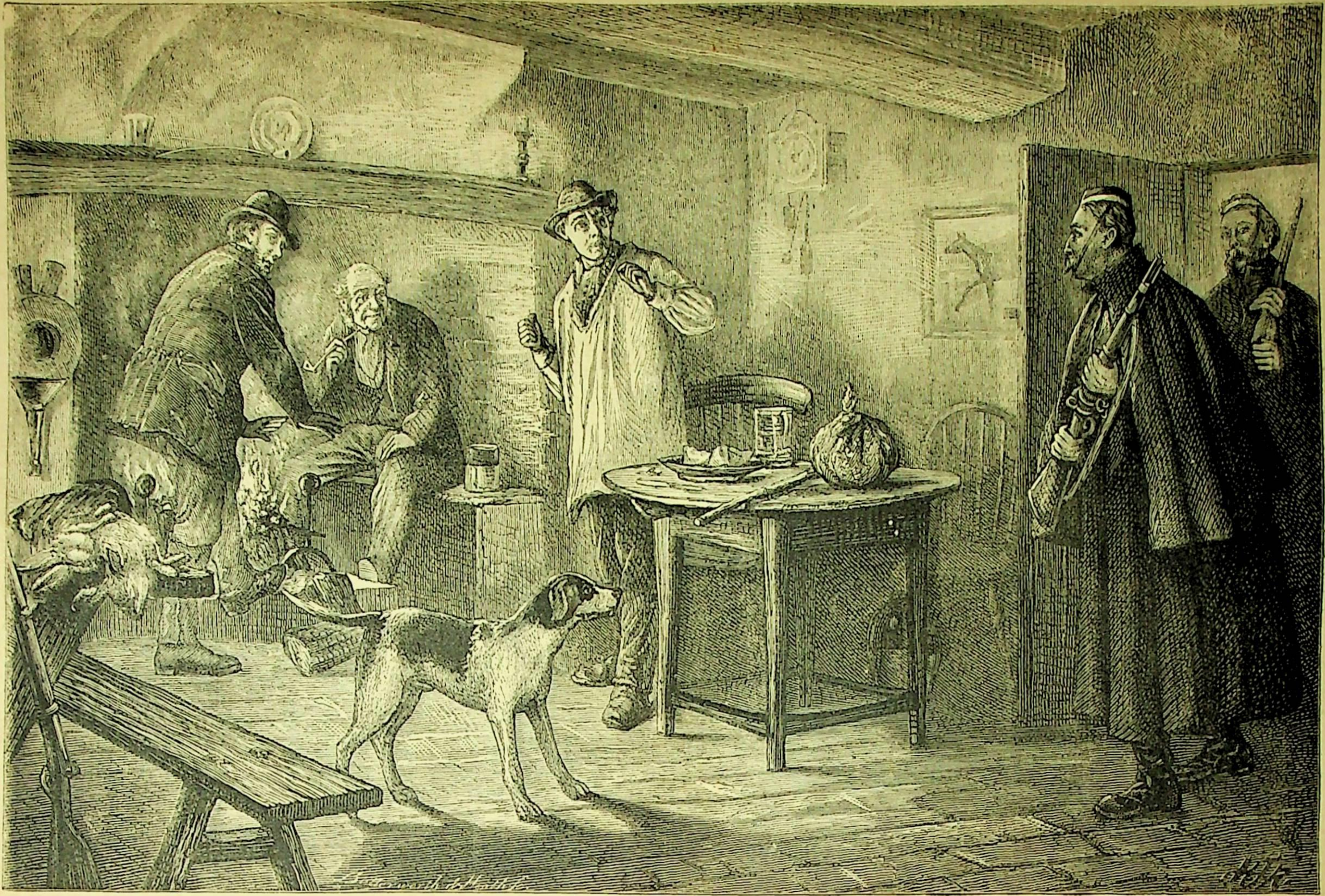

THE DESERTER DISCOVERED.

H. J. Rhodes.

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HANSTEEN'S TRAVELS IN SIBERIA.

CHAPTER IX.—VISIT TO THE KIRGHIS KHAN.

ACCOMPANIED by Karelin, in whose house during two months we had met with the most unvarying hospitality, we again resumed our pilgrimage. Karelin travelled in a capacious sledge with the khan's interpreter, a robust Russian, who understood the Kirghis language; and we were in our britzska, which was on wheels, as was also our baggage-waggon. The road follows the course of the River Oural. Along the banks of the river, which abound in fish, are several forts and redoubts, guarded by Cossacks of the Oural. They serve as outposts between the two savage hordes of Kirghises, who lead a nomad life on the vast steppes to the east of the river. An escort of armed Cossacks was necessary. On the 20th and 21st we rested in the pretty town of Ouralsk, where these Cossacks dwell.

The Kirghises are divided into three tribes: the Great, the Middle, and the Lesser. After the Russians had conquered Siberia these people were at first regarded as a source of annoyance by the southern settlers, being distinguished as plunderers, by a spirit of revolt, and by perfidy and cruelty. As early as 1806 the Kirghises, and also the Barabinzes, were subject to Russia, but the character of these tribes rendered their fidelity doubtful. Even to this day the Great horde lead a wandering life beyond the frontiers of the Russian Empire, and as for the two Lesser hordes, they became so turbulent that at the beginning of the eighteenth century they, as well as the Soongares, were relegated to Siberia, where they made a conquest of the steppes to the east of the Oural, which they possess to this day. In 1731 the khan of the Lesser horde, Abdul-Khair, voluntarily sought the protection of Russia against the oppressions of the Soongares, and in 1738 the oath of fidelity was solemnly taken. The following year the Middle horde followed their example.

The great-grandfather of the khan, who still dwells to the south of the Oural, is celebrated as the author of a history of his nation, which is translated into several European languages. Owing to disputes with other tribes, his son, at the close of the last century, passed to the west side of the Oural with 40,000 followers, and received permission from Catherine II to settle on the desert steppe which separates the Oural and the Volga, where the tribe continue to lead their nomadic life. Russia carries on an advantageous trade with these wanderers, who dispose of their raw products in exchange for articles of little value. The government feared their turbulent character, and wishing to prevent their quitting the steppe, abandoned to the Cossacks of the Oural a large tract of land between the river and a part of the steppe given up to the Kirghises, whose privileges they were not to infringe. At the commencement of this century the latter beginning to perceive that they no longer enjoyed their ancient independence, loaded their camels with their kibitkes, with the intention of crossing the Oural. The emigrants met a party of well-armed Cossacks on their route, and, as they possessed scarcely any means of resistance, after exchanging some blows they returned to their deserted region and remained peaceful.

The River Oural is full of fish, particularly the sturgeon, of which there are two kinds. The sturgeon ascend the River Oural from the Caspian Sea, in order to deposit their eggs, of which the *caviare* is made. The gains of the Cossacks quite depend on the taking of this fish, and there are some who have made out of it 40,000 roubles, and even more. The wife of a rich Cossack wears in her festival costume a head-dress of the shape of a helmet, covered with precious stones of the value, perhaps, of 1,000 roubles. The Cossack officer at whose house we passed the 21st and 22nd showed us one of these head-dresses.

Being informed that the winter fishery was on the point of commencing near the advanced post Mergenev, we went there to witness it, and found many Cossack sledges laden with white poles of various lengths. We counted about 4,000 Cossacks, and on the bank of the river there was a 12-pounder gun. At 9 a.m. the commanding Cossack officer caused the cannon to be fired, as a signal that the fishing had begun. The Cossacks then crowded to a part of the river where they knew the fish abounded, and formed four lines, three hundred or four hundred paces apart. They hollowed out the ice with iron wedges, and at regular distances scooped round holes of about one foot diameter, two or three Cossacks to each hole. Baited fish-hooks were thrust down about one foot from the surface. The white poles placed across the river frightened the fish, which attempted to escape on either side. The Cossacks now turned the sticks in their hands, so that the points penetrated the body of the fish.

If the holes were not large enough to allow the bodies of the sturgeon to pass through, they enlarged the apertures with their pickaxes, whilst the first captors endeavoured to draw them along under the ice. Whether taken by their heads or by their tails, they required the strength of three men to drag them through. In less than two hours, the officer told me that these men had caught fish of the value of 400,000 roubles! A number of merchants, in their sledges, collect together on the ice, and they purchase the largest fish for ready money, and carry them off immediately to St. Petersburg and Moscow. The Russians do not esteem the caviare—that is to say, the eggs—if they are more than eight days old. Each egg is of the size of an ordinary pea, transparent, with a little grey spot on one side; they are thrown into a tub, sprinkled with fine salt, then very carefully turned, so as not to injure them, and after this preparation they are eaten with chopped onions.

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The caviare is served at the table of wealthy Russians. The sort sold in other countries is taken from a smaller kind of sturgeon, which have eggs no larger than small shot. They are strongly salted, and of a greenish colour, a little rancid, and do not at all resemble the caviare obtained from larger fish.

The commanding officer wished to persuade some Cossacks to give us two fish-hooks to try our luck, but we declined to accept this politeness on their part. Our interpreter, Gustav, however, less scrupulous, set to work, and was fortunate to hook a fish of the value of fifty roubles. He had the discretion to yield it up to the owner of the fish-hook for a smaller-sized fish, which he immediately sold to a trader for twenty-five roubles.

This fish is white underneath, from which it derives the name of *bjeluga*, or white fish. The largest we saw were from six to eight feet long, and of the thickness of a man's body. The price of such a fish is sometimes as high as two hundred roubles; it has a long and pointed nose, and a capacious under-jaw. The esterlet, of much smaller size, is from one foot to one foot and three-quarters long. Its flesh is yellowish, and it is luscious and very delicate. It is equally met with in the rivers which flow into the Arctic Ocean, such as the Obi and the Jenisei. The fishing ended, some Cossack officers are deputed to present the best fish to the Emperor at St. Petersburg; an audience is granted to this deputation, of which the chief personage receives a silver-gilt drinking-cup filled with money. Our host at Ouralsk showed us three of these cups, which he had received on different occasions. The only objection to be made to this custom was, that the etiquette of the Court obliged him to shave off his habitually long beard, from which cause he had continual toothache until his beard grew again.

We now left the river, and drove three days across the steppe, towards the south-east, passing by three Cossack stations, standing isolated on this vast plain. On the 26th January we halted at the last station, Glinänui, placed on the borders of the steppe given up to the Kirghises. These stations are only mud huts hollowed out of the earth; not a tree, not a shrub, exists on the steppe! To warm themselves these tribes make use of reeds and rushes for fuel, which grow in moist places, and of cow-dung. The soil is salt everywhere, so that the water of the springs is not even drinkable for horses and cows. Fresh water is obtained by melting snow, of which a store is kept in each courtyard, on a cart. In the summer rain-water is collected. The wings of the houses are built up with rushes and branches of palms plaited together. We remained six days, whilst Karelin preceded us to announce our arrival to the khan. This interval was devoted partly to our scientific occupations, partly to visits made to the lieutenant in command. He spoke Russian only, but his wife understood French; and in this fashion we got on pretty well. The visit of a stranger on the Kirghis Steppe is an event which occurs, perhaps, but once during a century!

The Governor Essem had written to the khan to aid us in our journey across the steppe as far as Astrakan. The khan, on his side, directed his brother to accompany us across it, with two kabitkes and the necessary number of camels to transport them. The uncle of the khan, and his brother, who dwelt near the station, came to visit us every day—to chat, to consult us, and to inquire what we wished done. They placed themselves on a carpet, crossed their legs, and drank tea with us. The conversation often languished, for they did not speak Russian better than we did. One day we went to visit the uncle, who lived in a wooden hut, and we had the good fortune to see his wife in all her splendour. She wore a red velvet dress and a head-dress ornamented with pearls. Her mother, who could not accustom herself to new fashions nor to the confined air of a shut-up house, lived all the year round in her kibitke, where we found her seated on cushions.

During our stay an incident made us acquainted with the strictness of the Kirghis customs. A young woman is not permitted to let a man behold her face—even though he be a member of her own family—her father only excepted. When she becomes old she is free to show it. It therefore follows that a man may not see his daughter-in-law, nor the wife of his nephew, nor the wife of a younger brother, though he is allowed to look at his aunt and at the wife of his uncle. Upon a wish being expressed by us during a visit to the sultan, he was good enough to order his two daughters and his daughter-in-law to attire themselves in their festal garments, and to place themselves at the end of a kibitke. To our great surprise, whilst we penetrated into the sanctuary, he himself remained outside. Later, Lieutenant Due called upon him to draw his likeness in grand costume, and on this occasion expressed the wish to paint a portrait of his daughter-in-law also. As she did not understand Russian he begged her father-in-law to be present to act as interpreter. "It is impossible," replied the sultan; "our customs do not permit us to see a daughter-in-law!" and he had never in his life beheld her. The matter was difficult to arrange, for an artist always has little directions to give to his sitter—sometimes to turn her head, or it may be to alter her pose. After various consultations an expedient was devised. The sultan caused a large curtain to be hung up, which divided his room into two parts. His niece was placed on a chair on one side of the curtain, with Mr. Due at a convenient distance, whilst the father-in-law, stationed on the other side of the curtain, fulfilled the office of interpreter. When Due said, "Ask your daughter-in-law to turn her head more to the left," the sultan repeated the request in Kirghisian. On a subsequent occasion the khan's wife, hearing that Due had brought a portrait of her husband's uncle, begged he would lend it her that she might have some idea of the features of her relation.

In Russia one finds many sects of the Greek religion. Amongst these is one whose members style themselves "Starié veri," or "ancient believers." They have very rigid rules, and, amongst other singularities, are forbidden to use tobacco, which, according to their idea, profanes not only the man who smokes it, but pollutes the room in which this impious occupation has taken place. The people who shared the accommodation of the station with us belonged to this sect. On seeing us smoke in our little room, they conceived such an aversion for us and for our servants that they no longer allowed them to make use of the same vessel that they employed for bringing up the water. They gave us another, promising themselves to destroy it at our departure, and our apartment was to be purified and sprinkled with holy water before it could be occupied by any one else. Captain Cochrane relates in his

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travels that, entering once to light his pipe in the dwelling of a Siberian peasant of this sect, the mistress of the house took up a piece of wood and gave him such a blow on his back that he ran away alarmed; the blows were repeated even outside the house. He did not understand the compliments offered him in such a language! I must acknowledge that they were scarcely more courteous to us.

A Kirghis courier soon arrived on horseback, bringing a polite communication from the khan, written in Russian. As one has not often the opportunity of reading a letter written by a nomad prince, I translate the document literally:—

"Affectionate Lord Christoforo Christophorovitsch,—Having learnt that you, affectionate lord, with Lieutenant Due, have resolved to traverse the steppe which is subject to me as far as Astrakan, I earnestly invite you to take the road to my residence in your journey to that town. Not only will it be agreeable to you to lighten the fatigue of this long journey, but I shall be pleased to make your personal acquaintance. To facilitate this I have directed my brother, the Sultan Tauke Bukeievski, to furnish you with kibitkes (tents), guides—in short, with all may be useful to you in travelling here.

"Whilst expecting your arrival, receive the assurance of my devotion and of my esteem, with the extreme honour that I feel to be,

"Affectionate lord,

"Your very humble servant,

"DSCHANGER,

"Sandy Plain of Dschaskus."

The khan's seal was heart-shaped, and bore the following inscription: "Petschat Chana Dschangera Bukeieva," or "Seal of the Khan Dschanger Bukeievski." Within the border there were Arabic characters, probably of the same signification.

The Sultan Tauke sent four camels, laden with wooden framework fittings, felt carpets, cushions, and coverlids from Bokhara, for the two kibitkes in which we were to pass the night during our journey. The evening of our departure from the station the camels were sent on with the kibitkes to a distance of seventy versts. The next morning we accompanied the sultans in two sledges, leaving our carriages in charge of the Cossacks to bring them on slowly to the khan's palace. It is difficult for a traveller to find his way in winter, or to reach a given point, especially when seventy versts off, the steppe being as smooth as a sea of glass, and neither house, tree, nor shrub to mark his progress, no high ground nor lofty object intervening. If overtaken by a whirlwind of snow one is in danger of perishing, every track being effaced, and not a place of refuge to take shelter in. The khan's interpreter related to us that one day, whilst crossing the steppe, he was overtaken by a whirlwind. In order to save his life he took refuge in one of the stacks of hay, which are not rare on the steppe, and which the Kirghises reserve here and there to supply provender for their cattle during the winter. To attain the summit of the heap he stood on his horse, and then gradually sank into it, closing up any aperture left at the top. He remained burrowed in it all night, and, fortunately for him, the snowstorm ceased in the morning.

If a traveller in journeying have left some trace or indication of his route, it is resolutely followed. If there be none, the sledge halts, and a Cossack is sent on to the right, and one to the left, to advance gently on the snow to discover which part is the hardest. If a good path be found, the traveller is immediately informed and the sledge proceeds. The Cossacks and the Kirghises are so much accustomed to this manner of travelling that they are rarely at fault. Even the horses seem to possess the same sort of instinct. When one of them feels that the snow beneath his feet is becoming softer, he comprehends that he has left the track, and he pushes the horse harnessed at his side back again. There is as much necessity to use the mariner's compass on the steppe as at sea. We were generally disquieted, I must acknowledge, every time that it became needful to trace our route in this manner. At length, in the evening, we arrived at the spot agreed upon. It was near a marsh, where we found the rushes very convenient to furnish a fire by which to warm ourselves. Our camels had already arrived; some Kirghis women ran out of their tents to help us set up ours; a large carpet was fastened round it, an opening being left to let the smoke pass out on the side where the wind did not blow. In the interior of the tent rushes were thickly strewn upon the snow to the depth of several inches, and over these carpets were spread. In the centre of the tent a free space was left, where a fire, made of rushes, was lit. Cushions, which served as seats, over which a variegated Bokhara carpet was placed, were arranged on one side. Half an hour after our arrival our kibitkes were ready to receive us. We found our Kirghises squatted round the fire warming themselves; Neilsen, our servant, was near the door, with his *samavar* filled with snow, boiling the water for our tea; Gustav preparing some sturgeon for our supper. We soon enjoyed our tea and smoked our pipes. This nomad life was really not without its charm.

We passed into the other kibitke to see our people at their meal. They were all squatted in a circle round the fire, their meat was drawn out of the flesh-pot, torn with their fingers, and served in wooden porringers. They ate the meat they seized without either bread or salt. Each time that a man had half picked a bone he made a present of it, over his head, to a Kirghis woman behind him, who finished it! The meat hastily devoured, the bowls were given to the cook, who replenished them with soup. The soup, not having been skimmed, was of a greyish colour. A similar repast forms the daily nourishment of the Kirghises, who, after having enjoyed such a feast, remain twenty-four hours without eating. After our own meal, we threw ourselves on the mattresses, our feet against the fire and our heads against the wall of the tent. The carpet surrounding it came well down to the ground, and the snow outside having been heaped up to a height of several feet, no wind could enter. A Kirghis watched the fire all night, throwing occasionally on it several loads of rushes and rounds of dried cowdung, which added greatly to the intensity of the heat. The next morning, after a sound and peaceful sleep and a good breakfast, we were ready to start, and the kibitkes were taken to pieces. The Kirghis women came flocking out again, took off the accumulation of frost on the outside carpets, rolled them up in bundles, and loaded the camels with them, together with the wooden tent-frames.

The sultans had brought two extra horses with them. After journeying some distance, Sultan Tauke had one of these horses saddled to enjoy a ride, for variety's sake. When he had satisfied this fancy I felt a wish to do the same. I gave the other

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horse to Gustav, and we took rather a long ride. When the Kirghises wish to put their horses to their fullest speed they utter a peculiar sharp sound. The sultans took it in their head to utter this cry to furnish me with an opportunity of displaying my skill as an equestrian. The horses set off with extraordinary impetuosity, and although all the Kirghis horses are very surefooted, this awkward joke might have easily cost a man's life. I went to the side of the first sledge; Gustav was between them both; we found it impossible to stop our headlong course. Soon I heard a cry—Gustav had fallen; the sledge, which was close upon him, had passed over his body, and I expected to find him dead. To my great astonishment, he rose, looked around him, half frightened, half surprised, as though to assure himself that he was still alive. The sledge-horses, according to their usual habit, had avoided putting their feet on him, and as he was fortunately extended along the track where the sledge had been, it had but slightly grazed him. I, however, could not conceal the anger that I felt. I said to the old sultan, in the best Russian I could command, that I thought I had to do with staid, sensible persons, but that they had acted like madcap boys! Gustav had had enough of his horse, but I remained on mine until we came to an isolated house, inhabited by a Tartar merchant, about seven versts from the khan's residence. Here we sent a note to Karelin, dressed, and took some tea. Karelin arrived in a magnificent sledge belonging to the khan, drawn by two Kirghis horses, and we were conducted to the prince's residence.

The ancestors of the khan passed winter, as well as summer, in their kibitkes like other Kirghis people, but his father, in extreme old age, had had a wooden house constructed for him, in which he sought refuge from the rigorous season. The Emperor Nicholas, having a great regard for the present khan and his wife (who had been present at his coronation), caused his present elegant residence to be built for him, but the khan occupied it only in the cold weather, and during summer he preferred leading his usual nomad life. Some steps conducted from the courtyard to the vestibule, whence a staircase led to the first floor, where there was a spacious drawing-room, with four windows, from which we enjoyed an extensive view over the steppe. In this room prayers were said five times a day by the Mohammedans, and there the khan's councillors were received. On the right side of this saloon and of the vestibule there were four rooms, two looking out on the steppe and two towards the court, in one of which, communicating with the best room, the khan remained when at home; the three others were occupied by his wife Fatima. On the left side there were also four rooms, of which the two first, looking out on the steppe, had been assigned to us. In the wings of this building were the secretary's office, the kitchen, and servants' rooms. The apartments were carpeted with handsome Persian carpets, and could boast large mirrors and mahogany furniture. In our room was the piano of the khan's wife, and in Due's room a billiard-table. The khan was a young man twenty-seven years old, courteous, and with a dignified air, and a rather interesting face. His eyes and complexion were those of a Mongol; he had been educated at Astrakan; he spoke and wrote Kirghis (Tartar), Arabic, Persian, and Russian. Charts, and a celestial globe with Arabic inscriptions, showed that he knew something of geography, and even a little astronomy. His costume was that of an Asiatic: he wore large trousers of violet velvet, with gold lace down the sides, and smart boots of European fashion; a caftan of the same coloured velvet, with gold embroidery down the front and round the edges; a scarf round his waist and a small sword, the hilt ornamented with precious stones. His head, shaven like that of all Mohammedans, was covered with a cap of cloth of gold, bordered with sable. A large gold medallion, containing the emperor's portrait, set round with diamonds, was suspended by a red ribbon round his neck.

The khan came to our rooms every day to see us, chatted with us, and played at billiards with Due. This young man knew perfectly well how to reconcile his dignity as a reigning prince with a certain degree of deference which he displayed to us, as representatives of European science. He caused all sorts of wine (forbidden to Mohammedans) to be brought for us from Astrakan. His Russian cook was skilled in European culinary art; our table was well served, and Karelin assured us that the prince would have joined us at our meals had he not been unwell. The khan's large drawing-room was regarded as the *universal kibitke*, where every peasant had the right to enter, to squat down on the carpet, tell his story, and hear the news of the day, and where he might remain as long or as short a time as he pleased.

At midday a number of wooden bowls were brought in for the khan's councillors, and for the chance guests who were seated along the wall of the room. The prince generally took advantage of this moment to chat a little with everybody. At night they slept on the floor. Upon witnessing these primitive manners and customs one might fancy oneself suddenly transported back to patriarchal times. The nomad peasant does not always obey the orders of his khan. But the prince, in his capacity of judge, supported by his councillors, possesses a little more authority, for they aid him to make their ancient laws and traditions respected. One day I asked the khan whether he gave his decision according to the laws and old rules of the country, or according to his own judgment and his own appreciation of facts. He replied, "Entirely according to my own will." Notwithstanding which, however, he listens to the advice of his councillors.

On the 9th February we quitted his hospitable dwelling with a Cossack officer, who had received orders to accompany us to Astrakan. The khan had wished us to visit a friend of his, a Kalmuck khan, Prince Trumén, residing on an island of the Volga to the north-west of Astrakan, reigning over a race of Kalmucks who people the western part of the Great Steppe, as the Kirghis people the eastern part.

The Kalmucks, as well as the Buretes belong to the Mongolian race. They are contradistinguished from our Circassian race by the form of their heads, by a strongly-marked protruding jaw, by eyes obliquely set, and by a yellow complexion. They are a nomadic tribe, like the Kirghises, and have precisely the same customs. When they quit a pasturage already used up for another where the soil has been uncultivated, they present a very picturesque appearance. As far as the eye can reach, the steppe is covered with flocks and herds. Men on horseback, with quivers well furnished with bows and arrows,

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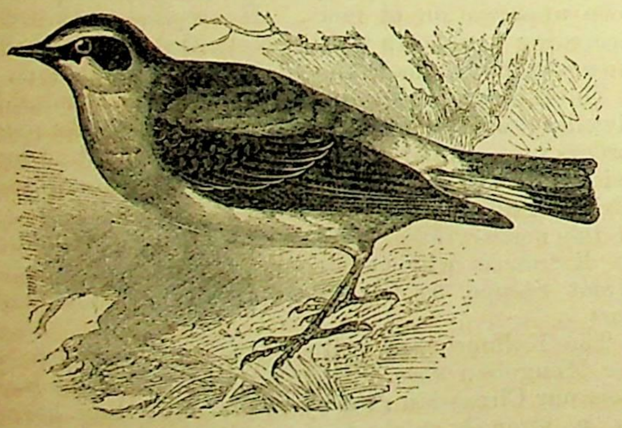
accompanied by their dogs, follow their herds and keep them together. Groups of men on horseback, young women, boys, and girls, make the air resound with their joyousness. Camels carry the matrons and children suspended in baskets on the camels' haunches, felt coverings for their kibitkes, cauldrons, and domestic utensils and provisions. The Kirghises are well skilled in the chase; they eat the flesh of all animals excepting that of the dog, always called by them "the friend of man."

In the afternoon we were conducted to a pretty temple, where we witnessed again a full religious ceremony, in which forty Lamas in their strange paraphernalia took part. We begged to be allowed to see some Kalmuck ladies in national costume. The next morning we were led first into the court, where we were shown some fine horses, and then invited to enter a kibitke, where we beheld twelve ladies seated beside each other, occupying about a quarter of the circumference of the tent. A fire blazed in the centre, and we sat down opposite to them, and so could look at them at our leisure. They were richly dressed in velvets of different colours, but their features were really frightful; they were small and not graceful. The men appeared less ugly, perhaps because one is less exacting with regard to the sterner sex.

For our breakfast we had first of all caviare, and afterwards a genuine Kalmuck beverage (kumis, spirit made of mare's milk) was offered in a porcelain saucer. This beverage resembled thick whey, and had a detestable flavour of bad brandy. Then they offered us several plates of meat, which we found very good. On the 15th February we entered Astrakan, a city remarkable on many accounts, and there we found, after two or three months' anxious expectation, a mass of letters from home and from our native land.

NATURAL HISTORY ANECDOTES.

AN ENGLISH MOCKING-BIRD.



THE WHEATEAR.

THE sprightly, merry little wheatear, so common in most parts of the British Isles, although not gifted by nature with any very great powers of song, possesses the imitative faculty in no ordinary degree. His natural note is by no means melodious, being fairly comparable to the noise of pebbles when rattled together, mingled with something of metallic sound; but when inspired with the spirit of mimicry, the wheatear can produce as varied an assortment of sounds from his little throat as any bird with which I am acquainted, not even excepting the eloquent and versatile starling.

Like many others of his tribe, the wheatear is migratory in this country, visiting us in large numbers in the spring, and departing again on the approach of winter. The birds seem to pair before or immediately after their arrival on our shores, for when first seen they are usually found dispersed all over the country, invariably in pairs, and always busily engaged in selecting convenient sites for their domicile. That settled, the business of nest-building is immediately proceeded with, and while thus occupied both birds are far too much engrossed with their architectural plans to trouble themselves much about songs or singing. It must be admitted that the male wheatear, easily recognisable by the superior brilliancy of his plumage, is a most confirmed fidget, wasting much valuable time by "fooling around," as our American cousins say; while, as is often the case among bipeds of a higher class, most of the real work of the household is done by his less fussy but really more industrious help-meet. But when the nest is finished—a neatly-built little home it always is—and the master of the house released in part from his arduous labours, he then gives scope to his vocal powers, and amuses his admiring and expectant wife with his celebrated "imitations of popular artists." Perched upon some stone or hillock or heap of turf, conveniently near his well-concealed residence, this small northern mocking-bird reproduces the call-notes of nearly all his feathered neighbours, often with such perfect accuracy as to deceive the most practised ear. Occasionally he interpolates some variations of his own, not seldom mixing up the notes of two or more different kinds of birds in a manner sufficiently ludicrous, but more often the imitation is a perfect copy of the model.

I remember on one occasion spending a most pleasant hour in listening to a musical entertainment, the sole performer being a male wheatear, who was perfectly unaware of the fact that he had a human auditor within a few yards of his *al fresco* stage. He was trying hard to acquire a perfect mastery of the redshank's note, and his patience and assiduity were most praiseworthy. But unfortunately he had got the call of the ringed-plover very strongly in his head and in his throat, and many rehearsals were necessary before he was able to distinguish properly between the two. He would begin quite correctly with the redshank's note, and then wander off into that of the ringed-plover. Not disheartened by repeated failures, he would try again, generally with the same result. At length, however, he succeeded to his entire satisfaction; and then, as if to test the measure of his skill, he repeated the call-notes of both redshank and ringed-plover alternately half a dozen times without making a single mistake. Thereafter he hopped off his perch, regaled himself with a slight luncheon, and addressed a few casual observations in his own proper language to his wife, of which, however, she took not the slightest notice. Finding his musical efforts unappreciated at home, and having nothing particular to do, he came back to his former position, and resumed the redshank song again. He had it

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now pat; and having satisfied himself that such was the case, he went off into excellent imitations of other birds.

On many occasions I have heard the wheatear copy the call-notes of the golden plover, dunlin, peewit, rock-lark, mountain linnet, chaffinch, and a host of others, besides attempting with fair success the "wild bravura" of the curlew, the softer note of the whimbrel, and the shrill screaming of the oyster-catcher. I do not know what the little artist might be capable of if brought up in a cage and trained as bullfinches are. I am happy in never having seen a wheatear in a wire prison, and I certainly have no wish or desire to meet with one of the blithesome little birds in any such sad plight. T. E.

CROWS' COURTS.

When a boy, "crows' courts" were to me very interesting, especially if so near a stone fence that I could from behind it, through a hole, see their movements, and hear their peculiar talk, so unlike their ordinary utterances.

These meetings seemed convened for the purpose of matching. Towards the close of the meeting, the flock formed into two and two, beginning at the outside and finishing in the centre. As each pair formed by a step from the centre, an open space was finally formed in the centre. When the last crow was matched a moment of silence followed, after which the flock flew away in peace and concord. But if the matching ended in a single crow being left in the centre, that single crow was fallen on and killed. Whether this arose from sympathy with his lonely condition and prospects, or from an impression that he might mar the peace of some settled home, I do not know; but that on attempting to fly away he was knocked down and killed I can bear witness.

Walls, Shetland. L. F.

METEORIC DUST.

MR. A. C. RANYARD, secretary of the Astronomical Society, has recently called attention to the evidence which our earth's surface affords of her passage through meteoric systems. From a report on the subject in the columns of the "Times" we take the following statement.

Meteoric dust has been collected on the summits of snow-covered mountains. In the snows of Scandinavia and Finland, or those lying far within the Arctic circle, hundreds of miles from any human habitation, particles of meteoric iron have been found. Iron dust has been gathered in ice-holes in Greenland. Nay, in matter raised from the bottom of deep oceans magnetic particles have been detected, which must have been deposited there recently, and can no otherwise have come there save from the air above those oceans, nor have reached that air except from interplanetary space.

It is true that all this might have been confidently foreseen. We know in other ways that meteoric matter is constantly falling upon the earth. Yet there is a strange interest in the actual recognition of this cosmical dust. What Humboldt said of the larger meteoric masses which have fallen visibly upon the earth from interplanetary space is true (with slight change) of these more subtle signs of the earth's passage through cosmical dust: "Accustomed to know non-telluric bodies solely by measurement, by calculation, and by the inferences of our reason, it is with a sense of wonder that we touch, weigh, and submit to chemical analysis metallic and earthly masses appertaining to the world without."

Until it had been shown that meteors and comets are associated (in some way as yet not clearly understood), the only evidence we could obtain about meteoric systems was by the earth's actual encounter with them. As she circles year by year round her wide orbit, 185,000,000 miles in diameter, her small globe (for in this relation it is almost infinitely minute) encounters such meteors as may happen to be crossing any point of her track at the moment of her arrival there. Multitudes of cosmical bodies may cross that track without her encountering them; and, moreover, for every meteor track which crosses the earth's there must be millions which do not. Thus even of meteor-systems which the earth can, on occasion, encounter, we may remain for ages ignorant, while of those which the earth never can encounter we must for ever remain ignorant, unless we can learn something of them in another way. The astronomer may detect the comet along whose track one of those meteor-systems, "fathomless by man," pursues its course around the sun. Then, though we may never know certainly the nature of that system, we may be able to infer its existence and perhaps form some more or less probable surmise respecting its importance. And from the general evidence collected by astronomers about comets and comet-systems, with such theories as they may hereafter be able to establish respecting the meteoric and cometic nature of certain solar appendages, we may learn the laws according to which the meteor families attending on the sun are distributed.

But it is clear that our knowledge respecting meteors must for a long while be derived chiefly from the study of those meteors which actually reach the earth either as aërolites, as fire-balls, or as shooting stars. In other words, our more intimate knowledge of meteors must be limited to those few meteoric systems which cross the ring of space traversed by the earth in her annual motion around the sun. How exceedingly minute the number of systems thus encountered must be when compared with the total number (even supposing the distribution uniform, instead of being, as it probably is, far denser near the sun than at the earth's distance) can be inferred from the consideration that if the earth's track—that is, the ring of space swept by her whole body and its atmospheric envelope—were represented by a circle of wire a yard in diameter, the thickness of the wire would be less than 1-600 part of an inch. Remembering this and also that it is not the whole even of this relatively fine ring in space which is occupied by observers of meteors at any given instant, but only the minute portion of it which the earth at that instant occupies; that the meteors which fall on the sunlit half of the earth are never seen, unless now and then an exceptionally large mass forces its way through the earth's atmospheric envelope; that on the dark or night half of the earth few are on the look out for meteors—we perceive that our knowledge of the meteoric systems in the solar domain must long remain exceedingly imperfect, nay, by comparison with the real vastness of the subject, must be all but evanescent.

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But the same considerations which might well make astronomers despair of mastering this difficult subject enhance our wonder at the facts actually ascertained respecting meteor systems encountered by the earth. Already we have evidence that in her circuit round the sun she encounters more than 200 meteor systems, or, more strictly, that she passes through the orbits of so many systems. Again, from calculations based on the average number of shooting stars observed per hour at single stations, Professor Newton, of Yale College, United States, has estimated that in a single year the earth encounters as many as 400,000,000 of meteors, from the largest aërolite down to the smallest body which could be seen in a good telescope as a shooting star, if by chance it passed athwart the telescopic field of view. Without laying stress on the numbers, we may say that, roughly, about a million meteors are gathered up by the earth every day, more than 40,000 per hour, and (on the average, it will be understood) some 10 or 12 per second. As almost all of these bodies enter the earth's atmosphere with velocities compared with which that of a rifle-bullet is as rest, it follows that, however minute the majority of these meteoric visitants may be, the very least of them striking man or animal in any vital spot would cause death. But fortunately we are protected from all risk of this sort by a very efficient shield—the soft and yielding air, the resistance of which turns all save the largest meteors into vapour before they have penetrated even its outermost layers.

The amount of this meteoric deposit, although large, is of such trifling proportion to the earth's bulk, that in a thousand million of years the crust of the earth would not be increased in thickness by many inches.

Varieties.

Nihilism.—About the origin of this word there is some discussion. Its adoption in Russia is certainly due to its being used by M. Ivan de Tourguenieff in one of his romances. But the word was already familiar in the works of metaphysicians, as where M. Royer Collard speaks of "the scepticism, *or Nihilism*, which characterises the philosophy of these last times." M. Victor Hugo also uses the word in saying, "The denial of the Infinite leads straight to Nihilism." The political Nihilists are supposed to make practical annihilation of all accepted beliefs and authorities. The leaders may propose to reconstruct society after the destruction of existing social order, but the usual end of a political chaos is a despotism and military rule.

Braille System for the Blind.—Every information as to the Braille system will be gladly given by the hon. secretary to the British and Foreign Blind Association, Dr. Armitage, 33, Cambridge Square, Hyde Park, W.

The Rocky Mountain Locust.—The extensive injury done by this insect led to the appointment, a short time ago, of a Government commission to investigate the subject. Their report, now published, contains much interesting information, of which the following is part. The locust area is of immense extent; it lies between the 94th and the 120th meridians, embracing nearly 2,000,000 square miles. During the years 1874-77, the direct and indirect losses caused by the insect in States and Territories lying west of the Mississippi and east of the great plains are estimated at not less than 200,000,000 dols. The commission have succeeded in mapping the breeding-grounds and districts subject to invasion, and indicating the directions taken by invading and returning armies. As a rule, flight is undertaken only during a part of the day, and in fair, clear weather. The desire for food, cloudy or rainy weather, and adverse winds may keep the locusts from taking wing. In all flights they rely much on the wind to carry them, usually turning their heads towards it and drifting backwards. With slight winds, however, they use their wings and turn their heads forward. They sometimes travel several days continuously, and several hundred miles. Their velocity varies from three to fifteen or twenty miles an hour, according to that of the wind. It appears they can fly two and a half miles above the general surface of Kansas and Nebraska, and far beyond the keenest vision. This explains their sudden and mysterious appearance in some areas. Two swarms have sometimes been seen moving in opposite directions, one in an upper, one in a lower current. There is a tendency in broods hatched in a visited area to return to the native habitats whence their progenitors came. The laying season is six to eight weeks, the average interval of laying two weeks, and the average number of egg-masses three. About seven weeks are required from hatching to attain full growth, the insect passing through six stages in that time. The locusts are not led by kings or queens. Their preferred food is the various cereals, but they will eat almost anything at a push—even dry leaves, paper, cotton and woollen fabrics, and dead animals. They often strip fruit-trees of their leaves. Blackbirds, prairie-hens, and quail are found to be good locust destroyers. In discussing the uses to which locusts can be put, it is urged that they form an abundant and nutritious article of food. Good broth is made by boiling the unfledged insects for two hours in a proper quantity of water, and seasoned with nothing but pepper and salt. It is said to be hardly distinguishable from beef-broth. Boiled, fried, or roasted, the full-grown make pleasant food, and ground and compressed they will keep a long time. Other uses suggested are as fish-bait, as manure, and as a source of formic acid.

Counsels' Honorarium.—We regret that some annoyance has been caused by a statement contained in a recent number of this journal, in an article entitled "Legal Anecdotes," that the plaintiff, in a celebrated action of Swinfen v. Swinfen, refused to pay her counsel after winning a verdict in her favour. We are assured by the solicitor who acted for the plaintiff in the cause that considerable sums of money were disbursed to the plaintiff's counsel, and we do not doubt that this information is correct. Our assertion as to non-payment was intended to be limited to the document upon which the late Mr. Kennedy brought the action in which he was nonsuited, on the legal dictum that a counsel cannot recover against his client. It is not disputed that such action *was* brought, or that such result was arrived at, and we merely cited the case for the sake of the decision.

Books for Poor Students.—An American paper pleads in behalf of ministers and students for gifts of books that may now be lying idle in the libraries of the wealthy. "Books are to ministers what implements and tools are to other workmen, and the necessity is alike urgent that both classes be supplied with proper instruments. There are books enough stowed away in the garrets of the rich to make glad the hearts of all the missionaries in the world. Why not bring them out and give them a free circulation? In these times it may be easier for some to give books than money. If you have any old volumes stowed away on the top shelf, or hid out of sight behind others of more elegant binding, bring them out and give them to the Lord for some of his faithful servants. Many a pastor will go without needed clothes and live on a scanty allowance of food and scrimp his family in order to save enough to buy books. Cannot the reader of this paragraph brighten the life of some poor struggling pastor or student by contributing to his library? A book that you care nought for may be of value and service to him."

Musical Copyright.—The question of music copyright has been curiously enforced upon the management of the London Sunday School Choir. This body, of whom Sir Andrew Lusk is the president, had a concert at the Crystal Palace last June, when they sang Mr. Stallybrass's arrangement of the old French tune or song, "The Comrades' Song of Hope." No notice was taken of the matter, although it has transpired that Mr. Curwen held a copyright of this particular piece. This spring nearly 2,000 of the singers belonging to the choir performed at the Royal Albert Hall, and the piece was re-demanded for its excellent delivery. This seems to have been objected to by the copyrightists, who wrote to the manager demanding to know how many books had been sold, how many were left, and also enforcing the payment of a fine for using this arrangement of the old song. Remonstrances and the pleading of innocence in the matter were useless, and the fine had to be paid accordingly.

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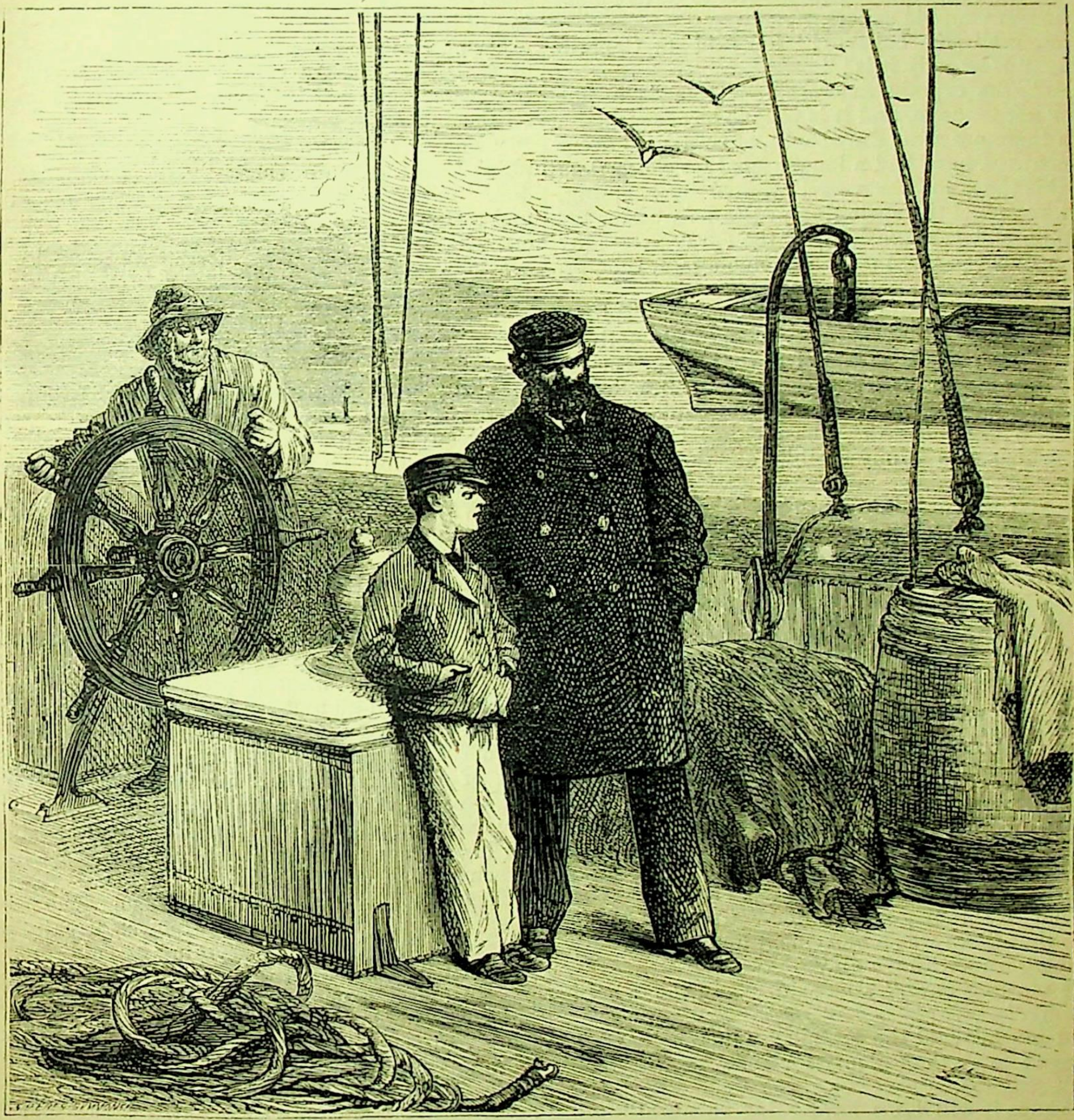
THE LEISURE HOUR.

BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,
AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND.—*Cowper.*



NEARING THE SHORE.

STRAIGHT TO THE MARK.

CHAPTER III.—DOWN CHANNEL.

Once more upon the waters! Yet once more!
And the waves bound beneath me as a steed
That knows his rider. Welcome to the roar!

—*Byron.*

"HOW well she behaves!"

It was Tom Howard who said it. He and Captain Broad were standing together on the deck of the ship Neptune near the wheel, to windward, watching the ship's head as it rose and fell, keeping her course steadily, though close to the wind, seldom falling off perceptibly, and always returning at the impulse of the helmsman as if the word "Luff, luff you may," had been addressed to the figure which projected from the bows, looking straight before it, with a trident in its hand and a wreath of gilt seaweed on its brow, instead of to the man at the wheel. The wind was blowing fresh, and the sea was rising, but

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that served only to show the good qualities of the vessel, for she made very good weather of it, and, though heavily laden, was buoyant upon the water, and kept her decks dry.

Tom had been at sea already four days. He had felt a little squeamish at first, and had not yet got over it; but he did not mean to give in, he said. He could not afford to be sea-sick in so short a voyage; and the fact that he had so many things to think about and talk about may have helped him to overcome the disposition he sometimes felt to do as others did who were not old sailors.

"How well she behaves!" he said to Captain Broad. "How jolly it is!"

"Yes," the captain answered. "She is a fine ship for her tonnage, and it is jolly to be at sea again, though there are some drawbacks, of course, to every enjoyment. I have had a longer spell on shore than usual this time, for the vessel wanted overhauling, and I like to feel the springing of the deck under my feet again, and the brushing of the spray across my face. A quick passage out and home again, though, is what I hope for."

Tom thought the captain was a little out of spirits, and wondered how that could be. There was nothing he would have liked so much at that moment as to be able to change places with Captain Broad. It was getting towards evening, and the captain, leaning against the bulwarks, was looking towards the shore, which was dimly visible on the starboard quarter.

"Do you see that lighthouse on the point yonder?" he said to Tom. "There over the bow to windward. You will see it better presently. We shall stand in as near to the shore as we can."

"I see it," said Tom. "It's not the lighthouse on the head near Sandy Frith that you were telling me about, is it? It can't be that."

"It is that," said the captain; "that and no other."

"Why then," the boy replied, "we must be getting near Abbotscliff."

"True."

"And I shall have to go ashore presently."

"In three or four hours' time perhaps. We can't land you just at the spot, you know; you must go where the pilot goes, and that's a little farther down the coast."

"What are they going to do?" Tom asked, observing that there was a movement upon deck.

"Taking a reef, that's all."

"It's blowing hard," Tom said, "and the wind is freshening."

"Not much," said the captain; "there's plenty of it, though; more than plenty for some of the young hands."

"Perhaps it will blow harder before night," said the boy.

"Not unlikely."

"Suppose it should come on to blow a gale, a regular gale; how would the pilot get ashore?"

"They have good sea-boats, the pilots; they can sail in any weather and face any sea almost. It must be a heavy gale that would stop a pilot from boarding a ship or leaving one."

"But if the sea were running very high the boat could not come alongside. How would they manage then?"

"We could fling a line, you know, or wait for the gale to moderate."

"I have heard of a pilot being unable to leave a ship, and being carried off with her on a long voyage."

"I see what you are thinking of, my lad. It is not likely to happen to you. Your thoughts are as keen to the sea as mine are just now to the shore."

The captain's eyes were directed towards the lighthouse as he spoke. His home was at Sandy Frith; he had told Tom Howard that his old mother lived there, and he always managed to spend a part of his spell on shore in her company. She would be thinking of him now, no doubt, as he of her. There were other and newer links which bound him to the spot, of which he did not intend to say much to a young boy, who would not be likely to sympathise with him on the subject.

"You will, maybe, go over and have a look at the place," the captain said. "It is only about a dozen miles from Abbotscliff, and there's a railway and a station. If you go there you can easily find out where Mrs. Broad lives, and she would like to see you, and to hear the latest news of the ship Neptune and her captain. And there's a man there of the name of Dean; he lives at the shipyard; he would very likely give you a sail in one of his boats."

"I'll go and see them both the very first time I can get leave," said Tom.

"Dean is a ship-builder; sailing-boats and such sort he builds; he is a very good kind of man and a great friend of mine. And there's his sister."

"What is her name?" Tom asked, feeling deeply interested at once in everything belonging to the shipyard.

"Her name is Dean, too, of course—Lucy Dean." Captain Broad uttered the name slowly and in a low voice, as if he were turning over a sweetmeat in his mouth.

"Lucy Dean! what a pretty name!" Tom exclaimed. "I'll go and see her too. How old is she? I mean, is she grown up?"

Tom had an idea that Lucy might possibly be a girl of somewhere about his own age, or he would not have asked such a question.

"Oh yes; she is grown up," said the captain, fixing his eyes again upon the lighthouse. "Oh yes; grown up? of course she is!"

Tom was struck with the captain's curious manner in speaking of Lucy Dean. He was usually plain and straightforward in everything he said, but now he seemed to be a little shy, if such a thing were possible, and Tom hardly knew whether he were pleased or not at the remark he had made about the name and the age. Perhaps the captain was thinking more of Lucy Dean than of his aged mother at that moment, and yet without any failure of filial love and duty. Lucy was young and active, and it was quite possible that she might be climbing that distant headland for the sake of the sea breezes, and—the look-out.

Tom had begun already to surmise that Captain Broad's regard for Lucy Dean was something of the Darby and Joan kind, and he thought Lucy must be a very happy woman. Some day she might sail with her husband in the Neptune.

"I shall like to see Lucy Dean," he said, presently.

"I hope you will get on well at school," the captain remarked, by way of avoiding explanations. "I hear it very well spoken of. You will have to be

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careful about your companions, because there are boys of all sorts in a large school. Don't make any intimate friends until you have had time to find out all about them. A boy is often judged by his friends; a boy may soon get into difficulties through not being particular enough about his friends. I say this to you, Tom, because I can see that you are naturally very free of your company (among the sailors, for instance), and very simple."

"Am I?" said Tom, rather taken aback.

"Well, you have not seen much of the world yet."

"No; only Calcutta and London."

"He is simple," said the captain to himself; "and I don't want to make him different." Then addressing Tom, he said, "You are an open-hearted young fellow, and think everybody is as honest as yourself. That is what I call 'simple'—without guile and without suspicion. Well, keep to your own course; 'Straight forward' is your motto, I know; and if you find any of your schoolfellows sailing on a different tack, have nothing to do with them. Truth before everything, Tom. Truth is like light; it always travels in straight lines; try to do the same."

"Of course," said Tom; "I mean to."

"It is not so easy, though, as you seem to think. Why can't I lay my course to-day straight down Channel? Because the wind won't let me; it keeps chopping about in a baffling sort of way; but we go ahead on one tack or the other, notwithstanding, always making for the same point. So it will be with you. Be sure of your course, Tom, and then make for it the best way you can. Always keep going ahead, in spite of all difficulties. Keep to your chart; hold to your principles. Truth and honour, Tom, in spite of everything."

"Thank you, Captain Broad. It's what I mean to do. 'Straight forward' is my motto, as you say. You remember that, don't you?"

"Yes, I remember. That used to be a great word with you when you sailed with me from Calcutta five or six years ago."

"My father gave it me when he bade me good-bye, and told me never to forget it. I was very proud of it, and used to bring it out on all occasions. He often writes it now at the top of his letters, and sometimes he draws a crow on the wing in pen and ink."

"To be sure," said the captain; "it means the same thing—'straight forward, as the crow flies.'"

"Yes," said Tom; "but it means more than that, a great deal; my father told me so. He said I should know all about it some day. There is some secret meaning connected with it that I don't understand. In the meantime I am to take it for my motto, and act according to it."

"It is a very good motto," said the captain. "If it meant nothing else but going about your business in an honest, straightforward manner, and without any artful twistings and turnings, that's plenty. 'Let thine eyes look right on, and let thine eyelids look straight before thee. Turn not to the right hand nor to the left.' There you have it again, in better words. Live up to it, Tom, and then you'll find out what it means, all in good time."

Captain Broad was called away at that moment by one of the officers, and Tom went below, his conscience smiting him for having left his mother alone in her cabin so long. Only a few hours remained now before he must take leave of her; and though he could not altogether dismiss the hope that, as the wind was freshening, the pilot's departure might possibly be put off till daylight, he resolved not to leave her side again that evening, except, perhaps, for a few moments, to see how the weather fared.

It soon became evident that the weather was not improving. The ship laboured much more than before, and the whistling of the wind through the cordage was audible in the cabin above every other sound. Mrs. Howard clasped her son's hand within her own, and whispered to herself that she could not suffer him to go in the pilot's boat through such a tempest. Captain Broad was sent for more than once, and expressed his decided opinion that no danger need be anticipated. It was blowing hard, to be sure, but if they had been running before the wind instead of being close hauled they would not have felt it so much. The pilot's boat would not fail to come for him, and the pilot had no idea of any difficulty. Mrs. Howard only drew her boy nearer to herself, and felt as if it would be impossible to let him go. She wished he were already safe on shore. She blamed herself for having allowed him to accompany her so far on her voyage.

"What am I to do, Captain Broad?" she cried, in a piteous tone, when he came down at last to tell her that the boat was approaching and the pilot ready to quit the ship.

The captain looked at Tom instead of answering, and the boy understood him.

"Good-bye, mother!" he said, throwing his arms around her neck.

"Will you go, my darling?" she exclaimed; "will you go? Have you no fear?"

"No, mother; there is no danger, Captain Broad says so. I ought to go; I must go. Good-bye, good-bye, good-bye!"

Still she held him in her arms. She could not part with him, could not let him go forth into such peril. The wind roared and whistled through the rigging, and the plash of the spray, flying over the deck, made itself heard from time to time against the bulwarks. A seaman, who came in to fetch the young passenger's luggage, was dripping with the brine, and the gust of wind that followed him through the open door swept round the cabin like a whirlwind, carrying with it many things that happened to be in its way.

The mother lifted up her eyes to heaven. She was in despair. Although the storm seemed to her to be raging furiously, it was not possible for her to judge whether the passage to the shore would really be so full of peril as she imagined. The captain, she felt sure, would not allow her son to run any serious risk; the pilot himself would not venture if he thought it would be attended with hazard to himself, or even to his boat. The boy was fearless, and that helped to give her confidence. If he must go, he would rather, it seemed, go in the excitement of a rough and stormy sea than in quietness and calm. It suited his humour better, and served to dissipate the sadness of his thoughts at parting. Child as he was, he had confidence in the captain and the pilot. Might not she also have faith in One who is above all, and upon whose favour and goodness all alike depend? The waves were under His control; the winds were gathered in His hand. Her boy was going forth in the path of duty, and in reliance upon His providential care. If she could have gone with him she would not have been much alarmed; but to send him

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forth alone? Yet not alone, she thought once more; no, not alone!

While the poor mother was thus arguing with herself, or rather with her fears, Captain Broad approached and laid his hand upon Tom's shoulder, not as if he would draw him away from her, but as a hint that time was pressing. He knew the difficulty of keeping a boat off and on at such a time.

"Good-bye, mother; dear, dear mother!" Tom whispered once more, unclasping the fingers which were about his neck, gently but firmly, as he spoke, the tears streaming down his cheeks the while.

"God bless you! God bring you safe to land, my boy; my dear, noble boy!" his mother cried, as he broke away from her and disappeared. She would have followed him to the deck, but Captain Broad closed the door and would not suffer her to leave the cabin. Communication with the boat would, he knew, be difficult, and more alarming in appearance than in reality. She sank upon her knees, more occupied with her fears than with her sorrows at that moment. Presently a loud cry was heard on deck; a cry of alarm as she fancied.

"What has happened?" she exclaimed, rushing to the door of the cabin and trying with all her force to open it.

The man whom the captain had left on sentry opened it just sufficiently to answer her.

"All's right, ma'am," he said. "They are off."

"What was that shout?" she cried, her fears still prevailing.

"Shout, ma'am? Three cheers for the young gentleman! Lord save him! To see how he went over the side with a line under his arm would have done you good, ma'am. He must be a sailor himself some day, ma'am," the man added, with a satisfied benevolent look, as if auguring for him the highest and happiest future that could be conceived.

Mrs. Howard felt her heart cheered by the seaman's admiration of her boy. She took fresh courage, believing now that he would certainly get safe to shore. From the little window of the cabin she watched the boat leaning over to the sea, almost gunwale under, but scudding along under reefed mainsail and jib.

"Yes," she said to herself, "the Lord sitteth above the waterflood. He ruleth the raging of the sea. He walketh upon the wings of the wind."

CHAPTER IV.—THE OLD SHIP INN.

In came Mrs. Fezziwig, one vast substantial smile.—*Dickens.*

It was late at night before young Tom Howard and the pilot brought their boat into harbour; and the short voyage, though it could scarcely be said to have been attended with much danger, was not performed without difficulty and inconvenience. Both the pilot and Tom were wet through before they reached the boat, but neither of them seemed to care very much about that. Tom had been furnished with a line, one end of which was held on the ship's deck, the other being passed round his body with a loop, or "becket," rather for security than use; but the boat having lurched just at the moment when he was about to spring into it he had narrowly escaped being dipped into the water, and the line, together with the pilot's strong arm, had rescued him. It was this that had called forth from the seamen the exclamation of alarm followed by a cheer which had reached Mrs. Howard's ears. Tom bore himself bravely under the trial, and as soon as he found himself safe on board the smaller craft, went and sat down under the weather bulwarks, holding on to a rope's end. The pilot could not help looking at the boy with admiration, especially when he tried to get upon his feet in order to lend a hand in hauling at the sheet.

"You have been to sea before?" he said.

"Yes," said Tom; "but it's several years ago."

"And what are you going to do now?"

"Now I am going to school."

"School!" said the pilot; "well, school is all very well for shore-going people; a year or two won't do you any harm, but you ought to be going to sea soon. You ought to be a sailor."

"By-and-by," said Tom, "perhaps." He did not like to think too much about it after what his mother had said.

"I don't hold with so much of that book-larning," said the pilot's mate, an old sailor, who was steering the boat. "I never had much on it myself. It was not the fashion when I was young, and there was as good sailors afloat in them days as ever there has been since."

"Hold your noise, Bill," said the pilot; but Bill was in a talkative humour, and though checked for the moment broke out again presently.

"It's a'most a pity for a youngster as is already fit to go to sea to spend his time turning over the leaves of a book. I don't see anything in it myself."

Bill could neither read nor write, and seemed to have a grudge against those who had been more fortunate in their education.

"Now I'll tell you a case in pint," he said. "Old Jack Dawes (Jackdaw, they used to call him), he larnt to read when he was about sixty years old; he could write afore that, though; write the whole Bible out, he said he could, though he couldn't read a word of it. Well, he larnt to read at last, and then he said as he didn't like doing things by halves, and so he meant to read every book through as ever was wrote afore he died, and he had a big dictionairy and began with that; and he used to be at it every moment he could spare, column after column, spelling away at the letters just like my Sally shelling peas. The letters came apart easy enough, but he couldn't get them together again to make out what they meant, any more than you could fix the peas again in a row as they was; and if anybody said anything to him, he used to say, 'Ah,' says he, 'I should have begun sooner, that's all.' Well, and one day he was a sitting in a boat with the dictionairy on his knees, and there came a squall, and he had to let go the sheet as quick as ever he could, and in his hurry the dictionairy tilted overboard, and it was a good thing he didn't go after it, for he had like to have capsized the boat with his larning, and they couldn't neither on 'em swim, neither Jack nor the dictionairy. So after that Jack gave up studying, and kept to his proper trade. The two things wasn't conformable, and not likely!"

Tom did not attempt to argue the point with the old sailor, but reminded him of the saying, "Learning is better than money and land."

"Yes, sir," said he. "Why and wherefore? 'When money and land is gone and spent, then larnin' is most excellent.' That's just what I say; it will be soon enough to think about book-larnin' when everything else is gone. You should be a sailor, sir; you was born for the sea—my notion."

"I love the sea," said Tom.

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"It's your natur' like," the old man answered; "and you should follow natur'. Why and wherefore? Natur' knows best."

"Do you think so? It does not always do, though, to be guided by one's inclinations. One cannot always do what one likes."

"No," said the old man, "that's true; I have heard that many a time. Case in pint. My old father used to say—'Bill,' says he, 'it's a good thing to know where you are, and to be able for to lay your course sure and sartin, 'cause, if a seaman don't know where he is, why, where is he? But if so be as you are not sartin of your bearin's, don't run before the wind, but sooner beat up agen it. Why and wherefore? 'Cause its easier sailing free than going about, and it's easier to go wrong than right in most things; so don't choose what's easiest.'"

"That's not a bad rule," said the pilot, who had been listening to the old sailor with apparent unconcern; "keep to windward when you are not sure of your bearings. It's not easy to recover a lee way."

The conversation was not carried on without interruption, and lasted till the boat was near the harbour. It was but a small port, available only for fishing and coasting vessels. The town was old, and inhabited chiefly by fishermen; a place of very little importance except of course to the inhabitants. The pilot's home was there, and he would gladly have taken Tom Howard with him to his house and "turned him in," as he called it, for the night; but he feared the accommodation would not be quite equal to what the young gentleman had been accustomed to.

"Where are you going?" he asked him.

"To a hotel," Tom answered. "Can you tell me of a good one?"

"There's an inn," said the pilot; "the Old Ship. Mrs. Roseberry would make you very comfortable there."

"Old Ship!" Tom exclaimed; "that will do capitally. Where is the Old Ship?"

"I'll walk that way and show it you."

It was not far off; the bow-windows of the coffee-room looked out upon the quay. It was an old-fashioned, rambling house, but had been "done up" and enlarged, with some pretensions to modern development, since the railway had been made with a station just outside the town. Comfortable! yes, it looked comfortable after the darkness and drizzle outside. The bit of red curtain in the bar parlour, visible from the open door of the house, the glasses shining in their racks, as if put there upsidedown for ornament and not for use, and the landlady, Elizabeth Roseberry, sitting in person at her needlework, with plump smiling face, a double row of neat ringlets, and a real cap upon her head, with frills and ribbons, contrasted favourably with the gloom and cold outside. Tom Howard began to be in want of comfort. The excitement of his sea voyage and the pilot's company had served to distract his thoughts for a time from the painful circumstances of his position, separated from all his friends and cast among strangers in a strange place. When he said good night to the pilot, and saw his boxes set down in the passage, and the door closed upon him, he felt as if the last link which bound him to all his friends was severed; and as he followed the waiter into the coffee-room, which happened just then to be empty, the feeling of desolation which came over him was a new sensation, and more depressing than anything he had before experienced in his short but already eventful life. The waiter turned up the gas and stood and looked at him. "What will you please to take, sir?" he said.

"Nothing, thank you."

"I beg your pardon, sir," the waiter said, politely, as if he had not heard or could not receive such an order as "nothing, thank you."

"I don't want anything," Tom repeated.

"Oh, come!" the man replied, good-naturedly, supposing that the boy was shy, and not accustomed to manage for himself; "oh, come, that won't do, you know; after such a bucketing as you have had. It has been a dreadful passage, you know, and you must want something."

"It was not dreadful at all," said Tom; "and I don't want anything."

"Ah, yes; you feel a little squeamish still, I dare say; giddy and up-and-downish. I know what it is;" and he began to wave his hand before him in half circles in imitation of the rolling of a ship at sea. "Now, I tell you what. Have a briled bone for supper, that's the best thing; that's what our gents mostly calls for when they comes ashore after knocking about in rough weather."

"I'm not squeamish," Tom replied; "but I don't want anything to eat, thank you."

At this moment Mrs. Roseberry sailed into the room, smiling all over, from her cap ribbons down to her shoes. She took the poor boy, whose teeth were beginning to chatter in spite of his efforts to control them, under her wing at once, carried him off to the bar parlour, where a fire was burning, closed the door, desired him to change his wet garments, patting him on the back, and calling him "my dear" every time she spoke to him, and made him feel at home, as much at least as outward circumstances could allow of such a persuasion.

"And now, my dear, about the broiled bone: will you have it in here or in the coffee-room? Sam is quite right, it is the best thing you can have, and eat you must, so I ordered it to be done at once."

By this time Tom Howard had begun to feel a little appetite, or rather a sense of something wanting; and though he had but little desire to sit down and eat, he consented to the bone. He would have liked to accept the landlady's invitation to take his supper in the bar parlour, but thought it would be more manly and becoming to go into the coffee-room. Besides which, good, kind-hearted Mrs. Roseberry had begun to offer a word or two of consolation, understanding how he was circumstanced; and he feared that if she should continue in that strain he would not be able to swallow a mouthful, but might even break down altogether in the attempt to answer her, and so betray a weakness of which he would have been ashamed. He thanked her, therefore, as bravely as he could for her kindness, and said he would have his supper in the coffee-room.

THE HORSE-CHESTNUTS OF THE PALAIS ROYAL.

THE young and ardent Camille Desmoulins, on the evening of the 12th of July, 1789, suddenly broke from the crowd of Parisians who thronged the garden of the Palais Royal, on learning that their favourite Necker had been banished from the court, and mounting upon a table which had been placed under the noble horse-chestnuts which then shaded

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the garden, he thus addressed the assembled multitude: "Let us each wear a green branch—for green is the colour of hope—and let us march against our oppressors." The hearers of these words of Camille Desmoulins were seized with a sudden enthusiasm that bore everything before it. They tore down the branches of the magnificent horse-chestnuts which hung above their heads; they spent the following day in organising their plans and in supplying themselves with arms; and on the 14th of July, with the horse-chestnut branches still twined round their hats, they attacked and took the Bastille.

Those noble horse-chestnuts! How little did their planter think that they would ever serve as emblems of liberty! In the year 1629, the Cardinal Richelieu began to build the magnificent palace since called the Palais Royal, and in the central garden he planted horse-chestnut trees (at that time newly introduced into France), he having conceived the idea of having them trained so as to form one vast canopy supported on arches, and thus to throw a refreshing shade over the whole garden. The cardinal was then in the zenith of his power; a body-guard had just been appointed to attend him; he had triumphed over his enemies, and, in fact, he ruled France more despotically than any absolute monarch. He was wont to say that whatever he willed he did; and as he willed to make his horse-chestnuts magnificent trees, all that man could do, aided by unbounded power and unlimited wealth, was done. It is said that the cardinal expended 300,000 francs upon this garden, and that it amply repaid the wealth and labour bestowed upon it.

In this garden Louis XIII delighted to walk with his favourite minister; and when Richelieu died, he left it and the palace to his sovereign. Louis died a few months after the Cardinal, and the palace, the name of which was now changed from the Palais Cardinal to the Palais Royal, became the favourite residence of Anne of Austria, the mother of Louis XIV, during his minority. Under the shade of these horse-chestnut trees did that much praised monarch imbibe his first lessons of tyranny from the artful Mazarin; under these trees were those measures devised which led to all the troubles of the Fronde; and in this garden Mazarin received the mandate which, for a time, banished him from France.

When Louis XIV attained his full power, he gave the palace to his brother Philip, Duke of Orleans, whose wife, the Princess Henrietta of England, drank in this garden the fatal *eau sucrée* which caused her death. His second wife, the witty duchess, whose "Memoirs of the Court of Louis XIV" are so well known, delighted to walk under the shade of these horse-chestnut trees, and by her amusing sallies to delight the attendant nobles. In 1787 the Palais Royal came into the possession of the famous Egalité, and, as it was then his great object to be popular, he threw the garden open to the public.

From this period the garden of the Palais Royal became the general rendezvous of the Parisian citizens, and here they met to discuss the measures of the Government, and to organise their plans of resistance to those they wished to oppose. Seats were placed at intervals under the trees; and in the centre, under the shade of the largest tree in the garden (the famous *Arbre de Cracovie*), was a table on which the citizens were supplied by the servants of the Duke with refreshments gratis. It was on this table that Camille Desmoulins mounted when he addressed the people on the occasion in question; and from this tree that the first badges of French liberty were torn. Alas! that they who fought so bravely for freedom should so abuse it when obtained. But their minds had been debased by slavery, and they fought against their oppressors like demons rather than like men.

Soon after the beginning of the Revolution most of the trees in the garden of the Palais Royal were removed, and shops and gambling and coffee-houses were erected, a circus being placed in the centre among the few trees that were allowed to remain. In 1798 this building took fire, and was burnt to the ground, the venerable horse-chestnuts perishing in the flames.

One of these trees used to come into leaf earlier than the others; and it is a remarkable fact that, when Napoleon Bonaparte returned from Elba on the 20th of March, 1815, the only tree in leaf at that early season which could afford his followers green boughs was a horse-chestnut in the garden of the Tuileries reared from the same old stock.

The trees now in the Palais Royal Square are trim elms, with a few acacias. There are no longer any horse-chestnuts.

THE BLACK FOREST.

BY JOHN STOUGHTON, D.D.

IV.—ITS SCENERY (*continued*).

LEAVING Baden-Baden and its vicinity, we now proceed by rail to Freiburg, in the Breisgau. It has a history running back into the middle ages, relating to Dukes of Zähringen, Counts of Urach, and the Emperor Max; the War of the Peasants, and the Thirty Years' War; and it has a cathedral commenced in 1122, under whose noble Gothic roof it is no small privilege to stand and gaze on nave and choir, columns and arches, stained glass and sculptured monuments. The interior and exterior are worthy of each other. The octagonal tower is four hundred feet high, supporting an open-work spire of ingenious workmanship, and the numerous chapels and baptistry add immensely to the interest and grandeur of the edifice. The city contains churches and other public buildings, as well as fountains and domestic houses of a picturesque character; and these objects, with charming walks in the environs, may well detain the tourist two or three days. But we now notice Freiburg, because it lies in the western outskirts of the Black Forest, and affords a good opening into a line of road which takes us through some of its best southern districts. Many years ago we drove out of the city one sunny morning on a journey down to Albruck on the Rhine, comprising some of the most famous views in that

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direction. First we reached the Kirchzarterthal, a plain bounded by small hills, and rich in its fertility. Then, after passing old towers and castle-keeps perched on rocky hills, and pleasant-looking villages, whose names we have forgotten, we reached the ever-to-be-remembered Himmelreich, signifying kingdom of heaven, a name illustrative of the poetical character of the German mind, which so well knows how, by significant words, to indicate the character of the scenery to which they are applied. Our way here was through a beautiful upland country, deriving its appellation as much from its height as from its smiling aspect. And next to the Himmelreich comes the Höllenthal, or Hades Valley, not so felicitous a designation as the other, though it marks a contrast between the open breadth and rich light of the one and the narrow path and shaded road of the other. The steep sides are full of wood, as well as buttresses and pinnacles of bare rock. Farther on came the Herchsprung, or Stag's Leap, the name reminding us of the Strid, near Bolton Abbey, and then we found ourselves shut in between rocky walls studded with pines and lined with brushwood. The park-like Höllensteig succeeded next, the greensward watered by a river which keeps the wheels of saw mills in constant motion. Then, ascending from the Stein Hill, we crossed green slopes and Swiss-like châlets, and came, after a wonderfully enjoyable ride, to St. Blasien, where there is a good hotel, and where we intended to spend the night. We were a party of four and the house was full; so we had to make our way, as best we could, to a humble auberge a few miles distant, the nearest sleeping-place, and as the evening shadows thickened, we had to forego the magnificent church, the cotton manufactory, the Tusculum Waterfall, and other boasted sights of famed St. Blasien. We did not reach our quarters for the night until after dark, and found we had lighted on miserable lodgings, but we made the best of it, and mounted a ladder-like ascent to the sleeping apartments, where we were disturbed by the arrival of a band of charcoal burners, who, with their horses and waggons and shouting, made a terrible uproar, in the midst of which arose an awful storm of thunder, lightning, and rain. We slept soundly afterwards, and the next morning we started early for Albruck by the Albthal, the gorge of which, as the carriage rolled along a capital recently made road, high up above the bank of the river, revealed precipices and woods now beautiful, then sublime, and altogether producing a continued series of most agreeable sensations.

In this journey we missed the Feldberg. The Feldberg is the highest mountain in the Black Forest, being 5,000 feet high. It can be ascended without much difficulty by either of the above routes. When the weather is clear the view of the Alps, the Jura, and the Vosges in the distance, and the mountains of the Black Forest all around, is very magnificent.

On the summit of the mountain is a tower twenty-eight feet high, called the Friedrich Louisen Thurm, erected in honour of the betrothal of the Grand Duke Frederick of Baden to the Princess Louisa of Prussia.

"The Seebück (4,760 feet) is a place with seats, half an hour's walk from the summit. The view hence is very picturesque. The Feldbergsee, encircled by mountain and forest, is seen below; beyond that Bärenthal, the Seebach river, and part of the Titi See, with the mountains of Suabia and the Höhgau in the distance."

"The Feldbergsee is a weird-looking lake in the very heart of the Feldberg, and, like the mountain itself, the scene of strange legends."

"Nothing could be more lovely or melancholy," says the author of "In Silk Attire," "than this dark and silent lake lying in its circular bed, evidently an extinct volcanic crater, overshadowed by tall and perpendicular crags hemming it in on every side, and scarcely ever having a breath of wind to stir its leaden-like surface. The tall, thinly-clad rocks, rising to the circular breadth of white sky above, were faintly mirrored in the black water underneath, and the gloomy stillness of the quiet, motionless picture was not relieved by the least stir or sound of any living thing. This hideous hole, its surface nearly 4,000 feet above the level of the sea, is of unknown depth. No wonder that the superstitious Schwarzwalders have legends about it, and that the children tell you of the demon deer that was wont to spring over the tall precipices above, and so lure on the unwary hunstman and his horse to destruction."

We did not ascend the Höchenschwand, which is said to command "a view unsurpassed in the whole of the Black Forest. It comprises an unbroken view of the Alps from the Bavarian Tyrol to Mont Blanc. From the Belvedere of the hotel, where a good telescope is kept, with a panorama prepared by M. Keller, of Zurich, innumerable mountains can be distinctly seen." A list of names, covering more than two pages, is given in Cook's useful "Handbook for the Black Forest." To read them takes away one's breath. The Höchenschwand lies only a short distance from the road we traversed to Albruck. Albruck is a station on the railway from Basle to Schaffhausen; and thus the traveller can easily proceed to one of the grandest sights in Switzerland—the Rhine Falls. From Schaffhausen there is a direct diligence route to Freiburg through the Höllenthal, the road between it and Schaffhausen differing very much from that by St. Blasien to Albruck. It is many years since we returned home from Switzerland that way, and we have but an imperfect recollection of the scenery, but we feel warranted in saying that the portion of the Black Forest crossed in that direction is not to be compared with the portion we have just described.

We have now to describe another route, the easiest and least expensive of all, whilst it surpasses the rest in variety, novelty, and grandeur. We allude to the Black Forest Railway, which can be reached from Schaffhausen by a branch running to Singen. From Singen you go northwards to Immendingen, the junction of the Black Forest Railway with the Tuttlingen-Rottweil Stuttgart line, by which you can travel along the Upper Danube valley, and visit Sigmaringen, a most interesting place, with a picturesque castle, full of works of art and other curiosities. Here you are within the Black Forest circle of the kingdom of Wurtemburg, and can diverge right and left, exploring valleys and climbing hills, and watching the activities of the industrial population. From Immendingen junction the rail runs in a western direction across a verdant village to Donaueschingen, where we must pause for a moment. It contains a population of 3,000 people, is a quiet little town of no architectural pretensions, but it has a palace belonging to the princes of Furstenberg, situated on the edge of a fine park and extensive gardens. Here is a spring of crystal water, bubbling up within a stone basin,

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adorned within statuary; and this spring is pointed out as the source of the mighty River Danube—in German *Donau*, whence the town takes its name. It is, however, but one of the sources; and it almost immediately falls into the Brigach, which, united with

YOUNG MAN OF THE BLACK FOREST.

the Brege, rolls on till the stream swells into a mighty flood. By all means the traveller should visit the museum at the back of the palace, where there are capital old pictures by Holbein, Beham, Mabuse, H. Burgman, and other masters, well deserving an hour or two's study. There are also engravings, medals, and armour to be seen. The library, once in the palace, is now removed to a building in the town, where the books and MSS. were undergoing arrangement two years ago, but the librarian courteously showed us some imperial documents, with seals and initial signatures, and a Lombardic MS. of the seventh century. There is a good hotel in this interesting town, kept by M. Baurie, a most intelligent and obliging landlord; and from it, by diligence or carriage, excursions can be made to the southern extremity of the forest; to the west the journey can be prolonged by way of Löffengen and Neustadt as far as the Höllenthal and Freiburg. Taking to the rail again, we reach Villingen, a walled town with a double-towered church and a curious Rathhaus. Thence to St. Georgen the road ascends, and at Sommerau attains its greatest altitude, 2,800 feet, being the summit of the watershed between the Danube and the Rhine. It is hereabouts that the glorious scenery begins as the tourist moves north-west.

Hence the Black Forest mountains extend in a continued chain, north by west, till they are lost on the plain round Carlsruhe and the neighbouring hills of the Neckar. They belong to a geological system the same as the Vosges the other side of the Rhine. Granite and gneiss form the substratum, over which rise porphyry beds and red sandstone formations. There is work for the scientific traveller amidst these wonders of nature; and to the unscientific, rounded heights, everlasting breadths of forests, sublime gorges, dislocated rocks, and winding valleys, present a charming succession of objects, bewildering from their variety and rapid succession, as he is whirled along this stupendous work of engineering skill. The line goes zigzag, up and down, now shooting through a tunnel, and then dashing along the side of a precipice. The direction is mysterious, and puzzles one even after repeated journeys. It advances, returns, doubles, one minute winding round, and the next climbing over the picturesque hills. On one side you look up a pine-crowned stony wall; on the other look down into green valleys and bright streams, meadows and mills, villages and scattered cottages. Triberg is a most tempting spot, a few miles distant from Sommerau. The town lies about ten minutes' walk from the station, past signs of manufacturing industry to be described in another paper. A sharp ascent leads up to a new hotel, the Schwarzwald, a Swiss-looking edifice on a lofty height, with a waterfall behind which is a great attraction. We have seen many not worth stopping to look at, but this is an exception to the general order of German cascades. It consists of a deep stream, making seven distinct leaps down a granite gulf decked with rich ferns and surmounted by

OLD MAN OF THE BLACK FOREST.

dark pines. There are paths and bridges helping you to get the best views, and a glance down the valley over the town toward the railway line is most delightful. From Triberg the line enters the valley

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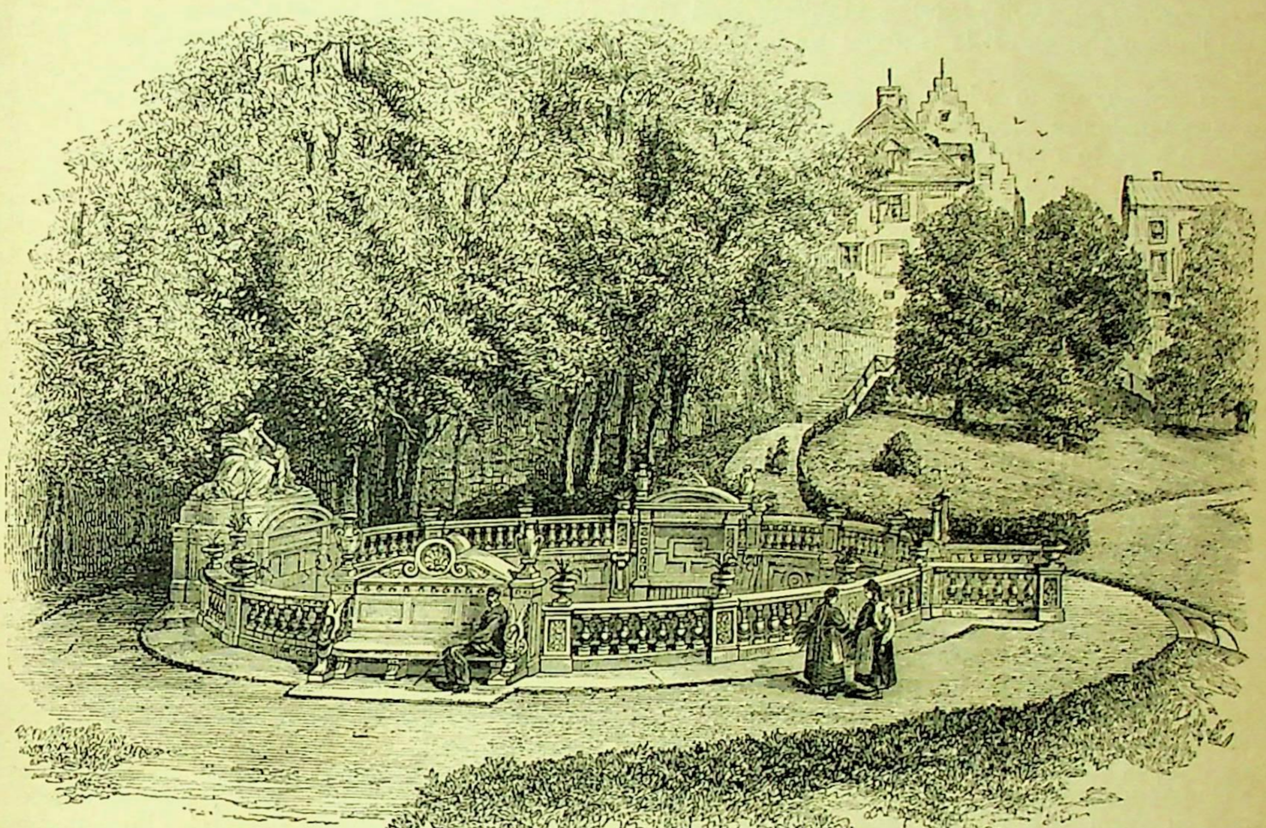
of the Niederwasser, of a similar character to the rest as regards the main features. The charming scenery continues on to Hornberg, whence excursions can be made to the Berneckthal. Hornberg is situated much lower down, and there the valley of Gutach is entered, where, in addition to romantic views of nature, you have curious costumes to look at: rose-trimmed straw hats, a cap of black tulle, a blue or scarlet kerchief, a red-lined jacket, a blue bodice, black petticoat, and blue stockings. The men's black coats have often red linings. Hausach, in the valley of Kinzig, is the next station, in the midst of orchards, woodlands, and meadows, and from this point a road leads to the famous cluster of baths, known as the Knebis Baths, from the pass of that name, which leads from Allerherleigen down to the south point of the Schwarzwald. The baths are four in number and are much frequented, but that at Rippoldsau, two hours' drive from Hausach, carries the palm. Many years ago it was thus described in Murray's "Handbook for South Germany":—

"It is a small village, or rather a collection of accommodations for travellers, where, to their surprise, in the midst of this apparent solitude, they find themselves seated in one of the most singular and beautiful dining-rooms, as a table d'hote, with from 150 to upwards of 200 guests to bear them company. There are few similar places which in point of scenery, mineralogy, and mineral waters can rival this secluded spot.

"The Vale of Schappach, at the head of which Rippoldsau is situated, is distinguished for the picturesque or rather grotesque costume of the inhabitants, and the rustic fashion of the houses, as well as for its constant variety of pleasing prospect."



SOURCE OF THE DANUBE.

Since that time—we quote from an edition dated 1855—the place has been vastly increased, and figures in the "Daily Telegraph" of September 4, 1875, after the following fashion:—

"This is Rippoldsau in the middle of the Forest, and the water-cure establishment literally stops the way. The farther we proceed up the avenue the more curious does the originality of Rippoldsau strike one. There are tables placed under the trees, and the ladies are writing their letters or sketching; ladies without their hats, and children playing as they would in a nursery, and all this on the high road of the Black Forest. Here we rest, for we can go no farther. There are courtyards and flower-gardens, a pretty miniature chapel up a long flight of steps, winding paths up the hills on either side, detached buildings, of which the pension is composed, and the concentrated essence of watering-place life. It is one of the most compact homes of pleasure I have ever seen, away from the dust, out of the sun, shaded by the trees, cool and quiet, forgotten by locomotives and railways altogether. They do at Rippoldsau just what they do at the thousand and one other water-cures, only they do it in a silent and undemonstrative fashion. They get up at cockcrow, drink water, and take a constitutional down the avenue; they write letters, and doze over books; they take their breakfast under the trees and they dine in state in the middle of the day; they listen to music as they calmly digest; they drink more water, take more constitutionals, try a little gentle exercise when the sun has gone down; they ride out, drive out, play cribbage, piquet, and double dummy, romp with the children, eat again, smoke moderately, do crochet-work and

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probably, as an illustration of reckless dissipation, they conclude their revels with a schottische or a minuet by the old people. By ten o'clock every light in the place is extinguished, the avenue is deserted, the moon and the fairies take possession of the scene; there is a gentle murmur of snoring heard in every corridor, and this is the reason why, if not wealthy, at any rate they are 'healthy and wise' at Rippoldsau."

The most attractive scenery of the Black Forest line terminates soon after leaving Hausach, and the whole journey through it lasts about an hour and a half.

The rapid survey to which we are limited by no means exhausts the resources of the Schwarzwald. We have kept to routes visited by ourselves. But there are others with which we are personally unacquainted. Wildbad is a bathing-place of much resort; it numbered in 1873 as many as 1,000 patients; it is situated in the bosom of dense woods, and the mineral springs have been much extolled by physicians of authority. It can be reached from Baden-Baden by carriage-road, but is more commonly visited by rail from Pforzheim. On our way from Carlsruhe to Heilbronn, last autumn, we passed Pforzheim and saw the preparatory bustle of starting for the baths, but had not time to visit them.

From Wildbad, the pilgrim in search of the picturesque may find abundant gratification by ascending the Enz valley to Enzklösterle, amongst the mountains, and by that means reach the Murgthal; and then descending to Forbach, he can make his way to Herrenwiese, and onwards to Buhl on the Baden-Baden railway. Herrenwiese is in the midst of a grouse-shooting district, and stands on a plain encircled by high mountains. The walk to Buhl is a charming one, according to Cook's Handbook, which tells us "The ruins of Bärenstein, crowning a pine-clad eminence, are seen, and some springs uniting to form the Weidenbach, and afterwards the Bühloth. For a time the path is in thick foliage, with occasional vistas of pretty scenery. At length more extensive views are obtained. A pavilion on a precipitous rock near the path should be climbed up to. The prospect is very fine. The valleys of the Gartelbach (left) and the Wiedenbach (right) lie like two immense gulfs of foliage, with here and there huge rocks projecting. The woods and mountains and pastures of the Bühlerthal lie to the north-west, and beyond these, in favourable weather, the Rhine valley and the Vosges mountains are visible."

To the same useful volume we are indebted for a notice of Badenweiler, a short distance from Mulheim, on the Baden and Basle line.

Badenweiler is a picturesque little watering-place with about 500 permanent inhabitants, and attracting about 3,000 bathers annually. It is situated on one of the spurs of the Black Forest, running down to the valley of the Rhine, 1,400 feet above the sea level, and nearly 750 feet above the Rhine.

The waters of Badenweiler are used externally and internally; and the goat's milk and whey cures are largely used as adjuncts. Hotels and pensions for the accommodation of visitors are plentiful. In the Cursaal is a fine Trinkhalle, besides a ball-room, concert-room, reading-room, etc. The well was dug in 1685. The present building was erected in 1853, after designs by Eisenlohr. In front is a fountain with bas-reliefs; on one side Jesus and the woman of Samaria at the well, on the other side Moses striking the rock.

From the Cursaal a small park extends to the slope of a hill whereon stands the ivy-clad ruins of a castle, built in 1586, by the Margraves of Baden, on the site of an old Roman edifice. It was destroyed by the French in 1678. North-west of the Cursaal are the ancient Roman Baths, discovered in 1784, measuring 320 feet by 100 feet, with the pavements, and steps, and wall, etc., still in good preservation. The various arrangements for parboiling, steaming, cooling, and anointing the gentlemen of the period are readily distinguishable. On the altar is an inscription, dedicating the baths to Diana Abnoba.

"WHEN GEORGE THE THIRD WAS KING."

VII.

HERE, then, a curtain falls before the sovereign. During the eight succeeding years he passed a period of mental and visual darkness; and Mr. Jesse, in his delightful volumes, describes, with touching and eloquent pathos, the closing years of this most eventful and affecting reign—affecting to those who read, as they were affecting to those who saw the sunset of the monarch and the mind. Yet, in this entire darkness, we need not suppose that the misery was unbroken by gleams of happiest light, although, on the other hand, the gleams of occasional consciousness must have increased the sense of desolation. There were occasions when his mind was keenly sensible of the desolation through which he was passing. Such a moment was that when the Prince of Wales, one summer morning, entered the royal apartment. It is possible that the king had felt the sunshine, and heard in the neighbouring room some sounds of cheerfulness. As the prince entered, he heard his father lamenting his blindness, closing his lamentations with the noble words of "Samson Agonistes:"

> "Oh, dark, dark, dark! Amid the blaze of noon
> Irrecoverably dark! Total eclipse,
> Without all hope of day.
> O first erected beam, and Thou, great word,
> 'Let there be light,' and light was over all,
> Why am I thus deprived Thy prime decree?"

But, happily, religion still continued to surround him with some consolations; afflicted though he was, it was not altogether one long season of distress; he often believed himself to be surrounded by, and conversing with, angels; he was able to enjoy and recreate himself with the delights of music, playing on the flute himself, or on the harpsichord, of which there was one in each apartment. Another musical instrument upon which he played with astonishing precision was the violin. Altogether, insanity becomes truly sublime in the person of this afflicted old king. We are at no loss to perceive the justice of the contemporary description of him, in which he is spoken of as an august old man, blind, wearing a long flowing beard, habited in a dressing-gown of violet-coloured velvet, with the star of the Order of the Garter on his breast; so he paced to and fro his apartments. He was often in conversation with his dead and departed ministers and lords of the bedchamber; he imagined them often walking by his side. When in such moods, those who listened

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heard singular anecdotes and characterisations dropping from his lips; he was cheerful and affable. Twenty-five years had gone by since the notorious Earl of Sandwich had died, but the king walked his rooms with him again, and was overheard, we suppose jocularly, giving him his old nickname of "Jemmy Twitcher." Of course he was not always thus; there were moments when all the sense of wretchedness, isolation, and desolation awoke keenest misery within him.

In 1814, it would seem, some sudden shaft of music had called the slumbering or scattered senses into coherency for a few seconds. The queen had been apprised of his sane conversableness; she found him at the harpsichord, singing a hymn to his own accompaniment. At length the harmony seemed to awaken him to a sense of his terrible condition; he rose from the instrument, fell upon his knees and prayed long and fervently for the queen and for his children, then for his people, and concluded with an earnest supplication that he might either be delivered from his present heavy calamity, or that strength might be given to him to submit with patience and resignation to the Divine will. He then burst into a passionate flood of tears, the coherency of the mind was at an end, and he relapsed into a state of discord and night. We are not sure that any page of history, biography, or poetry tells a more pathetic tale, or invests insanity with a more sublime interest than that of this poor, crownless monarch, with his long silvery hair and beard, in the galleries and corridors of his palace, never for an instant forgetting that he was a king, unless we except one occasion, when he spoke of ordering a suit of mourning for George III, as he had heard that the old king was dead. Then he became deaf. Where, and what was that mind?—for *mind* there was. He never apparently approached to imbecility; he lived in himself, amidst imaginary statesmen, imaginary cohorts of angels, amidst music, and the recollections of poetry; but of the outer world, the world as it was driving round him, or as its affections lay near to him, he was utterly unconscious; battles were lost and won, peace was commemorated with festive illuminations, but he knew nothing of it all. In 1814 there seemed to come a favourable turn, and hopes were raised to the utmost pitch that he would again be restored. It was at the close of the year; then, for the first time, he heard of Napoleon's march to Moscow, of the liberation of Germany, of the occupation of Paris by the Allies, of the restoration of the Bourbons to the throne of France, and the recovery of Hanover to the crown of England; but the hopes of his restoration were very fleeting, and he soon relapsed into his ordinary state; then time and life glided by him as before, and he knew nothing of circumstances as they glided.

Mr. Jesse touchingly says: "The meanest bird that flitted past his palace window was more sufficient for itself than he; the seasons came and went, the sun set and the moon rose, the snow fell, the storm raged, the thunder rolled, and the lightning flashed, yet, to the vacant eye of that august old man, all was as nothingness."

There were marriages in the royal household; he neither heard the marriage bells, nor could mingle with the marriage festivities. Death passed by him, and touched those nearest and dearest to him, he knew nothing of it; his sister died; his beloved granddaughter, the Princess Charlotte, and her infant died, and all England sent up such a wail of grief as has seldom ascended for a member of a royal household. He knew it not. His beloved queen died; that life which, in its royalty, had been visited by such varieties of trouble and care since she came from the quiet, paternal palace of Mecklenburg, passed away, after fifty-five years of marriage, in the seventy-fifth year of her age, after a long and painful illness. Quietly, in her easy-chair, smiling on her children round her, her hand in that of the Prince Regent, she expired without a struggle or a sigh. The piety which had characterised her life shed its peace over those last tried days and years. Patient, resigned, and prayerful, nothing contradicted that respect she had deservedly won for the decorous, dignified, amiable, and religious influence she had shed, and for the first time in a long course of years, round the throne of England. Henceforth the guardianship of the king's person was committed to the care of his favourite son, the Duke of York. These changes were quite unknown to the king, and so also was the death of his son, the Duke of Kent. Once, when for a short time his hearing was better than usual, he happened to catch the tones of the Passing Bell of Windsor Church. He inquired for whom it was tolling, and was informed that it was for the wife of one of his neighbours, a Windsor tradesman, a woman he had known, and for whose character he entertained a great respect. "She was a good woman," he said; "she brought up her family in the fear of God. She is gone to heaven, and I hope I shall soon follow her." But such lucid intervals were very rare, they scarcely occurred once in years. From those brief seconds when the queen surprised him and shared with him his tears and his prayers, he never woke to reason again until that hour—twelve o'clock on the night of the 29th of January, 1820—when the tolling of the great bell of St. Paul's announced to the nation that the venerable sufferer had come to himself and gone to his Father, exchanging his phantom majesty for—what he surely received if ever king received—an incorruptible crown. Mrs. Hemans has some fine verses, which we cannot forbear to quote, in memory of the king, in which she refers to those many days of darkness.

"Oh! what a dazzling vision, by the veil
That o'er thy spirit hung, was shut from thee,
When sceptred chieftains throng'd with palms to hail
The crowning isle, th' anointed of the sea!
Within thy palaces the lords of earth
Met to rejoice—rich pageants glittered by,
And stately revels imaged in their mirth
The old magnificence of chivalry.
They reached not thee—amidst them, yet alone,
Stillness and gloom begirt one dim and shadowy throne.

Yet there was mercy still; if joy no more
Within that blasted circle might intrude,
Earth had no grief whose footsteps might pass o'er
The silent limits of its solitude!
If all unheard the bridal song awoke
Our hearts' full echoes, as it swelled on high;
Alike unheard the sudden dirge, that broke
On the glad strain, with dread solemnity!
If the land's rose unheeded wore its bloom,
Alike unfelt the storm that swept it to the tomb.

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And she, who, tried through all the stormy past,
Severely, deeply proved, in many an hour,
Watched o'er thee, firm and faithful to the last,
Sustained, inspired by strong affection's power;
If to thy soul her voice no music bore,
If thy closed eyes and wandering spirit caught
No light from looks that fondly would explore
Thy mien for traces of responsive thought;
Oh! thou wert spared the pang that would have thrilled
Thine inmost heart, when death that anxious bosom stilled.

Thy loved ones fell around thee—manhood's prime,
Youth with its glory, in its fulness age,
All at the gates of their eternal clime
Lay down and closed their mortal pilgrimage;
The land wore ashes for its perished flowers,
The grave's imperial harvest. Thou, meanwhile,
Didst walk unconscious through thy royal towers,
The one that wept not in the tearful isle!
As a tired warrior on his battle plain
Breathes deep in dreams amidst the mourners and the slain.

And who can tell what mystic vision might be thine?
The stream of thought, though broken, still was pure!
Still o'er that wave the stars of Heaven might shine,
Where earthly image would no more endure!
Though many a step, of once familiar sound,
Came as a stranger's o'er thy closing ear,
And voices breathed forgotten tones around,
Which that paternal heart once thrilled to hear;
The mind hath senses of its own, and powers,
To people boundless worlds in its most wandering hours.

They might be with thee still—the loved, the tried,
The fair, the best, they might be with thee still!
More softly seen, in radiance purified
From each dire vapour of terrestrial ill;
Long after earth received them, and the note
Of the last requiem o'er their dust was poured,
As passing sunbeams o'er thy soul might float,
Those forms from us withdrawn, to thee restored!
Spirits of holiness in light revealed,
To commune with a mind whose source of tears was sealed."

When George III died he had attained the age of eighty-one years and nearly eight months. During his long illness the nation never ceased to regard him with reverence and affection, and probably more tears fell over his memory than had been shed for many sovereigns who had died more immediately in the presence of the active cares and business of the nation. He was buried in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, on the night of the 16th of February. Charles Knight saw the lying-in-state and the funeral. Of the first, he says "it was a poem rather than a show; the lying-in-state was something higher than undertaker's art." Of the funeral he speaks as "something grander than the picturesque." Of course there was all the splendid and imposing circumstance of a royal funeral—the torchlight gleaming on hatchments, the blare of trumpets, and the roll of muffled drums, mingled with the minute guns and the toll of the Death Bell! But when the lights were all extinguished, and the wail of the organ had died away, when the church was emptied of its mourners and attendants, and the dead king was left beneath the marble, in the darkness, it may perhaps be felt that less of desolation attached to the thought of him lying there than when he moved to and fro, an automaton of death in life in the stately palace he had so recently inhabited.

When Lord Byron says, in a line we have already quoted,—

"A worse king never left a realm undone,"

he refers to some of the political events of his reign. It is true that the king's obstinacy caused the just claims of the American colonies to be neglected, but his resistance was sanctioned by his ministers and by the people. If he attempted sometimes to govern instead of to reign, it was not from defiance of the Constitution, but because he thought that constitutional rights were overborne by the aristocracy. He always professed to be acting "for the best interests of the nation," and where he erred, it was from narrowness, not from wrongness of purpose.

During the several last melancholy years of the monarch's life, whatever was the administration under the Regency, and it was surely unpopular enough, the ostensible monarch could not certainly be held chargeable with any responsibility in connection with it; the fact is, during the reign of George III a new order of things was forming in every department of English society, politics, commerce, social life, art, etc. The coming order of things was greatly aided by the king. In spite of the numerous agitations the nation was rushing forward to a period of rest and polished tranquillity; mighty inventions were developing the power of the people; the press was becoming a vehicle of information and an area of strength; cities were growing into importance; religious rights were asserting themselves in language which could neither be mistaken nor contradicted; and when the nation, at the close of the reign, is compared with its condition at the commencement, a fair and impartial review cannot leave a doubt that it had immeasurably and marvellously gained. During the same period other nations round it had as certainly passed through a period of woful decline. Prussia was the only one which had increased its greatness on every side, and given indications of advance towards its present position of strength. France, in all its populations and social characteristics, had drifted down to a state of lamentable ruin, and the sharp course of despotism and decimation through which it had just passed only brought it to such order as is consistent with the false splendour of military passion. George III has never received the designation of "the Great." Louis XIV is usually called *Louis le Magnifique*, or *Louis le Grand*. The reign of the English prince may not be inappropriately compared and contrasted with that of the more highly favoured and much-lauded French monarch. Both extended over nearly the same period of years, but they left very different results. The wars of Louis XIV were those, for the most part, of the merest and most arrogant aggression and oppressive despotism. The most insane of those of George III might plead the apology that they were waged for the purpose of retaining dominions over which the British sceptre had extended, while others had for their object the defence of our shores against an invader, before whom the most considerable states of Europe fell prostrate, leaving our island the solitary home of freedom.

Louis XIV had, by the infamous revocation of the irrevocable Edict of Nantes, exiled industry, piety, and genius from his shores. George III, by lending his kindly sanction, in opposition to most of his pre-

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lates, to the great Methodist revival, had fostered piety and industry, and repressed immorality throughout our land.

The debts of France were contracted for the erection of costly and worthless palaces, and the gratification of kingly whims and caprices. No fault can be found with our king on the score of wasteful extravagance to gratify falsely luxurious tastes; his quiet domestic life was satisfied with the houses he found, excepting in the instance of Windsor, which he restored from its ruin and disarray to its present representative glory; and if he left the country burdened with debt, it must be said, as Lord Macaulay has pleasingly demonstrated, it was beyond all calculation better able to support the debt entailed upon it than even to meet the mild political expenses of his predecessor. On the whole, the age of George III, in every particular, whether as regards the growth of the country, the character of the prince, or the state of the people, its nobler statesmen, its great conquerors, either on land or sea, its literary men, or its lowly born inventors and discoverers, should occupy a far larger amount of homage and regard than has been assigned to that which has been called the Magnificent and Augustan age of Louis XIV.

THE LONDON BOARD SCHOOLS AND THEIR WORK.

I.

THE two hundred and seventy-eight schools which, according to the latest report, the London School Board has under its control, are necessarily as different from each other as the various districts in which they are located, and the various circumstances with respect to land, position, and so forth, under which they have been erected. Of the two hundred and seventy-eight, a hundred and eighty-seven have been erected by the Board, and these, with two or three exceptions to which we shall by-and-by refer, may be said to be all on very similar plans as regards their main features. They are substantial-looking brick and stone buildings, comprising three "departments"—three entirely distinct and complete schools, that is to say, one for boys, another for girls, and a third for infants. In most of the buildings there is in each department one large room and one or two smaller rooms for class-rooms. In a few of them—such as the large school in the York Road, King's Cross, which has some 1,400 children on its books—sliding partitions are provided, by means of which the floor of a "department" may be shut off into convenient class-rooms if desired. The boys' department in the York Road may be thus divided into six rooms, each adapted to accommodate 100 boys, the head master being enabled to maintain a general oversight by means of windows in the partitions.

These schools are not perfect. Perhaps most of those erected by the Board may be open to criticism on some points. In one of them, for instance, in all three of the departments we find the light coming in behind the children, or on their right hand, instead of in front and on the left, as of course it ought to do. The floors again are level, instead of being "stepped," as they should be, and as the Board are now making them in other more recent erections. These are somewhat serious imperfections, and in other schools it would be easy here and there to point out other flaws of more or less importance. On the whole, however, it must be conceded that these new schools of the London Board are models of what public elementary schools ought to be. The Education Department of the Privy Council requires that in no school of the kind shall there be less than eight square feet of space for every scholar. In the Board Schools we find never less than nine superficial feet, and the rooms are everywhere lofty and as light as circumstances will permit. The walls for the most part are simply but tastefully coloured with paint and distemper, and are adorned with maps, charts, diagrams, and pictures. Everywhere the old-fashioned "form," the mere mention of which is almost enough to give many a grown-up scholar a touch of the back-ache, has been superseded by ingeniously constructed desks, of which the front of one affords a comfortable support to the back of the occupant of another. Everything about these schools presents, at least to the casual visitor, an appearance of thorough efficiency, though without the slightest trace of extravagance, while as to comfort and cheerfulness and general convenience they are, taking them altogether, incomparably the best schoolrooms we have ever yet had an opportunity of inspecting; and if there were no other benefit likely to result from the establishment of such institutions as these in many of the miserable slums of London, one cannot help thinking that the twenty-five hours a week spent in such rooms in accordance with the requirements of the law, would alone exert an influence almost worth the outlay.

There are general features common to nearly all the schools of the London Board, but there are also innumerable details of arrangement and management for which various local committees are responsible. The Elementary Education Act, 1870, which set all this machinery in motion, permitted the School Board to delegate any of its powers, excepting only the power of raising money, to local boards of management. While the central board, therefore, holds itself responsible for all the main features of this education scheme, there are all over London various committees of ladies and gentlemen who take upon themselves the suggestion of all such matters as the school fees to be paid, the selection of apparatus and books to be used, and of teachers to be employed. All these, and innumerable other minor matters, these school management committees are entrusted with. The members of these local boards give their services quite gratuitously, and are appointed by the central board in the case of new schools; while, in the case of schools which the Board has not actually established, but taken over, the nomination of the managing committee rests partly with the central board and partly with the original trustees of the transferred school. This method of management is adopted from a conviction that a board having personal knowledge of the character and requirements of a particular neighbourhood would, of course, be more competent to deal with it than any committee at a distance could possibly be. The managers have therefore very considerable latitude in all the working details of their respective schools, but they are, of course, subject to the general supervision of the central board, and as it is essential that the schools shall, as far as possible, participate in the annual grants of money which the Government of the country is prepared to make, under certain conditions, for certain educational results, it is, of course, necessary that the managers shall, in all arrangements they make, have

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regard to those conditions. They must take care, for instance, that their schools must be "public elementary schools"—that is to say, they must be schools in which the principal part of the education is of an elementary character, and in which the fees do not exceed ninepence a week. They must be open to all comers against whom a reasonable objection cannot be raised, and irrespective of all religious considerations. Moreover, the curriculum to be adopted is, in the main, very clearly marked out by the Education Department of the Privy Council, and set forth in what is known as the "New Code," to which all public elementary schools must conform if they wish to obtain Government grants.

Children are received in the "infants' department" from the age of three, though attendance is not compulsory till five. From three till seven years of age both sexes are taught together. The Kinder Garten system of teaching is adopted to some trifling extent in these infant departments, and would probably be carried on more extensively but for the fact that kinder garten work is not recognised by "the department." No grants are made on account of it by Government, and, so far as the school funds are concerned, it goes for nothing. The individual examination of children from three to seven years of age cannot very well be deemed practicable, and is never attempted by Government inspectors except so far as it may be necessary to satisfy themselves that the children have been under instruction suitable to their age. This point being satisfactorily determined, the department grants a sum of eight or ten shillings to the school for every child present on the day of examination, and who has attended school 250 times during the year. As to what is considered instruction suitable to the age of infants in Board Schools, a tolerably clear idea may be formed from "A Syllabus for an Infant School," appended to a recent report by one of the Board's inspectors. This syllabus assumes that the average attendance is about 300, and that the school is divided into nine sections. The teaching for all of them comes under five headings—reading, writing and spelling, arithmetic, kinder garten, and miscellaneous. In the matter of "reading," the lowest class—the eighth, that is—are employed in "matching letters"—in picking out from a number of alphabets all the letters of the same name. The seventh class is expected "to know all the letters;" the sixth "to read from elementary sheets or from copy on board," and so on, by degrees, up to the first class, which should "master the first thirty pages of Standard 1 Reading-book." Similarly in arithmetic, the tiniest of the scholars are taught to match figures, then to count objects up to ten; in the sixth class "to put down strokes, count balls, bricks, etc., up to ten." Class the fifth should do addition of units up to ten, and the fourth addition and subtraction of units up to twenty. In class 1 "infants are required to add and subtract numbers up to hundreds, and to know their tables as far as three times inclusive." Under "miscellaneous" come such exercises as "action songs," distinguishing the simpler forms and colours, easy definitions in geography, and so on. From the first class the children are passed on to the "first standard," constituting the highest section of the infants'-school, in which, under the various headings, we find the following requirements: Reading—"To master the first thirty-five pages of Standard 1 Reading-book;" writing—"To transcribe from reading-book, to write from dictation a short and easy sentence from the first twenty pages of the reading-book;" arithmetic—"To add and subtract numbers up to thousands, tables as far as the six times inclusive;" kinder garten—"Drawing on unruled slates or paper;" miscellaneous—"Easy definitions in geography, to run up the music scale, and to make thirds and fifths when indicated on the moderator." This may be taken to indicate the maximum of infant-school instruction under the London Board.

At the age of seven boys and girls are drafted off in the generality of Board Schools separately into junior schools. This, however, is not universally the case. There are two or three schools—there is one at the foot of Haverstock Hill and there is another at Jonson Street (or Harford Street, as it has recently been renamed), Stepney—in which boys and girls are educated together throughout their school course, after what is known as the Prussian system. The fundamental idea of this system appears to be that teaching to be thorough and efficient must be carried on by fully qualified teachers. In these "Prussian schools" there are no pupil teachers employed; all are fully certificated, and there is, therefore, no such general supervision required as in the generality of Board Schools is provided for by carrying on teaching in one large room, in which several teachers are employed under the eye of the head master. The school premises are therefore altogether differently arranged. The Jonson Street building stands in the middle of a playground, and, compared with many of the other new schools, is a somewhat bald, unprepossessing-looking edifice. Following the directions of successive finger-plates posted on the walls, the visitor at length finds himself in a lofty hall some eighty feet long and forty feet wide, with a gallery running along two sides of it. One who happens to arrive during school hours is apt to suppose that it is holiday time. There is a raised daïs on one side of the hall, and upon this is the head teacher's desk, but there are no scholars to be seen. They are distributed in seventeen smaller apartments opening into this hall or the galleries above. The business of the day commences in these smaller rooms, each of which is designed to accommodate sixty scholars, who are ranged on either side of a central passage, the girls on one side and the boys on the other. They assemble here at ten minutes to nine in the morning, and all undergo a careful inspection, dirty hands and faces being promptly relegated to the admirable lavatories, which form important features of all Board Schools, and to which much of the clean and wholesome appearance of even the lowest grade schools is due. Parenthetically it may be observed that of course all the arrangements of the school for boys and girls are entirely separate, except when actually in school and under the eye of the teacher. After inspection, and a brief drill in moving in and out of desks and so forth, attendance is marked in red ink, and the whole school, which, when full, should number 1,675 children, is marched into the central hall, and drawn up in ranks for "religious observance." The form these "observances" assume varies in different schools, but they are everywhere just a simple unsectarian service. There is usually a hymn sung, then perhaps the reading of a Psalm by the head teacher, who directs especial attention to some short passage of it, which is to be repeated aloud by the whole school, and reference may be made, perhaps, to its bearing on some school in-

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dent, and the children will be requested to keep that passage in mind till the next morning, when questions may be asked about it. After the reading of the Scriptures, and the offering up of the Lord's Prayer, all are marched back to their respective schoolrooms, which now become, to all intents and purposes, seventeen separate and individual schools for boys and girls together, each school being composed, as far as possible, of children working for the same "standard," and all the teaching being done by well-qualified and experienced teachers.

A very interesting specimen of a school on the "Prussian" system is to be found at the foot of Haverstock Hill. In construction this is totally unlike any other Board School in London. It is an irregularly constructed edifice, built in a style of architecture similar to that of the central offices on the Victoria Embankment—the architecture of the renaissance that is—and consists of one floor only. It was not originally designed for this particular purpose, but was intended for an ordinary school, and was adapted to the Prussian system by certain alterations, one of which consisted in throwing a glass roof over an open space between two wings of the building, thus connecting this quadrangle into a central hall.

At the time the writer visited this school last autumn he was particularly struck by its pleasant and attractive aspect. It was a bright morning. In the playground there were several trees laden with fruit, and in the large hall ivies and other creeping plants were climbing up the walls, just as they had done before they were covered in, while from the iron girders of the glass roof wire baskets of foliage and flowers gave an aspect to the place about as different from that of most London schoolrooms as anything very well could be. From this hall the various class-rooms open, and it may be questioned whether anything prettier or pleasanter of its kind could be found in London, or out of it, than this apartment when the doors opened and some hundreds of boys and girls and "infants"—the school is designed for over 1,000 children—came filing in beneath the bright autumn sunbeams glancing down through the ferns and flowers overhead, and fell in perfect order and discipline into their ranks before the head teacher's desk.

These "Prussian" schools were experimental. It is obvious that they must be considerably more costly in construction than schools of the ordinary kind, and that the teaching staff is maintained at a comparatively great cost. It was thought probable, however, that the educational results would fully compensate for the greater outlay. This, we believe, has not been so distinctly perceptible as many were inclined to anticipate, and though these schools could scarcely fail to strike the visitor as coming very near to theoretical perfection for elementary educational purposes, the actual results would, it is thought, scarcely warrant a very extensive adoption of the system at present.

The class of children to be found in the various Board Schools depends of course very much on the neighbourhood. At the commencement of the work, each of the ten School Board divisions of the metropolis was mapped out into districts, and for each division a number of visitors were appointed, whose duty it was to burrow into every nook and corner, and to find out every child not under five or over thirteen years of age, and not receiving proper teaching. The chlid being found, the requirements of the law were explained to the parent or guardian, and every effort patiently made to secure attendance at school without anything in the nature of coercion. Such efforts failing, however, the aid of the law had to be invoked, and "Notice A" was served. "Take notice," says this document, "that you have been guilty of a breach of the law in that you have neglected to send your child Goody Twoshoes regularly and punctually to an efficient school, and that you have thus rendered yourself liable to be summoned and fined. This caution is issued in the hope that there may be no necessity to take further steps to enforce the law." Should this missive fail in its aim, "Notice B" follows, calling on the parent to attend at a given time and place, to state the reason of the child's absence from school, and to show to the members for the division cause why a summons should not be taken out. Neglect of this notice, or failure to give a satisfactory explanation, is of course followed by a summons to appear before a magistrate, usually resulting in a fine, which, together with costs, is not to exceed five shillings.

By great patience and perseverance even the Seven Dials was brought at length to understand that while the Board and the magistrates of London were willing to give every consideration to their poverty and to their difficulties, the law must be obeyed, and the new schools in many parts of London soon became menageries of shock-headed, barefoot little bipeds, many of them never before under any sort of control. The task of breaking in such mobs of little outlaws was not likely to be soon forgotten by those called upon to undertake it. Cat-calls, snatches of popular songs, free fights, and acrobatic performances over the desks, enlivened the more strictly intellectual part of the proceedings in some of the schools; and the difficulty with the children was not always all that had to be put up with. It was no unusual thing for an angry costermonger, or a coalheaver who felt himself aggrieved by the receipt of a summons, to step round to the school and pour out his wrath upon the innocent head of the teacher, and more than one appeal to the police magistrates had to be made before the denizens of London courts and by-ways could be made to understand that the teacher really had nothing whatever to do with the issuing of summonses. Occasionally teachers would receive visits of a more friendly character. A parent would bring in a little scapegrace with a particular request that the master would "give him a licking" at least once a day, a request which, as one of the teachers expressed it to the writer, would be made with the air of a man who, while putting it as a matter of favour to himself, was, nevertheless, conscious that he was delegating a duty that any schoolmaster would naturally feel it to be a great privilege to perform.

The steady and persistent operation of the School Board system has effected a great improvement in the behaviour both of parents and children. Parents are rarely known to give annoyance to teachers now, and it has been noted of late, in the lower neighbourhoods of London, that when they have occasion to visit the schools they do their best to put in a clean and tidy appearance, and invariably treat the teachers with far greater politeness and respect. Their appreciation of the school and the schoolmaster is already manifestly raised, a very important step in the great work of educating the lower stratum of our metropolitan population.

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Varieties

Chimpanzee in Grief.—From study of a fine pair of chimpanzees in the Philadelphia Zoological Garden, Mr. A. E. Brown has obtained several interesting evidences of a rather higher degree of mental power than this species is usually credited with. One of the pair lately died, and the behaviour of the surviving one showed beyond question a certain degree of genuine grief. The animals had been great friends; they never quarrelled. On the first cry of fright from one, the other was instantly prepared to do battle in its behalf. It was early in a morning when the female died, and when the survivor found it impossible to arouse her, his grief and rage were painful to witness. Snatching at the short hair on his head, the ordinary yell of rage at first set up finally changed to a cry, the like of which he had never been heard to utter before, and which would be most nearly represented by "hah-ah-ah-ah-ah," uttered somewhat under the breath, and with a plaintive sound like a moan. Crying thus, he would lift up her head and then her hands, only to let them fall again. After her body was removed he became more quiet; but, catching sight of it on its being carried past the cage, he became violent, and cried for the rest of that day. The day following he sat still most of the time, and moaned continuously; this gradually passed away, the plaintive cry became less frequent, but when he was angry it would be heard at the close of the fits just as the sobbing of a child after a passionate fit of crying. It soon became apparent that his recollection of the nature of the past association was becoming less and less vivid; still it was noticed that, while the two used to sleep together in one blanket on the floor, he now invariably slept on a cross beam at the top of the cage, returning to old habit, and probably showing that the apprehension of unseen dangers had been heightened by his sense of loneliness. A high degree of permanence in grief of this nature in all probability belongs only to man.

Zodiacal Light.—Those who have lived for many years in the zone of the palms must retain a pleasing impression of the mild radiance with which the zodiacal light, shooting pyramidically upwards, illumines a part of the uniform length of tropical nights. I have seen it shine with an intensity of light equal to the Milky Way in Sagittarius; and this not only in the rare and dry atmosphere of the summits of the Andes, at an elevation of from 13,000 to 15,000 feet above the level of the sea, but even in the boundless grassy plains, the llanos of Venezuela, and on the shore beneath the ever-clear sky of Cumana. The phenomenon was often rendered especially beautiful by the passage of light, fleecy clouds, which stood out in picturesque and bold relief from the luminous background.—*Humboldt's "Cosmos."*

Tennysoniana.—An interesting collection of the early and rare editions of the works of the Poet-Laureate has lately been sold by auction by Messrs. Puttick and Simpson. The collection was formed by the late Mr. B. M. Pickering, and used in the compilation of the volume entitled "Tennysoniana," and published by him in 1866. The competition was exceedingly brisk, and the following are the prices obtained for the most remarkable lots:—"Poems by Two Brothers" (Charles and Alfred Tennyson). This little volume contains the first printed productions of the Laureate, and, like all his early works, has pieces which have either never been reprinted or have been much altered. It was published in two sizes in 1827. The small paper copy was sold for £3 17s. 6d.; the large paper, of which there were three copies, for £10 (a presentation copy from C. Tennyson), £8 5s., and £9 respectively. The next lot was a small volume of "Sonnets and Fugitive Pieces by Charles Tennyson" only, published at Cambridge in 1830, of which there were two copies, selling for £1 12s. and £2 6s. respectively. Two years after the production of the volume of 1827, which may be said to have been still-born, the Laureate appeared again in print with "Timbuctoo," a Cambridge prize poem, published among other "Prolusiones" by Smith, of Cambridge, in 1829. This tract sold for £3. "Poems, chiefly Lyrical, by Alfred Tennyson," London, E. Wilson, 1830, the first edition in which the poet's name appeared, £8 10s. "Poems by Alfred Tennyson," London, Moxon, 1833. This and the volume of 1830 form what is really the first edition of the poems in two volumes; they produced together £20 5s. "Poems by Alfred Tennyson," two volumes, Moxon, 1842, the first edition issued in two volumes simultaneously, £8 5s.; the second and third editions, each in two volumes, brought £3 15s. and £1 14s. respectively. Undoubtedly the great curiosity of the collection was "The Lover's Tale," a single poem of sixty pages, 12mo size, printed by Moxon in 1833. Authentic information concerning this rarity is exceedingly scanty, and could, perhaps, only be supplied by the author or his intimate friends. This little volume produced £41. Two poems, "The Window" and "The Victim," printed at the private press of the author's friend, Sir I. B. Guest, of Canford Manor. Both of these differ from editions published in more popular forms. They produced the sums of £10 5s. and £10 10s. respectively. The minor lots were as follow:—"The Princess," 1847, £1 11s.; "In Memoriam," first edition, £5 5s.; "Maud," first edition, £1 7s.; "Idylls of the King," first edition, £1 11s. The collection as a whole was almost unique, and the record of its dispersion may make an interesting addition to the "Anecdotes of Literature."

"Pre-Raffaelite Pictures."—In connection with the recent article in the "Leisure Hour" (May part), on Holman Hunt and his "Pre-Raffaelite" school, the following facts may be worthy of consideration. They at least show the estimation in which the public now holds such works of art as compared with that of some fifteen or twenty years ago. At that time Messrs. McLean, the picture dealers, gave Mr. Hunt a commission to paint a picture of a certain size for the sum of nine hundred guineas, the title being "Dolce Far Niente." This work was afterwards sold to Messrs. Agnew for nine hundred and fifty guineas, and eventually to Mr. Maxby for twelve hundred guineas. Three or four years ago, it brought at Messrs. Christie's, two hundred and sixty-five guineas, and on the 20th February last it was knocked down under the hammer of Mr. Holms, of Birmingham, for sixty-five guineas, Messrs. Tooth being the purchasers. Looking at these facts, it would be curious to know how much the celebrated "Light of the World," which I believe was once sold for ten thousand pounds, would now realise, if put up at a public sale, instead of having been presented by Mrs. Combe to the Keble College at Oxford, where no doubt it is looked upon as worth the aforesaid enormous amount.—J. G. M.

Printers' Errors.—A sporting paper, referring to an accident in the hunting field, said that "in attempting to jump an awkward fence the horse fell, and the river sustained severe injuries." At first sight it is not easy to see what "the river" was doing on the spot of the accident at all; but we presume that it must have been on the other side of the "awkward fence," which, perhaps, being a "blind" one, did not notice its presence. In spite of the severe injuries it sustained, however, the river was able to flow on as usual after the accident, we believe, though subsequent accounts inform us that it has kept to its bed ever since.

Thrust and Parry.—With the politics of the following quotation we do not meddle, nor say which side is right or wrong, but refer to it as a clever bit of word-fencing. Sir William Harcourt, criticising the Beaconsfield Government, said it had involved the country in "danger, debt, disaster, distrust, disquiet, and distress." To which a supporter of the ministry replies in the "Times:" "This alliterative summary of the sins of the Government needs only the addition of 'disease,' 'damp,' and 'darkness' to make it exhaustive and complete. Sir William Harcourt would have no great difficulty in proving, with as much cogency as is required in addressing a popular audience, that the ministerial policy is chargeable with the prevalence of bronchitis, the absence of sunshine, and the rainy east winds of the past winter."

Rydal Lake, from an American Point of View.—It certainly did look very small; and I said, in my American scorn, that I could carry it away easily in a porringer, for it is nothing more than a grassy-bordered pool among the surrounding hills, which ascend directly from the margin, so that one might almost fancy it not a permanent body of water, but a rather extensive accumulation of recent rain. Moreover, it was rippled with a breeze; and so, as I remember it, though the sun shone, it looked dull and sulky, like a child out of humour. Now the best thing these small ponds can do is to keep perfectly calm and smooth, and not to attempt to show off any airs of their own, but content themselves with serving as a mirror for whatever of the beautiful or picturesque there may be in the scenery around them.—*Nathaniel Hawthorne.*

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THE LEISURE HOUR.

BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,
AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND.—*Cowper.*

"CHAFFIN MY NAME IS; YOU MAY HAVE HEARD IT."

STRAIGHT TO THE MARK.

CHAPTER V.—A GREAT MAN.

He sat upon a rock, and bobbed for whale.—*William King.*

TOM HOWARD had been waiting in the coffee-room at the Old Ship only a few minutes when the door was flung wide open and a gentleman entered. His voice had been heard in the passage before he made his appearance, and he came in talking loudly, and puffing, and stamping, and shaking himself, and making such a commotion in the quiet hostelry, that it might have been supposed that half a dozen guests had arrived instead of one. The waiter remarked to Tom, when he was alone with him soon afterwards, that "he thought it was the Hemperor of Japan at least, by the noise and fuss he made." He was not at all like the Emperor of Japan, however, nor like any other emperor, but a plain British subject, who had a way of making himself at home wherever he went, according to his

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own ideas of what home ought to be. He did not remove his hat, except to shake some raindrops from it and replace it; and throwing back the skirts of his overcoat, stood with arms akimbo, his hands resting on his hips, and, with his back to the empty fireplace, looking about him in a dignified and self-asserting manner. He was tall and broad; a large man in every respect; and had a way of spreading himself out so as to give full effect to his size, and make him appear even more bulky than he really was.

"What, waiter!" he cried; "what, what! No fire, such a night as this! Bring a shovel of coals at once out of the kitchen, and wood, and—and everything else. No fire such a night as this!—what are you thinking about?"

The waiter was thinking that it was yet early in September; but he only said, "Yes, sir," and repeated what the newcomer had said to his mistress.

"Hullo, youngster!" said the great man, presently, catching sight of our hero in a corner of the room.

"Hullo!" the boy replied, mechanically, as he had heard the seamen answer one another in the boat.

The first speaker looked surprised, but smiled, as if pleased at the readiness of his reply.

"A wet night," he said, presently.

"Is it?" Tom answered.

"Is it? Yes. Haven't you been out? Don't you hear it coming down? What—what!"

"Oh, yes, I remember," said Tom; "it is rather wet out of doors."

"Out of doors I meant, of course," said the other; "not indoors; it's blowing hard, too. I should not like to be at sea to-night. What!"

Tom had not spoken, but the stranger seemed to expect an answer; and, without waiting for one, said again, brusquely,

"I should not like it, I say. What!"

"I should," said Tom, finding that he must say something.

"Gammon!" said the other; "I don't believe it; but that's the way young fellows talk. They think it very fine, I suppose. I don't believe anybody likes being at sea, especially in rough weather, if they would only say so."

Tom felt very indignant at first, but seeing that his new acquaintance laughed and winked, and had evidently no idea of being offensive, he restrained his wrath and said nothing.

"Where do you hail from?" the stranger asked, presently.

Tom told him that he had just landed from the ship Neptune, having left his friends to prosecute their voyage to India, and that he should like to be going with them instead of going to bed.

"That accounts for it," said the other, "though I would rather wait for a fair passage myself. So you have said good-bye to all your friends, have you, and come ashore alone? Poor lad, poor lad! What will you take? Have a glass of wine—do you good."

Tom felt something rising up in his throat at this unexpected expression of sympathy; he could not speak, and began to wish he had remained in the bar parlour. He rose and went to the door, as if to look for the waiter.

"Coming, sir," said Sam, who caught sight of him; "broiled bone, and nice little tart to follow; ready in a minute."

Tom turned away with a wry face. It seemed as if everybody had conspired to torment him by forcing him to eat and drink.

"What did he say?" the stranger asked. "Bone! Who wants bones? *Cui bono?* as the saying is. Nobody can live upon bones; come and sup with me; draw near the fire, it's beginning to burn up at last. Now, waiter, bring everything you have got in the house except bones; we don't want bones."

The waiter would have remonstrated, but the "Hemperor" ordered him off in a peremptory manner, and putting down upon a side table the despised morsel which he had just brought into the room, he hastened to obey orders.

"Do as I tell you, and make no bones about it," the imperious, if not imperial personage called after him; "and as for you, young fellow, come and sit here."

Tom yielded to the force of circumstances and took his place opposite his new friend, not sorry to have escaped the bone, which was not of his own choosing; a plentiful repast was spread before him, and he was kindly, though roughly, pressed to partake of it; and after he had eaten a few mouthfuls felt himself better able to do justice to it.

"What will you take to drink?" his friend asked. "Call for anything you like; what will you take?"

"Water," said Tom.

"Nonsense. Water! Bones! What—what!"

But Tom was resolute on this point, and after much remonstrance was allowed to have his own way.

"So you would like to be a sailor, should you?" the man said, when he had done eating. "You don't know what it is, perhaps, tossing about on the ocean. I do. Crossed the Atlantic twice, I have. Business though, not pleasure. Now you wonder what my business is, I dare say. Contractor I am, if you know what that is. Chaffin my name is; you may have heard it."

Mr. Chaffin threw himself back in his chair and spread out his arms as if to be looked at. "Yes," he said, "I am a contractor—in a large way, mind you. Daniel Chaffin. What!"

Tom Howard thought as he surveyed the burly figure before him that he looked at that moment more like an "expander," but he said nothing.

"You know what a contractor is, don't you?" Mr. Chaffin continued. "We make the railways, the docks, the piers; we do all the great works in the kingdom; we build the bridges, the exhibitions, everything; no matter what it is; if it's only large enough, we do it."

"Could you build a ship?" Tom asked.

"Ship? well, that's not in our line. I would rather build anything else. I have had enough of ships. What!"

Tom looked at him with something of disdain.

"So you are all for ships, are you? Ah! you'll change your mind about that. I always feel sorry for a young lad when I see him going about with a blue jacket and gilt buttons and a gold band round his cap. It an't all gold that glitters. 'What!' I think to myself, 'you're like a young bear—all your sorrows to come.' What!"

"Do young bears have more sorrows than other animals?" Tom asked.

"Never mind; don't you be a young bear, that's all; a young sailor I mean. You have not done with school yet, by the look of you."

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"I have hardly begun," said Tom. "I am going to begin to-morrow."

"That's right," said Mr. Chaffin; "where are you going to?"

"Abbotscliff," said Tom.

"What! what! I'm glad of that. Why it's a curious thing, now; I've got a son there myself. Went back last week, after the holidays. Chaffin his name is; same as mine; Marmadook Chaffin. I'll tell you what; I'm going along the line to-morrow, and Marmadook will be coming down to the station to have a word with me when the train stops. I'll introdooce you. You are a new boy, and he has been there three terms. It will be useful for you to have a friend. We can travel together so far, and I'll introdooce you."

Tom Howard thought it was very kind of Mr. Chaffin to make this proposal, and though he had not been much taken with the contractor at first, he felt drawn towards him by his heartiness and good temper, and was glad to think that he should have a cheerful companion on his journey next morning, and perhaps a useful friend in the school at his first joining.

Mr. Chaffin lighted a pipe and called for brandy and water, and wanted Tom to have a small glass of the same to bear him company, and to keep him from catching cold after his wetting. But Tom declined with something like alarm, and rang for his candle.

"Take something before you go," said Mr. Chaffin; "just a little drop. What shall it be? Must have something."

It was an article of faith with Mr. Chaffin that everybody ought to take something. He seldom met a friend in the street, or received a visitor at his own house, or even a client at his place of business, without asking him what he would take. It was sometimes said that the invitation meant "one for his friend and two for himself;" but that was not strictly the fact. Mr. Chaffin was, it is true, always ready to do his part, but he liked to see others enjoy a glass, and to feel that it was at his expense. He always paid cheerfully, and experienced a great sense of pleasure, not to say pride, at seeing his friend or neighbour drink off the ale, or wine, or spirits with which he furnished him. He liked to see a man's eyes glisten as the cordial went down his throat; and the "Thank you, sir; your health, sir," was pleasant to his ears. It may even be doubted whether Mr. Chaffin did not feel himself a better man after every such exercise of his liberality and kindness; it was his way of doing to all men as he would they should do unto him, and he was fully convinced that it tended to promote harmony and good feeling between himself and those who partook of his bounty. Yet Mr. Chaffin set his face sternly against drunkenness. He never was "overtaken" himself, perhaps because he could carry more than most men without feeling it; and he was very severe upon those who were guilty of excess. He would not keep a clerk in his counting-house who "drank," nor give employment to a workman who was known to have had too much during working hours. A glass or two would hurt nobody, he used to say; but everybody should know where to stop. Mr. Chaffin knew where to stop, and he expected others to be equally discreet. And yet he knew only too well that many of those with whom he had to do were quite incapable of such self-control. His "What will you take?" had been the beginning of mischief to more than one of his own people, whom he subsequently discarded with contempt, and the cause of misery and desolation to their families, about whom he gave himself no concern. It is to be feared that there are a great many thoughtless, good-tempered Chaffins in the world, and that many anxious, care-worn households may trace the beginning of their sorrows to such ideas of hospitality as his. It would be well if they could adopt good George Herbert's argument on this subject:—

> "Shall I, to please another's wine-sprung mind,
> Lose all mine own? God hath given me a measure
> Short of his can and body; must I find
> A pain in that, wherein he finds a pleasure?"

CHAPTER VI.—SYMPATHY.

Kind hearts are more than coronets.—Tennyson.

Tom Howard, declining Mr. Chaffin's hospitality, looked in at the bar before going upstairs to bed, and said "Good night" to Mrs. Roseberry. He had never been alone at a hotel before, and had some difficulty now in finding his way through the many passages and odd turns of the old-fashioned rambling house; but the number on the door enabled him to identify his chamber as soon as he came to it, and he went in and stood in the middle of it, looking round him with a feeling of loneliness which he could not overcome. The bedstead was a fourposter, full-sized and heavily draped with moreen; the walls of the room were panelled and hung with pictures of stage-coaches, favourite race-horses and their jockeys, and some startling portraits of Wellington and other Waterloo heroes, darkened and stained by time. Everything was strange to the boy. He had seen very little of his own country since his arrival from India, with the exception of the metropolis; and this old-fashioned inn was as great a contrast as could well be conceived to the interiors to which he had been accustomed years ago in India, and since then in his adopted home near London. There was nothing about the place to suggest one thought of comfort to him. The large cold room, the silence, the absence of all excitement, oppressed him. For the first time in his life he was alone, cut off as it seemed from every one who cared for him. Of course he should soon get used to it, and new friends would rise up round him; he was sure of that; but for the moment he could not help feeling terribly unhappy. Yet although he was secure from observation in this gloomy chamber, and might have given way to his feelings without fear of interruption, he swallowed down the tears which were ready to break forth, and shaking his head resolutely and stamping upon the floor, almost without knowing what he did, he resolved to meet this trouble, as he had met others not the less real in themselves because of a temporary and harmless kind, like a man. The burden of an old sea song occurred to him, and he began after a few moments to sing it over to himself:

> "For sailors are born for all weathers,
> Great guns may blow high or blow low,
> Our duty calls us to our tethers,
> And where duty calls we must go."

After that he felt better, and prepared to "turn in" and "caulk it off," as he murmured to himself, caulking being the approved nautical term for sleep.

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On the dressing-table lay a book, which he recognised in a moment by its binding; and a feeling of joy came over him, as if an old friend had met him, or a message had been brought to him from those he loved. He had one like it in his "chest," but it was pleasant to find the same volume in the room waiting for him, and at home there. He opened it tenderly. It need not be said that it was the Book of Books—the Holy Bible—a copy of which had been placed in every room of that house by a member of the British and Foreign Bible Society. His first thought, as the familiar array of columns and verses met his view, was of his mother. As long ago as he could remember anything, he remembered reading that book with her, and her voice now seemed to speak to him from its pages. He had often read it and heard it read without thinking of her, but now the very tone of her voice seemed fresh in his ears, and the touch of her hand could almost be felt upon his forehead. The large type, the form and size of the volume, and the colour of the binding were like that to which his eyes had been accustomed in their childhood; and it was his mother who had first taught him to read in that book, pointing to the lines and words as he stood by her knee. Intuitively he turned to the Book of Psalms, looking for some of those precious verses which Mrs. Howard had been used to select for frequent reading, and found inexpressible comfort as he gathered here a promise, there a precept, and here again an ejaculation or a prayer exactly suited to the circumstances in which he was then placed. "The Lord preserveth the strangers." "My soul melteth for heaviness; strengthen Thou me, according unto Thy word." "The Lord is thy keeper." "The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in." "Wait on the Lord: be of good courage, and He shall strengthen thine heart; wait, I say, on the Lord." After reading such passages as these, which he knew where to look for, he closed the book, scarcely conscious of the tears which were now overflowing from his eyes, and certainly not ashamed of them; and after kneeling at the foot of his great bed, put out his candle, and climbed up into it. The huge mass of feathers, so different from the little mattress to which he had been accustomed, yielded under him, recalling the motion of the pilot's boat from which he had scarcely yet recovered, and making him feel for the moment as if he were again upon the sea; but he soon fell asleep, and dreamed first that he was still on board the Neptune, and then that he was again in India, swinging in a grass hammock with his mother hanging over him and smiling on him. There was a reality, too, about the dream which caused him to open his eyes; for surely he had felt warm lips upon his cheek; and there was a flash of light before him, and the vision of a kind and pleasant face, though not his mother's, very near his own. But the next moment all was dark again externally, and his dream went on with the same grateful imagery, none the less sweet and comfortable because the good-natured landlady had looked in before she went to her own room to see that he was all right; and, moved by the tear-marks upon his cheek, had blessed him in her heart and given him a gentle kiss upon his lips, while thinking of her own child, her own "young bear," as Mr. Chaffin would have called him, far away upon the sea.

It was late next morning when Tom Howard opened his eyes. As soon as he became alive to the realities of the situation he rose without delay, and descended to the coffee-room. Breakfast was laid there for two, himself and Mr. Chaffin, as it presently appeared, for that gentleman had settled that they were to take this meal together, and then to travel by the same train to Abbotscliff. The day was fine, and Mr. Chaffin was gone out for a turn and to look at some works which were being constructed by a rival contractor for the improvement of the port, which was likely to become a place of more importance since the railway had been opened. Although Mr. Chaffin had great confidence in his own powers, he never lost an opportunity of observing what others were doing, and was not above taking a hint from anything he saw or from any one, however humble his position, who was able to give him one. While our young hero was waiting his return, the landlady entered the room to ask him how he had slept, hoping he was none the worse for his wetting the previous evening, and expressing a kindly interest in himself and his movements generally. She had heard that he was going to school, and wondered much that he should have come by such a route and in such weather, and was curious to know more about him.

He answered her questions readily, for she had won his heart—no very difficult matter under such conditions. But she was not satisfied.

"I wonder they would let you come ashore in such weather," she said.

Tom explained that it was inevitable. His mother would not have sent him if he had not been willing to come.

"She could not help it, I suppose," said the landlady, pensively. "Well, Master Howard, I'm glad, if you *was* to come ashore alone in this way, that you came to me."

"So am I," said Tom, quickly.

"And if I can do anything for you, say so, and I will. I've got a son at sea myself, and somebody will be kind to him I hope, if ever he needs it. And if you come this way again at any time, I hope you'll pay me another visit; not because I keep an hotel, you know (though it is the best hotel in the town, and you would not be comfortable for an hour at that new railway place they have built near the station to run away with my custom), but because I should like to see you as a friend, you know. You understand what I mean, don't you?"

"Yes," said Tom, eagerly, "I understand quite well, and am very much obliged to you."

"Now I dare say," she resumed, after looking kindly at his face for some moments, "I dare say that, though you are going to school, you have not got such a thing as a good plum cake to take with you, such as all schoolboys have."

"A cake? no. There were so many other things to think about, it was not likely any one would remember about a cake. I have got money to buy one if I like."

"That's a different thing, my dear," Mrs. Roseberry replied; "now, I'll tell you what; I have got a cake ready made that you shall have, a beauty! There; don't say a word. I'll have it put up for you, and you can take it in the carriage with you, under the seat, so as it shan't be lost." And with many a nod and smile the good lady bustled off to see about it, soothed and comforted in her mind at the thought of being able to supply what seemed to her to be a serious defect in his school outfit.

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"Father in India, poor boy!" she said to herself, "and mother on the sea; I wonder whether she is his real mother; or perhaps he is not his real father. I suppose, though, they can't help it, and it must be a grievous thing for them as well as for him. He shall have the cake—that he shall."

Mr. Chaffin came in presently, and was full of the merits of a steam pump which he had seen at work in the harbour. He had been so pleased with it, he said, and the man in charge of it was so civil and intelligent, that although it was so early in the day he had asked him what he would take to drink.

"And did he take anything?" Tom asked.

"Took offence, I fancy," Mr. Chaffin replied; "turned his back, and said he was not dry; pointed to the pump, and said there was drink enough there if he wanted any. So I came away and left him. He was a very intelligent fellow, though, for all that."

"So I should think," said Tom, significantly.

Mr. Chaffin looked at Tom as if he did not quite know what to make of the remark, but said nothing, and breakfast being laid they sat down to it together. The contractor looked larger and more important by daylight, Tom thought, than he did the previous evening; perhaps it was because he had been out to stretch himself, as he said. Under the genial influence of buttered toast and broiled fish he soon recovered from the little rebuff which he had met with, and his broad face bending over his plate presented a picture of rude health, good humour, and unbounded self-satisfaction.

"Ten fifty is our train," he said; "it's late for me, but I wanted to have a look round before starting off. I told the waiter to call you early, that you might go with me, but old Mother Roseberry would not let him. She would have her own way, and said you were not to be disturbed. A woman is harder to manage than a hundred navvies. Eat away, boy, I ordered a good breakfast for you, and you need not be afraid of the expense: I'll pay. You are going to school with my son Marmadook: you and he will be great cronies, I expect, so you're my guest this morning. No briled bones—eh—what!"

The boy was not particularly hungry, but he could not help thinking that he had been very fortunate in meeting with two such kind people as Mrs. Roseberry and Mr. Chaffin on landing at a strange place, and he made a better breakfast than he might otherwise have done.

The waiter brought him his bill when he asked for it, a very moderate one, with no charge for the breakfast; that was put down to Mr. Chaffin; and the landlady met him in the passage with a hamper containing some other good things besides the cake; and he returned her kiss warmly when she bade him good-bye.

"You won't forget me," she said, "if you ever come this way?"

"No," he replied; "I shall never forget you, whether I come this way again or not." And it may safely be predicated, even at this early period of his history, that he never did, or will. The good woman's deed, to be sure, was not much; but the kindness and sympathy which find expression in such little attentions are above price and deserve to be commemorated.

LEGAL ANECDOTES.

VI.

PERHAPS the virtues which we should least expect to find in judges are kindness and tenderheartedness. It might be believed that a long career of dispensing laws, which, however good towards the interests of the public, are frequently severe and apparently unjust to the individual, and continued familiarity with the painful transactions carried on in criminal courts, would obliterate those finer sentiments of the mind, and convert the judge into a mere legal machine, destitute of compassion and sympathy. A long observance of judges, past and present, has convinced the writer of the inaccuracy of any view of this kind, and has proved to him satisfactorily that the sages of the law—many of them—neither have been, nor are, one whit less kind and feeling than high-minded men of other professions.

In July, 1850, Baron Parke and Justice Talfourd met at Chester, the one having just travelled the South and the other the North Wales Circuit. Walking side by side downstairs at the judges' lodgings to join the high sheriff, who was about to convey them in state to the Cathedral, the Baron noticed, to his surprise, that his brother judge was arrayed in his scarlet and *ermine* robes, instead of in the scarlet and *silk* costume donned in summer, and which he himself correctly wore. "Brother, brother!" cried the punctilious Baron, "you've got your winter robes on!" "Yes," said Talfourd, "my unfortunate butler made a mistake when we started from town, and put these in the luggage." "And you've travelled all round North Wales in them?" "Oh yes," said Talfourd, "the prisoners were tried just as well you know, and I didn't like to hurt my man's feelings by speaking to him about them. I shall tell him before we part, so as to be right next time." "Why, I'd have discharged him," said Baron Parke. "Oh no, brother, you wouldn't," replied Talfourd; "he's lost his mother lately, poor fellow; and, after all, it was only a fault of the head, you know, Baron, not of the heart."

Another anecdote relating to the same judge is more of a domestic character. At one corner of Russell Square, and near to the house of Talfourd, an old woman had for several years kept an apple stall, where the judge frequently made a small purchase. Standing at his parlour window one pouring wet day, Talfourd saw the old creature seated in her usual place, and crouching down wet through in the pelting rain. The sight aroused all his kind and pitying nature. It was in vain he returned to his literary or legal labours; again and again he went to the window to see the same, to him, distressing sight. At last, seized with a sudden idea, he donned his coat and hat, rushed off to a shop in Southampton Row, and purchased a large gig umbrella, which he brought back triumphantly and placed over the old woman. "Wasn't it a glorious thought?" we heard him ask a somewhat unappreciative brother judge. "The thing actually covered her and her apple stall too."

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Many were the half-sovereigns and sovereigns which the kind and good man sent round privately by his clerk to the governors of gaols to be given to poor friendless youths convicted before him, that they should not be turned penniless upon the world when their term of imprisonment was over.

To many yet living the very name of Justice Pattison will bring back the remembrance of one of the kindest men who ever adorned the English Bench. A great and learned lawyer, an accomplished scholar, and a sincere friend, this judge was more particularly a *sympathetic* man, entering into all the anxieties and fears of those coming before him, whether as parties to a cause, their representatives, witnesses, or even as prisoners. It was in recognition of this that the body of attorneys' clerks, who were continually before him at chambers, resolved upon an act quite unprecedented between so comparatively humble a class and one of the judges "assigned to hold pleas before the queen herself;" this was to present him with a handsome silver inkstand bought by their subscriptions, and bearing an inscription testifying their gratitude for the kindness and urbanity which had always distinguished him in his dealings with them. A time was appointed by the judge for receiving the testimonial, and no one then present will ever forget the noble words of gentleness and wisdom with which its receipt was acknowledged.

The peculiar tenderness of character which distinguished Justice Pattison shone forth more particularly in all intercourse he had with children. When tendered as witnesses, it was delightful to witness the almost fatherly manner in which he inquired into their religious knowledge and mental capacity for taking an oath; and when their answers were satisfactory, and they were duly sworn, the care he took that they should not be overawed or frightened was at times almost amusing. One little mite called as a witness during a trial remained perfectly mute when attempt was made to examine her. With mouth wide open and eyes dilated to their full extent, she could only gaze at the somewhat stout old judge, as she stood on the bench at his side, that he might the better hear her. All attempts at getting an answer from the paralysed lips were ineffectual. "Oh, I see what it is," said the judge, with a smile; "*it's my wig!* It's only horsehair, my child," he rejoined. "Why, I can take it off, you see," suiting the action to the word. "It is only an ornament, and *a very funny one, too,* my dear." Confidence was established, and the examination proceeded satisfactorily.

In many instances (more frequently than at the present day) children were brought to the judge's chambers on writs of *habeas corpus*, the question raised being into whose custody it was most proper to deliver them. Very distressing scenes at times took place, the father on the one side and the mother on the other urging their claims to the possession of an offspring, perhaps very dear to them both. The old judge would direct the room to be cleared of relatives and friends, would take the child on his knee, and, by a few encouraging words and well-timed questions, would find out the *boná fides* of the matter better than by the examination of any number of witnesses.

It was frequently the case on circuit, at the time when Pattison was judge, that the jury were dismissed to consider their verdict in a criminal case at six or seven in the evening, and directions were given that when they had agreed, they and the prisoner, properly escorted, should be brought to the judge's lodgings, the jury to convict or acquit the prisoner, and he to receive his sentence if found guilty. They generally appeared before the judge in the dining-room, not unfrequently the dinner being already on the table. Justice Pattison, however, invariably left instructions before leaving court on such emergencies, that jury and prisoner should be left in the hall, or taken into some unoccupied apartment at the "lodgings." "It is un-Christian and wicked," he would say, "to take a number of famished men, and a poor frightened wretch to receive his sentence, into the midst of comfort and luxury; the contrast is too dreadful, far too dreadful!"

Justice Sir James Allan Park, of whom we have several times in previous papers spoken, was a marvellously kind and amiable man, whether on or off the judgment-seat. His peculiarity, however, consisted in taking a sudden partiality to particular witnesses, to whom he then became, during their examination, very polite and attentive, whilst others who were, perhaps, far more deserving, escaped his attention altogether. So astonishingly kind did he once, at Warwick, become to an old lady called in evidence before him, that before leaving the box she curtsied, and humbly asked leave to *shake hands* with his lordship! "Oh, I am sure I would willingly do so if out of doors," he replied, smiling; "but *here*, my dear madam, it might, you see, be *drawn into a precedent*," adding, in his talking-aloud manner, as the enamoured old biddy left the box, "A dear creature! a very dear, fascinating creature indeed!" to the intense amusement of the Bar and other spectators.

Although not to be adduced as an act of *judicial* kindness, for he was an eminent leading Q.C. at the time, we cannot omit an anecdote of the late Lord Westbury when Mr. Bethell. He was sitting one day in the Court of Chancery, awaiting the coming on of an important case in which he was engaged, when his attention was attracted by the very feeble argument of a junior counsel, who was urging the claim of a poor client to the possession of some disputed landed property. So lame and imperfect was the counsel's speech, and so defective his attempt to establish his "case," that Bethell became disgusted, and was scarcely surprised when, upon the young counsel sitting down, the Vice-Chancellor gave judgment against him. Forgetting for the moment his own important cause, the great Queen's Counsel hastily followed from the court the defeated client, whom he had already recognised, and tapping him on the shoulder, said, abruptly, "You will take your case up to the Court of Appeal?" "I am too poor, sir, to do so; I must be satisfied at leaving it where it is." "Nonsense! tell your solicitor to call upon me; my name is Bethell." The call was duly made, the case taken gratuitously, argued on appeal with consummate ability by Bethell, who had the satisfaction of obtaining the judgment of the court, and of seeing his humble client put in possession of the disputed property just before he himself attained the dignity of Lord High Chancellor.

While on this subject we must not omit the act of courtesy, though proceeding, perhaps, more from ancient custom than from individual kindness, which all judges indulge in when holding the Assizes at the seat of a royal foundation school, such as Winchester, Shrewsbury, etc., of asking from the head-master a day's holiday for the pupils. Not a few judges sup-

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plement the request, when granted, by a liberal contribution of money, for "cakes and apples," towards the festivities of the day. At Liverpool the boys of the Sailors' Orphan Asylum come to the beautiful "lodgings" of the judges in Newsham Park, and their band serenades under the windows. The performance is always followed by a request to the master for a holiday, and not unfrequently (as in the preceding instance) by a liberal monetary donation.

These few instances of the kindness of judges, especially of those of modern times, might be easily multiplied. The late Justice Willes, regardless of wig and robes, led from court into his private room, and solicitously attended, a poor epileptic witness, till medical assistance could be obtained. Baron Alderson many times visited prisoners convicted before him in their cells, endeavouring to obtain from them circumstances to which their lips were legally closed while on their trial, and which might be laid by him before the higher powers and obtain a mitigation of sentence; whilst a late chief baron *personally* tried the severity of crank, treadmill, and oakum-picking, with a view of rightly awarding the discipline to offenders. Many other judges have undertaken as *men* works of humanity and kindness which their position on the Bench did not enable them to perform.

THE QUIPU.

A SHORT time since we saw in the possession of a friend some valuable relics which had been forwarded to him from Peru. These antiquities were a portion of a costume, some silver and bone beads, a wooden needle, a piece of bread, and what is believed to be a part of a "quipu," which were all obtained from the grave of one of the Incas, and must have been placed with the embalmed body centuries ago. They were in wonderful preservation, owing, no doubt, to their being buried together in the sand. The scrap of garment which had enveloped the mummy was like coarse canvas, and interwoven with it were small but beautiful yellow feathers, resembling those of the canary. The robe at a distance must have seemed to be entirely composed of these, and would have had when worn a royal though simple appearance. The remaining antiquities were easily named, except what appeared to be a bunch of different coloured threads. We at first thought that they appertained to the shuttle, but could not understand why the various colours should be in the same skein, and then we remembered that, in lieu of an alphabet, the Peruvians used the quipu, and in this thought what a field for the imagination! The royal Inca and the "quipu" of his history buried together; and exhumed by a party of curious Englishmen, by special permission of the Republic of Peru. But where was the Amauta who could unravel the story?

The absence of an alphabet amongst the Peruvians at the time of the Spanish Conquest must have forcibly struck the scholars of that time, especially as the invaders found a powerful nation, far advanced in civilisation under the despotic though paternal rule of the Incas. The fact is of scarcely less interest in these days, when the alphabet has become the legal heritage of every child in the land. The laws of the country were simple though strict, and, according to the statements of the Spanish writers of that age, were in all respects suitable to the condition of the people, who were, in fact, like children of the State as regards their relations to the reigning sovereign and his family, the Incas. The science of agriculture was well advanced, the use of guano being common to the tillers of the soil. Mines were opened and worked, although to the advantage mainly of the Inca, to whom, according to the law of the country, all belonged; coinage was unknown; but beautiful designs were wrought in gold and silver, the representation of the Indian maize being the most noteworthy, and vases made of these metals were found in profusion. The palaces of the Incas are described as magnificent in the extreme, and these buildings were discovered by the Spaniards in all directions, it being the rule, when the reigning sovereign died, that all his houses, containing all his belongings, should be closed for ever. Bridges were constructed, though of primitive design, being composed of long cables made of an osier of remarkable strength and durability. Woollen and cotton goods were fabricated, the material having been previously garnered by the Government, and apportioned at certain intervals to the various communities whose female hands had been instructed in the art of spinning and weaving. Yet the nation, which had attained to this measure of civilisation, possessed no characters for a written language. Great in consequence is the loss both to the student and the antiquary.

It may be asked, how could a nation be instructed in the various branches of learning without a written language? How could a nation attain to military renown and eminence without a history to arouse the latent ambition of her young men? As regards the Peruvians, the answer lies in the statement that men were specially appointed to learn and recount the history and personal adventures of the Inca and of his forefathers; and these men, called "Amautas," had the duty of giving instruction to the sons of the nobility. This instruction was oral. That these men should remember every statistic necessary for their discourse would be almost impossible without some arbitrary aid, and the necessity for this led to the adoption and use of a kind of mnemonics in the form of the *quipu*. We are informed by Prescott that the quipu —the word signifies a knot—"was a cord about two feet long, composed of different coloured threads tightly twisted together, from which a quantity of smaller threads were suspended in the manner of a fringe. The threads were of different colours, and were tied into knots. The colours denoted sensible objects; for instance, white represented silver; yellow gold. They sometimes also stood for abstract ideas; thus, white signified peace, and red war. But the quipus were chiefly used for arithmetical purposes; the knots served instead of ciphers, and could be combined in such a manner as to represent numbers to any amount they required." Thus it can be easily understood that the quipu was a most important adjunct to the oral teachings of the Amautas, who could by its help better remember the dates and numbers necessary to the proper relation of the legends which had passed into their special keeping. When our readers are reminded that the Peruvians were very exact statisticians—inasmuch as they registered every birth and death, and kept account of all agricultural produce—the further important use of the quipu amongst them is apparent.

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THE BEGUM'S FORTUNE.

BY JULES VERNE.

CHAPTER I.—ENTER MR. SHARP.

"REALLY these English newspapers are very well written," said the doctor to himself, as he leant back in a great leathern easy-chair.

Dr. Sarrasin had all his life been given to soliloquising, one of the many results of absence of mind.

He was a man of fifty, or thereabouts; his features were refined; clear lively eyes shone through his steel spectacles, and the expression of his countenance, although grave, was genial. He was one of those people, looking at whom one says at the first glance, "There is an honest man!"

Notwithstanding the early hour, and the easy style of his dress, the doctor had already shaved and put on a white cravat.

Scattered near him on the carpet and on sundry chairs, in the sitting-room of his hotel at Brighton, lay copies of the "Times," the "Daily Telegraph," and the "Daily News." It was not much more than ten o'clock, yet the doctor had been out walking in the town, had visited an hospital, returned to his hotel, and read in the principal London journals the full report of a paper communicated by him two evenings previously at a meeting of the Great International Hygienic Conference on the "Compte globules du sang," or "blood-corpuscle computator," an instrument he had invented, and which even in England keeps its French name. Before him stood a breakfast-tray covered with a snowy napkin, on which were placed a well-dressed cutlet, a cup of hot and fragrant tea, and a plate of that buttered toast which English cooks, thanks to English bakers, can make to perfection.

"Yes," he repeated, "these journals are admirably well written, there is no denying the fact. Here is the speech of the president, the reply by Doctor Cicogna of Naples, my own paper in full, all as it were caught in the air and photographed at once!

"Dr. Sarrasin of Douai rose and addressed the meeting. The honourable member spoke in French, and said, 'My auditors will permit me to express myself in my own language, which I am sure they understand far better than I can speak theirs.'

DOCTOR SARRASIN.

"Five columns in small print!

"I cannot decide which reports it best, the 'Times' or the 'Telegraph,' each seems so exact and so precise."

Dr. Sarrasin had reached this point in his meditations, when one of the waiters of the establishment, a gentleman most correctly dressed in black, entered, and presenting a card, inquired whether "Monsiou" was "at home" to a visitor.

This appellation of "Monsiou" the English consider it necessary to bestow indiscriminately on every Frenchman — in the same way they would think it a breach of all the rules of civility did they fail to address an Italian as "Signor," and a German as "Herr." Perhaps on the whole the custom is a good one—it certainly has the advantage of at once indicating nationalities.

Considerably surprised to hear of a visitor in a country where he was acquainted with no one, the doctor took the card, and read with increased perplexity the following address:

"Mr. Sharpe,
Solicitor,
Southampton Row, London."

He knew that a "solicitor" meant what he should call an "avoué," and signified a lawyer of the compound nature of attorney, procurator, and notary.

What possible business can Mr. Sharp have with

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me? thought the doctor. Can I have got into some scrape or other without knowing it? "Are you sure this card is intended for me?" he asked.

"Oh yes, Monsieur."

"Well, let the gentleman come in."

A youngish man entered the room, whom the doctor at once classed in the great family of "death's heads." Thin dry lips, drawn back from long white teeth, hollow temple-bones, displayed beneath skin like parchment, the complexion of a mummy, and small grey eyes as sharp as needles, quite justified the title. The rest of the skeleton, from the heels to the occiput, was hidden from view beneath an ulster, of a large chequer pattern; his hand grasped a patent leather bag.

This personage entered, bowing in a hasty manner, placed bag and hat on the ground, took a chair without waiting to have one offered, and opened his business by saying,—

"William Henry Sharp, Junior, of the firm of Billows, Green, Sharp, & Co. Have I the honour of speaking to Doctor Sarrasin?"

"Yes, sir."

"François Sarrasin?"

"That certainly is my name."

"Of Douai?"

"I reside at Douai."

"Your father's name was Isidore Sarrasin?"

"It was so."

"Let us conclude him to have been Isidore Sarrasin."

Mr. Sharp drew a note-book from his pocket, consulted it, and resumed,—

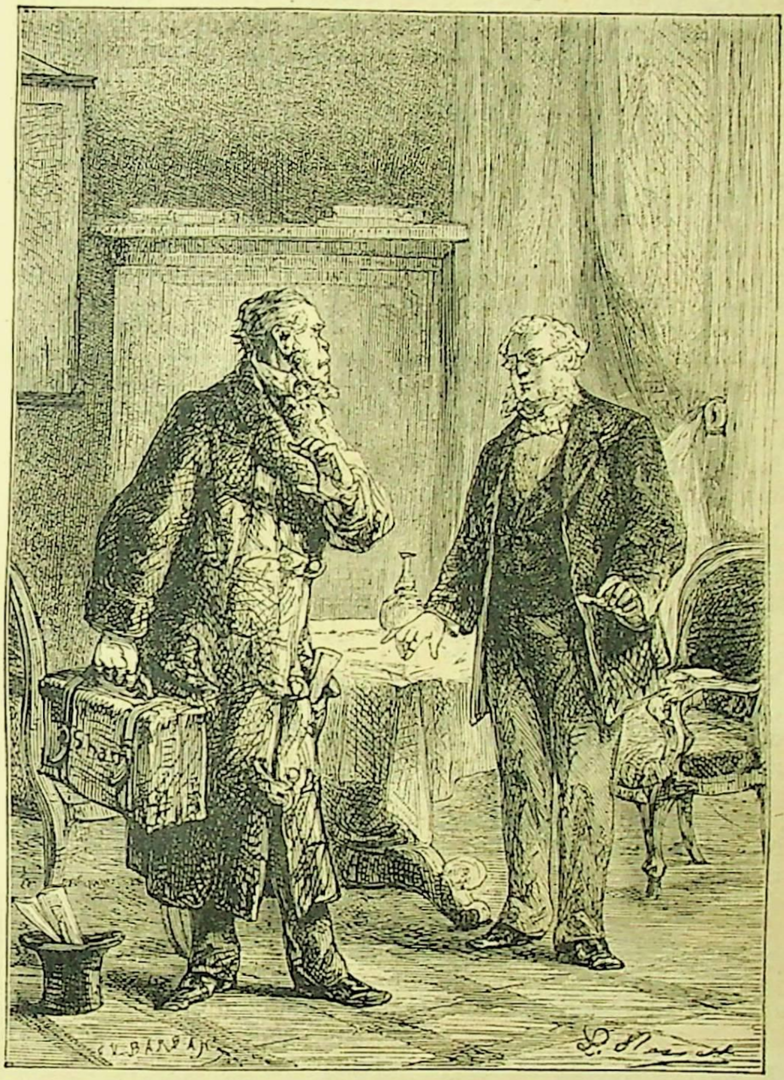
"Isidore Sarrasin died at Paris in 1857, 6th Arrondissement, Rue Taranne, Number 54—the Hotel des Écoles, now demolished."

"Perfectly correct," said the doctor, more and more astonished. "But will you have the kindness to explain—?"

"His mother's name," pursued the imperturbable Mr. Sharp, "was Julie Langévol, originally of Bar-le-Duc, daughter of Benedict Langévol, who lived in the alley Loriol, and died in 1812, as is shown by the municipal registers of the said town—these registers are a valuable institution, sir—highly valuable—hem—hem—and sister of Jean Jacques Langévol, drum-major in the 36th Light—"

"I assure you," interrupted Doctor Sarrasin, confounded by this intimate acquaintance with his genealogy, "that you are better informed on these points than I am myself. It is true that my grandmother's family name was Langévol, and that is all I know about her."

"About the year 1807 she left the town of Bar-le-Duc with your grandfather, Jean Sarrasin, whom she had married in 1799. They settled at Melun, where he worked as a tinsmith, and where, in 1811, Julie Langévol, Sarrasin's wife, died, leaving only one child, Isadore Sarrasin, your father. From that time, up to the date of his death, discovered at Paris, the thread is lost."


"I HAVE THE HONOUR TO WISH THE RAJAH A VERY GOOD MORNING."

"I can supply it," said the doctor, interested in spite of himself by this wonderful precision.

"My grandfather settled in Paris for the sake of the education of his son, whom he destined to the medical profession. He died in 1832, at Palaiseau, near Versailles, where my father practised as a physician, and where I was born in 1822."

"You are my man," resumed Mr. Sharp.

"No brothers or sisters?"

"None. I was the only son; my mother died two years after my birth. Now, sir, will you tell me—?"

Mr. Sharp stood up.

"Rajah Bryah Jowahir Mothooranath," said he, pronouncing the names with the respect shown by every Englishman to a title, "I am happy to have discovered you, and to be the first to congratulate you."

"The man is deranged," thought the doctor; "it is not at all uncommon among these death's heads."

The solicitor read this opinion in his eyes.

"I am not mad in the slightest degree," said he, calmly. "You are at the present moment the sole known heir to the title of Rajah, which Jean Jacques Langévol, who became a naturalised British subject in 1819, succeeded to the property of his wife the Begum Gokool, and died in 1841, leaving only one son, an idiot, who died without issue in 1869, was

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allowed to assume by the Governor-General of the province of Bengal.

"The value of the estate has risen during the last thirty years to about five million of pounds sterling. It remained sequestered and under guardianship, almost the whole of the interest going to increase the capital during the life of the imbecile son of Jean Jacques Langévol.

"In 1870 the value of the inheritance was given in round numbers to be twenty-one millions of pounds sterling, or five hundred and twenty-five millions of francs. In fulfilment of an order of the law court of Agra, countersigned by that of Delhi, and confirmed by the Privy Council, the whole of the landed and personal property has been sold, and the sum realised has been placed in the Bank of England.

"The actual sum is five hundred and twenty-seven millions of francs, which you can withdraw by a cheque as soon as you have proved your genealogical identity in the Court of Chancery. And in the meantime I am authorised by Messrs. Trollop, Smith, and Co., Bankers, to offer you advances to any amount."

Dr. Sarrasin sat petrified—for some minutes he could not utter a word; then, impressed by a conviction that this fine story was without any foundation in fact, he quietly said,—

"After all, sir, where are the proofs of this, and in what way have you been led to find me out?"

"The proofs are here, sir," replied Mr. Sharp, tapping on his shiny leather bag. "As to how I discovered you, it has been in a very simple way—I have been searching for you for five years. It is the speciality of our firm to find heirs for the numerous fortunes which year by year are left in escheat in the British dominions.

"For five years the question of the inheritance of the Begum Gokool has exercised all our ingenuity and activity. We have made investigations in every direction, passed in review hundreds of families of your name without finding that of Isidore Sarrasin. I was almost convinced that there was not another of the name in all France, when yesterday morning I read in the 'Daily News' a report of the meeting of the Hygienic Conference, and observed that among the members was a Doctor Sarrasin, of whom I had never before heard.

"Referring instantly to my notes, and to hundreds of papers on the subject of this estate, I ascertained with surprise that the town of Douai had entirely escaped our notice.

"With the conviction that I had got on the right scent, I took the train for Brighton, saw you leave the meeting, and all doubt vanished. You are the living image of your great-uncle Langévol, of whom we possess a photograph taken from a portrait by the Indian painter Saranoni."

Mr. Sharp took a photograph from his pocket-book and handed it to Dr. Sarrasin.

It represented a tall man with a magnificent beard, a crested turban, and a richly brocaded robe.

He was seated after the manner of conventional portraits of generals in the army, appearing to be drawing up a plan of attack, while attentively regarding the spectator.

In the background could be dimly discerned the smoke of battle and a charge of cavalry.

"A glance at these papers will inform you on this matter better than I can do," continued Mr. Sharp; "I will leave them with you, and return in a couple of hours, if you will then permit me to take your orders."

So saying, Mr. Sharp drew from the depths of his glazed bag seven or eight bundles of documents, some printed, some manuscript, placed them on the table, and backed out of the room, murmuring,—

"I have the honour to wish the Rajah Bryah Jowahir Mothooranath a very good morning."

Partly convinced, partly ridiculing the idea, the doctor took the papers and began to peruse them.

A rapid examination sufficed to show him the truth of Mr. Sharp's statements, and to remove his doubts. Among the printed documents he read the following:

Evidence placed before the Right Honourable Lords of Her Majesty's Privy Council on the 5th of January 1870, touching the vacant succession of the Begum Gokool of Ragginahra, in Bengal. Points of the case. The question concerns the rights of possession to certain landed estates, together with a variety of edifices, palaces, mercantile establishments, villages, personal properties, treasure, arms, etc., etc., forming the inheritance of the Begum Gokool of Ragginahra.

From evidence submitted to the civil tribunal of Agra, and to the Superior Court at Delhi, it appears that in 1819, the Begum Gokool, widow of Rajah Luckmissur, and possessed in her own right of considerable wealth, married a foreigner, of French origin, by name Jean Jacques Langévol.

This foreigner, after serving until 1815 in the French army as drum-major in the 36th Light Cavalry, embarked at Nantes, upon the disbandment of the army of the Loire, as supercargo of a merchant ship.

He reached Calcutta, passed into the interior, and speedily obtained the appointment of military instructor in the small native army which the Rajah Luckmissur was authorised to maintain. In this army he rose to be commander-in-chief, and shortly after the Rajah's death he obtained the hand of his widow.

In consideration of various important services rendered to the English residents at Agra by Jean Jacques Langévol, he was constituted a British subject, and the Governor-General of Bengal obtained for the husband of the Begum the title of Rajah of Bryah Jowahir Mothooranath, which was the name of one of the most considerable of her estates. The Begum died in 1839, leaving the whole of her wealth and property to Langévol, who survived her only two years.

Their only child was imbecile from his infancy, and was placed at once under guardians. The inheritance was carefully managed by trustees until his death, which occurred in 1869.

To this immense heritage there is no known heir. The courts of Agra and Delhi having ordered its sale by auction, on the application of the local government acting for the state, we have the honour to request from the Lords of the Privy Council a confirmation of their decision, etc. Here followed the signatures.

Copies of legal documents from Agra and Delhi, deeds of sale, an account of the efforts made in France to discover the next of kin to Langévol's family, and a whole mass of imposing evidence of the like nature, left Dr. Sarrasin no room for doubt or hesitation.

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Between him and the five hundred and twenty-seven millions of francs deposited in the strong rooms of the Bank of England there was but a step, the production of authentic certificates of certain births and deaths.

Such a stroke of fortune being enough to dazzle the imagination of the most sober-minded man, the good doctor could not contemplate it without some emotion. Yet it was of short duration, and exhibited simply by a rapid walk for a few minutes up and down his apartment.

Quickly recovering his self-possession, he accused himself of weakness for yielding to this feverish agitation, threw himself into his chair, and remained for a time lost in profound reflection.

Then suddenly rising, he resumed his walk backwards and forwards, while his eyes shone with a pure light as though a noble and generous project burned within his breast. He seemed to welcome, to caress, to encourage, and finally to adopt it.

A knock at the door. Mr. Sharp returned.

"I ask pardon a thousand times for my doubts as to the correctness of your information," said the doctor in a cordial tone. "You see me now perfectly convinced, and extremely obliged to you for the trouble you have taken."

"Not at all—mere matter of business—in the way of my profession—nothing more," replied Mr. Sharp. "May I venture to hope that the Rajah will remain our client?"

"That is understood. I place the whole affair in your hands. I only beg you to desist from giving me that absurd title."

"Absurd!—a title worth twenty millions!" were the words Mr. Sharp would have uttered had he known no better, but he said, "Certainly, sir, if you wish it. As you please, sir. I am now going to return by train to London, where I shall await your orders."

"May I keep these documents?" inquired the doctor.

"Most assuredly—we retain copies."

Dr. Sarrasin was left alone. He seated himself at his desk, took out a sheet of paper, and wrote as follows:—

"Brighton, 28th October, 1871.

"My dear child,

"We have become possessed of an enormous fortune, a fortune absurdly colossal. Do not fancy that I have lost my senses, but read the printed papers enclosed in my letter. You will there plainly see that I am proved to be the heir to a native title in India, and a sum equivalent to many millions of francs, actually deposited in the Bank of England.

"I can feel sure of the sentiments with which you, my dear Otto, will receive this news. You will perceive, as I do myself, the new duties which such wealth will impose upon us, and the danger we are in of being tempted to use it unwisely.

"It is but an hour since I was made aware of the fact, and already the overpowering sense of responsibility seems to lessen the pleasure it first gave me as I thought of you. This change may be fatal instead of fortunate to our destiny. In the modest position of pioneers of science we were content and happy in obscurity. Shall we continue to be so? I doubt it—unless—perhaps—(could I venture to mention an idea which has flashed across my brain) unless this same fortune were to become in our hands a new and powerful engine of science, a mighty tool in the great work of civilisation and progress! We will talk about this. Write to me—let me know very soon what impression this wonderful news makes on your mind—and let your mother hear of it from you. Sensible woman as she is, I am convinced she will receive it calmly. As to your sister, she is too young to have her head turned by anything of the sort. Besides, that little head of hers is a very sober one, and even if she could comprehend all that this change in our position implies, I believe she would take it more quietly than any of us.

"Remember me cordially to Max; I connect him with all my schemes for the future.

"Your affectionate father,

"François Sarrasin."

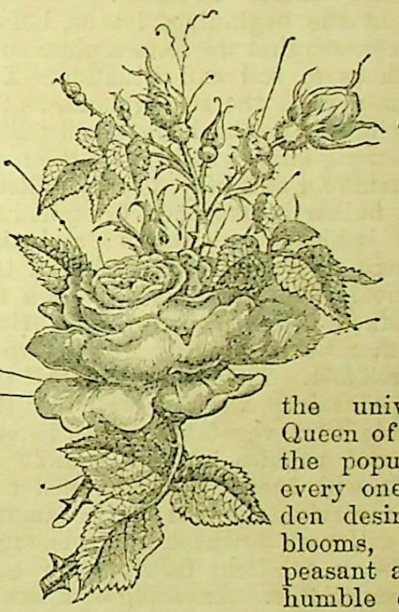
This letter, with the more important papers, was addressed to—

Monsieur Octave Sarrasin,
Student at the Upper School of Arts and Manufactures,
32, Rue du Roi de Sicile,
Paris.

Then the doctor put on his overcoat, took his hat, and went to the Conference.

In a quarter of an hour the worthy man had forgotten all about his millions.

ROSE-GROWING.



THE rose is not only the truly English flower—our national emblem—sung by the poets since the days of Sappho and Anacreon, beauty's favourite adornment, and the universally admitted Queen of Flowers, but it is the popular flower, which every one that has a garden desires to grow. It blooms, too, as freely for peasant as for peer. The humble cottager who has but a few square yards of ground, and, as Canon Hole would say, the love of the flower in his heart, can give it all the care and cultivation that it really needs for its perfect development; whilst the peer, with all his wealth and highly-paid gardeners, can but produce perfection after all. Nor can he surpass its beauty, for much as we may admire the choice exotics in some costly conservatory, for their novelty to us perhaps more than for their intrinsic beauty, yet when the flowers are picked and set side by side it will be admitted that for scent, colour, purity, and elegance in one, the rose is "Queen" still.

But how rarely do we see a thoroughly perfect rose, even in the gardens of the well-to-do. As to the amateurs, who with their own hands bring the rose to perfection, they may be counted, if not on

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the fingers, at least by the score. And yet, if their zeal were not somehow misdirected they should be found in their thousands. Now, there is nothing more vexatious to a would-be rosarian, whose enthusiasm has been newly kindled at this season of rose-shows, than to find that it is not enough to take down the names of the prize-winners, and order the same trees from a noted rose-grower, possibly the very exhibitor himself. He may even go to a first-class nursery in July, and make a selection from the magnificent blooms he will see on all sides, and then find that when the very trees that he selected in the summer are removed to his own garden in the autumn they rapidly deteriorate; blossoms, which in the nursery were like a cup in shape and like the saucer in size, become flat, weak, straggly things, smaller each year, until at last the unhappy tree gives up the unequal struggle and quietly dies. "*Why* do the roses die?" is the wail of many an enthusiastic amateur. In a few cases it may be due to the selection of delicate kinds which require professional skill and favourable conditions to grow them well; but the decay of roses proceeds generally from the unskilled treatment they receive. "There goeth art" to the growing of roses, as well as "to the cooking of eggs;" and it is obvious that the greater the contrast between the soil and treatment given in the nursery and that which they receive afterwards, the smaller the chances of success. Let us see, then, if by a few simple hints we cannot contribute something to increase those chances of success.

To begin, then, at the beginning, let us, before buying our rose-trees, see that we have a place suitable for them both as to soil and situation. The natural home of the rose is the strong land, as the luxuriance of the wild rose in the hedges will tell us at a glance. But strong land, which is for the most part only another name for stiff clay, is very difficult stuff to deal with, unless it has been brought into good condition by judicious cultivation; and this does not mean a mere digging and manuring of the upper eight or nine inches, which is too often all that it gets. To make a bed where roses will thrive, the ground must first be thoroughly drained to a depth of *at least* three feet. Then "double-dig" the ground, *i.e.*, two spades deep, working well into the lower tier some stable litter, vegetable refuse, leaves, fine ashes, lime, and rubbish of any soluble or fibrous kind which will keep the earth open and also enrich it, but reserving the best of the manure for the top spit; it will work downwards fast enough. Fresh-burnt lime is an excellent fertiliser for clay soils, rendering them friable. Anything of a sandy nature that helps to keep the land open to the action of the sun and air is good, but there is nothing equal to burnt clay from a "smother," *i.e.*, a large bonfire smothered when at its hottest with a covering of weeds, turf, and clay, with a little small coal strewn between the clay to keep the fire going. When this is fairly burnt out, what is left will be a heap of moderately fine brick ashes, which, with a liberal mixture of well-rotted stable dung, is the food of foods for roses, far to be preferred to any fancy "mixtures" or guano, which, if not applied with great judgment, will destroy the rose. Soot, charcoal, nitrate of soda, parings of horses' hoofs from a farrier's shed, and many other things, are good manures when judiciously applied, but the *piece de resistance* of the rosarian's banquet is the vulgar but invaluable muck-heap. As to the position of the bed, one cannot always command the site one would wish, but one can at least avoid putting the rose in a very exposed situation; one can also keep the bed well away from the drip and shade of trees, and yet not too fully in the glare of a burning sun. If your garden is much exposed to the wind, shelter may be obtained by a yew or hornbean hedge. *Au reste*, you must do what you can, but remember that situation counts for something in successful rose-growing. Your trees do not want coddling, but they must not have greater trials than necessary to contend against if you wish them to win that coveted first prize.

And now, having prepared the ground, let us invite the company to enter. Who comes first, claiming the proud title of *the best* rose? A hard question, indeed, when so many are so lovely. It is hard enough to name even the best twenty—as we may see by the difference in the lists made up by leading rosarians. There is nothing more perplexing to the young rose-grower than this question of selection. He sits down to a catalogue and begins marking all that are described in superlative terms, but he finds so many that are "superb," "exquisite," "a grand rose," and so on, that before he has got beyond D he has already selected as many as he intended to have, and his real difficulty is not so much which to choose as which to refrain from choosing. Now a very moderate experience in rose-growing shows us that there are a few types of roses upon which the changes are rung, with an infinite variety of new *names*, without any really great substantial difference except to the critical eye of an expert. A judge at a rose-show will tell a Jean Liabaud from a Louis van Houtte, or a Marie Beaumann from an Alfred Colomb, but not one in a hundred of the public will see the difference, particularly as the shades of the dark roses vary with the season, the weather, and the number of hours they have been in full bloom. Let us suppose that you are walking through a large nursery at the end of June or the beginning of July, when the roses are in their pride, and that the obliging nurseryman makes up a bouquet of the following:—Maréchal Niel, the king of all, which every one will insist upon having, but which not one in a hundred will be able to grow out-of-doors; an exquisite deep-yellow Noisette, more lovely by far than any golden rose blessed by the Pope as a special gift to a crowned head; Devoniensis, an equally exquisite, pure, creamy white, of delicious tea-scented perfume; Louis van Houtte, a deep, velvety crimson; Charles Lefebvre, a superb brighter crimson; Alfred Colomb, a brilliant crimson, a few shades lighter; Edouard Morren, rose-pink; Captain Christy, a delicate, soft flesh-colour; and any good white rose—it will be seen that you have eight typical roses, each so lovely that it is hard to say which is the most beautiful. You may multiply those types of colour to such limits as your purse or garden room will allow, but it will add much to the beauty of your garden if these types are adhered to and multiplied in relative proportion. Every one knows that there is art in the grouping of cut-roses in the flower-vase; why not also of growing roses in the garden? It is quite a waste of beauty to place half a dozen dark or pale roses side by side instead of arranging the various shades in such a manner that their respective merits are brought out by judicious contrast. Therefore in making out an order-list it is desirable to group the shades so that the colours may be well balanced.

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Let us take three of each. Beginning with the darkest, we have, say, Louis van Houtte, Jean Liabaud, and Prince Camille de Rohan; for the vivid crimson, take Charles Lefebvre, a rose not easily to be surpassed, Gloire de Santenay, and Senateur Vaisse, or Dr. Andry; for the lighter shade Alfred Colomb, Marie Beaumann, and Madame Victor Verdier; for the true rose shade, François Michelon, Antoine Mouton, and Edouard Morren; with a lighter cast in La France, Madame Therese Levet, and Marguerite de St. Amand; for the delicate, wax-like, pale blush, there are none better than Captain Christy, Miss Hassard, and Baroness Rothschild. The exquisite Madame Lacharme is so nearly white that, in the dearth of really good white roses, it may do duty as such. But still we must have some white roses, and there is none so serviceable for the amateur as Boule de Neige, a fair flower, though not quite up to exhibition standard, but of good constitution and a free bloomer, and this will probably suffice for the whites as so many are found amongst the tea-roses, with just that creamy tinge of yellow that is so exquisite in the newly opening bud. And tea-roses the amateur *must* have, though they will vex his spirit by the delicacy of their constitution. For yellow roses, the only really hardy garden-rose is the double Persian yellow, which has a profusion of small double flowers of a deep bright yellow, but they are very soon over. A perfect early blossom of Maréchal Niel is "quite too lovely," but the hard frosts of winter and the cutting winds of spring make it extremely difficult of attainment without the protection of glass. Perle de Lyon and Perle des Jardins are both beautiful roses that sometimes take a deep yellow tinge, as do several of the teas, but they are all very delicate, with the exception of Gloire de Dijon, one of the most useful roses grown, a very strong grower, and better adapted for a trellis than for either bush or standard. In four years it will cover the side of a small house and bear a profusion of creamy buff blossoms of delicious scent. Up to the very end of the autumn it will never be without at least an exquisite bud for the hair or the button-hole.

Now you may add to the stock, of which we have thus sketched the foundation, as many other roses as your fancy may dictate or purse allow; but, so far as the Hybrid Perpetuals go, you will be only working on old lines after all. To the eye of the expert there are varieties of shade and form innumerable, but few persons can see them, and if you have none but the roses named above you will have skimmed the cream of the rose-garden, and if you take only reasonable pains in growing them you will not be easily beaten, even by richer neighbours.

This brings us to the question of treatment, in which, however, there is *not* so much mystery as one might think when one sees the vast difference in the results obtained. Soil, situation, and plants being good, and the planting properly done, the rules for management are few and simple. Dwarfs on the seedling brier are the best; if standards are preferred choose those of moderate height, not more than two feet from the ground to the head. The brier upon which the rose is budded (technically called worked) should have plenty of small fibrous roots, and all coarse strong shoots, from which would come a plentiful supply of suckers, should be cut clean away with a sharp knife. One of the commonest and most fatal mistakes made by amateurs is planting too deeply. The roots should not have more than four inches of earth over them at the outside. Avoid pruning at the time of planting; even if there are very long shoots it is better to tie them to a stake for the winter than to cut them back. When the trees are well established the longest shoots may be shortened back one-third of their length to prevent their being broken by storms, but no pruning should be done till March; Lady-day is quite soon enough for the midland and northern districts, and a week later is better than a week earlier. Cut out all weak wood, and shoots that cross one another or tend inwards, the great object in pruning being to have a well-shaped open head. The bearing shoots must be shortened to three, five, or seven eyes, according to whether you wish numbers or quality, a general rule being that the stronger the shoot the *less* severely should it be pruned. Finally, the rose must be kept in health by good food in the way of a coating of rich manure, about a yard in diameter, laid round the stem in the first week in December. This will also serve as a protection from the frost, and at the end of February it may be lightly forked into the soil. A similar dressing at the end of May will prevent the roses suffering from drought in a hot season. Finally, let us add a wrinkle worth knowing:—every second year dig your roses up carefully, prune away all coarse roots, and remake the bed. It will do for the roses just what making the bed does for the invalid: it freshens him up.

THE BELL AND CROZIER OF ST. FILLAN.

ST. FILLAN, who was famous among the Scottish saints for his piety and good works, and has given his name to many chapels, holy fountains, etc., in Scotland, was known in Roman Catholic times as the tutelar saint of Breadalbane. It is said in the Breviary of Aberdeen that he was an abbot and confessor, and descended of noble as well as saintly parents, his mother being Kentigerna, the daughter of the Prince of Leinster, who, in the early part of the eighth century, retired to the Island of Inchaileoch in Loch Lomond, the church of which was dedicated to her. Her brother was St. Congan, the founder of the monastic church of Turiff in Aberdeenshire.

It affords matter for congratulation that the celebrated bell and crook of St. Fillan should have been preserved, and are now in the safe custody of the Society of the Antiquaries of Scotland. Those of our readers who are conversant with the history of the early Scoto-Irish Church are fully aware of the veneration with which the people of Ireland, Scotland, and Wales regarded their saints' bells, handbells, and pastoral staves, fearing to take oaths on them, and to perjure themselves, worse than they do upon the gospels. Indeed, one of the most singular forms of Celtic tenure was that connected with the hereditary custody of those bells and bachuls. The lands of the kirktown of Strowan are held by the possession of a bell. Mr. Joseph Robertson has called attention to the fact that the bell of St. Kessog and the bell of St. Lolan were included among the feudal investures of the earldom of Perth. He has also shown that the possession of the bell of

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St. Kentigern gave origin to the armorial bearings of that city. And it is stated that St. Medan's bell had certain lands attached to it which constituted part of the dowry of the Countess of Airlie.

Referring to the use made of St. Fillan's bell in olden times, a recent writer observes:—"On the north bank of the Fillan, near Auchtertyre, stand the ruins of St. Fillan's Church. Within the stream was the Holy Pool, where, in former days, they were wont to dip insane people, for St. Fillan was said to take under his protection the disordered in mind, and works wonderful cures, his votaries declare, to this day." Hence Sir Walter, in "Marmion," says:—

> "Thence to St. Fillan's sacred well,
> Whose spring can frenzied dreams dispel,
> And the crazed brain restore."

The ceremony of dipping insane people in the holy pool was performed after sunset on the first day of the quarter—old style—and before sunrise next morning. They were instructed to take three stones from the bottom of the pool, and walking three times round each of the cairns on the bank, throw a stone into each, and afterwards offer their rags or a little bunch of heath tied with worsted. They were next conveyed to the ruins of St. Fillan's chapel; the ancient bell of St. Fillan was placed on their head with great solemnity; and on a rock in a corner, called St. Fillan's bed, they were bound fast with ropes, and left there alone during the whole night. If next morning they were found loosed the cure was considered perfect, and thanks returned to the saint; if they continued in bonds, the cure remained doubtful.

This bell is of a very curious shape. Tradition has it that St. Fillan caused it to fly to this church; and a soldier, seeing it in the air, fired at it, which brought it down, and occasioned a great crack in it, which is still to be seen. It usually lay quite exposed on a gravestone in the churchyard; and the popular belief was that if the bell was to be stolen it would not fail to extricate itself from the thief's hands, and return to Strathfillan, ringing all the way.

A last century visitor to the holy pool of Strathfillan, anxious to ascertain the truth or falsehood of the story of St. Fillan's bell, carried it off with him. An old woman, who observed what he was about, asked him what he wanted with the bell? In reply, he told her that he had an unfortunate relation at home out of his mind, and that he wanted to have him cured. "Oh, but," says she, "you must bring him here to be cured, or it will be of no use." Upon which he told her the patient was too ill to be moved, and off he galloped with the bell, taking it with him to England. This singular relic was preserved in this gentleman's family up to October 24th, 1869, when it was given over to the custody of the Earl of Crawford and Dr. Forbes, bishop of Brechin, and by them presented to the Society of Scottish Antiquaries, with consent of the visitors and kirk-session of St. Fillan's.

St. Fillan's bell is described as being 12 inches high—four-sided, like most of the ancient bells, 9 by 6½ inches, and with a remarkable handle. It has been cracked, an accident which impairs the sound. The tongue is of iron. The part worn by the ancient clapper does not correspond with the present tongue. It must have been beaten by some object that worked on a pivot outside of it. The weight of the bell is 8 lb. 14 oz., and its composition is a mixed metal. It is not riveted together, but cast in one piece.

What constitutes the singularity of the handle is a heathen emblem, which Bishop Forbes says he believes has never hitherto been found in any of the Scoto-Irish metal work. Lord Crawford entertains the belief that the bell belongs to Christian times, because he doubts whether such bells were in use before the extinction of publicly-professed paganism. On the other hand, Bishop Forbes is of opinion that it belongs either to the Bronze period anterior to Christian times, or, if Christian, that it has been imported from southern lands, where the heathen ideas, living on into Christian times, were expressed in more definite forms. "There is not the impossibility," continues the learned bishop, "that it may have been imported from Italy, and it will be borne in mind that St. Ternan, according to the legend, received his bell from the Pope, while St. Teilias obtained a bell remarkable for its powers from Jerusalem."

The popular regard which in later times gathered round St. Fillan may be traced to the aid which he is supposed to have lent to the cause of freedom in the struggles of Robert the Bruce against the encroachments of England.

The Scottish sovereign had a particular veneration for St. Fillan in consequence, it is supposed, of one of his earlier victories over the men of Lorn—in the course of which conflict the monarch was frequently exposed to great danger—having been won in the neighbourhood of St. Fillan's Chapel. The saint's name being regarded with peculiar sanctity, and the carrying of croziers and relics of saints in battle-fields being a familiar idea in early times, he caused his arm to be enclosed in a beautiful silver shrine, and carried at the head of the army. We read that, on the celebrated eve of the battle of Bannockburn,* it was committed to the care of the king's chaplain, Maurice, abbot of Inchaffray, the same who, when the English and Scottish troops were on the point of rushing into deadly strife, carried the crucifix along the Scottish line, and exhorted the soldiers to bear themselves manfully in the coming struggle. But Maurice, it is said, fearful lest the precious relic should fall into the hands of the English, who far outnumbered their opponents, secretly removed the arm from the silver shrine, and concealed it in a place of greater security. This the king discovering, deprived the bishop of the custody of St. Fillan's relics. The head of the saint's crozier, or pastoral staff (containing the arm-bone of St. Fillan), called the "Quigrich," was entrusted to the keeping of a peasant of the name of Doire, in Strathfillan, in Killin.

Its possession seems to have conferred certain important privileges, for the inhabitants of Glendochirde were found by the verdict of the "Inquest" liable in certain annual payments to its custodier. And, "If it should happen that any goods or chattels should be violently seized or theftuously carried away from any person dwelling in the said parish, and the loser not daring to follow after his goods, then he should send one of his servants or men to the said Doire, or Jore of the Cogerach, with four pennies, and with provisions for the first night, and then the said Jore henceforward shall follow after

* Dr. Jamieson records a tradition of the country, that under the relic of the "Quigrich," King Robert Bruce and his army received the Sacrament before the battle of Bannockburn.

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the said chattels wheresoever he shall be able to discover a sect or clan in the kingdom of Scotland."

It was supposed probably that the relic was possessed of such virtues and qualifications as endowed its bearer with certainty to trace out the thief, as well as to discover the stolen property; for in the letter of James IV, granted in favour of Malice Doire in 1488, the lieges are charged to give no hindrance to its heritable bearer in passing with the said relic "throu the cuntre as he and his forbears were wont to do."

A charter of Queen Mary's, granted 4th March, 1551, confided to Malice Deuar and his heirs male the forty shilling land of old extent in Eyeich, Cretinden, or in Aucharne, etc.

A royal investment was granted by James III, in the year 1487, and sets forth that—

"For as muckle as we have understand that oure servitour Malice Doire and his forbears has had ane relick of Sainte Filane callit the 'Quigrich' in keeping of us and of oure progenitouris of maist nobile mynde of whom God assolize sen the tyme of King Robert the Bruys, and all before, and made nane obedience nor answer to no personen spirituall nor temporale in ony thing concerning the said holy relick either ways than what is contented in the auld infeftment thereof made and grantit be oure said progenitours we charge," etc.

The last "Doire of the Quigrich" emigrated to Canada in 1818, carrying the precious relic with him; but in the course of last year the now aged man, who, "faithful to his trust in poverty and exile, had refused pecuniary offers sufficiently large to strongly test his fidelity, then resigned his trust of the crozier in order to secure its restoration to Scotland."

Since the Cogerach came into possession of the Scottish Antiquaries an earlier crozier of bronze has been found enclosed within the other which is of silver gilt, elegantly carved, and with a jewel in front. A further examination showed that the silver plaques which had formed the covering of the earlier relic had been removed from it, and had been used for the covering and enrichment of the second one.

The ancient Crozier and Bell of St. Fillan now stand side by side, together with the photograph of the last "Doire of the Cogerach," underneath a glass case in the Museum of the Society of the Antiquaries of Scotland, Princes Street, Edinburgh, where lovers of the curious have daily opportunities of inspecting them.

THE DEATH-WATCH AND THE BOOK-WORM.

THE curious little insect called the "death-watch" is a kind of beetle, the scientific name of which, *Anobium*, is derived from a Greek word signifying "resuscitated," because, like many of the beetle family, when caught, it feigns death with extraordinary exactness, so much so, indeed, that a French writer asserts that "one of the species of the genus has been held in the flame of a candle without giving the slightest sign of life, and has yet run away with the greatest rapidity the moment it found itself safely on the ground."

The larvæ of these insects are extremely partial to old furniture, in which they perforate numerous round holes. Hence the genus is called *vrillette* by the French, from *vrille*, a gimlet. In the larva state they resemble small, white, soft worms, with six short, minute feet. The head is scaly, and it is terminated by two strong cutting pincers, with which these little insects scrape the wood into the finest sawdust. Other species of the genus feed on flour, bread, wafers, and other substances, in which they form grooves or galleries, according to the thickness of their working materials. The sound called the death-tick is made by the insect striking its mandibles upon the wood. The number of distinct strokes is generally from seven to eleven, and if the insect be in a situation where it can be watched, it will be observed to nod its head as it makes each stroke, the whole being done with great force and quickness. The sound greatly resembles a moderate tapping on a table with the finger-nail; and, indeed, in old houses, where these insects are numerous, they may be induced to make their noises at any time, by tapping on a table the wood of which contains them.

The little insect called the "bookworm" belongs to the same genus as the "death-watch," and in some cases it will bore through books with as much ease as the "death-watch" bores through furniture; and Kirby and Spence, in their "Introduction to Entomology," mention an instance where, in a public library but little frequented, twenty-seven folio volumes were perforated in a straight line by the same insect, in such a manner that, on passing a cord through the perfectly round hole made by it, these twenty-seven volumes could be raised at once! Other insects occasionally attack books, but this beetle is the most destructive. △

Varieties.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.—The meetings of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, which are this year to be held at Sheffield, are fixed to commence on the 20th of August and terminate on the 27th.

THE TYNDALE MEMORIAL.—The Tyndale Memorial Committee, of which the Earl of Shaftesbury is chairman, has intrusted to Mr. J. Edgar Boehm the design and erection on the Thames Embankment of a statue of the martyr William Tyndale, who made and published the first English translation of the Bible from the original.

APPEALS BY LETTER.—A curious instance of the results of written or printed circulars in aid of good work is mentioned by Captain Graves, of the 20th Hussars, now stationed at Birmingham. When the regiment was at Brighton, Captain Frank Graves, and one or two friends interested in the welfare of the soldiers, tried to get up a comfortable club, with reading-room, smoking-room, and various amusements, to check resort to the drinking-saloons and dens of vice by which the barracks are encompassed. Two hundred and ten letters were sent out. The reply was two shillings! The last fifty letters brought twelve stamps. "Much of this disappointment," says Captain Graves, "no doubt may be laid at the door of general depression, but I think we, in such times, are in danger of making that door rather too large." Whatever regiment may be at Brighton this effort for the good of the soldiers should be supported, and contributions sent to Captain Carter, 2, Chesham Place, Brighton, will be well applied. The club is already open, but on too small a scale.

DEATH-RATE.—In the London district, according to the Registrar-General's last report, the average, during the five years ending with 1878, was 22·8. Five-and-thirty years ago, with a much less dense population, it was as high as 24·5. If no special care had been taken for the health of London, if, with its present density of 29,322 persons to the square mile, it had been neither better nor worse looked after than the rest of Eng-

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land and Wales, its death-rate would be 35·2. It ought, the Registrar-General declares, to be 20·0, and he thinks that it may even be brought down to 17. The rate of mortality in London must be called high when we remember to what it might be brought down. But it is a good deal lower already than the rate prevalent in any other city which comes near it in size. Dover, and Rochester with Chatham, may boast a death-rate of 16·2 and 18·1. Liverpool and Manchester rise as high as 27·8 and 28·6, and this in spite of very great recent improvements. The Bury rate goes up to 29·0. The rate at Blackburn is 30·4; at Preston 30·8. But it is to foreign cities that we must look if we would see the full results which insanitary conditions can produce. At Turin, Naples, Munich, and Trieste the death-rate ranges between 30 and 40. At Buda-Pesth it exceeds 40. At St. Petersburg it reaches 47·1. These are by far the worst figures which Europe has to show.

Swimming.—The last Report of the London Schools' Swimming Club, of which Mr. John MacGregor (Rob Roy) is president, states that the ladies' department of the club had greatly improved during the year, and that there had been much enthusiasm thrown into the work by ladies, especially by Miss Chessar, who had been elected as one of the hon. secretaries. During the year the like success had attended the children's department as in previous years, 1,709 having joined, making the total number of children who had been instructed by the club 10,000. The committee also acknowledged the services which the chairman had performed in assisting to raise funds to pay off the expenses, and it had also been supported by the National Health Society and the Ladies' Sanitary Association. Prizes had been given, after competitions, to the boys. The committee added:—"The important object of the club—to promote the knowledge and use of swimming as a means of safety for those who can swim, of saving the lives of others, and of health and cleanliness to all—has been much advanced in efficiency, and at a very small expense for a work so beneficial." The object of the club is to promote the art of swimming among both male and female teachers and pupils of the London public elementary schools.

The Phylloxera.—M. Mignot, of Paris, is of opinion that the visits of the phylloxera are occasioned by a morbid condition of the vine itself, and that the degrees of its decay alone determine the multiplication of the insects, precisely in the same manner that worms are born from and nourished by the decomposition of dead flesh. To escape phylloxera, therefore, M. Mignot says that the vine must be nourished, not with azoteous food, but with potash and soluble silicates. He therefore proposes that a silico-potassic powder shall be applied to diseased vines. The preparation would cost about 10f. per 100 kilos., and one kilo. would suffice an ordinary grower for several years. —*Wine Trade Review.*

Anecdote of George III.—Professor Elliott, writing from Hawick, sends the following most interesting note about the good king's generosity to the friendless, and his encouragement of aspiring industry: A young man of the name of Kerr, at the close of his apprenticeship as a gardener in the neighbourhood of Hawick, went to England in search of employment, and succeeded in obtaining it in the royal gardens at Kew at a time when George III was resident there. The king often walked in the gardens, and one day, on passing Kerr, asked him the name of a flower near them. Kerr gave him both the common name and the botanical. This occurred several times, till, at last, the king expressed his surprise at a working gardener knowing the Latin names, and asked him where he obtained his education. Kerr replied, "At a parish school in Scotland." "But they don't teach Latin in the parish schools, do they?" said the king. Kerr explained that he had learned very little of it there, but that he subsequently improved his knowledge of the language by his own reading. The king asked him then if he knew any other language, and on his saying that he knew a little of French, asked him if he had ever read a certain French book which he named. As he had not seen it the king sent it to him to read, and subsequently repeatedly sent him others, till at last he gave him *carte blanche* to get any book from his library that he wanted at any time. His majesty then wrote to Sir Joseph Banks to ask if he could not find some more suitable employment for him, as he was a good botanist, and evidently fit for a better place than he then occupied. The recommendation, we may be sure, was attended to, and Sir Joseph sent him to collect botanical specimens, first in Japan and subsequently in China. In the latter he sank under an attack of fever. At the door of the house in which this is written there is now growing a herbaceous plant with a yellow flower, which from him is named the *Kerria Japonica.* Our correspondent vouches for the facts, having seen the original letters written at the time. While expressing admiration of the king, and approval of the articles which have appeared in the "Leisure Hour," he thinks that the unfavourable traits in the king's character should not be unnoticed, "such as his attempts to persuade the Duke of Sussex to dismiss his lawful wife, the Duchess of Inverness, and the king's continuing to sanction great severity of punishment for slight offences." This last fault, we fear, was due to the spirit of the age more than to any personal cause.

The First English Goldsmids.—Aaron Goldsmid came from Hamburg, and established himself in London as a merchant in the middle of the last century. The house arrived at its highest prosperity after his death, under his four sons. At the head of the business were then two brothers, Abraham and Benjamin, men of acknowledged integrity, and allied in friendship with Newland, the head cashier of the Bank of England. He also was a self-made man, who had risen from a baker's shop to his enormously influential position. By means of Newland, the brothers Goldsmid were brought into connection with the Government, which, since the year 1793, had been compelled to have recourse to continual loans in consequence of the Continental war. But it was not only through this that they made their money. It was their cleverness and knowledge that saved them from losing money when all over Europe great mercantile houses were breaking. One of the most notable characteristics of Benjamin was, we are told, his astonishing knowledge of firms, which was not confined merely to England, but embraced the whole money market, in or out of England. He valued with a certainty bordering on the marvellous every name on the back of a bill. In the panic year of 1790, the house only lost £50 when ruin swept away many of the chief firms of England and abroad. At the beginning of the present century there was no house greater or more universally esteemed. And yet the end was tragic in the extreme. One morning, in April, 1808, Benjamim Goldsmid hung himself in his bedroom. In 1810 the elder brother, Abraham, in conjunction with the house of Baring, embarked in a Government loan of £14,000,000. The business failed; the house of Baring survived the crash, but Abraham Goldsmid shot himself when he found how true it was that riches take to themselves wings and fly away.—*City Press.*

Vicissitudes of Rank.—The Vicar of Leeds lately drew attention to an example of decayed nobility. "The Duc de Columbier and his wife are inmates of our Leeds Workhouse. I have, with my solicitor, Mr. Ford, examined a box of deeds and letters belonging to him: we have no doubt that he is the person he represents himself to be. He bears the family name of Mouchat. His title was in Neufchâtel, since ceded to Prussia. At the age of 86 his memory, happily, is too imperfect to be of much service in tracing the history of the family, but I am inclined to think they emigrated to England at the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. His father received a pension from the Prussian Government until his death, and the unfortunate man in whose cause I write earned a livelihood as a painter, which succeeded sufficiently till old age had weakened his hand. They bear an excellent character in the workhouse, and the chaplain has the highest opinion of them. Yet it seems a hard reverse of fortune that they should end their lives in a Union, separated from one another, each locked in their respective wards, and only allowed to meet once a week."

Sundays, English and Continental.—In a leading article on the last debate in the House of Lords on opening museums on Sunday, the "Times" thus contrasted English and Continental Sundays: "We may be called a sour Puritanical nation, because the theatres and *cafés chantants* are not open, trade is not in full swing, and the suburban racecourses are not in all their glory every Sunday. Intelligent foreigners arriving in London on Sunday morning, as all intelligent foreigners who are good enough to publish criticisms of our national habits appear to do, may grumble at the oppressive load of boredom, and may contrast the miserable modicum of pleasure within their reach with the happy lot of an Englishman who arrives by an early train in Paris. These taunts must be endured. Our neighbours must retain their superiority. Our ways are not their ways; and Englishmen must still decline to divest themselves of old habits and strive to attain to a state of society in which one-half of the community shall have undisturbed gaiety and the other half almost uninterrupted work seven days in the week. The Continental Sunday is bound up with habits and thoughts which are totally un-English; and it is useless to try to transplant it and introduce it into alien circumstances."

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THE LEISURE HOUR.

BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,
AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND.—*Cowper.*

IN THE DOCTOR'S STUDY.

STRAIGHT TO THE MARK.

CHAPTER VII.—A PROMISING SPECULATION.

Springes to catch woodcocks.—*Shakespeare.*

"ARE you going to stop at Abbotscliff yourself?" Tom asked of Mr. Chaffin, as he sat opposite to him in the train.

"No, I shall not have time; time is money, and money is—money. I told Marmadook to come down to the station if he could to see me *en passant*, that's all; and he will be sure to show himself, if it is only in the expectation of a tip. I have got business at Sandy Frith, two stations farther on, if you know such a place."

"Sandy Frith! Oh, yes. I have never been there myself, but I have some friends there—at least, I know somebody else who has friends there; and I mean to go over and see them as soon as I can."

"Have they got property in the place?"

"Yes, I suppose so; Mr. Dean is a shipbuilder,

No. 1439.—JULY 26, 1879.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

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and has a shipyard; he builds fishing-boats, and yachts, and everything of the sort. It must be a very jolly place, I should think."

"What did you say his name was?" the contractor asked, taking out his note-book and making an entry in it, "Joshua Dean? I may perhaps come across him some day. Jolly place? What! Well, not particularly so just at present. It's only a little fishing village, and a poor one, too; but it has great capabilities; fine sea—good sand for bathing—nice rising ground, with capital sites for building. We shall make something of it by-and-by. Some gentlemen that I am connected with have picked it out for a fashionable watering-place; they have bought a lot of land there, and are getting up a company—'Sandy Frith Land, Building, and General Improvement and Investment Company, Limited.' The only thing I don't like about it is the name. Sandy Frith! It don't sound well, does it? I think we must change it. Something ending with *ville* would be more attractive. Abbotsville would do, perhaps, as it's not far from Abbotscliff."

Tom Howard did not feel so sure about the improvements contemplated. He liked the idea of the fishing village and the shipyard best; and Sandy Frith was a much pleasanter name to his ears than anything ending with "ville." But as his opinion was not asked, and would not have had any weight, he did not give it; and Mr. Chaffin went on with evident satisfaction.

"First thing to be done," he said, "will be to run up a row of lodging-houses, three or four storeys high, facing the sea, and call it the Parade; circulating library at one corner, bazaar and wheel of fortune at the other. Company's hotel and billiard-room, of course; a crescent; baths and bathing machines, and as many doctors as we can get to go there, rent-free the first year if needful. We have had a lot of excursionists over already from neighbouring towns, and shall run one or two trains from London as soon as we get a little more advanced, just to advertise the place and make it known. I'm in hopes we shall find a spaw."

"What's that?" said Tom.

"A spaw! Why, mineral waters, of course—hot and cold—rising out of the ground naturally."

"You could not make that, I suppose?" Tom suggested, his eyes twinkling.

"I don't know," Mr. Chaffin said; "we can make anything almost. We shall find one somehow or other, I dare say. The beach is the chief thing, however, in a watering-place, and that's capital. Just put those prospectuses in your pocket, and send them to your friends; it will be doing them a service. Shares may be had now at a moderate price; by-and-by they will go up tremendously. It will pay, sir—it will pay well. What! Safe as a rock, too. Just look at the names on the directorate. Chairman, Michael Forard, Esq., of Castle Nubes, director of the Royal Abyssinian Banking Company and half a dozen others; that will show you the sort of man he is; Reginald Hoppus Quick, Esq., ditto, ditto; Sir Lupus McRavin, Bart.; G. O. Headlong, Esq., and so on. I'm a practical man myself, and would not be led away by anybody's name. Still, there they are. Then there's Oakenshore, the well-known timber-dealer; Oram, one of the largest iron-masters in the kingdom; Glimmers, of the firm of Glimmers and Co., the great glass people—to say nothing of Stride, the secretary, a very active and intelligent fellow; has been secretary to two or three other companies before. Oh, yes; there will be fortunes made at Sandy Frith, I'll answer for it. What!"

"Have you any shares?" Tom asked.

"Who? Me? No; I'm in a different position. I do the work, don't you see. I shall apply for the contract, and shall get it. I shall have to take some shares in part payment, no doubt, but I don't mind that."

Mr. Chaffin was still enlarging upon the advantages which the first and early investors in the Sandy Frith Land, Building, and General Improvement and Investment Society might hope to derive from a bold and speculative policy under the splendid board of directors who had taken that village under their especial protection, when the train stopped at Abbotscliff station.

"There he is," cried the contractor, pointing to a tall, lean, large-headed boy on the platform. "There's Marmy. Hi!"

Marmy recognised his father's voice and style of address immediately, and came to the carriage, when Mr. Chaffin introduced him to Tom Howard. Chaffin junior nodded to him, and stood still looking at him as he alighted, until he saw him drag Mrs. Roseberry's hamper from under the seat, when he at once offered his assistance, and volunteered to take charge of the basket while its owner hurried away to look after the rest of his luggage. By the time he had found it, and had returned to the carriage door, the train was starting off again, and Tom could only say "Good-bye" to Mr. Chaffin as he passed, the latter calling to him to "take care of those papers, and give them out right and left among his friends and schoolfellows."

Marmaduke also had some of the prospectuses, but he crumpled them up disrespectfully as soon as the train was out of sight, with the remark that that was *shop*, and he did not mean to have anything to do with the shop—not he.

"How am I to get to the school?" Tom asked, looking from his luggage to young Chaffin.

"What have you got in that hamper?" said the other, without replying to his question.

"Guess," said Tom.

"Cakes and oranges, and a bottle of wine, perhaps."

"There's no wine," said Tom.

"That's a nuisance. Wine is not allowed in the boarding-house, of course, but we can always get it in if it comes."

Before Tom could answer him, a porter, who had been looking at his name on his portmanteau, came up and said, "There's another hamper for you in the office, I think, just like the one you have got. It came down from London by the early train."

"How can that be?" said the boy. "Let us go and look at it."

The hamper was there sure enough, and the name upon it was sufficiently plain to be read without spectacles, as the porter facetiously remarked—"Tom Howard, Esq., The College, Abbotscliff. Carriage paid."

"It must be from Mrs. Beverley," said Tom, with a look of great pleasure. "How very kind of her!" Then he thought of his mother. Probably this was her doing. She had not forgotten even so trifling a matter as a cake when preparing his things for school. No doubt she had asked Mrs. Beverley to provide one, and to send it direct to Abbotscliff. He did not care

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over much about cake, but he felt very glad to receive this token of his mother's care and kindness after she was gone away from him. He resolved to write by the very next post to Mrs. Roseberry at the Old Ship to tell her that the home cake had not really been forgotten, and to thank her again for her own present, which he had some hesitation about keeping now that the case was so materially altered, though he thought she would be offended if he should return it. As for himself, he felt that he should enjoy Mrs. Roseberry's cake all the more now that it was impossible for any shadow of reproach to be associated with it, which he could not help fancying had been the case in the landlady's mind when she gave it to him.

Chaffin desired the porter to bring the two hampers up to the College immediately; and Tom, having put in a word for his portmanteau and book box, which his companion did not seem to care so much about, started to walk thither, Chaffin leading the way.

"I say," said the elder boy, looking over his shoulder, "you are a lucky fellow."

"Why am I lucky?" Tom asked.

"Two hampers instead of one. Oh, I say! Two cakes. Why your father must be a pastrycook; ain't he?"

"No," said Tom, laughing, but annoyed.

"Oh, yes; he must be. You need not deny it. I fancy I see him—thin as a lath, with a white apron, and a little white cap upon his head, and his face all white with flour, and his sleeves tucked up—standing at a dresser and rolling out puff paste."

The picture was so totally unlike the sober, grave, and somewhat stern appearance of his father, as he remembered him, that Tom Howard, in spite of his indignation, could not help laughing.

"You seem to know all about it," he said. "I suppose you have a brother or an uncle, or somebody in that line yourself."

Chaffin coloured up to the eyes. Tom's joke was too near the truth to be agreeable. He had, in fact, an uncle in London who was a baker, though he would not have had it known in the school for all the cakes that had ever been baked in his oven or sold in his shop.

"Come, young chap," he said, "don't be saucy. My father is a gentleman, whatever yours may be."

"I was only joking, of course," Tom answered; "and so were you. I don't know that it would matter much, though, if we were both of us pastrycooks' sons. We should not be any the worse for it. It's an honest trade if it's honestly followed."

Chaffin did not seem to think much of that argument, and slouched along in silence with his hands in his pockets, the new boy following as before.

"I suppose you know what you will have to do with those cakes?" Chaffin remarked.

"Cut them up and eat them, I should think; that will soon be done with the help of some of the fellows."

"Oh, ah, yes; but you'd better not be in a hurry. The first thing to be done will be to take a large slice of each and present it to Dr. Piercey, the head master, when he comes into school. Piercey is very fond of cake, and he expects every boy to give him a share of what he has. Paying tribute, we call it. It is a great shame, but we have to do it."

Tom looked at the speaker with surprise. "You are joking," he said.

"No, I'm not; upon my word I'm not. It's a fact, I assure you. But it's all the same to me. You need not believe it unless you like."

He spoke so seriously that Tom, who was quite a novice in everything relating to boarding-school customs, might possibly have been deceived, but for the expression Chaffin had made use of—"You need not believe it unless you like." Why should he say that, Tom thought, if he had spoken truth? Needn't believe it? why it would be the greatest insult any one could offer not to believe a statement asserted upon honour. Tom thought over this, and answered presently:

"As you give me the choice whether to believe it or not, I won't believe it."

"All right," said the other; "it's your look out, not mine; but I wouldn't be in your place all the rest of the term if you don't give Piercey his share."

Presently they met some of the fellows, who would have passed Chaffin without speaking; but they stopped on seeing our hero, and asked if he were a new boy.

"Yes," said Chaffin, answering for him.

"What's your name?" one of them said, addressing Tom.

"Tom Howard," he replied, promptly, looking the inquirer full in the face, as much as to say, "What's yours?"

"Where do you come from?" was the next question.

"My father brought him," Chaffin answered before he could speak for himself.

The boys scanned the new-comer from head to foot, looked at each other and laughed, and then turned away without another word.

"Who are they?" Tom asked, a little hurt by their behaviour. He had been going to shake hands with them, and they either did not, or would not, notice it.

"Monitors; sixth form boys; awful swells. I ought to have told them you were a marquis, and then perhaps they would have been more civil."

"I'm very glad you did not," said Tom; "though of course they need not have believed you; and if they had it would not have made any difference, I dare say."

Soon afterwards they met another group of boys. They were younger, and stopped to speak to Tom; but as soon as Chaffin claimed the new boy as his own particular friend, having an eye perhaps to the hampers, they laughed and passed on.

"I wonder whether I should have done better if I had come without an introduction?" Tom said to himself, remembering Captain Broad's advice about the choice of friends at school. He was still occupied with this reflection when they arrived at the College.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE "DOOK."

It will come to pass
That every braggart shall be found an ass.
—*Shakespeare.*
Come, give us a taste of your quality.—*Ibid.*

ABBOTSCLIFF was an old foundation school with a modern development, and generally went by the name of the College. It was well situated for health and amusements, but the spot was not one which would be selected in these days for such an establishment. The population of Abbotscliff was small, and although it had been intended by its founders as a

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day-school for the benefit of that town, the pupils now consisted almost exclusively of boarders. The school had formerly been a monastery, and there were revenues still attached to it which were sufficient to secure a liberal scale of remuneration for the masters. Of late years it had acquired a considerable reputation for scholarship and discipline, and the number of boys had increased, and was increasing rapidly. There were some remains of the old monastic buildings still in existence—a chapel, which had been restored and was in use for daily morning service, and a quadrangle and cloisters, which were but little used, the rooms surrounding them being dark and low. The principal buildings were of a later date, having been added from time to time to replace those which had fallen to decay, or to meet the requirements of increasing numbers. Detached from the rest of the building was a lofty but dilapidated tower, which had probably been designed partly as a mark for mariners at sea, and was still used as such by pilots. There was a winding staircase at one corner of this tower, and although the steps were broken and unsafe, they were still practicable for those who had nerve enough to ascend them, and who could trust themselves to make a long step now and then over a yawning gulf, and to look down from the high, crumbling walls without giddiness. The whole group of buildings, ancient and modern, stood upon the crown of a hill, and commanded a fine view of the coast, stretching away both to the east and west till bounded at each extreme by a projecting headland. Sandy Frith was not visible from this spot, but lay a little farther to the east, beyond the promontory by which it was protected from the winds coming from the Atlantic, as Mr. Chaffin's prospectuses did not fail to set forth.

Tom Howard halted more than once while ascending the hill to look round at the wide expanse of sea spread out before him, and to speculate upon the whereabouts of the ship Neptune at that moment. The wind had moderated considerably during the night, and there was a gentle breeze now blowing off the land. The day was clear, and ships could be distinctly seen upon the horizon. It was just possible, Tom thought, that the ship in which his mother was might yet be in sight, and he looked with great interest upon one particular speck of white, upon which the sun was shining, and which betokened the position of a three-masted vessel in the extreme distance, hull down. It was no use giving way to such thoughts, however; his present business was to make the best use of his time as a schoolboy, and it was with that resolution that he turned and entered the boarding-house, on the books of which his name had been inscribed, at Abbotscliff.

Chaffin followed him. Tom had begun to be a little suspicious of Chaffin; he felt inclined to give him half of one of his cakes and get rid of him, but the boy stuck closely to him. He could not follow him into the head master's presence, however, to which he was presently summoned for a short interview, nor into the house-master's study, in which he was afterwards received with great kindness by the tutor under whom he was to be placed. Dr. Piercey asked him a few questions, and with some words of kindness and encouragement dismissed him; but Mr. Grantly detained him to ask particulars of his previous history, and about his friends, and won the boy's heart at once by the interest he manifested in all belonging to him.

"Have you any friends in the school?" Mr. Grantly asked.

Tom answered in the negative, but, on second thoughts, he doubted whether that was a sufficiently correct answer, and went on to explain in what manner he had been introduced to Marmaduke Chaffin.

"The Dook?" Mr. Grantly said, laughing; "have you made his acquaintance? Well, there are plenty of other boys nearer your own age, and you will soon get friendly with them. But don't take up too much with any till you know them; give them all a chance."

Tom soon found out by what means his new acquaintance had gained for himself the nickname of the Dook. Chaffin was not a favourite with any of the boys; he was too pretentious. His father had risen from a comparatively humble position by his own energy, and would not have been ashamed to acknowledge it. But his son considered himself a gentleman born, and was rather obtrusive in asserting his position. Chaffin the elder was clever and industrious, a stirring practical man, who knew how to push his way in the world; not over-sensitive nor over-scrupulous, but one who would not be guilty of anything absolutely false or dishonest if he knew it. Chaffin the younger was idle and self-indulgent, and did not see the use of work, considering that his way was made for him, and that he would have nothing to do but to take care of his inheritance and to enjoy it. He had been brought up at an inferior school, and had been sent for a year or two to finish at Abbotscliff. At the former place he had been a triton among minnows; at the latter he was nobody. He sank into his natural position, and did not like it. Boys are anything but particular, as a rule, where their schoolfellows come from, or what their origin may have been, if only they themselves are generous and genial. Marmaduke Chaffin had indulged in a great deal of boasting about his father's riches and importance. He gave such wonderful accounts of the paternal mansion, horses, carriages, and servants, that his schoolfellows set him down at once as an impostor. It was true that the contractor possessed a great many vehicles of a heavy, lumbering kind, on which his name was written at full length, and these, with some latitude of expression, might be called carriages; and he had a great many powerful horses to draw them, and nobody could deny that they were horses; and he had clerks, and foremen, and labourers, who served him for their weekly hire, and, in that sense, were servants. Young Chaffin gave his descriptions in outline, and did not consider that he was guilty of falsehood in calling things by names too great for them. But the boys found him out, and turned his high-flown pretensions to ridicule. He went, therefore, by the name of the Dook. If a heavy cart passed along the road laden with bricks or rubbish, it was "one of the Dook's vehicles," and he was invited to get up and "roll in his carriage;" if a team of dray-horses appeared it was the Dook's hunting stud; if a labourer, covered with soil or whitewash, came to the College on a job, Chaffin was sure to be told that one of his father's servants was there in livery. The little boys were the authors of these jokes; the seniors took no notice of Chaffin, and would have nothing to say to him. It was unfortunate for our friend Tom Howard that he should have made his first appearance at Abbotscliff under such auspices;

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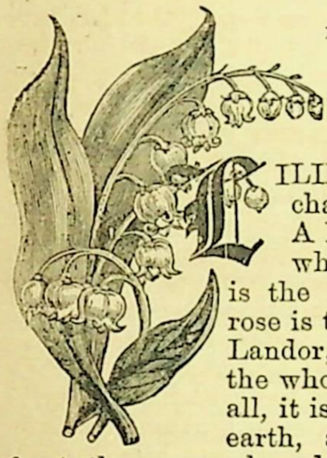
but he knew nothing of "Marmadook's" character or antecedents, and was anxious to be on friendly terms with the youth on account of the kindness which his father had shown him at the Old Ship Hotel. Mr. Grantly was careful to say nothing which might prejudice one boy against another; but having heard how matters stood between Chaffin and our hero, he determined to watch over the new boy, to direct him, without appearing to do so, in the choice of companions, and quietly to bring him under better influences. He kept him with him till the bell rang for dinner, and then, with a few kind words, dismissed him. Tom thought he was again very fortunate in having met with such a friend. It was wonderful, he said to himself, how kind everybody was; he had not been twenty-four hours on shore in this new part of the world, and yet he had already made so many pleasant acquaintances. He counted them upon his fingers: the pilot, Mrs. Roseberry, Mr. Chaffin, Dr. Piercey, Mr. Grantly. He would have to begin upon the other hand before night, most likely.

FLOWERS AND THEIR FOLK-LORE.

BY THE REV. T. THISELTON DYER, M.A.,
AUTHOR OF "ENGLISH FOLK-LORE."

VI.



LILIES are among the most charming of our summer flowers. A French writer, describing the white lily, has truly said, "It is the king of flowers, whereas the rose is the queen." The late W. S. Landor, speaking of it, says, "Take the whole plant together, leaves and all, it is the most beautiful one upon earth, and its odour gives a full feast, the roses only a déjeûner." It is impossible to look at this noble and loving flower without thinking of the "lilies of the field" in that greatest and sweetest of sermons delivered by our Lord on the mount. Many are the conjectures, however, as to the species of lily to which the Divine words refer; some are of opinion that it was the white (*Lilium candidum*), others the crimson (*Lilium chalcedonicum*), and others say again, it was the orange lily, all of which are natives of the Holy Land. The white lily has been generally regarded as emblematical of purity and moral excellence, and was frequently placed by artists in the hands of female saints. It was a favourite flower with the ancient Greeks, and entered largely into their customs and superstitions. In the wedding ceremonies of the modern Greeks the priest is supplied with two chaplets of lilies and ears of corn, which he places on the heads of the bride and bridegroom as emblems of purity and abundance. It is the badge of St. Joseph, and was the national emblem of France till the year 1789, when the tricolour was introduced. In Germany, it would seem that the soul was thought to have the form of a flower, as a lily or a white rose. From the grave of one unjustly executed white lilies are supposed to spring up as a token of his innocence, and from that of a maiden three lilies, which no one, save her lover, may gather. In Swedish ballads limes and lilies grow out of graves. It is a German superstition, too, that on the chair of those that will soon die a white rose or lily appears. Shakespeare constantly refers to the lily, and always attaches to it the sweetest and choicest epithets. Spenser addresses it as "the lily, lady of the flow'ring field." And Cowper has not forgotten its charms:—

> "The lily's height bespoke command,
> A fair, imperial flower;
> She seem'd designed for Flora's hand,
> The sceptre of her power."

The water-lily is another object of beauty. Its scientific name (*Nymphæa alba*) is so called from its inhabiting the water. It was formerly supposed that it sank below the surface of the water at night, and remained there till the following, morning, which illustrates the following lines of Moore:—

> "Those virgin lilies all the night,
> Bathing their beauties in the lake,
> That they may rise more fresh and bright
> When the beloved sun 's awake."

It is gathered in Germany with certain rites as a charm against witchcraft. It was also esteemed by the old Frisians to have magical powers. "I remember, when a boy," says Dr. Halbertsma, "that we were extremely careful in plucking and handling them; for if any one fell with such a flower in his possession he became immediately subject to fits." A sort of beer has been prepared from the stems of the white water-lily, which are also used in dyeing.

A flower always welcomed with delight is the lily of the valley, with its snow-white and sweetly fragrant blossoms, half hidden in the dark-green leaves. Wordsworth has aptly described its mode of growth:—

> "That shy plant, the lily of the valley,
> That loves the ground, and from the sun withholds
> Her passive beauty, from the breeze her sweets."

In many parts of England it is called the May lily, under which term Bishop Mant speaks of it as—

> "Our England's 'Lily of the May,'
> Our Lily of the Vale!"

One of its popular names is "Ladder to heaven," and in some places it is known as Lily-convally. It is dedicated to the Virgin, and has been regarded as symbolical of purity and holiness, its flowers being nicknamed "Virgin's tears." The Germans call it "Mai Blume," a name, however, which they also give to the kingcup. It is not without its superstitions. Thus, in Devonshire, it is considered unlucky to plant a bed of lilies of the valley, as the person doing so will probably die in the course of the ensuing twelve months. In some parts of St. Leonard's Forest, in Sussex, it grows freely, and a legendary story is there attached to it, It is said to have sprung from the blood of St. Leonard, who once encountered a mighty worm, or "fire-drake," in the forest, and fought with it for three whole successive days. Although the saint came off victorious, yet he was severely wounded in the struggle with his assailant, and wherever his blood fell there sprang up a profusion of lilies of the valley. It is mostly

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cultivated in this country, yet it grows freely in some of the German forests. In Hanover it is gathered by the people on Whitsun Monday, and towards evening, we are informed, there are very few houses to be found without it.

The fritillary, that graceful little plant which belongs to the lily tribe, and adorns our meadows in the early spring-time, has been so called on account of its checkered petals, being derived from the Latin *frittilaria*. It is also termed snake's-head, from the marks on its petals resembling the scales on a snake's head. Guinea-hen is another name for it, from the supposed resemblance of the spots on its petals to this bird, which is a native of the Guinea Coast of Africa.

The "bold oxlip," as it is called by Shakespeare, is so like the primrose and cowslip, says Mr. Ellacombe,* that it has been supposed to be a hybrid between the two. It is a gay and handsome plant, and much cultivated by the poor in their cottage gardens. It is alluded to in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" (act 2, sc. ii.):—

> "I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
> Where oxlip and the nodding violet grows."

The polyanthus is a variety of the oxlip. In some parts of Europe it is called the "flower of St. Catherine," from the saint to whom it is dedicated.

In Wiltshire the larger bindweed is called the lady's nightcap; and the lady's slipper, one of the most beautiful of our native plants, is so termed from the peculiar shape of the labellum of its flower. The campanula hybrida is in many localities popularly nicknamed the lady's looking-glass, from the resemblance of its expanded flower to an ancient metallic mirror on its straight handle. It is also called Venus's looking-glass, a name given by Spenser to a magic mirror, in which a lady might see her destined husband.

The Star of Bethlehem is supposed by Linnæus and others to be the dove's dung of Scripture. The root has been used in the time of scarcity. In 2 Kings vi. we read that a small quantity was sold for "five pieces of silver" at the siege of Samaria. It is called the Star of Bethlehem from its white stellate flowers, resembling the pictures of the star that pointed out the birth of Christ. It is called by the French La dame d'onze heures (eleven o'clock lady), as it opens its petals at that hour, and closes them at five.

The columbine has long been one of the most favourite of our old-fashioned English flowers; and is so called, says Dr. Prior, "from the resemblance of its nectaries resembling the heads of pigeons in a ring round a dish, a favourite device of ancient artists;" or, according to Lady Wilkinson, to the "figure of a hovering dove with expanded wings, which we obtain by pulling off a single petal with its attached sepals." Its latter name, aquilegia, however, is said to come from *aquilegus*, a water-carrier, in allusion to the water-holding powers of the flower. From "Brown's British Pastorals," it would appear that in bygone times it was the badge of a deserted lover:—

> "The columbine, by lonely wand'rer taken,
> Is there ascribed to such as are forsaken."

The flower has been made the emblem of folly, from the shape of the nectaries, which, says Miss Pirie, turn over in a similar manner to the caps of the ancient jesters. It was also anciently termed by some "a thankless flower"—why, is not so clear. Chapman says—

> "What's that—a columbine?
> No? that thankless flower grows not in my garden."

Spenser, however, gave it a better character, for he places it among "his garden of sweet flowers."

A flower that has become a universal favourite on account of its sweet smell is the mignonette. It is a native of Egypt, whence it was brought through France a little more than a century ago. By the ancients it was called *Reseda*, from its sedative qualities. The wild mignonette blooms freely in our country hedges in summer time. Linnæus tells us "that its spike of blossoms always follows the course of the sun, even on a cloudy day, turning at sunrise to the east; at noon-day, looking up to the south; in the afternoon, marking the west; and with its half closed flowers at night, pointing duly to the north." It is in some places nicknamed "dyer's rocket, or yellow weed," from its leaves resembling those of the genuine rocket, and its being used by the dyers to dye woollen stuffs yellow.

The name marigold is said to have arisen from the popular tradition that the Virgin Mary wore this flower in her bosom. The garden marigold was a popular flower with our ancestors, and held a prominent place in the adornment of their gardens. It is now, however, seldom seen. Shakespeare, speaking of it in his *Winter's Tale* (act iv. sc. 3), says:—

> "The marigold that goes to bed with the sun,
> And with him rises weeping. These are flowers of
> middle summer."

The French call the marigold Souci du jardin, and the Germans Goldblume. One of its popular names in this country is Goldings, from the yellow colour and flat round shape of its flowers. It was in days gone by also called Ruddes, and the author of the "Grete Herball," in speaking of it, says, "Maydens make garlands of it, when they go to feestes, and bryde ales." In the reign of Henry VIII it was called *Souvenir*. Ladies wore wreaths of them intermixed with heartsease. The marigold is said to turn its face always to the sun. Hence Margaret of Orleans had for her device a marigold turning towards the sun, with the following words, "*Je ne veux suivre que lui seul*," meaning that she wished all her thoughts to be directed towards heaven, as the marigold is towards the sun. In America the marigold is called the "Death-flower," from a curious tradition that it sprang up on places where the blood of the unfortunate Mexicans had been shed, who were destroyed by the Spaniards. The small Cape marigold (*Calendula pluvialis*) was termed by Linnæus "the rainy marigold," because it is generally closed, not only during rain but when the weather is dull and cloudy.

One of the showy flowers that adorns our hedges in summer time is the fox-glove, called also finger-flower, from the resemblance of its flower to the finger of a glove. In Norway it goes by the name of fox-music and fox-bell. By the Saxons it was called finger-hut, and did not boast of a Latin appellation till Fuchs called it *Digitalis*. Wordsworth, speaking of it, says that bees

> "Will murmur by the hour in fox-glove bells."

* "Plant Lore of Shakespeare," p. 143.

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Another favourite wild flower is the meadow-sweet; or, as it is sometimes called, "Queen of the meadows." By the French it is known as *La reine des près*. It was used in olden times for strewing the floors of great houses in summer time. Miss Strickland tells us that in the year 1528, when Atholl entertained the Queen and her son James the Fifth in the Highlands, "a fair palace" built for the occasion, had its principal rooms "laid with green scarets, spreats, medworts, and flowers, that no man might know whereon he trod, but as if he were in a garden." Medwort is the same as our meadow-sweet. In the north there is a notion that if any one smells it too much it will bring on fits. Miss Pirie, speaking of its dangerous properties, records how, some years ago, two young men went from London on an excursion into Kent. Struck with the loveliness of the meadow-sweet, they gathered a large store, which they took with them as a nosegay for their apartment in the village inn. During the night both were taken ill, and on the doctor, who was sent for, entering their room, he detected a strong scent of prussic acid. On walking round the room he discovered the meadow-sweet which they had incautioulsy placed in their room. It is in some places called bride-wort, from its resemblance to the white feathers worn by brides.

One of our common wayside flowers is the mallow. It is a favourite with children, who often pull off its capsules, and under the name of *cheeses* use them as ornaments in their playhouses, and sometimes string them into bracelets, and occasionally eat them. The common mallow (*Malva Sylvestris*) is supposed by some to be the species referred to by the patriarch Job, when he says, "Cut up mallows by the bushes" (Job xxx. 4). In France the marsh mallow is made into lozenges, called *Pâte di Guimauvre*, so much recommended in inflammatory complaints. The mallow yields a fibre capable of being woven into a fabric.

THE CHARTERHOUSE SCHOOL.

IN 1862, at a meeting, at the Charterhouse, of the Public Schools' Commissioners, Sir Stafford Northcote, one of their number, put the following inquiry to a young Carthusian of Sutton's Foundation: "Do the boys generally," asked the Commissioner, "wish Charterhouse to be removed into the country, or would they like it to remain where it is?" "They would like it to remain where it is," was the sturdy reply. "And why?" inquired Sir Stafford Northcote. "Because," said the boy, "they think it would not be got up so well in the country." This young scholar had previously related to the Commission many interesting details of his Charterhouse life, doubtless to the very considerable edification, not to say entertainment, of that honourable body. In frank and ingenuous schoolboy fashion he had discoursed to them upon the duties he had been called upon to perform under the several conditions of "study-fag," "fire-fag," and "cook's-fag," offices pertaining to the position of a junior Carthusian. In reply to inquiries addressed to him, he had remarked with much discrimination upon the process of flogging, as practised with an instrument composed of neatly-tied, long, and flexible apple-twigs. He had informed the Commissioners upon the privileges and abuses of the Charterhouse monitorial system and its concomitant disciplinary method, with the which he showed himself to be amply acquainted. He had detailed much useful information concerning the hardships he had undergone as a member of "Gown Boys," but which, nevertheless, he held to have been no hardships at all, but rather the ordinary everyday incidental pleasures of a young Carthusian. In short, by his artless answers and readiness to explain away every apparent pernicious doing, he had pleaded, as he supposed, sufficient reason for retaining his old school on its ancient site, in its most antiquated shape, surrounded by all its most venerable, and in some respects mischievous, traditions. With that true conservative feeling inherent in our public scholars he would have had the Commissioners to believe that no school might lay claim to the title of a Great School—a school to which English lads of quality and spirit should esteem it a privilege and honour to belong—except it were very old and very dingy, hemmed in by high walls, and intersected by intricate passages, correspondingly deficient in playing-space, air, light, and habitable accommodation, and beset by obsolete customs and usages, oftentimes as scandalous as they were barbarous. This is our own way of putting the matter, may be a little too forcibly, but, at all events, without partiality. The boy loved his old school, and showed his love right worthily. He reverenced with a dutiful reverence its old buildings, historic associations, and time-honoured observances, and was loath even to part with its tyrannous system of bullyings and faggings, mainly we may suppose from that strange feeling of lingering sympathy with the past which is as much a characteristic of youth as of old age.

We trust that this young Carthusian, whose evidence we remember to have read with a relish years ago, has lived to become in name an "old Carthusian," in which honourable capacity he has been tempted to visit the Charterhouse School, that (to borrow his own phraseology) is now "got up in the country." We may imagine how that magnificent range of school-buildings on the breezy, picturesque hill-side at Godalming, would recall to him the misgiving with which he and his fellows of "Old Charterhouse" once viewed a suggestion for its removal. A closer inspection of the new school would convince him of the enormous and inestimable advantages it possesses over the smoke-begrimed, ill-conditioned house in which he was wont to find such pleasure. albeit that pleasure must have been wofully circumscribed by the rude buffetings he underwent as a "boy in the Petties." As a matter of course he would still retain an affection for the old halls, old staircases, old passages, old chambers, and, dearest of all, old chapel of his own boyhood; but he would not hesitate to allow, we think, that Charterhouse School as it now stands at Godalming is at once the finest, best contrived, and most admirably situated modern school in the kingdom. Should he be curious to ascertain what influence the removal of the old school has had upon the numbers now seeking admission to the new, he has but to turn to the hospitable mansion of "the Schoolmaster," who will tell him that, in point of number, his scholars reach the maximum limit appointed by the statutes. In other words, that instead of, as in the old times, the boys numbering

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some two hundred as the outside limit, they now reach the respectable total of a full five hundred. Surely an excellent and substantial proof of the wisdom exhibited in decreeing the removal of Sutton's Foundation into the country! But the new school at Godalming, with its vast range of open playground, its rifle-range, its raquet courts, its library, its airy dormitories, its cosey studies, and its splendid schoolrooms, masters' houses, and chapel, had never existed but for the creation of Thomas Sutton's School within the Charterhouse in London. Let us see how, and in what manner that foundation was brought about. To do so we must carry our thoughts back to the third decade of the sixteenth century, to the year of the birth of Sutton, the founder of Charterhouse School.

THE OLD CHARTERHOUSE FROM THE GREEN.

The chroniclers tell us that his ancestors were "not so low that his descent should be a shame to his virtues, nor yet so great but that his virtue might be an ornament to his birth." In less redundant language, Sutton was born a gentleman. He appears to have passed three years of his boyhood at Eton, and afterwards went into residence at St. John's College, Cambridge. By-and-by he became secretary, or something of the kind, to the Earl of Warwick, who, when Westmoreland's rebellion broke out in the north, in Elizabeth's reign, appointed Sutton Master-General of the Ordnance in the North. In such capacity he received for his services the lease of certain manors near Newcastle-upon-Tyne, on whose demesnes he was fortunate enough to discover several rich veins of coal. He worked these with such advantage that on coming to London in the year 1580 the reputation had preceded him of having a purse better filled than the Queen's Exchequer. In the capital he entered upon a prosperous career as a general merchant, and, as some have said, of a money scrivener. Certain it seems to be that he lent Elizabeth herself money, and that her favourite Essex had occasion for Sutton's services in this connection. But whether merchant or scrivener, whatever the venture on which Sutton embarked, he made money, so that presently he reached the exalted and enviable position of being the wealthiest trader in London. His payments, we are told, were thought as sure as the Queen's pensions. He was a sharer in several public farms, and a partner in many foreign adventures, notably in Muscovy and Hamburg. And whatever English undertaking of importance there was in hand, Mr. Thomas Sutton was pretty certain to have a very considerable influence in controlling its finances. In a word, Sutton became an extremely rich man, or what we in these modern days are accustomed to call a millionaire. Like other millionaires, doubtless, and especially childless millionaires (for Sutton had no children), the great man grew perplexed as to what use to make of his immense wealth. His wife was already deceased, and he, left alone in the world, aged, and wearied of its vanities, was seeking for some project whereby he might satisfy himself that his money would be turned to profitable uses after his death. He was beset by a horde of selfish advisers, some of whom would have had him embark in schemes the most absurd and frivolous, others in works which it was the duty of the corporation of London or the government to undertake. He had already made a will, foreshadowing a purpose that he afterward carried out; but he seems to have been in doubt whether what he proposed in the way of charity should be undertaken by himself during his lifetime, or left to others to see to after he was dead. Sutton had a friend in Hall, who subsequently became Bishop of Exeter. From this excellent man he received a letter which exercised a great influence in fixing Sutton's wavering intentions.

"I ask leave," wrote Hall, "to hasten your pace

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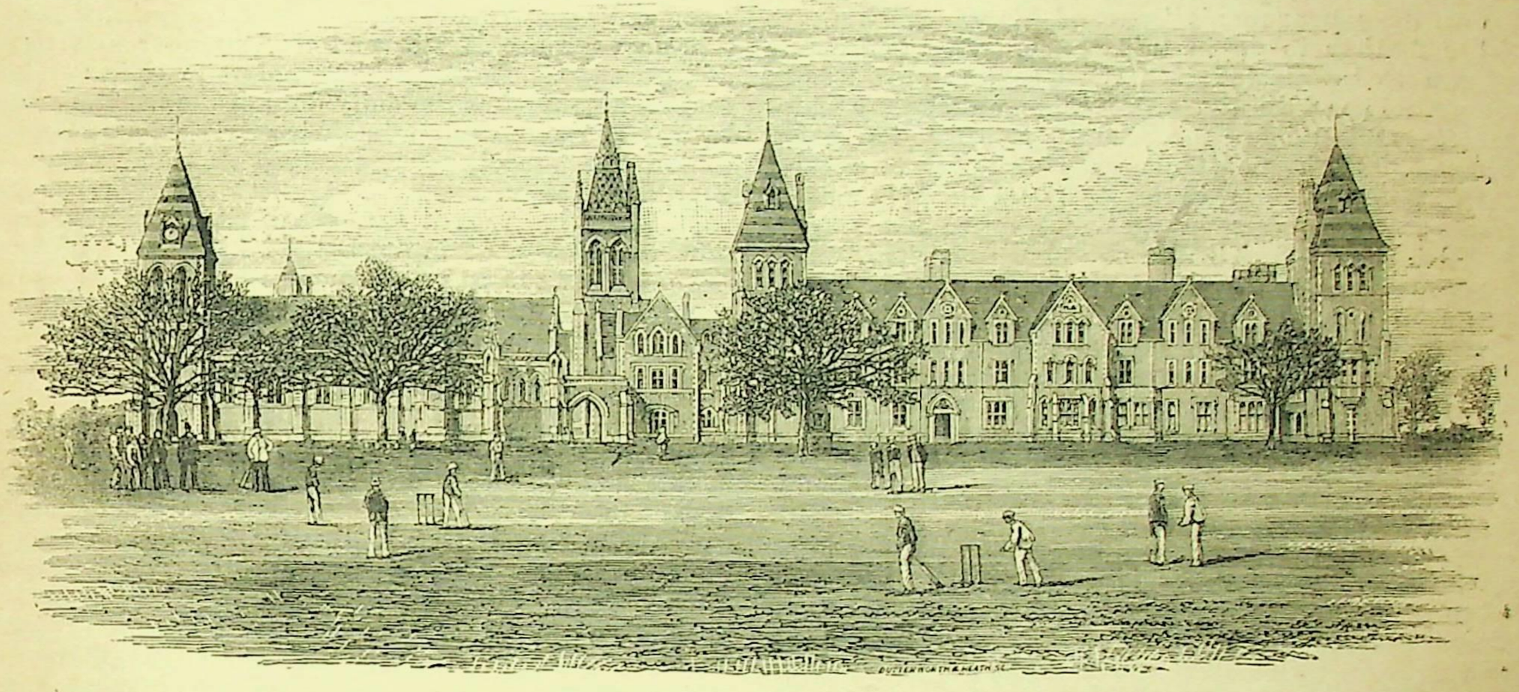
a little, and to excite your Christian frowardness to begin speedily what you have long and constantly vowed. You would not but do good; why not now? I speak boldly, the more speed the more comfort; neither are the times at our disposal, nor ourselves. How many have meant well, and done nothing, and lost the crown with lingering? . . . . Say not," continued the letter, "to-morrow I will give if thou now have it, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth. It hath been an old rule of liberality, 'he gives twice who gives quickly;' whereas slow benefits argue uncheerfulness and lose their worth. Who lingers his receipts is condemned as unthrifty; he who knoweth both hath said, 'It is better to give than to receive.' If we are of the same spirit, why are we hasty in the worst and slack in the better? Suffer you yourself, therefore, good sir," pleaded Hall, "for God's sake, for the Gospel's sake, for the Church's sake, for your soul's sake, to be stirred up by these few lines to a resolute and speedy performing of your worthy intentions."

Sutton at length made up his mind. The existing building of the old monastic institution of the Charterhouse (then, by the progress of events, in possession of the Howard family) was available, and Sutton purchased it with the purpose of establishing within its walls a hospital for poor men and a school for poor scholars. James I was on the throne (Sutton had lived through the reigns of four sovereigns), and to him he applied for Letters Patent to carry the design into immediate execution. On the 2nd of June, 1611, the year of his death, the Letters Patent were issued; and from that date begins the history of Charterhouse School, a history in which the new school at Godalming holds as strong and abiding an interest as, for the space of more than two centuries and a half, was held by the more ancient seminary within the Charterhouse buildings. The one is but the illustrious and lusty scion of the other, bent upon faithfully carrying on, under more favourable conditions and with far greater energy, the noble work which Sutton intended should be done in the city wherein most of his wealth was begotten.

There were two objects which, by the Letters Patent, Thomas Sutton was authorised to carry out and carried out accordingly, namely: firstly, the foundation of "one hospital, house, or place of abiding on the finding, sustentation, and relief of poor, aged, maimed, needy, or impotent people;" and, secondly, the foundation of "one free school for the instructing, teaching, maintenance, and education of poor children or scholars." Sixteen persons named in the Letters were appointed Governors of the lands, possessions, revenues, and goods of the foundation, and were incorporated by that name, with power to hold land and chattels for certain defined objects. Further, the foundation was named the "Hospital of King James," founded in Charterhouse. Sutton's position as a London citizen of wealth and influence had enabled him to secure the important services of several great personages as trustees or Governors of his foundation, and these, in great measure, saved it from utter ruin at the very outset of its career. First, the design of the founder was attacked in the law courts by one of the next-of-kin, and a legatee under Sutton's will; and next Bacon attempted unworthily to influence King James in order to prevent its being carried into execution. It is on record that Coke, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, "was offered a large sum to have betrayed his trust in Sutton's Hospital; but it is well known," adds the historian, "when all the rest of the trustees drew back, how he stood in the gap and confirmed his gift, at which King James was not well pleased." That wary sovereign's biting avarice was finally appeased by a donation of £10,000 from the trustees for the ostensible purpose of "repairing Berwick Bridge on the Tweed." Two years after Sutton's death the Governors held their first meeting in the Great Chamber of the Charterhouse. It is interesting to note who were present on that occasion. Besides the executors of the will, there sat around


THE NEW CHARTERHOUSE, GODALMING, SURREY.

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the great oaken table in that superb room the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chancellor, the Lord Bishops of London and Ely, the Lord Privy Seal, the Chief Justice of the Common Pleas (Coke), the Attorney-General, the Deans of Westminster and St. Paul's, and the first appointed Master of the Hospital, the Rev. John Hutton. These were the men whom Sutton had appointed, with their several consents, to carry out the conditions of his splendid bequest. Promptly they got to work, and one of the very first resolutions passed at their first meeting was the following: "Item.—No children shall be placed there [*i.e.*, at the school] whose parents have any estate in lands to leave unto them, but only the children of poor men that want means to bring them up." Sutton had designed that his hospital should maintain fourscore poor men and forty poor scholars, with a master, preacher, teachers, and attendants. With the "poor men's" part of his scheme we have little further to do in this paper. The pensioners began to be elected into the Charterhouse, "some being maimed in the wars, some undone by shipwreck and misfortune," shortly after its being opened. Each pensioner was ordered to receive "five pounds yearly, in quarterly payments in money, and fifteen pounds in diet and other necessaries, besides physic, fuel, and a chamber furnished." The poor brethren of the Charterhouse, as the pensioners are now termed, are still eighty in number. Their "five pounds yearly" has increased to £36; they have comfortable apartments, and are required to wear, when in Charterhouse, a long black cloak. They attend chapel daily, and dine together in the Duke of Norfolk's fine old hall; and in their old age are, by Sutton's bounty, made, as far as possible, happy and contented.

Having elected certain of the officers of the foundation, the Governors desired the Bishop of London to consecrate the chapel, "and to be very careful in the choice of a good Schoolmaster." The reader will bear in mind that the Master, whom we have before mentioned, and the Schoolmaster, whom we now mention, are two very different personages. The first has control over the whole foundation, the second over the school only. The Schoolmaster, under statute, was to be a master of arts of good reputation, "both for his life and learning in the Latin and Greek tongues," and was to have for his assistant an usher. Having made this preliminary preparation for the reception of the poor scholars, the Governors next proceeded to the election of thirty-five boys—probably the whole number that had made application—among whom, it may be remarked, was Joseph Henshaw, who afterwards became a very eminent preacher, and died Bishop of Peterborough. He stands first on that goodly roll of distinguished scholars, "well qualified to serve God in Church and State," which Charterhouse School has produced. The funds at the command of the Governors were ample—Sutton had endowed his hospital with rare generosity—and the school was now an accomplished fact. By-and-by the Schoolmaster was charged thereafter to admit no boys but such as he should "find and approve to be well entered in learning answerable to their age at the time of their admittance." The appointed limits of age were between the years of ten and fourteen. No poor scholar was to be allowed to come to school "without one new suit of apparel besides what he wears, two new shirts, three pairs of stockings, three new pairs of shoes, and books for the form he is to be in." In course of time this regulation was modified, and the poor scholars—that is to say, the foundation or "gown-boys" of Sutton's School—were provided at the expense of the endowment with black trousers and black jacket, a black stuff gown, and in shirts, shoes, and socks. None of this school apparel, however, was permitted to be worn outside of the Charterhouse precincts. The boys were charged to keep "the accustomed hours of six in summer and seven in winter for their coming to school, and of eight and three in the forenoon and afternoon for their collations, and of six in summer and winter for their leaving off." The "Upper Form" were to be furnished with Greek Testaments for use in chapel, and, "besides the scholars' weekly exercise, they of the highest form were every Sunday in the Great Hall to set up four Greek and four Latin verses apiece upon any part of the Second Lesson appointed for that day, for the Master and any stranger to view and examine." To teach the scholars to cipher and cast an account was the daily duty of the usher, and, by way of remuneration for their services, he and his senior, the Schoolmaster, received £30 and £15 a year respectively.

But how happens it that the limit of forty poor scholars, spoken of in the Letters Patent granted to Sutton, has been so prodigiously exceeded that the number in Charterhouse School has now reached the sum total of five hundred? Just as in the other great foundation schools (as we have seen) "oppidans," "commoners," and "foreigners" were admitted, under appointed restrictions; so in Charterhouse School, under statutable regulation, the Schoolmaster and usher were permitted to receive "other scholars" to be taught with the boys on Sutton's foundation. Of these boys they were not to have at any one time more than sixty under their care, unless they entertained "another under-usher out of their own means, to be dieted and lodged out of the hospital." We have had the curiosity to ascertain the number of "under-ushers," or assistant-masters, provided for the present teaching of the boys in Charterhouse School. Besides the Master and Second Master (the teachers legally appointed under Sutton's will) there are now twenty-nine others engaged at the new school at Godalming.

When the school was "in Charterhouse," it consisted of Foundationers, Boarders, and Day-boys. A Foundationer was one who was appointed by the Governors to a foundation scholarship—in other words, he became one of Sutton's "poor scholars." He was provided while at the school with board, lodging, and education gratuitously; with clothes—those we have mentioned—during school term, and with a gown—if in the Upper School, with a cap or trencher—and, on passing a satisfactory examination at the age of eighteen, he was presented with an exhibition of £80 a year for four years at the University. He was likewise eligible in years to come for any of the Church livings in the gift of the Governors. The scholars attending the new school at Godalming still retain the above classification. But the foundation scholarships are now open to competition among boys between the ages of twelve and fourteen. The value of these scholarships is computed at £65 per annum, tenable, of course, until the boy leaves the school or he obtains preferment to the University. The "Boarders," as heretofore, reside in the Master's houses; and, having

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some authority to speak on the subject, we may remark that the "houses" in which the Charterhouse boys are now lodged are more perfect and comfortable in their internal arrangements than the Boarding Houses of any other great school we have ever visited. The "Doctor's House"—in the language of the outside world, the house of the Head Master—is a model of what a school-house should be.

Hard by the beautiful School Chapel at Godalming is a cloister which will not fail to enlist the attention of the visitor. It contains the stones which once formed the semicircular arch forming one of the entrance-ways in the Scholars' Court of Old Charterhouse. On these stones are cut the names of scholars once on the foundation, with the date of their departure from its fostering care out into the wide world again. The name of Thackeray stands out prominent on the keystone of the upper curve. Thackeray, in the estimation of the present generation of young Carthusians, is held to be the giant genius of their school. But his fame, bright and strong, and still vivid as it is, must pale before the lustrous glow of imperishable renown with which the fame of others, his predecessors at Old Charterhouse, has surrounded the school. In Sutton's older school-house Joseph Addison received his "grammar learning;" and there began that genuine friendship between him and Steele, which resulted in the production of that delightful publication, "The Spectator," which was so admirably influential in refining the manners of the age of Queen Anne. Joseph Addison was a boarder, and Dick Steele a "poor scholar," of Charterhouse. Blackstone, the great constitutional lawyer, received his earlier education at the expense of Sutton's Foundation, and so did John Wesley the divine. Monk, Bishop of Gloucester, the consummate Greek scholar, and Thirlwall, of St. David's, the eminent historian of Greece, were once boys at Charterhouse; and Grote, the distinguished contemporary of the latter, was also a boy of the school. At one period of its history it could claim the honour of numbering among its alumni three of the most prominent personages in England:—The Primate of England, Dr. Manners Sutton; the Prime Minister of England, Lord Liverpool; and the Chief Justice of England, Lord Ellenborough. "In grateful remembrance," so runs the inscription on his tomb, "of the advantages he had derived through life from his education upon the foundation of the Charterhouse," Lord Ellenborough requested that after his death his remains might be deposited in the chapel of the society. There, in the founder's vault, they lie, a solemn testimony of the vast benefit that has accrued to England herself through the splendid services once rendered to her by one who, as a boy, had been a poor scholar of Sutton's noble foundation.

The 12th of December in each year is set apart as the great and solemn festival occasion of Carthusians young and old—the day on which they commemorate their benefactor. Among the statutes drawn up by the Governors in 1627 is the following: "Item. There shall be an anniversary commemoration of the founder, kept every 12th day of December with solemn service, a sermon, and such increase of commons as we allow upon other festivals by our establishment." This ordinance is still in part religiously observed. A banquet is held in the Great Hall at Charterhouse, which is attended by a large number of present and old Carthusians, Masters and Governors. Thackeray makes mention of the ancient ceremony in his novel of the "Newcomes," the original MS. of which, by the way, is now in possession of Dr. Haig-Brown, the present Head Master of the school, by whose courtesy we were permitted to examine this interesting memento of the great novelist. "The death-day of the founder," says Thackeray, "is still kept solemnly by the Cistercians. In the chapel, where assemble the boys of the school, and the fourscore old men of the hospital, the founder's tomb stands, a huge edifice, emblazoned with heraldic decorations and clumsy carved allegories. . . . The custom of the school is that on the 12th of December, the Founder's Day, the head gown-boy shall recite a Latin oration in praise *Fundatoris nostri*, and upon other subjects, and a goodly company of old Cistercians is generally brought together to attend this oration, after which we go to chapel and hear a sermon, after which we adjourn to a great dinner, where old Cardisciples meet, old toasts are given and speeches are made. Before marching from the oration-hall to chapel, the stewards of the day's dinner, according to old-fashioned rite, have wands put into their hands, walk to church at the head of the procession, and sit there in places of honour. The boys are already in their seats with smug fresh faces and shining white collars; the old black-gowned pensioners are on their benches; the chapel is lighted, and founder's tomb, with its grotesque carvings, monsters, heraldries, darkles and shines with the most wonderful shadows and lights. There he lies, *Fundator noster*, in his ruff and gown, awaiting the Great Examination Day. We oldsters, be we ever so old, become boys again as we look at that familiar old tomb, and think how the seats are altered since we were here, and how the doctor—not the present doctor, the doctor of our time—used to sit yonder, and his awful eye used to frighten us shuddering boys, on whom it lighted; and how the boy next us would kick our shins during service-time, and how the monitor would cane us afterwards because our shins were kicked. . . . . A plenty of candles light up this chapel, and this scene of age and youth, and early memories and pompous death. How solemn the well-remembered prayers are here uttered again in the place where in childhood we used to hear them! How beautiful and decorous the rite! How noble the ancient words of the supplications which the priest utters, and to which generations of fresh children and troops of by-gone seniors, have cried 'Amen' under these arches! The service for Founder's Day is a special one, one of the Psalms selected being the Thirty-seventh, and we hear—'23. The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord: and He delighteth in his way. 24. Though he fall, he shall not be utterly cast down: for the Lord upholdeth him with His hand. 25. I have been young, and now am old: yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.'" In these thoughtful and regretful words has the great master of English fiction, in one of the most delightful of his works, immortalised the annual commemoration of the death of Sutton, the Founder of Charterhouse School. The memory of that great and good man will live for ages as the author of one of our most glorious fabrics of piety—"the giver," as has been said by an early writer, "of the greatest gift in England, either in Protestant or Catholic times, ever bestowed by any individual."

CHARLES E. PASCOE.

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THE BEGUM'S FORTUNE.

BY JULES VERNE.

CHAPTER II.—A PAIR OF CHUMS.

DR. SARRASIN'S son Octavius was not exactly what one would call a dunce. He was neither a blockhead nor a genius, neither plain nor handsome, neither tall nor short, neither dark nor fair. His complexion was nut-brown, and he was altogether an average specimen of the middle class.

At school he had never taken a very high place, although occasionally gaining a prize. He had failed in his first examination for passing into the College of Engineers, but a second attempt admitted him, although with no great credit.

There was a want of decision in his character—his mind was content with inaccuracies; he was one of those people who are satisfied to have a general idea of a subject, and who walk through life as by moonlight.

Such men float as corks do on the crest of waves. They are driven to the equator or to the pole, according to whether the wind blows north or south. Chance seems to decide their career.

Had Dr. Sarrasin altogether understood his son's character, he might have hesitated to write the letter he did, but the wisest man, as we all know, may be a blind father.

Fortunately for Octavius, he had during his school life come under the influence of an energetic nature, which by its vigorous strength ruled him for his good, albeit somewhat tyrannically. He formed a close friendship with one of his companions, Max Bruckmann, a native of Alsace, a year younger than himself, but far his superior in physical, intellectual, and moral vigour.

Max Bruckmann, left an orphan at the age of twelve, inherited a small income, just sufficient to defray the expense of his education. His life at college would have been monotonous had he not passed the holidays with Octavius, or Otto, as he called his friend, at his home.

The young Alsacien very soon felt himself one of Dr. Sarrasin's family. Beneath a cold exterior lay an ardent nature, and he considered that he was bound for life to those who acted like father and mother to him.

ASTOUNDING NEWS.

He positively adored Dr. Sarrasin, his wife, and their pretty thoughtful little daughter; his heart expanded under the influence of their kindness, and he greatly wished to be useful to them by helping Jeannette, who loved her studies, to advance in them, and thoroughly to cultivate her firm sensible mind, while he longed to lead Otto to become as good a man as his father. This latter task he well knew to be by no means so easy as the former, yet Max was resolved to attain his double purpose.

Max Bruckmann was one of those trusty and gallant champions whom year by year Alsace sends forth to do battle on the great arena of life in Paris.

As a mere child he distinguished himself by the strength and flexibility of his muscles, as much as by the vivacity and intelligence of his mind. Inwardly full of life and courage, his outward form exhibited strong muscular development rather than graceful proportions. At college he excelled in everything he attempted, whether sport or study. Reaping an annual harvest of prizes, he thought the year wasted if he failed to gain all within his reach.

At twenty his form was large, robust, and in splendid condition; his movements were animated, and his well-shaped head betokened unusual intelligence. When he entered college, the same year with Octavius, he stood second, and was resolved to be first when the time came for leaving it.

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Without his persistent energy to urge him forward, Octavius would never have got in at at all. For the space of a whole year Max had driven and goaded him to work, had regularly compelled him to succeed. He entertained for this friend of weak and vacillating nature a sentiment of kindly compassion such as one might suppose a lion to exhibit towards a little puppy. He liked to feel that he could nourish this parasitical plant from the superabundance of his own sap, and cause it to flourish and blossom beside him.

The war of 1870 broke out at the close of one of their terms. Max, full of patriotic grief at the fate which threatened Strasburg and Alsace, hastened to enlist in the 31st Regiment of Light Infantry. Otto, as Max called him, and as we will for the future, at once followed his example.

Side by side the two friends, stationed in the outposts of Paris, went through the severe campaign of the siege. At Champigny Max received a ball in his right arm, at Buzenval an epaulet on his left shoulder. Otto received neither wound nor decoration. It could not have been his fault, for he followed his friend everywhere, scarcely half a dozen yards in his rear. But those half dozen yards made all the difference.

After the peace, the two friends resumed their studies, occupying modest apartments together near the college.

The recent misfortunes of France, the loss to her of Lorraine and Alsace, had matured the character of Max—he felt and spoke like a man.

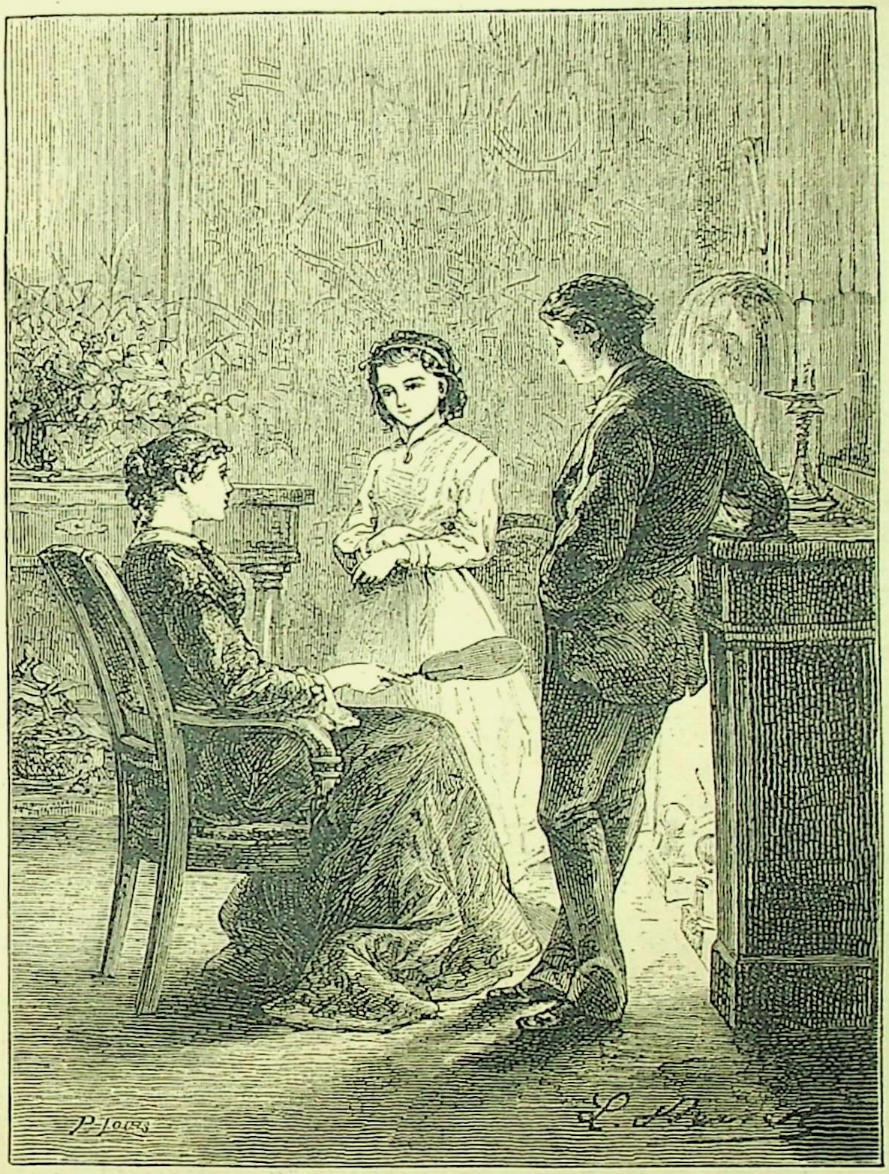
"It is the vocation of the youth of France," said he, "to repair the errors of their fathers. By genuine hard work alone can this be done."

Max rose every morning at five o'clock, and made Otto do the same. He obliged him to be punctual at his classes, and never lost sight of him during the hours of recreation.

The evening was devoted to study, with occasional pauses for a pipe or a cup of coffee. At ten they retired to rest, their hearts content, their brains well filled.

A game at billiards now and then, a well-chosen play or concert, a ride to the forest of Verrières, a country walk, and twice a week a lesson in fencing and boxing—these were their amusements.

From time to time Otto, casting curious eyes at the very questionable enjoyments of other students, would make feeble attempts at revolt, and talk of going to see Cæsar Leroux, who was "studying law," and passed most of his time at the beershop of St. Michel; but Max treated these fancies with such utter contempt and derision that they usually passed off quietly.



"FOR MY PART, I ALWAYS BELIEVE WHAT MAX SAYS."

On the 29th of October, 1871, about seven o'clock in the evening, the two friends were seated, as was their wont, side by side at the same table, with a shaded lamp between them. Max was working a problem in applied mathematics, relative to the stability of blocks, and had thrown himself heart and soul into his subject.

Otto was devoting himself sedulously to something which he thought of much greater consequence, the brewing of a pint of coffee. It was one of the few things in which he flattered himself he really excelled, perhaps because he had daily practice in it, thereby escaping for a few minutes the troublesome business of squaring equations, which he considered that Max really did carry too far.

Drop by drop he let his boiling water pass through a thick layer of powdered mocha, and he ought to have been contented with such tranquil happiness; but he was annoyed at the devoted industry of Max, and felt an unconquerable desire to interrupt him.

"It would be a good plan to buy a percolator," said he, suddenly. "This ancient and solemn method of filtering is a disgrace to our modern civilisation."

"Do buy a percolator, it will perhaps prevent your wasting an hour every evening with this cookery," replied Max, and he returned to his problem.

"The intrados of a vault is an ellipsoid; let A C D be that principal ellipse which contains the two axes, O A equal to a O B equal to b, while the least

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axis O O′ C′ is vertical and equal to *c*; then that which supports the elliptic vault—"

At this moment came a rap at the door.

"A letter for Monsieur Octave Sarrasin."

It may be imagined that this interruption was heartily welcomed by that young gentleman.

"Ah! from my father; it is his hand I see. Come, this is something like a letter!" he exclaimed, as he weighed the packet of papers in his hand.

Max knew that the doctor was in England; he had been in Paris a week before on his way there, and had treated the two lads to a dinner fit for an emperor at the Palais Royal, for although that once famous place was quite out of fashion, Dr. Sarrasin continued to regard it as the centre of Parisian taste and refinement.

"Let me know what your father says about his Hygienic Conference," said Max. "It was a good idea of his to attend that, French *savants* are inclined to be too exclusive."

And Max returned to his problem.

"The extrados will be formed by another similar ellipsoid, having its centre at the point O on the vertical O C.

"Let F F F be the foci of the three principal ellipses, then we find the auxiliary ellipse and hyperbola, of which the common axes are—"

A shout from Otto made him look up.

"What is the matter?" he asked, with some alarm, seeing his friend turn pale.

"Read this!" cried Otto, completely astonished by the news he had received.

Max took the letter, read it all through, read it a second time, glanced over the documents enclosed, and said, "This is curious!" Then he filled his pipe, and lighted it methodically.

Otto watched him, all anxiety for his opinion.

"Do you think it can be true?" he exclaimed, with a choking voice.

"True? to be sure it is. Your father has too much common sense, his judgment is too good, to let him accept rashly so well-authenticated a statement as this. Besides, the proofs are there; it is, in fact, perfectly plain."

The pipe was now thoroughly lighted.

Max resumed his work.

Otto sat with his arms hanging down, unable even to finish his coffee, far less to bring two ideas together.

He could not help speaking, just to convince himself that he was not asleep.

"But I say, Max, if this is true, it is downright overwhelming! All these millions! Why, it is an enormous fortune, mind you!"

Max looked up and nodded. "Yes, enormous is the word for it. Most likely there is not one such in France, a few in the United States, five or six in England—not above fifteen or twenty in the world altogether."

"And a title into the bargain!" resumed Otto. "A foreign title—what is it? let's see—'rajah!' Not that I ever was ambitious of having a title, but if it comes in one's way, why it certainly sounds more imposing than plain Sarrasin."

Max shot forth a puff of smoke, and uttered not a word. That puff of smoke distinctly said, "Pooh! pooh!"

"Certainly," continued Otto, "I should never have stuck a 'de' before my name, or assumed anything high-sounding, as some people do; but to inherit a real genuine title, and to take rank among the great princes of India, without any possible chance of doubt or confusion!"

The pipe kept puffing "Pooh! Pooh!"

"My dear fellow," said Otto, decidedly, you may say what you like, but I can tell you there is 'a good deal in blood,' as the English express it."

He stopped short as he caught the mocking smile in Max's eyes, and returned to the contemplation of his millions.

"Do you recollect, Max, how Binôme, our old arithmetic master, used to impress upon us every year in his opening lesson, that five hundred millions was a number beyond the grasp of one human mind unaided by the resources of written figures? One has to consider that a man spending a franc every minute would take more than a thousand years to pay away such a sum. Well, it really is strange to think one has inherited five hundred million of francs!"

"Five hundred million francs is it?" cried Max, with more interest than he had yet shown. "Shall I tell you the best thing you can do? Give it to France for payment of her ransom; she only requires ten times as much!"

"For mercy's sake, don't suggest such an idea to my father!" cried Otto, looking quite scared. "He really might adopt it. I can tell you that he already has some notion of the kind in his head. Some investment he might certainly make, but at least let us have the interest."

"Come, we shall have you turn out a financier after all!" said Max. "Something tells me, my poor Otto, that it would have been better for your father, with his upright, intelligent mind, if this great fortune had been of a more reasonable size. I would rather see you with an income of five-and-twenty thousand to share with your good little sister than with this great mountain of gold!"

And Max went back to his work.

As to Otto, he could not settle to anything, and fidgeted about the room till his friend got rather impatient and said,—

"You had better go out and take a walk, Otto; it is clear you are fit for nothing this evening!"

"You are quite right! I really am not," replied Otto, who joyfully caught at this excuse for leaving off work; and seizing his hat he clattered downstairs, and was soon in the street.

He presently stopped beneath a bright gaslight, and read his father's letter again. He wanted to make sure he was not dreaming.

"Five hundred million of francs!" he kept repeating. "That would be at least five-and-twenty million a year. Why if my father will only give me one million a year—say quarterly or half-yearly—as my allowance, how happy I should be! Money can do so much. I am sure I should make an excellent use of it. I'm not a fool—not a bit of it. Didn't I get into the Upper School? And then that title! I'm sure I could easily support the dignity of a title."

As he passed along he looked into all the shops.

"I shall have a fine house, horses; one for Max, of course. I becoming rich myself, he will become so likewise. Only think! Five hundred millions! But somehow, now a fortune comes, it seems to me as though I had expected it. Something whispered that I should not be poring over books and plans all my life."

As Otto revolved these thoughts, he was passing

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along beneath the arcades of the Rue de Rivoli. Reaching the Champs Elysées, he turned up the Rue Royal and reached the Boulevards.

The splendid shop-fronts, which formerly he regarded with indifference as exhibiting things utterly useless to him, now attracted lively attention, as he considered, with a thrill of delight, that he could at any moment possess any or all of these treasures.

"For me," said he to himself; "for me, all this fine linen, all these exquisite soft cloths are manufactured; for me watchmakers construct timepieces and chronometers; for my pleasure the brilliant lustres of theatre and opera shed their dazzling light, violins scrape, prima donnas sing their enchanting strains. For me horse-dealers train thorough-breds, and the Café Anglaise is lighted up. All Paris is mine! Everything is at my disposal! Travel? to be sure I shall travel. I shall go and visit my Indian possessions. As likely as not, I shall buy a pagoda some day, priests and all, and the ivory idols into the bargain. I shall have elephants of my own! I shall have splendid guns and rifles—go tiger-shooting. And I must have a beautiful boat. A boat! what am I thinking about?—a fine steam yacht, that's what I shall have—go where I choose; stop as often as I like. Talking of steam, I have to give this news to my mother. Suppose I start for Douai? There is college to be considered; but then, what's the use of college to me now?

"But Max; I must let him know. I should send him a message. Of course he will understand that, under present circumstances, I am in haste to see my mother and sister."

Otto entered an office and sent a telegram to inform his friend that he was gone, and would return in a couple of days. Then, hailing a cab, he was driven to the terminus of the Northern Railway.

Settling himself in the corner of a carriage, he continued to follow out his dreaming fancies, until, at two o'clock in the morning, he arrived at Douai, hurried to his father's house and rang the night-bell so noisily that not only the family, but all the neighbours, were aroused by the peal. Night-capped heads popped out at various windows.

"Somebody is very ill; who can it be?" inquired one and another.

"The doctor is not at home!" screamed the old servant from her attic window.

"It is I—it is Otto! Come down and let me in, Fanchon."

After a delay of ten minutes Otto was admitted into the house. His mother and sister, hastily robed in dressing-gowns, came downstairs, all anxiety to learn the cause of this visit.

The doctor's letter, on being read aloud, explained the mystery.

Madame Sarrasin was at first completely dazzled; she embraced her son and daughter with tears of joy; it seemed to her that the whole world was theirs, and that misfortune could never approach a family possessed of hundreds of millions of francs.

Women, however, can more readily than men adapt themselves to circumstances, and to sudden changes of fortune.

Madame Sarrasin read her husband's letter again, felt that this great sum was his, that he would take all the responsibility of deciding what she and her children were to do, and speedily resumed her usual composure.

As to Jeannette, she was glad to see her mother and her brother so happy, but her childish imagination could picture no manner of life more delightful than that she led in her quiet home, occupied with her studies, and happy in the love of her parents. She could not see why a few bundles of bank-notes should make any such great change in her existence, and the prospect of it did not in the slightest degree discompose her.

Madame Sarrasin had married at a very early age a man entirely absorbed by the studious occupations of an ardent scholar and philosopher. She loved her husband, and respected his tastes, although she could not always comprehend them.

Incapable of sharing the pleasure which Dr. Sarrasin derived from study, she had at times felt herself lonely by the side of the enthusiastic man of science, and consequently centred all her hopes and aspirations in her children. She pictured for them a brilliant and happy future.

Otto, she felt certain, was destined to do great things. From the time he took a place in the upper school she mentally regarded that modest and useful college for young engineers as the nursery of illustrious men. Her only trouble was that their limited means might possibly prove an obstacle, or at least a difficulty, in the way of her son's brilliant career, and might ultimately also affect her daughter's establishment in life. But now she so far understood the news conveyed in her husband's letter as to perceive that these fears were needless, and her satisfaction was entire.

The mother and son spent most of the night in talking and making plans, while Jeannette, happy in the present, heedless of the future, was fast asleep in an arm-chair.

"You have not mentioned Max," said Madame Sarrasin to her son. "Have you not shown him your father's letter? What does he say about it?"

"Oh, you know what Max is!" answered Otto. "He is worse than a philosopher, he is a stoic. I believe he fears the effect so enormous a fortune will have upon us! I say upon us, but he is not afraid for my father himself, whose good sense and judgment, he says, he can rely upon, but for you, mother, and Jeannette, and more especially for me. He plainly said he should have preferred an income of a few thousands a year."

"Perhaps Max is not far wrong," replied Madame Sarrasin, looking at her son. "The sudden possession of great wealth is fraught with danger to some natures."

Jeannette awoke, and heard her mother's last words.

"Do not you remember, mother," said she, as, rubbing her eyes, she rose and turned towards her little bedroom—"do not you remember you told me one day that Max was always in the right. I for my part believe what our friend Max says." And, kissing her mother, Jeannette withdrew.

MORAVIAN CHURCH.

We have received one or two letters from Moravians, commenting upon some of the statements in Mr. Kaufmann's paper in the May Part. Our worthy correspondents quite misunderstand the drift of that paper. One of them protests strongly against the supposed charge of the Brethren being Socialists or Communists! As if Mr. Kaufmann

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attributed to the Moravians a tendency towards Socialism in the sense of political destruction. We gladly, however, give space to a statement by a Moravian of good position, who thinks the following corrections important as to matters of fact.

1. Fulneck in Moravia is in no sense a "sacred Mecca of the United Brethren." It is not even so historically interesting to us as many other places, such as Lititz, Brandeis, Prague, etc.

2. Count Zinzendorf did not leave the service of the State from any *political* motives, however high or honourable. Nor was it to obtain "peace of soul," for *that* he had obtained. It was because he conscientiously believed that he was directed by the providence of God into a course in which he might serve Him better.

3. The Count did not build Herrnhut. The emigrants from Moravia were the founders of that village. The Count subsequently joined them, though for years he had not a settled residence at Herrnhut.

4. "Comparative equality" is aimed at, and to some extent attained, among the United Brethren, solely in spiritual matters, *and touches secular relations only in so far as is at once desirable and inevitable.*

5. It is not, and never was, the case that "several hundred families often live in the same dwelling," etc., or that the produce of labour is thrown into one common fund.

6. The division into "choirs," according to sex and state, is not effected by human rule, but by God's providence, according to which there will always be children, unmarried persons of both sexes, married people, widowers, and widows. All that our church does is to recognise what God appoints, and to adapt means of grace to the requirements of these various classes in such a way as may be most conducive to their spiritual interests.

7. In the disposal of property, our laws are those of the countries in which we dwell: our principles we wish to be those of the New Testament.

8. As regards the alleged paucity of wealth, genius, and high rank among us, it is a rather delicate matter for *us* to deal with. We may, however, freely admit that there is in this respect some resemblance between our Church and that at Corinth, as described by St. Paul in 1 Cor. i. 27: "Not many wise," etc. Yet there have been *some* of all these. And among us the advantages of greater wealth, of higher intellect, and of more elevated social position are as fully recognised, and the influence claimed by the same as freely conceded, as is probably the case anywhere.

9. The Moravians (or United Brethren), consequently, are *not*, and *never have been*, in any sense, *Communists.*

10. Lastly, as a body, we certainly never contemplated the possibility of our "social organisation" serving "as a pattern for the reconstruction of the society of the future." Nor do I think it likely that such a vagary ever was heard of among us.

We have referred these corrections to Mr. Kaufmann, who gives the following notes of explanation.

1. My allusion to the reverential regard for Fulneck rests on expressions to be found in recognised works on the subject. I happen to be almost quoting the very words of one of them.

2. The quotation, "Leisure Hour," pp. 283–84, answers the objection.

3. P. 11 of Kurzgefasste Nachricht von der evangel. Brüder. Unität, 1876 (official report of the Moravian Church), contains an account of the matter in which my statement is verified. Zinzendorf did not build Herrnhut with his own hands, but he gave the ground, and his agent helped in the erection.

4. Is just what I said myself in the article throughout, and specially in p. 283.

5. By families, I meant the "*choirs*" under the superintendence of the deacon who acts as paterfamilias over the hundreds of people unmarried living under the same roof, which the writer of the letter acknowledges under next head: it therefore requires no answer.

7. I never deny the statement, but confirm it in my paper referred to.

8. Only substantiates my own statement.

9. I never said they were Communists, nor would my paper lead any intelligent person to think so.

10. I am glad to find that the conclusions of the United Brethren on this head concur with my own.

We cannot afford space for discussion, after these full explanations. We bespoke for our contributor generous interpretation of his statements, in referring to the Moravians not as an evangelical body so much as practical teachers in some good points of social life. Mr. Kaufmann concludes his letter thus: "I entertain the highest regard for the body to which my critic belongs, and the main tendencies of Christian and social philanthropy which characterise the sayings and doings of the Brotherhood."

Varieties.

Writing Telegraph.—Mr. Cowper, C.E., read a paper lately, at the meeting of the London Society of Telegraph Engineers, on his newly invented writing telegraph, the instruments for which he exhibited at work. The writing is done by the operator at one end by a pencil on a paper ribbon, which runs on from under his hand as he writes, and the writing is produced at the other end of the wire by a machine which repeats every line and curve on a somewhat reduced scale on a similar ribbon. The writing at the receiving end is accomplished by a pen known as Bradley's syphon pen, and is a close reproduction of the writing of the operator at the other end of the line. The pencil is placed in a holder which is connected with two rods, one moving perpendicularly and the other horizontally. The end of each rod passes over an electric resistance arrangement, so that the current is reduced or increased according to its movement. This movement is reproduced at the other end of the wire, and corresponding rods are in this way made to move the pen. Mr. Cowper said that when he first tried his pen he found that the tails of the y's and g's were not long enough, but the addition of some resistance coils soon pulled them down to a proper length.

Controlling Horses by means of Electricity.—The General Omnibus Company of Paris has for some time past (we learn from "La Nature") made use of electricity for subduing vicious horses. At a recent *séance* of the National Society of Agriculture, M. Bella gave some interesting details on the subject. By the process adopted, intractable animals given to biting, rearing, kicking, etc., are rendered inoffensive and submit peaceably to be groomed and harnessed. To obtain this result a weak current of electricity is passed into the mouth of the horse each time it becomes restive. The will of the animal seems almost annihilated. The current is produced by a small induction machine, of the Clarke system, the wires of which communicate with the bit of the bridle. The idea of controlling horses by electrical means found expression in the Exhibition last year; in the Swedish section was an apparatus with this object. It consisted of a small box containing a battery, the wires of which communicated with the bit by the reins. In case of resistance by the horse, the driver had merely to push a button, when a current passed immediately and the animal became docile. The employment of electricity is said to produce a sort of uneasiness or torpor, rather than pain, and is much less barbarous than many taming methods hitherto adopted, such as those which depend on weakening by deprivation of food, on fatigue, etc.

[Has this principle been tried in our lunatic asylums in cases of violent mania?]

Brighton Fisheries.—Mr. A. Lawler, the Curator of the Brighton Aquarium, in a recent article in the "Fishing Gazette," says:—"The fish caught on the Brighton coast are not of great variety. If we except occasionally large hauls of herring, mackerel, and sprats, large numbers are very seldom obtained. In the early spring, the weather being fine and the sea calm, whiting pout (sometimes called rock whiting) are caught from the boats, and in the shore seines sand smelts, small bass, grey mullet, and small flat-fish of all kinds. From June to the beginning of September the mackerel fishing, called tucking, and also seining, is in full force. At the end of October the long lines are set for cod; but the line fishing all along the coast is not very important. The trawling by the hog boats is carried on through the year when the weather will permit; but the hauls obtained are of no great magnitude. Most of the larger class of boats are used for the mackerel fishery, and go as far away as the Land's End at the beginning of the season. The other drift-boats work after herrings in the latter part of the year, and when not so employed are used for trawling. The fish caught in the trawl comprise turbot, brill, plaice, soles, skate, and various kinds of dog-fish. John Dory is occasionally met with, but is by no means plentiful."

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A. Laby.

A GOLDEN WEDDING IN HANOVER.

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THE LEISURE HOUR.

BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,
AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND.—*Cowper.*

LITTLE MARTIN.

STRAIGHT TO THE MARK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BOY AND MAN," "LOMBARDY COURT," ETC.

CHAPTER IX.—NOT ASHAMED.

Who read a chapter when they rise
Shall ne'er be troubled with ill eyes.
—*George Herbert.*

An honest mind, and plain: he must speak truth.—*Shakespeare.*

TOM HOWARD'S anticipations in regard to new friendships at Abbotscliff were fully realised. The cakes might have had something to do with it, but he found many of the boys disposed to be friendly, especially when Chaffin was not at hand; and some of them he felt sure were above mercenary considerations. In the evening, when his companions had to prepare their work for the next day, Mr. Grantly took the new boy, who had as yet no fixed place in the school, and therefore no lessons to get ready, again into his study, and gave him an amusing book to read, talking to him occasionally

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PRICE ONE PENNY.

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without reserve, and encouraging him to make a friend of him, and to come to him for advice or assistance whenever he might require it. He gave him some useful hints about the rules and customs of the school, and the boy listened to him with grateful attention, and again congratulated himself upon the good fortune, or rather good Providence, which had directed his steps to such a school. He was reserved, however, and did not speak much about his adventures of the previous day. It had been hinted, both by the pilot and afterwards by Mrs. Roseberry, that it was hard lines for him at his age, being sent ashore in that way without any one to look after him, and he was secretly afraid that Mr. Grantly might entertain a similar opinion: that would have been unjust towards his parents, so he thought he had better keep his own counsel. Mr. Grantly was attracted by the boy's manner and character, frank, yet not talkative, cheerful, but serious, quiet, and intelligent; and yet simple-minded, almost childish in some of his ideas.

"There is one thing I shall ask you to do, Howard," Mr. Grantly said; "all my boys do it, I believe: read a psalm or a few verses of the Bible every night before you go to bed, and after that no more talking."

"Oh, yes, sir, I always do that," he answered; "except when I'm very sleepy."

"I don't like exceptions," Mr. Grantly replied. "They are apt to increase and to become frequent, until they form the rule. Only a few verses, you know, giving your mind to them as much as you can. You will not find it difficult."

Tom promised Mr. Grantly that he would do as he required; he had already promised his mother the same thing, and meant to adhere to it strictly. She had drawn up a kind of almanack of short daily readings for him, keeping a duplicate for herself; and they had agreed together to read the same portion each day. They would have liked to be able to feel that they were both reading the same words and thinking the same thoughts at one and the same moment; but there were difficulties arising from the difference of longitude which would render that almost impracticable. They intended, however, to approach it as nearly as circumstances would permit; and although Tom had confessed, in his strict honesty, to past exceptions, he did not mean to admit of any in future.

"Of course you say your prayers every night?" Mr. Grantly said.

"Of course I do," said Tom.

"Sleepy or not sleepy?"

"Yes, sir."

"Some boys think more about religion than others," Mr. Grantly remarked. "You will find it so among your companions. I hope they all have some serious thoughts and impressions; but there's a difference. You have been well taught, no doubt."

"Yes, sir; I have, indeed," Tom answered, his eyes getting moist, as he thought of his mother's early lessons.

"I thought so. Well, you know, Tom—that's your name, isn't it?—the great thing in religion, as well as in most other matters, is to be sincere and steadfast, not to get excited now and then and talk a great deal about your feelings, but to have it in your heart, as a guiding principle in all that you do. Religion should be like the mainspring of a watch, you know, which keeps all the wheels going, though nobody sees it. 'In season and out of season:' it comes to the front, and is shown plainly when occasion calls for it—that is *in* season; and it's the regulating principle at all times, though unseen—that's *out of* season."

Tom made no reply. He was afraid he had not so much religion as he ought to have, notwithstanding his mother's excellent lessons.

"You will find," Mr. Grantly went on, "that some of the boys make more profession than others. I am speaking chiefly of the elder boys, but the younger ones follow their example, and are a good deal under their influence. Don't be carried away by first impulses; don't take up with any special friend or party to the exclusion of others; stand to your own principles, and give others credit for being sometimes better than they seem. See how the 'watch' goes, Tom, and if it keeps good time there cannot be much amiss with the mainspring. And as for yourself, be guided by circumstances. If occasion arises for you to speak of religion, do so, firmly and boldly. You need not parade it unnecessarily; but never be ashamed of it."

Tom looked at Mr. Grantly open-eyed and open-mouthed.

"Ashamed of religion?" he said, simply, and with unconcealed astonishment. "Why should I?"

Mr. Grantly was struck with the emphatic yet perfectly natural manner of the boy's question—"Why should I?" He began to feel for his own part embarrassed, if not ashamed, at having given him such advice. The reproach came home to himself also in a way that could not have been anticipated; for he was conscious of having on more than one occasion avoided speaking of religion to the elder boys when he ought to have done so; he had failed to rebuke a light word, or affected not to hear an irreverent jest, because he did not like to have it said that he was "preaching." Which of us has not been guilty of similar acts of unfaithfulness? Ashamed! Yes, he had been ashamed of his Master and of His word, and this young boy's simple, unconsidered reply, was a sharper reproof to him than any well argued sermon could have been. He felt that it would do him good, and that he had gained something in return for the counsel he had offered. "He that watereth shall be watered also himself."

"No, Tom," he said; "why should you, indeed? Why should any of us be ashamed of saying or doing what is right?" He did not attempt to give him any further counsel or instruction that night, but occupied himself with his own thoughts till supper-time.

There was a good supper for the boys, for it was an axiom with the management that "growing boys" require more nourishment than men; and it was better for them to have good wholesome food than to eke out a scanty diet with tarts, and sausages, and pork pies, and such other dainties as boys are apt to purchase at a pastrycook's. Their parents paid for board; and board, good and sufficient, ought in common honesty to be provided for their sons; that was admitted and acted upon with liberality. After supper there was an interval for amusement; then the bell rang for prayers, and immediately afterwards the junior school were dismissed to bed.

The dormitories were so arranged that every boy had a separate compartment, or "cubicle," as it was called. When Tom Howard was shown to his, he

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could almost have fancied that he was again on board the ship which had brought him home from India, it so nearly resembled the little cabin which he had occupied on that voyage. If there had been a port-hole instead of a window it would have been still more like, and still more delightful. There was a long corridor, with a fireplace at the end, and on either side of it a series of small compartments divided one from another by fixed screens, or bulk-heads, as Tom called them, of woodwork; they were open at the top, but afforded complete privacy to the occupant. Each cubicle contained, in addition to the bed, a washstand and all else that was requisite for cleanliness and comfort. The walls of most of them were adorned with pictures, according to the fancy of the occupants. Tom found that he could read his psalm or chapter, and kneel down by his bedside to say his prayers, without fear of interruption. That was a privilege which, from all that he had heard of schools in former times, he had not expected. Although still yearning in his heart for the dear faces which he missed, and for the loving kiss which his mother scarcely ever failed to bring him after he was in bed, he no longer felt depressed or lonely. School was a much better place than he had expected to find it, and he hoped he should get used to it and like it.

CHAPTER X.—GREENING.

> A gibing spirit,
> Whose influence is begot of that loose grace
> Which shallow, laughing hearers give to fools.
> —*Shakespeare.*

> My salad days,
> When I was green in judgment.
> —*Ibid.*

THE following morning, as soon as Tom Howard made his appearance in the playground, Chaffin came to him and volunteered to give him information with reference to the day's proceedings; but Tom was on his guard.

"I need not believe you unless I like, I suppose," he said, and turned away without taking any further notice of him. It was well that he did so, for Chaffin wanted to "green him," as he called it, and would have made him do something ridiculous, or perhaps incur some penalty for a breach of discipline. He saw very little of Chaffin during the remainder of the day, for they were not in the same room. Tom was in the classical school, and very fairly placed for his age; while Chaffin was in the lower modern, and had been there ever since his first arrival at the school. The lower modern was a sort of limbo, to which those who could make no progress elsewhere were consigned; and although there were some clever boys who entered it in their course of study, these passed through it quickly, while the idle ones remained; so that it was not held in much estimation generally.

Two or three days later, when Tom was again in the playground, and had begun to feel at home there, a little boy named Martin—the youngest in the school, or nearly so—came running to him with a look of excitement, and said, "There's a hamper come for you, Howard; a porter has just brought it up from the station."

"For me?" cried Tom; "another hamper for me? Are you certain?"

"Quite; it has got your name upon it."

"Where is it?"

"In the common room. It looks—it looks as if it had a cake in it, and a lot of other things."

"Is there anything to pay?" Tom asked.

"No, I believe not; the porter is gone."

The boy laughed as he said it, anticipating a share of the cake, Tom thought.

"Come with me," said Tom, "and let us see what's in it."

Howard's cakes had begun to be quite a joke among the boys, and a very good joke, too, some of them thought. Two to begin with was unusual, and a third to follow so quickly was exciting. The other cakes had been cut up and distributed freely, and many of the boys who had tasted them followed our hero in expectation of a treat. Two or three of the elder boys also were taken with the humour of the thing, and looked with interest at the newly-arrived hamper. Some of them had begun to adopt as fact the pastrycook theory hinted at by Chaffin, who was supposed to know all about Tom and his belongings, but they did not generally think any the worse of their new schoolfellow on that account, and some of them were disposed to like him the better for it. A fat-faced youngster, who went by the nickname of Piggy, was heard to say in confidence to another boy that he should not much care if his own father were a pastrycook.

The hamper was found in the common room, as had been stated, and from its appearance might have been twin-brother to one of the former ones.

"I wonder who has sent it?" said Tom, to himself, examining the direction. "Mr. Darville, perhaps. Joan may have given him a hint; if so, he would be sure to go and do it directly. I wonder who can have sent it?" he repeated, aloud.

"I should not care who sent it," cried Chaffin, who was by this time at his elbow, watching the process of opening the hamper with great exultation. "What does it signify where it comes from as long as it's there? We know where it will go to, and that's enough."

"I don't agree with you," said Tom; "half the pleasure of receiving a present is to know how kind people have been in sending it. I should not so much care for having a cake if I did not know whom to thank for it."

"I should, then," said Chaffin. "If anybody were to fling one at my head I should take it up and eat it."

The others told him to "get out," and not talk like a hog, to which the "Dook" replied that he had not been much in the society of hogs, and had never heard them talk; and there was more banter of the kind, Tom proceeding all the while with the opening of the hamper in the midst of an excited group, who were laughing and expressing the delight they anticipated when the cake should be reached. But there was a great deal to be done before that happened, for the hamper was carefully secured to begin with, and then there were so many wrappers of brown paper, newspaper, and other paper, each tied round with a separate string, that they began at length to doubt whether it could be a cake after all. It must be something a great deal more precious, some of them argued—perhaps a box of rupees from India. Tom went on turning the parcel over, cutting the strings and unfolding the wrappers one after another, until he reached what seemed to be the nucleus. No, it could not be a cake, it was so small and heavy. He was glad of it; something more

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durable would please him better, something that he would be able to keep in remembrance of those who had sent it. Very likely it was a book, with a letter accompanying it. His fingers trembled with excitement as he unfolded the last wrapper. No, it was not a book. There was a general laugh as the enclosure was revealed, but Tom did not join it. A brick—a common red brick in all its ugliness—dropped out of his hands into the empty hamper.

"Greened at last!" cried Chaffin. But Tom did not trust himself to answer, or even to look at him. He recovered himself in a few moments, and joined in the laugh which had been raised at his expense; and leaving the brick where it was, went back to the playground, the others accompanying and condoling with him.

"It was a shame," they said, "to play a new boy such a trick as that. Tom was a 'brick' himself to take it as he did." They knew what it was to have a hamper from home, and thought it a sorry and unfeeling trick. Home was something sacred in their minds, and ought not to be joked about by other boys. It would serve Chaffin right to take him at his word and fling the "cake" at his head, and make him eat it afterwards.

Tom did not say much; he had guessed that it was Chaffin's doing; but he was angry that little Martin should have been made an agent in the deception, and induced to tell so many falsehoods about it. He got hold of him in the evening, and talked to him seriously and quietly on the subject.

"It was only in fun," Martin said; "all the fellows *green* one another when they can. It never does any harm."

"That is more than you can tell," said Tom; "it's bad in itself, that's what I want you to see."

The child was not easily convinced. He had been made the subject of many similar jokes himself. He went by the name of "Swallow" among his playfellows, not so much because his proper name was Martin as on account of the readiness he had displayed when he first came to school to *swallow* everything that was told him. Now he was aways on his guard, and got into trouble sometimes by refusing to believe what was told him in good faith. But he always got out again pretty soon, and did not suffer himself to be afflicted much about anything; a good-natured, merry, laughing boy he was, and a general favourite both with young and old.

"You did not care about it," said the boy; "you did not mind it, did you?"

Tom evaded the question; he did not like to tell any one how disappointed he had felt.

"We ought to be very particular about the truth," Tom said. "If we are careless about it and trifle with it, we may get into bad habits before we are aware. Think how many lies you told me this morning about the porter having gone away, and the carriage being paid, one after another. You may think it very clever to invent such falsehoods, but I think it very wrong. If Chaffin had come to me himself and said what you did, I should not have believed him; but I believed you at once. Of course I should not believe you again, whatever you might say."

"That would be a great shame," said Martin, looking hot and indignant. "I don't tell lies, not real ones. I would not tell a real lie for anybody."

"Well then, Swallow, if you will promise to give up greening, and telling stories for fun, I'll promise for my part to believe every word you say. Will that do?"

"Yes," said the other, thoughtfully; "I'll give it up, as you don't like it."

"That's not a good reason. You read your Bible before you go to bed, Swallow, do you not?"

"Yes; sometimes. Not always, though."

"That's the truth at all events; you could not tell a falsehood about that, could you? Well then, have you ever met with this passage: 'As a mad man who casteth firebands, arrows, and death, so is the man that deceiveth his neighbour, and saith, Am not I in sport?" Firebrands, arrows, and death! Think of that. Nobody can tell what mischief may arise from sporting with the truth. It is very difficult to say where *greening* ends and lying, real lying, as you call it, begins; they are too much alike. You are an honest boy now, Swallow, and I want you to avoid all risk of becoming anything else."

"I will, too," said the other, looking up into Tom's face seriously.

When they went in to tea, to the surprise of all except one or two, the brick was found upon the table at the place where Chaffin was accustomed to sit. He removed it immediately, but not before it had been seen by many of the boys, who did not fail to improve the circumstance as their schoolboy wit suggested, till Mr. Grantly came in, when they were obliged to be silent. But when the bell rang again for "preparation," there, in the class-room on Chaffin's desk, the brick was again to be observed, and the laughter and banter which ensued was now less restrained. Chaffin lost his temper, too, and began to abuse and threaten his tormentors.

"If I can only find out who put it here, I'll pay him for his trouble," he said.

"What do you pay per thousand for setting bricks in that style?" some one asked him.

"What am I to do with the horrid thing?" he said, without replying to the question.

"Hang it round your neck," said another, "like the albatross in the 'Ancient Mariner.'"

"Send it to your father," said a third; "it might be useful to him; he is in a large way, you know, and must want a great many bricks. Send it him in the hamper, carriage paid."

"Chaffin reminds me of Scholasticus," said a boy named Hall, one of the seniors, "sitting there with his brick before him."

"What does he say?" Chaffin asked of Piggy, who was nearest to him; "what does he mean by Scholasticus?"

"A lower modern," the senior boy explained; and again there was a laugh at the Dook's expense. "Scholasticus, you know," he continued, "was a certain clever fellow in ancient times who had a house to sell, and who carried one of the bricks with him wherever he went as a sample."

Chaffin would have told the narrator to "shut up," but it would have been dangerous to take liberties with a prepostor, being himself only a "lower mod." But silence was presently called, and they all set to work in earnest, and Chaffin was left in peace till they had finished.

But at night, after the lights were put out in the dormitories, when Chaffin was getting into bed, there was the brick once more, lying in wait for him between the sheets. He roared out as he struck his toes against it, and was still more exasperated upon hearing sounds of smothered laughter, in reply,

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from the adjoining cubicles. The brick seemed to haunt him. Was he never to be rid of it? Without stopping to consider what he was doing, he opened the little window of his cubicle and threw the offensive object away from him with all the force he could muster; it fell with a heavy crash upon some slates below, rolled over and over, rattling horribly, and then stopped.

Some one came out upon the lawn soon afterwards, and called out to know what had happened. Chaffin thought he recognised Dr. Piercey's voice, and was terribly alarmed; but he closed the window as quietly as he could, crept into bed, and pretended to be asleep. He had forgotten the building below, a corridor, by which the dormitories were connected with the head master's house; but he hoped there was no harm done, and that he had now seen the last of his enemy the brick.

The next morning, however, as soon as it was light, he peeped out, anxious to see what damage had been done to the roof below. Two or three slates were broken; that was serious enough; but that was not all. The brick had been arrested by some spouting under the eaves, and there it lay, almost on the balance, apparently, ready to fall with the first impulse upon a skylight a little lower down. A breath of wind, or a sparrow alighting on it, might be sufficient to bring on the catastrophe. And then what might be the consequences? It might even fall upon Dr. Piercey's head as he passed under it. At all events, certain and severe punishment, Chaffin felt sure, must descend upon his own.

He began to think whether it would be possible for him to recover the brick from its threatening position without being seen. A few hours before, his chief thought had been how to get rid of it; now his only care was how to regain possession of it. He vowed to himself that he would not play practical jokes again; not of this kind, at all events. It was a long way down to the roof below, and there was no level standing-place for him if he should succeed in getting there; but there was a square iron spout running down by the side of his window, with joints at intervals, upon which he could rest his feet. The descent appeared quite practicable, if he could only muster courage to attempt it. But the more he looked at the spout the less he liked it, and he sat for a long while upon the window-sill without venturing farther. Oh, how he hated that brick! There it lay, taking no notice of him, but threatening him, nevertheless, with pains and penalties which he could not endure to think of—for Chaffin was not of the stuff that heroes are made of. He gave it up at last; he could not venture; he should get out of the scrape somehow or other, he thought. Nobody had seen him throw the abominable brick down; he had only to keep his own counsel, and to deny all knowledge of it, and it would be impossible to bring the offence home to him. The step from greening to lying was not such a long one but that Chaffin could thus think of accommodating himself to it.

But while he was thus hesitating and reflecting, other boys had begun to wake up, disturbed, perhaps, by the noise which he had made, and two or three voices were heard inquiring what was "up."

Among others, Tom Howard appeared upon the scene, and looking from the window of Chaffin's cubicle, took a survey of the situation.

"It's easy enough," he said; "anybody could get down by that spout, and up again."

"I can't," said Chaffin, "but I don't care. I did not bring the thing upstairs, and those who did must take the consequences."

"You threw it out of window, at any rate," said one of them; "and if it should fall through the skylight it would be your fault. It might fall, you know, just when Dr. Piercey was passing under it; in that case his brains would be dashed out."

"Oh, nonsense!" cried Chaffin, turning deadly pale.

"It's shocking to think of," the other continued, revelling in the catastrophe suggested; "Dr. Piercey! Such a man as he is, to have his brains dashed out! And such brains, and such a lot of them! Piercey is one of the most learned and best scholars in England. It would create a sensation all through the country!"

"Never mind," said Tom, beginning to feel compassion for the unhappy Chaffin. "I'll make it all right. Stand back, you fellows."

Balancing himself for a moment on the window-sill, he grasped the iron pipe, swung himself on to it, and descended without much difficulty to the slates below. Then he crept down the slates, on all fours, till he could reach the brick, and having deposited it in a safe place, made his way back again to the spout and began to climb it. He was active and fearless, and had not lost the agility acquired on board ship on his voyage from India, and recently exercised again in the Neptune. But it was a harder task to climb up than to descend; and when he had reached the level of the dormitory window the most perilous part of the exploit remained to be accomplished. The boys stretched out their hands to help him in his passage from the spout to the window-sill; but his nerve did not fail, and bidding them stand aside he "lay out," as he would have called it, till he could get a firm hold of the window-frame, and in another moment was safe inside the dormitory.

Two of the monitors had been aroused by this time and had witnessed the feat.

"Well," said one of them, "you are a plucky little fellow, and as active as a monkey. But don't you know, young sir, that this is against all rules. No boy is allowed to enter another's cubicle. There is no law against climbing down the spout, I believe, for that was never contemplated; but I shall have to report you for what you have done."

"I am very sorry," said Tom. "I did not intend to do anything wrong. I won't do it again."

"I must report you," said the monitor. "Mr. Grantly will do as he thinks proper. I shall tell him how it all happened; and look here; you must go into training for the athletics next term; you must win a prize or two, do you hear?"

Tom was reported, but Mr. Grantly was not very angry with him. He sent for Chaffin, however, and told him that if he ever got that new boy into trouble again he would send him up to the head master for punishment, and that he had better give up trying to "green" others, for there was not a greater blockhead in the school than himself. Any idiot could tell a lie, or play practical jokes; but if he had any regard for his own skin he had better avoid such practices. And Chaffin, who had expected that he should get into trouble for breaking the slates, and who did not know that Tom Howard had begged him off, only answered, "Yes, sir; no, sir; yes, sir; thank you, sir," and went his way.

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A DESERTED INDIAN CAMP.

SOME little time ago, in looking through a bundle of Vancouver's Island newspapers, I was struck by the mention of a name well remembered in many parts of South America, and familiar to me when residing in that part of the world. Towards the close of 1860, a Peruvian ship, the Florencia, capsized at sea, and among the lives lost was a Dr. Baillie, who had taken passage for a visit to Callao. The Vancouver's Island papers expressed the deep sorrow of the whole community for the loss of one of the oldest and most respected residents. Although not known to fame by any noted services or published works, he was a remarkable man, and a worthy example of the Scotchmen who by talents and character occupy a conspicuous place in many regions of the globe. A few incidents in his life seem worthy of record.

Thomas Bissett Baillie, youngest son of General Baillie, of Carnbroe, Lanarkshire, was born in 1806. After attending the High School at Edinburgh, he studied medicine at the University, and received his diploma as surgeon and degree as doctor when still a very young man. An intense wish to travel made him gladly seize an opportunity of going out to Buenos Ayres. From thence he sailed in a Buenos Ayrean ship of war to Patagonia, a country then very little known, and it was in the various explorations he then made through that strange land that his zest for travel was strengthened. On returning to Buenos Ayres he established himself there as a physician, and gained a high character, both in his profession and for his moral, social, and intellectual qualities. He married Margaret, third daughter of Captain William Anderson, 71st Highlanders, a marriage which brought much domestic happiness.

A grateful patient, whom he had attended through a dangerous illness, on his recovery made Dr. Baillie a present of a slave named José Maria, to whom he at once gave his liberty. José proved worthy of the gift, serving his master well and faithfully, accompanying him in all his wanderings—and they were many—through much of South America, over the Andes topped with perpetual snows, through valleys, across the immense pampas and torrid plains. Dr. Baillie was a first-rate botanist and geologist, and he explored with untiring zeal, and, better than this, never lost an opportunity of doing acts of Christian kindness and charity, for his was a beautiful unselfish character. In the memoranda of Dr. Baillie's life, which I have before me, and which are worthy of being made into a biography, I find many striking adventures of travel; from these I extract here only a few which seem most interesting.

In the year 1834, General Francisco de Santa Cruz, then president of the Bolivian Republic, and a special friend of Dr. Baillie, sent him on an exploring expedition into the interior of Bolivia, to report on the mineral and botanical wealth of that country. Dr. Baillie had established his head-quarters at Coroico, the chief town in the province of the Yungas, then in a very wild state, now cleared and much cultivated, and producing, it is said, the best coffee in the world. In this town he left his wife and young children and started on his exploring journey across the Sierra da Cruz into the valley of the Yungas, accompanied by a great friend of his, Padre Antonio, his faithful José, two Indian guides, and four muleteers. Padre Antonio was a Roman Catholic priest, who, though widely differing from the doctor in religious belief, was, like him, full of kindly Christian charity. He was a man of much intelligence, who had mixed a great deal with the Indian tribes, and spoke the Chiquita language taught them by the Jesuit missionaries, and would therefore prove a good auxiliary in the new country.

During their travels Dr. Baillie discovered many rare plants, and fully ascertained that immense mineral wealth lay beneath the soil.

One day the travellers found themselves unexpectedly on what had been an Indian camp, which at first sight seemed quite deserted, but the marks of recent camp fires showed that the Indians had not long left it. The guides were questioned, and they decided that this tribe of Indians were not only warlike and fierce, but also cannibals. Dr. Baillie ordered a halt, and began an inspection of the various bamboo huts. Passing one, he heard a deep groan, and entering, found a poor Indian woman, lying on the ground, apparently dying of malignant small-pox. By her side was a jar of water and some pieces of coarse corn bread, but she had not strength to touch either. The good doctor administered some medicine to her, and placed her, with José's assistance, on a heap of palm leaves. A quiet sleep soon succeeded the agony of the disease. A further search discovered over twenty sick men and women, and more than a dozen dead bodies, principally those of youths and children. The fearful and much-dreaded small-pox had broken out in the encampment, and the chief of the tribe had decreed an immediate abandonment of it, leaving the dying and the dead.

Dr. Baillie at once determined that here was the best work for him to do. He was bound, it was true, on scientific exploration, but this he would postpone, and remain with these poor suffering creatures to relieve and cure them if possible.

The Indian guides were panic-stricken, and fled, and the muleteers, fearful of infection, would render no assistance, but kept, with their mules, at some distance from the encampment. Two of these Dr. Baillie sent back to Coroico for necessaries and more medicines; and, with the good Padre and José, out of the materials of the deserted huts, and with boughs and branches of trees, he then made up two large huts. Into one of these they carefully moved such of the poor women as could be moved, and into the second the men, making them all as comfortable as possible on beds of grass and leaves. Though having lived at this time for many years in the tropics, Dr. Baillie had lost none of the physical activity of his northern race, and was able to do double the work

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of his willing helpers, the Padre and José. They continued their work of mercy till sunset, and then, by the clear moonlight, opened a large grave and buried therein the forsaken dead.

Next morning, after seeing to the wants of the patients, Dr. Baillie and José followed the trail of the fugitive Indians, and found several victims to the disease who had been abandoned. They brought them back to their hospital, but with great difficulty, as the poor Indians feared being taken by a white man, and even more by a black one. All fears, however, were soon replaced by loving trust in their good friends. And the spot was a beautiful one: a wide valley, fringed by wooded hills rich in all the gorgeous foliage of the tropics, a stream flowing near, and lofty snow-capped mountains in the distance. Through many weeks the good doctor and priest and José laboured indefatigably among their patients with the pleasant reward of seeing many of them recover health and strength, and leave rejoicing to join their tribe, and with the trial of having to dig several graves in that lonely encampment. The most tedious and difficult case was that of the first poor woman the doctor had found, whose name was Zuga, but his skill and care brought her through the illness, and she, too, left with vehement regret and protestations of love and gratitude. Dr. Baillie at parting gave her a small silver brooch, and the Padre a small crucifix.

After this occurrence, some years passed on, and Dr. Baillie was again on an exploring expedition in the interior of Bolivia, accompanied by his faithful José and the usual guides. One day, being very much absorbed in botanical researches, he wandered from his companions, and, without any warning, was surrounded and taken prisoner by some Indians. José, soon missing his dear master, went in search of him, and was seized, too, by the same Indians. The guides took alarm, mounted their mules, and escaped. When evening came, the party started for the mountains, having placed the doctor and José on led horses, to which they were tied, and travelled on until sunrise, halted during the heat of the day, and again went on in the evening. And so they travelled for some days, treating their prisoners with kindness, carefully watching them, but allowing them free communication with each other. Their way lay through primeval forests, across plains, great patches covered with the pampas grass, and through lonely valleys, the mountain streams now and then forming picturesque lakes. Dr. Baillie, an intense lover of the beautiful in nature, felt fascinated by the scenery, and, notwithstanding his critical position, gave vent to his admiration to José, who only responded by a groan and a muttered wish that they were safely back in Coroico. They arrived at their destination, an Indian encampment, late at night, and next morning early the doctor and José were led before the chief of the tribe, and surrounded by a large crowd of Indians, all eagerly examining the white and black man. The captive doctor tried to assume an indifference he did not feel, for the prospect was anything but pleasant, and life was especially dear to him for the sake of the loved ones he had left. Dr. Baillie respectfully saluted the chief, who, in a stentorian voice, loudly asked his name. Why savage nations, as well as their civilised brethren, will use very loud tones when speaking their language to strangers to this day remains to be explained. The doctor replied in the Chiquita language, "I am Thomas Bissett Baillie, a doctor in medicine." There was a murmur in the crowd, and an old woman came forward and close up to him, scanned him eagerly, put up her hand and raised the hair off his forehead. "She is the cook," thought the poor doctor; "she is examining if I am fit to kill and eat." Then she clasped her hands, and, raising the end of Dr. Baillie's cloak, laid her cheek on it and wailed forth some unknown mutterings. Then suddenly turning, she threw herself on the ground before the chief and spoke to him in imploring tones. A fierce shout came from the Indians, who all crowded round Dr. Baillie and José. Their situation was no way enviable; several of the oldest among the tribe prostrated themselves, too, before the chief, and the doctor thought his doom was sealed. But astonishment soon drove fear away when the chief advanced to him, and, taking his hand, made him squat on his rug (a rough skin), and signed to José to keep near him, and offered both some cacoa leaves to chew. Some Indian drinks and prepared food were then brought, and the chief ate and drank with them, and then the doctor knew he could trust his captors. After the meal they were led to a hut and told to rest in peace. The woman followed them, and drew from a fold in her dress Dr. Baillie's brooch, and, pointing to the small-pox marks on her face, said, "Zuga!" and then he recognised his first patient in the deserted encampment. She called several others whom he had cured, who came and bowed low before the doctor, and laid their faces on the end of his cloak. Next day a grand and noisy feast—Indian fashion—was held in honour of the two, and the day after the doctor and José had each beautiful horses, "saddled" and bridled, presented to them, and they were told to mount. They gladly did so after going round and making their adieu to the chief and to poor Zuga and their other acquaintances, many of whom accompanied them all the day, leading by turns their horses. The chief sent guides with provisions, who did not leave them till they arrived safely at the well-known roads near Coroico.

As long as Dr. Baillie continued to reside in Coroico, very often in the early mornings, when the door leading to the street was opened, piles of delicious fruits, rolls of tobacco, and skins of animals were found placed there during the night-time, tributes of gratitude from the poor savage but grateful Indians.

In those days revolutions were of everyday occurrence in the then, and even now, unsettled States of South America. During one of these, Dr. Baillie, crossing the pampas from Cordova to Buenos Ayres, was taken prisoner, together with José, his sole attendant, and condemned to be shot, by a stray party of revolutionary soldiers, who mistook him for one of the party opposed to them from the colour of the lining of his poncho (cloak), which was blue. No explanation or remonstrance would these infuriated soldiers listen to. The doctor was tied to a tree and condemned to be shot in an hour. Poor José was allowed to stay near him, but had his hands tied. The soldiers came round examining his clothes, his watch, and settling that they should draw lots for each article; they then left him, and busied themselves preparing their evening meal, and in bringing together the horses to bivouac. A single soldier approached Dr. Baillie and pretended to be carefully examining his clothes; he spoke in a low voice, "Señor Doctor, I well remember you. You saved my leg from being cut off

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in the hospital of Coroico nearly two years ago; you watched me like a brother. See, I cut your cords half though. I will let your horses loose. I will free your servant too. Fly for your life." Then the soldier went to José and appeared to examine his clothes too, and cut the rope partly through that bound his hands. He then led the two horses away, as if to water them; and going through the brushwood stealthily, he fired off a pistol. Up jumped such of the soldiers as were seated, off ran those that were standing, all with their fire-arms, in the direction of the shot. With a wrench and a bound, Dr. Baillie freed himself, so did José. They mounted in "hot haste," and escaped. When that revolution was put down, and before another succeeded it, Dr. Baillie made every inquiry for the grateful soldier, but never could find a trace of him.

The good doctor was beloved and respected by all who knew him, and I give one more anecdote to illustrate this. Mrs. Baillie, travelling in the Argentines on her return to her home at Buenos Ayres with her young family and servants, all well mounted, met a party of soldiers, who stopped her, and ordered her to give up the horses for the Government. She had no help for it, so she dismounted, and began taking her children down. One of them, a sturdy little girl, boldly refused to be moved, and screamed and kicked. The officer in command advanced to aid Mrs. Baillie, and seeing the child, he was struck with its likeness to the father. Bowing low, he asked, "Do I address Señora Baillie? Then indeed the wife and children of my dear doctor and friend are safe;" and he sent soldiers to protect her on her way.

Dr. Baillie and his family removed from South America and settled in Vancouver's Island, where he led a most useful and happy life. One who knew him intimately during those years described him as "so benevolent, so sweet-tempered, so self-sacrificing, and so clever, with a deep sense of religion."

He left Port Townshend, Washington Territory, on the 10th November, 1860, on board the Peruvian ship Florencia, intending a speedy return to his home. On the night of the 12th, a violent storm came on suddenly and the vessel capsized. And how was Dr. Baillie found at his last moments? True to his principles of Christian love and duty, trying to aid and save another life, he nobly lost his own. A passenger on board the Florencia, Captain Baker, visited Mrs. Baillie some months after the wreck, and told her how it had occurred. The Florencia carried a heavy deck-load of timber. On the gale springing up a mast fell, striking the captain of the vessel on the head, rendering him insensible. Dr. Baillie helped to convey him at once to his cabin below, and was trying restoratives, when the second mast sprung. Captain Baker, seeing the imminent danger, ran to the cabin door calling out "Dr. Baillie, save yourself." He saw the good doctor put his arms round the captain, evidently trying to save him; the second mast went down with a crash, the vessel turned over, and the good life ended in a noble death.

NATURAL HISTORY ANECDOTES.

THE KINGFISHER.

On many streams, and especially those which flow through fertile meads and abound in fish, the kingfisher may be met with, glancing backward and forward like a meteor, dazzling by the brilliancy of its hues as they flash in the sun. Often may it be seen poising itself at a moderate degree of elevation over the water, and then darting with astonishing rapidity and suddenness upon some unwary trout or minnow, deep beneath the surface, but which is seldom missed by its assailant, so impetuous is the plunge, and so aided is the bird, in passing through the water, by its acutely wedge-shaped contour of body, and by its burnished plumage. Its ordinary way, however, of watching for its victims, is for it to sit with dogged patience on a branch or tree, or rocky projection overhanging the stream, whence, in silence and alone, it watches every occurrence in the watery element below. Should its prey appear within reach, down it descends instantaneously like a shot, the crystal water scarcely bubbling with the plunge; the next moment it rises up, bearing its prey in its beak, and returns to its resting-place again. The bird now commences the destruction of its captive; without losing its hold, it passes the fish between its mandibles till it has it grasped fairly by the tail, and then ends its struggles by beating its head against the branch on which it sits; it next reverses its position, and swallows it head foremost, or if it have young, bears it away to its ravenous brood.

Though the kingfisher may be often found near the haunts of man, still it prefers lonely and secluded places where it may pursue its instinctive habits without interruption. Its mate is its only companion, and both labour assiduously in the support of their young. The place chosen for incubation is a steep precipitous or overhanging bank, in which, at some distance above the water, they either form or seize upon a burrow extending about three feet deep, at the e t emity of which, without making any nest, the female lays her eggs, about five in number, of a beautiful pinky white. After the young are hatched, it is not long before they are surrounded with a circular mound of disgorged fish-bones (for, like hawks and owls, the kingfisher re-casts the indigestible parts of its food), which has led some to suppose that it was of fish-bones that the nest was constructed; such, however, is not the case. The young, almost as soon as fledged, acquire the brilliant plumage of the adult. This is essentially necessary; for in plunging into the water in order to gain its subsistence, the kingfisher absolutely needs this burnished surface for the purpose of throwing off the fluid, and thereby preventing the plumage from becoming saturated. After quitting the nest, the young are led to some secure resting-place, where, clamorous for food, they tax the industry of their active parents; they are, however, soon able to fish for themselves. When winter drives the finny tenants of the rivers to deep and sheltered bottoms, the kingfishers leave the shallow inland streams and pass towards the coast, frequenting dykes and the mouths of rivers, especially on our southern shores, and return inland with the spring.

Mr. Edward, the Banff naturalist, has described his first sight of the kingfisher. "What a beautiful bird! What a sparkling gem of nature! Resplen-

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THE KINGFISHER'S HAUNT.

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dent in plumage and gorgeous in colour—from the bright turquoise blue to the deepest green, and the darker shades of copper and gold." Edward was on a nesting excursion, with some little fellows like himself, along the braes of the Don, and at some distance above the Auld Brig, when he first saw this lustrous bird. "I was greatly taken," he says, "with its extraordinary beauty, and much excited by seeing it dive into the stream. I thought it would drown itself, and that its feathers would eventually become so clogged with water that it would not be able to fly. Had this happened—which, of course, it did not—my intention was to have plunged in to the rescue, when, as a matter of course, I would have claimed the prize as my reward. Thus buoyed up, I wandered up and down the river after the bird, until the shades of even came down and forced me to give up the pursuit; and I then discovered, having continued the chase so long, that I was companionless, and had to return home alone."

THE EAGLE.

From the earliest historical period to the present day the eagle has been extolled as the king of birds. Two special characteristics have often been ascribed to her—namely, devotion to her young and strength of vision. When young, the many allusions to the eagle with which I met inspired me with a strong desire to verify my reading on these points. I was not aware that poetical allusions might not correspond with facts, nor that the eagle of my acquaintance might be a different branch of the eagle family. Having no doubts on these points to cool my enthusiasm, I ventured much and spent much time for years in watching the royal bird. I had no idea of recording the result. I had no acquaintance but would have laughed at my folly. But I enjoyed it, and for any one like-minded I now record the facts, as they are to me fresh as yesterday.

In the most westerly of the Shetland group of islands, a perpendicular cliff, said to be 1,200 feet high, fronts the north-west. A projection at its base rises some 400 feet from the ocean. On the top of this projection a pair of eagles had their nest from time out of mind. Here they yearly reared one or two young eaglets. The nest, being unprotected, was quite visible from the top of the cliff. Here was a splendid opportunity to test the power of her eye. Whenever I appeared on the top of the cliff the eagle tumbled over the cliff off her nest. My eye never once caught her sitting. About nine a.m., with a bright sun, his rays must dash over the cliff with blinding effect to an eye looking up as towards the top of the cliff from the eagle's point of view. The whole 800 feet between me and the eagle's nest was one constant swarm of birds on the wing. Sheep were grazing on the very brink. Fancy such a scene on such a bright morning! I have a spot marked from which the nest is directly visible. I prostrate myself on the ground and crawl to the spot. When there, raise my head until my eye is in a line with the nest —a blazing sun behind me. It is of no use. I simply see her tumble off the nest. Disguise as I might, her eye caught the top of my head, and knew it to be human at a glance, and right in the teeth of a bright morning sun!

One fine morning in May I was seated on the top of a high hill fronting the sea towards the east—for one of my strange freaks when a boy was to climb the highest hill early to see the sun rise, nor can I ever forget the pleasurable sensation felt as I saw him, on a tranquil morning, rise as if from beneath the ocean—an eagle was high above me, as if fixed in space. I was looking on him, when all at once he put himself in the attitude of darting on his prey, and, like an arrow from the bow, rushed away towards the sea, and was soon invisible. In a little time I saw a flock of gulls in great commotion, moving towards the shore. By-and-by I could discern the eagle coming a space before them heavily-laden. The place where I first saw the gulls was at least three miles from the shore. The object caught by the eagle was a fish. From his position above me to the fish could not be less than four miles. I was struck with it at the time as an illustration of keen vision from great distance, though it has occurred to me since that he may have felt hungry and rushed to a part of the sea which from previous experience he knew to be likely to give him a meal.

On the other point—her devotion to her young—I became intensely interested. Old men were consulted as to whether her nest had ever been reached from above or below, and their testimony was, it had, but not for generations back. I am afraid this report had no deterrent effect, as now the only question was, Shall it be attempted from the base or from the top? The base seemed the most likely, and so, one fine day, with a smooth sea, the bold attempt was made. A boat was rowed to the foot of the cliff, when three fearless youths stepped ashore, leaving an old man to keep the boat, as there was no spot on which to land it. These three, stripped almost naked—clothes being dangerous accompaniments in such undertakings—commenced the perilous ascent of 400 feet. The course was one of much zigzagging, and often a finger and a toe had to bear the whole strain; but after two hours arduous efforts the patch of green on the top was reached, where a hand-to-hand conflict with the eagles was anticipated. Here was the eagle's nest, containing two young eaglets, each about the size of a common hen. The nest stood in the centre of an apparently excavated circle a fathom across each way. An immense heap of sticks and bones formed its base, then lambs'-skins and birds'-skins, with the bones of each, and on the top of all the real nest, tastefully lined with wool, and of a size to be filled by the parent bird while hatching. All around the nest lay the remnants of lambs, ducks, guillemots, etc. And now for the anticipated conflict. But no; both the parents were there, and saw their young ones taken from the nest; heard their cries, too, for they were pinched, and otherwise treated roughly. They contented themselves by loudly protesting at a safe distance of several hundred yards. An old flint-lock of light dimensions had been dragged up in the hope of doing execution on them at close quarters for lambs and ducks carried off. Probably they were aware of this, as all ravenous birds seem to know firearms. Be that true or not, the descent had to be made, with only the young eaglets as trophies, if I except a few other birds taken on the way. The descent was much more difficult than the ascent, but it was managed in safety. The young eaglets were brought home alive and presented to a stranger gentleman then on the island. This led to a market for hens on which to feed them while he stayed. He took them away with him, and here my knowledge of them ends.

The parent birds never again occupied the same

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nest. In after years they tried one new place after another, but misfortune followed them, until, from old age or some cause, they gave up breeding. It is a remarkable fact that they never allowed their young to remain on the island. Every year in harvest they drove off their young with merciless violence. They are now bleaching with age, childless and sad. They are of the white-tailed species—fish-eagle.

L. FRASER.

Walls, Shetland.

GULLS.

While some birds cannot live except in the same element and on one kind of diet, gulls seem at home anywhere, and can live on almost all kinds of food. The following remarks will be confined to several species of the gull tribe, which I have carefully observed in both a wild and tame state, the internal formation of which I have often examined.

Clothed with a mass of close feathers, the gulls appear larger than they are in reality, as seen when on ample slowly-flapping pinions they sail along in a circling course, intent on the waves beneath. Rapid though their flight undoubtedly is, their powers are rather calculated for endurance, and the ease with which they make their way. Opposing the head in a direct line to the wind, they ride out the severest tempest, and the higher and rougher the waves, the more abundantly is their prey brought within reach. All gulls prefer a fish diet, but gulls cannot dive to get below the surface. The gull must rise on the wing, and drive herself into the water by main force. She is thus denied the power of selection which the diver possesses, and must take hold where she can, provided the fish is not too large to swallow. In the season when her brood is growing this would prove a serious drawback on the parents' efficiency, but for an internal provision. Fish do not always rise to the surface. At certain seasons of the year, and in severe weather at any season, fish usually swim deep in the water, and give the surface fishers no chance. At such times the gull must depend on shell-fish exposed along the shores by the ebbing tide; and here, too, the gull seems placed at a disadvantage. The crow, if fortunate to find a shell-fish, rises with it into the air, letting it fall on a stone, whereby the shell is broken and the fish easily obtained; but the gull either does not know of this plan or considers it a waste of means, as she invariably swallows the shell-fish whole. But shells are indigestible even for a gull.

The gull, if fortunate to catch a small bird (at a pinch any thing that can go down is acceptable), does not pick its bones like the crow, but swallows it entire, and feathers are as indigestible in their way as shells. Further, the gull, if very hungry, will feed on grain for a time, and seem none the worse, while a bird with a stomach adapted to masticate animal food only could derive no benefit from grain, but positive harm.

The gull may be said to have three stomachs. The first stomach begins at the mouth, or mandibles, extending to the entrance at the breast, where the second, or stomach proper, begins, and which terminates in the third, or gizzard. The entrance at the mouth is more than twice the size of the entrance to the other, so that a fish or other object too large to enter the second stomach is safely swallowed and retained in the first, either till reduced so as to pass easily, or to be vomited when required to feed young ones. Shell-fish are retained in the first stomach until the fish is wasted out of the shells, which are then vomited.

A small bird is retained in the same way, till only the feathers and harder bones remain, and these are thrown up in like manner. And so with every other indigestible substance taken along with food; it never goes into the second stomach, except grain. These, after a time in the first stomach, pass on through the second to the gizzard, there to be pounded into nourishment for the bird.

The advantages of this remarkable provision in the gull are no doubt many, but the following is instructive and clear. I have seen a gull come to her nest, and vomit a big fish for her young gulls. In less than a minute she swallowed the fish, flew to a projecting crag in sight of her nest, and sat down for half an hour, after which she flew back and vomited the fish to her hungry family. Now this strange proceeding was simply a necessity. A fresh fish will not pick easily off the bones, and the beak of young gulls is soft. The fish in the case before us had been too short a time in the parent's stomach to be easily devoured by the young gulls. Besides, herring is the common fish obtained, and herrings have more or less oil below the skin and about the fins. This oil is very hurtful for young birds—makes them sick and miserable; but a short time in the first stomach of the old gull extracts this oil, sending it on to the second stomach to feed the parent, while the fish is not only rendered more wholesome for her family, but she can afford to give them the whole of it, being herself sustained by the extract. In feeding tame gulls I had to avoid herring diet, although I knew it was much valued by parent gulls; and I failed, as I at last discovered, because I could not extract the sickening oil without spoiling the fish. The process of mastication in the first stomach of the gull is not a little remarkable. Take for example a small bird. The second day after the gull has swallowed it she vomits an object round as a bobbin, about a inch and a half long, or it may be two inches, and tapering to one end like a neatly-formed plug. When this is dry, as it is soon, examine it. It is a compound of feathers, with the legs, feet, bill, and a bit or two of the harder wing bones of the bird carefully folded in the centre. During the time since the bird was swallowed a ceaseless process has been going on to convert the bird into a pulp, and send it on to the second stomach. But the entrance to the second stomach is small, hence a process like whittling a plug—only the reduction goes on in the centre of the plug, not on the surface—until every thing nutritious is extracted, and then the refuse is at once rejected. This process is evidently enjoyed by the bird all the time.

Now, suppose you give a gull fish while the bird is unexhausted in her maw. She takes the fish readily, and apparently the bird lies in her stomach neglected until the fish is disposed of, and then the bird is put into the mill afresh and finished, the only difference being a day later ere the feathery stopper is thrown up.

If a gull is in difficulties she at once throws out the contents of her first stomach—never what has passed on to the second. Does nature anticipate such difficulties by a *press of work* in the first stomach with the object of having its contents stowed away in the second as soon as possible? L. FRASER.

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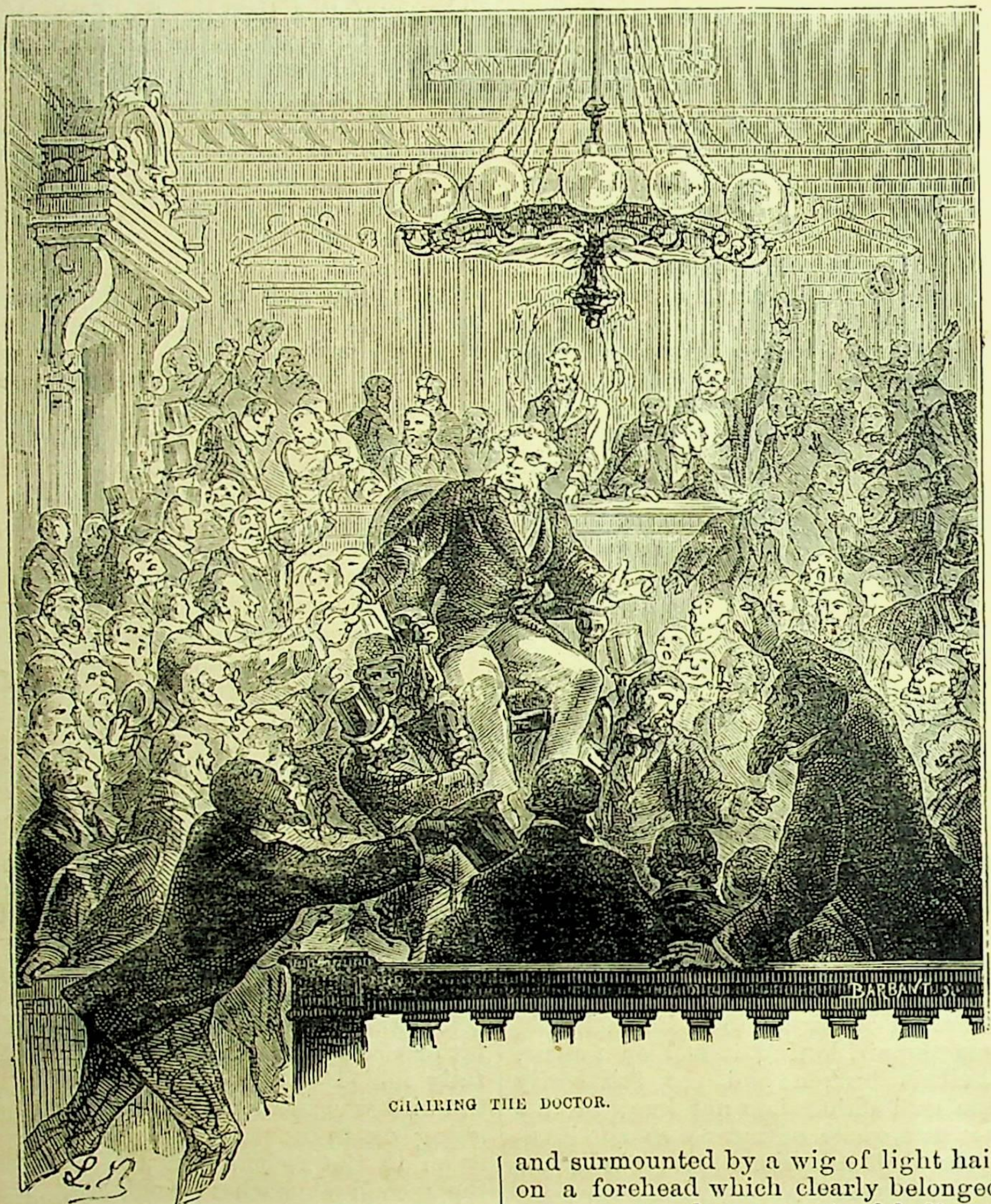
THE BEGUM'S FORTUNE.

BY JULES VERNE.

CHAPTER III.—EFFECT OF AN ITEM OF NEWS.



CHAIRING THE DOCTOR.

On entering the hall, where the fourth meeting of the Hygienic Conference was being held, Dr. Sarrasin was conscious that he was received with unusual tokens of respect. The Right Honourable Lord Glandover, the president, and chairman of the assembly, had not hitherto condescended to appear conscious of the existence of the French doctor.

This nobleman was an august personage, whose part it was to declare the conference open or closed, and, from a list placed before him, to call upon the various speakers who were to address the meeting.

He habitually carried his right hand in the breast of his buttoned coat, not that it had received an injury and needed support, but only because it was usual among English sculptors to represent statesmen in this inconvenient attitude.

His pale smooth face, marked with red blotches, and surmounted by a wig of light hair brushed high on a forehead which clearly belonged to an empty pate, possessed an aspect of ludicrous stiffness and foolish gravity. Lord Glandover might have been made of wood or pasteboard, so stiff and unnatural were all his movements. His very eyes appeared to turn beneath their brows by intermittent jerks, like those of a doll or puppet.

The notice hitherto bestowed on Dr. Sarrasin by Lord Glandover had amounted to no more than a slight and patronising bow. It seemed to say, "Good morning, poor man; you are one of those who support your insignificant existence by making insignificant experiments with insignificant machines. How condescending I am to notice a being so far beneath me in the scale of creation! You may sit down, poor man, beneath the shadow of my nobility."

But on the present occasion Lord Glandover smiled most graciously upon Dr. Sarrasin as he

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entered, and even carried his courtesy so far as to invite him by a sign to be seated at his right hand. The other members of the conference all rose when he appeared on the platform.

Considerably astonished by a reception so flattering, Dr. Sarrasin took the chair offered to him, concluding that, on further consideration, his invention had been found of much greater importance than his scientific brethren had at first supposed. But this illusion vanished when Lord Glandover, leaning towards him with a spinal contortion of his body, whispered in his ear,

"I understand that you are a man of very considerable property. They tell me you are worth twenty-one million pounds sterling."

This was said almost in a tone of reproach, as though his lordship felt aggrieved at having lightly treated the equivalent in flesh and blood of a sum of money so vast.

His look and tone seemed to say, "Why was I not made aware of this? It really is very unfair to expose one to the awkwardness of making such mistakes!"

Dr. Sarrasin, who could not in conscience have said he "was worth" a penny more than he had been at the last meeting, was wondering how the news should have already become known, when Dr. Ovidius, of Berlin, who sat next him, said with a false and faint smile,

"Why, Sarrasin, you are as great a man as any of the Rothschilds!—so the 'Daily Telegraph' makes out. Let me congratulate you."

He handed the doctor a copy of the paper of Thursday. Among the items of news was to be seen the following paragraph, the composition of which plainly revealed its authorship.

"A Monster Heritage.—The legitimate heir to the fortune of the late Begum Gokool has at length been discovered, thanks to the indefatigable researches of Messrs. Billows, Green, and Sharp, solicitors, 94, Southampton Row, London.

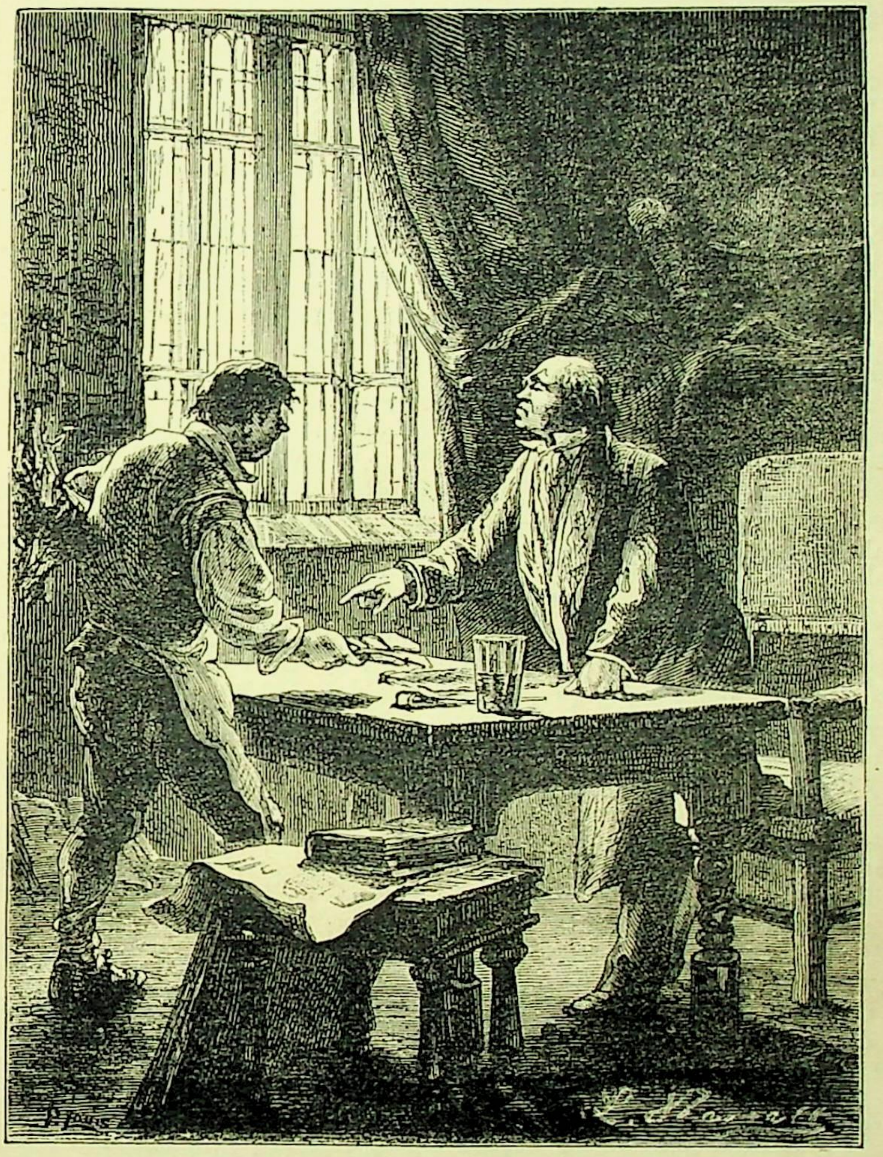
"The fortunate possessor of £21,000,000 sterling, now deposited in the Bank of England, is a Frenchman, Dr. Sarrasin, whose able paper, communicated at the Brighton Scientific Conference, was reported in this journal three days ago.

"By dint of a course of strenuous efforts, and amid difficulties and adventures forming in themselves a perfect romance, Mr. Sharp has succeeded in proving indisputably that Dr. Sarrasin is the sole living descendant of Jean Jacques Langévol, the second husband of the Begum Gokool.

"This soldier of fortune was, it appears, a native of the town of Bar-le-Duc in France.

"A few matters of form only require to be gone through in order to place Dr. Sarrasin in full possession of his fortune. A petition to that effect has been filed in Chancery.

"Very remarkable is the chain of circumstance by which the treasure accumulated by a long line of Indian Rajahs is laid at the feet of a French physician. The fickle goddess might have exhibited the indiscretion she so frequently displays in the disposal of her gifts, but on this occasion she has, we are glad to say, bestowed this prodigious fortune on one who will not fail to make a good use of his wealth."



PROFESSOR SCHULTZ AND HIS MAN.

Oddly enough, as many might think, Dr. Sarrasin was vexed to see his news made public. He not only foresaw the many annoyances it would entail upon him, he also felt humbled by the importance people seemed to attach to the event. He himself, personally, appeared to dwindle into insignificance before the imposing figures which denoted his capital. He was inly conscious that his own personal merits, and all he had ever accomplished, were already, even in the eyes of those who knew him best, sunk in this ocean of gold and silver.

His friends no longer saw in him the enthusiastic experimentalist, the ingenious inventor, the acute philosopher; they saw only the great millionaire.

Had he been a humped-backed dwarf, an ignorant Hottentot, the lowest specimen of humanity, instead of one of its most intelligent representatives, his value would have been the same as Lord Glandover had

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expressed it, he "was worth" henceforth just £21,000,000, no more and no less.

This idea sickened him, and the crowd of members, staring with a searching if not a scientific curiosity to see how a millionaire looked, remarked with surprise that a shade of melancholy gathered on the countenance under examination.

This, however, was only a passing weakness.

The magnitude of the object to which he had resolved to dedicate his unexpected fortune rose suddenly before him, and his serenity was restored.

He waited until Dr. Stevenson, of Glasgow, had finished reading a paper on the education of young idiots, and then requested leave to make a communication.

It was instantly granted by Lord Glandover, although the name of Dr. Ovidius stood next on the list. By the marked tone of his voice he indicated that he would have done so had the whole conference objected, or had all the learned men in Europe protested with one accord against such a piece of favouritism.

"Gentlemen," said Dr. Sarrasin, "it was my intention to wait for a few days before informing you of the singular chance which has befallen me, and of the happy consequences which may result to science from this event. But, the fact having become public, it would seem mere affectation were I now to delay speaking of it, and placing it in its proper light.

"Yes, gentlemen, it is true that a large sum of money—a sum amounting to many millions—now deposited in the Bank of England, appears to be legally my property.

"Need I tell you that, such being the case, I consider myself simply as a steward, entrusted with this wealth for the use and benefit of science? (Immense sensation.) This treasure belongs not to me, but to humanity—to progress!" (Great commotion—exclamations—applause. The whole assembly, electrified by this announcement, rise *en masse.*)

"Do not applaud me, gentlemen; I know not one man of science worthy of the name who, in my place, would not do what it is my desire to do.

"It is possible that some may attribute to me motives of vanity and self-love in this matter rather than of genuine devotedness. (No, no!) It matters little. Let us look to the results.

"I declare, then, definitively, and without reservation, that the £21,000,000 placed in my hands belongs not to me, but to science! Will you, gentlemen, undertake the management and distribution of it?

"I have not sufficient confidence in my own knowledge to undertake the sole disposal of such a sum. I appoint you as trustees; you yourselves shall decide on the best means of employing all the treasure." (Tumultuous applause—great excitement—general enthusiasm.)

The whole assembly stood up—some members, in the fever of excitement, mounted on the table. Professor Turnbull, of Aberdeen, appeared on the verge of apoplexy. Dr. Cicogna, of Naples, was ready to choke.

Lord Glandover alone maintained the serene and dignified composure befitting his rank. He was perfectly convinced that Dr. Sarrasin intended the whole thing as a pleasant jest, without the smallest ntention of actually carrying out so extravagant a scheme.

When quiet was in some measure restored, the speaker continued,—

"If I may be permitted to suggest what it would be easy to develop and bring to perfection, I would beg to propose the following plan."

The assembly, recovering its composure, listened with reverential attention.

"Gentlemen, among the many causes of the sickness, misery, and death which surround us, is one to which I think it reasonable to attach great importance; and that is, the deplorable sanitary conditions under which the greater part of mankind exists.

"Multitudes are massed together in towns and in dwellings, where they are often deprived of light and air, the two elements most necessary to life.

"These agglomerations of humanity become the hotbeds of fever and infection, and even those who escape death are tainted with disease; they are feeble and useless members of society, which thereby suffers great and serious loss, instead of deriving priceless advantage from their healthful and vigorous labour.

Why, gentlemen, should we not, in an effort to remedy this sore evil, try the most powerful of all means of persuasion—that of example?

"Why should we not, by uniting the powers of our minds, produce the plan of a model city, based upon strictly scientific principles? (Cries of Hear, hear.) Why should we not afterwards devote our capital to the erection of such a city, and then present it to the world as a practical illustration of what all cities ought to be?" (Hear, hear, and thunders of applause.)

The members, in transports of admiration, shook hands, and congratulated each other; then, surrounding Dr. Sarrasin, they seized upon his chair, raised him up, and bore him triumphantly round the hall.

"Gentlemen," continued the doctor, on being permitted to resume his place, "to this city, which every one of us can already picture in imagination, and which may shortly become a reality, to this city of health and happiness we will call universal attention by descriptions, translated into all the languages of the earth; we will invite visitors from every nation; we will offer it as a home and refuge for honest families forced to emigrate from over-populated countries.

"Those unfortunate people also who are driven into exile by foreign conquest (can you wonder, gentlemen, that I think of them?) will find with us employment for their activity, and scope for their intelligence, while they will enrich our colony by their moral virtue and intellectual strength—possessions of far higher value than gold or precious stones.

"We will found great colleges where youth will be trained and educated in principles based on the truest wisdom, so as to develop and justly balance their moral, physical, and intellectual faculties, thus preparing future generations of strong and virtuous men."

No language can describe the tumult of enthusiasm which followed this communication. For at least a quarter of an hour the hall resounded with a storm of cheering and hurrahs.

Dr. Sarrasin sat down, and Lord Glandover, once more leaning towards him, murmured in his ear with a knowing wink,—

"Not a bad speculation that! What a revenue you would draw from the tolls—eh? The thing would be sure to succeed, provided it were well

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started and backed up by influential names. Why, all our convalescents and valetudinarians would be for settling there at once! Be sure you put down my name for a good building lot, doctor!"

Poor Dr. Sarrasin was quite mortified by this determination to attribute his actions to a covetous motive, and was about to reply to his lordship, when he heard the vice-president move a vote of thanks to the author of the philanthropic proposal just submitted to the assembly.

"It would," he said, "be to the eternal honour of the Brighton Conference that an idea so sublime had been originated there. It was an idea which nothing short of the most exalted benevolence and the rarest generosity could have conceived. And yet, now that the idea had been suggested, it seemed almost a wonder that it had never before occurred to any one.

"Millions had been lavished on senseless wars, vast capitals squandered in foolish speculations; how infinitely better spent they might have been in the furtherance of such a scheme as this."

The speaker, in conclusion, proposed "That, in honour of its founder, the new city should receive the name of Sarrasina."

This motion would have been carried by acclamation, but Dr. Sarrasin interposed.

"No," said he, "my name has nothing whatever to do with this scheme. Neither let us bestow on the future city a fancy name derived from Greek or Latin, such as is often invented, and gives an air of affectation and peculiarity to whatever bears it. It will be the city of welfare and comfort, let it be named after my country. Let us call it Frankville!"

Every one agreed to gratify Dr. Sarrasin in this by acceding to his choice, and the first step was thus taken towards the founding of the city.

The meeting then proceeded to the discussion of other points, and to this practical occupation, so unlike those to which it was usually devoted, we will leave it, while we follow the wandering fortunes of the paragraph published in the "Daily Telegraph."

Copied word for word by all the newspapers, the information contained in this little paragraph was soon blazed abroad, over every county in England. In the "Hull Gazette" it figured at the top of the second page in a copy of that modest journal which, on the first of November, arrived at Rotterdam on board the three-masted collier "Queen Mary."

The active scissors of the editor of the "Belgian Echo" pounced upon it at once; it was speedily translated into Flemish (the language of Cuyp and Potter), and on the wings of steam it reached the "Bremen Chronicle" on the 2nd of November. In that paper our bit of news next appeared, the same in substance, but clothed in a garb of German, the artful editor adding in parenthesis "from our Brighton correspondent."

The anecdote, now thoroughly Germanised, reached the office of the editor of the "Northern Gazette," and that great man gave it a place in the second column of his third page.

On the evening of the 3rd of November, after passing through these various transformations, it made its entrance, between the fat hands of a stout serving man, into the study of Professor Schultz, of the University of Jena.

High as this personage stood in the scale of humanity, he presented nothing remarkable to the eye of a stranger.

He was a man of five or six and forty, strongly built, his square shoulders denoting a robust constitution, his forehead was bald, the little hair remaining on his temples and behind his head suggested the idea that it consisted of threads of tow. His eyes were blue, that vague blue which never betrays a thought. Professor Schultz had a large mouth, garnished with a double row of formidable teeth, which would never drop their prey; thin lips closed over them, whose principal employment was to keep note of the words which passed between them.

The general appearance of the professor was decidedly unpleasant to others, but he himself was evidently perfectly satisfied with it.

On hearing his servant enter he raised his eyes to a very pretty clock over the mantel-piece, which looked out of place among a number of vulgar articles around it, and said in a quick rough voice,—

"6.55! The post comes in at 6.30. You bring my letters too late by twenty-five minutes. The next time they are not on my table at 6.30 you quit my service."

"Will you please to dine now, sir?" asked the man as he withdrew.

"It is now 6.55, and I dine at seven. You have been here for three weeks, and you know that. Recollect that I never change an hour, and never repeat an order."

The professor laid his newspaper on the table, and went on writing a treatise which was to appear next day in "Physiological Records," a periodical to which he contributed. We may be permitted to state that this treatise was entitled, "*Why are all Frenchmen affected by different degrees of hereditary degeneracy?*"

As the professor pursued his task, his dinner, consisting of a large dish of sausages and cabbage, flanked by a huge flagon of beer, was carefully placed on a round table near the fire. He laid aside his pen in order to partake of this repast, which he did with greater appearance of enjoyment than might have been expected from so grave an individual. Then he rang for coffee, lighted his pipe, and resumed his labours.

It was after midnight when he signed his name on the last page, and retired at once to his bedroom to enjoy a well-earned repose.

Not till he was in bed did he take his paper from its cover and begin to read before going to sleep.

Just as the professor was becoming drowsy, his eye was caught by a foreign name, that of "Langévol," in the paragraph relating to the "Monster Heritage." He tried to call to mind clearly the vague recollections to which this name gave rise. After a few minutes vainly devoted to efforts of memory, he threw away the journal, blew out his candle, and loud snores quickly gave notice that he slept.

By a physiological phenomenon, which he himself had studied and explained at great length, this name of Langévol followed Professor Schultz even in his dreams. The consequence was, that on awaking next morning, he found himself mechanically repeating it. All at once, just as he was going to look at his watch, a sudden light broke upon him.

Snatching up the newspaper at the foot of his bed, he read again and again, with his hand pressed on his forehead, the paragraph which he had all but missed seeing the night before. The light was evidently spreading to his brain, for without waiting to put on his flowered dressing-gown, he hurried to the fireplace, took a small miniature

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portrait from the wall by the mirror, and turning it round, passed his sleeve across the dusty pasteboard at the back.

The professor was right. Behind the picture he read the following German words, traced in faded ink:—

"Therese Schultz, eingeborene Langévol," which means, "Theresa Schultz, whose maiden name was Langévol."

That evening the professor was in the express train on his way to London.

Varieties.

Coffee Palace Companies.—The popularity of these institutions has caused the starting of sham companies, of which the public need to be warned. Readers of the newspapers must have been surprised at the numerous letters from distinguished persons disavowing connection with companies with which their names had been associated as patrons or directors. The swindlers who "promote" such companies use decoy names to entrap unwary donors or shareholders. Of one of these companies a letter in the public journals says: "The general manager is the promoter and founder, and his appointment is made absolute by the articles of association, although his name is suppressed. The term of office is for seven years, at a salary of £500 per annum, and doubtless some grave questions will arise with those who, in ignorance of these facts, have parted with their money for shares." It is the old story of "fools and their money soon parted," and no bait is more easy than well-advertised companies. Let due inquiry be made before joining any scheme, however beneficent or however tempting on paper.

Venice.—Among the eccentricities of the season of 1879 it may be noted that a high tide on the night of Friday, April 18, submerged St. Mark's Square, which became navigable to gondolas.

Snowstorm in May.—The "Times" weather report contained the following paragraph, dated "Swindon, May 1": The town of Swindon and immediate neighbourhood was to-day visited by one of the heaviest snowstorms of the whole winter. Snow began to fall about half-past six in the morning, and continued without intermission until half-past twelve at noon. The flakes during a part of the time were unusually large, and in the aggregate would have been between two and three feet in depth had not a rapid thaw set in before the storm had ceased.

Spanish Census.—The results of the census of 1877 have been published. The population of Spain and the adjacent islands is 16,625,860, including 40,741 foreigners. This is an increase of 952,324 since 1860, civil war and emigration having prevented a larger increase. Ninety-four thousand Spaniards inhabit Algeria, and 62,000 other foreign countries.

Glanders.—Two girls, daughters of a cabdriver, recently died of diseased throat caught from a horse with glanders. A correspondent of the papers, reporting the cases, said: "It may be worth while to call attention to the facts that a sneeze from a glandered horse in the shafts of a Hansom cab is certain death; that the drinking troughs are in many cases infected; and that the inspection of cab horses is a mystery needing solution."

Indian Races.—The first races who entered India were undoubtedly from Turania or Eastern Scythia. They are principally represented at present by the nations and tribes in India located to the south of the River Krishna, and speaking the Canarese, Tooloo, Telugoo, Malayalam, and Tamul languages, which have still a great affinity with the Tartar dialects . . . . The races which in the second instance entered India were from Ariana, the eastern part of Iran, or Persia, probably the original seat of the Indo-Teutonic family of nations. They are located in India to the north of the Krishna, and their languages are all derivatives from the Sanscrit, which is cognate with Persian, Gothic, Pelasgic, Greek, Latin, and many other European languages. Of these last-mentioned races, in their eastern dispersions, the "prayer-bearers," or "Brahmans," by degrees became the hereditary priests . . . . The Aryan tribes, in conquering India, urged by the Brahmans, made war against the Turanian demon-worship, but not always with complete success. The mountain and forest tribes are still, as far as Brahminism is concerned, sturdy Nonconformists. In many districts, as in Canara, referred to by Shamrao, Brahminism has been compelled to make a compromise. . . . . It is among the Turanian races and the devil-worshippers, as in Tinnevelly and other places in the south of India, which have no organised priesthood and bewitching literature, that the converts to Christianity are most numerous.—*Dr. Wilson of Bombay.*

Burnham Beeches.—An announcement of the sale of Burnham Beeches in building lots ought to bring tears to the eyes of all those who have ever had the pleasure of living within reach of their picturesque forms and pleasant shade. The poet Gray called them his own, because there was nobody about to dispute his right to them. Mrs. Grote wandered amongst them on her white pony, whilst Jenny Lind warbled to her; and Chorley and Miss Mitford managed to get lost amongst them, Chorley ending his afternoon by sitting, tired out, on the top of a five-barred gate waiting for a chance fly. Then the picnics, the children's teas, the nooks and corners for artists! Poor old Davis, what would he have said? Burnham Beeches made a fine background for him and the Queen's. Can nothing be done to save such a lovely spot? Picture to yourself "Lot 20: so many acres, containing the Elephant Tree with pretty view, well adapted for the erection of a substantial villa residence; gravel; plentiful supply of water; historical associations; valuable timber!"—*The World.* [The auction proved a failure, no bid reaching the reserved price; but the fact that these famous Beeches have actually been offered for sale should stimulate the movement for their preservation.]

Palestine as it is.—The population of Syria is stated in consular reports not to exceed the incredibly low figure of 2¼ millions in 26,000 square miles. In the country the people are packed in villages containing 100 to 500 inhabitants, and the grounds of a village will average about 10 acres per soul. Two-thirds of the peasantry are Moslem. About 40,000 Jews are said to live in Syria, and in Palestine they are found chiefly in the four sacred cities, Jerusalem, Hebron, Tiberias, and Safed, and in the coast towns. The greater number are poor. The richer class are merchants and traders. The majority of the Jews are Ashkenazim, from Germany, Poland, and Russia. It is said that if fully cultivated, even after the native fashion, Palestine is capable of supporting ten times its present population. The ancient terraces so carefully built up or hewn in the hillsides now produce rich crops—but crops of weeds and thistles. For every inhabited village ten ruined towns are found.—*Lieut. Conder, R.E.*

Charity Organisation and Poor Law Relief.—An influentially-attended conference of clergymen and Poor Law guardians was held lately in the vestry of St. Giles's Church, the Rev. Canon Nisbet, the rector, presiding, for the purpose of securing their co-operation with the Charity Organisation Society. Papers were read by the Rev. H. Geary, vicar of St. Thomas's, Portman Square, and by Mr. J. R. Holland, chairman of the Paddington Board of Guardians, respectively. The former complained that the clergy did not co-operate with the society as they should. He advised them to avail themselves of the efficient machinery which the society commanded for ascertaining the real and deserving poor, and to cease from indiscriminate dole-giving. Mr. Holland supported the society because it did a good and necessary work which officially guardians could not accomplish. Its main object was to prevent permanent and hopeless poverty by timely help, and to raise those who, however bad their present circumstances, were yet capable of helping themselves. General Gardiner said he thought charity would eventually entirely supersede out-door relief, as it ought to do. In Marylebone in ten years the amount of out-door relief had been reduced from £19,000 to £8,000. During the discussion which followed, the Rev. A. Styleman Herring, of St. Paul's, Clerkenwell, protested against the poor being forced into the poorhouse, and he incidentally mentioned that the workhouses in the Holborn Union were now so full that the board-rooms had to be converted into sleeping apartments. The Rev. C. D. Lawrence, Paddington, stated that in some West-end parishes they had so much money to give away that they had to adopt a laxer principle than the society's, in order to get rid of it. The chairman condemned the distribution of relief tickets as calculated to have a demoralising effect upon their recipients.

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THE LEISURE HOUR.

BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,
AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND.—*Cowper.*

MR. CHAFFIN AT SANDY FRITH.

STRAIGHT TO THE MARK.

CHAPTER XI.—SANDY FRITH.

Water, water, everywhere,
But not a drop to drink.

—*Coleridge.*

IT may be remembered that when Mr. Chaffin took leave of Tom Howard at the Abbotscliff station, after he had introduced him to his son, he proceeded on his journey by rail, his destination being a small sea-side place called Sandy Frith. The contractor had taken a great fancy to Sandy Frith, and expected to make money there. His attention had been first attracted to it by the report of some London men, who had spent a few hours on the spot, and who, conceiving that it possessed all the attractions necessary for a first-class watering-place, had formed a limited liability company for the purchase of land and the erection of buildings. Mr. Chaffin had an appointment to meet the directors of this new com-

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pany at Sandy Frith and to go over the ground with them as a preliminary to laying out the estate and the shareholders' money.

"Ha!" said Mr. Chaffin, as he shook hands with some of the gentlemen who had come down from London at the station. "Ha! You see at once what is wanted to begin with. There is not an hotel for us to go to; there is not even a refreshment bar at the station. I was going to ask you what you would take; but it would only be a disappointment. We must attend to that the first thing."

"Is there not an inn of any kind?" one of the directors asked.

"There's the Jolly Dolphin, kept by Joe Brimmer," the station-master answered; "and another little place or two; but a good hotel is very much wanted near the station."

"I know all about it," said Mr. Stride, the zealous and indefatigable secretary, bustling up to them. "I have taken all necessary steps. You will find that everything you can require has been provided, and the best room at the Jolly Dolphin engaged. We can go there at once if you like; or have a walk round the town first, and refresh afterwards, whichever you prefer."

"Business first," appeared to be the general sentiment; and the whole party, about a dozen in number, including Mr. Chaffin and two young men in his employment armed with surveying instruments, proceeded on their tour of inspection.

Sandy Frith was situated on the margin of a picturesque bay, looking towards the south, with a high foreland to the east and another to the west. The shore sloped very gradually, and beyond the first margin of shingle the sands were hard and admirably adapted for bathing. There was an irregular formation of high ground at the back of the little cluster of houses of which, at the time of which we are now speaking, the town of Sandy Frith consisted. In one or two places it was so steep as to be almost precipitous, offering splendid "outlooks," as Mr. Chaffin called them, where seats for invalids and excursionists could be placed, with a balustrade in front. Mr. Oram had a book of patterns with him, both of seats and palisades, and exhibited them on the spot. Roads were practicable from the beach to the summit, and charming spots for villas were pointed out at different elevations. The sea view was magnificent—a "fine sea" every one pronounced it—and you could not look round you without seeing it. There was not much else to be seen at present. There were no trees; but you do not want trees by the sea-side, except a few along the streets to give it a foreign character, and those could be planted at so much a dozen as soon as there were streets to plant them in. Everything else could be supplied in the same manner. The greater the deficiencies, whether of nature or art, the more room for enterprise. There was the sea, and that was sufficient to begin with.

The general plan of the proposed town was discussed from a height which commanded a view of the whole panorama, and the directors grew very enthusiastic and excited, as Mr. Chaffin's "young men" made a rapid sketch-map of the locality, marking its chief undulations, and proceeded afterwards to write down the several sites upon which the chief buildings, public and private, might advantageously be erected. By the time they had been at their work an hour or so, it might have been supposed by any one who looked over their paper that the town of Sandy Frith, or Abbotsville as it was proposed to call it, had already assumed the proportions of a large and fashionable watering-place. There was the "crescent," occupying a semicircular sweep in the cliff, "made by nature for the express purpose." There was the grand hotel, with an esplanade, for the construction of which there was to be a distinct and separate company, also "limited." There was the bathing establishment, with hot, cold, and shower baths. There was the pier, which, judging from its proportions on the plan, was to run out a mile into the sea, at least. There was the assembly room, the circulating library, the bazaar; in fact there was everything that could possibly be required, and perhaps more.

"And yet," said the secretary, "there is one thing wanting still."

"What's that?" the chairman asked.

"What we are not likely to get—a spa."

"A spa! Mineral waters? Oh, we can do without them."

"We could do better with them. They have a great charm for some people. A spa and a German band are a great attraction."

"Why should we not have a spa?" said one of the party, a thin, sad-looking man, with dull eyes and pale cheeks, and a face the shape of a flat-iron. "Why should we not have a spa? I have a spa in my house in London, in the cellar. I can make a spa anywhere."

The speaker, whose name was Dodder, might, from the colourless appearance of his cheeks, have been weaned on spa water, and tasted no other nourishment ever since.

"Artificial spas won't do," said the chairman.

"They are as good as the natural ones, and even better," Mr. Dodder answered; "because you can make them of any strength and flavour that you like."

"That's a great advantage," said Mr. Chaffin. There was not much doubt about the strength and flavour which he would have liked.

"I wish we could have a real spa, though," the secretary repeated.

"Leave it to me," said Dodder; "who knows but such a thing may be found if we look for it in the right place?"

Other business now called for attention, and when this was disposed of the party betook themselves to the Jolly Dolphin, in the club-room of which a banquet was prepared for them. Mr. Stride had spoken truly when he said that the preparations he had made would be found satisfactory. The long table, laden with good things, if it did not absolutely groan with the weight of the feast, staggered under it, resting upon trestles and being somewhat shaky, as if it had stolen a march upon the guests, and partaken freely of the wines and spirits which had been prepared for their refection. Three or four waiters, who had accompanied the party from a neighbouring town, were running about with the regulation napkin under their arms, and many bottles with tinselled heads were stowed away in ice-pails, from which they appeared to be looking out to see whether the waiters were coming soon to uncork them. It was a very prosperous company, for the moment, at all events; and many of those present congratulated themselves more than they had ever done before that they belonged to it. "Limited!" Yes; in a legal sense it might be, but not in the matter of luncheons. The directors were only "provisional" at present; they

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looked it and acted it, and their "provisional" secretary had done his providing well. The scramble on the cliffs had given them appetites too, and that was another pleasing proof of the soundness of their undertaking. Everybody would go to Sandy Frith as soon as the appetising properties of the air should be known, especially if such luncheons could be always calculated upon. Mr. Dodder proposed to take a sample of the air away with him in a bottle to analyse it. Such air as that would be a fortune to the shareholders. He suggested that they should compress a great many "volumes" of it into a metallic ozonised vessel, and keep it in the office of the company in London, to be let off in whiffs whenever anybody of consequence should come in to inquire about the shares. The effect would be very satisfactory, he thought.

"It would help to puff the company, at all events," Mr. Stride remarked. He was always rather talkative, and sometimes allowed his wit to go beyond his judgment.

"The company does not require puffing, Mr. Stride," the chairman remarked, severely. "We are above anything of that kind, I should hope."

They all hoped so, and Mr. Stride excused himself as best he could; and the company then sat down to regale themselves upon something more substantial than sea air.

"Well, but about that spa?" Mr. Dodder began again, after the wine had circulated.

Nobody paid any attention to him. They were talking about the pier, the hotel, the crescent, and the baths, each one bringing forward that portion of the programme which touched his own interest or fancy most nearly. Mr. Chaffin, whose opinion was generally invoked, replied in turn to each of them. He was ready to contract for everything; there was nothing he could not do easily and quickly. Why, the whole place might be run up and occupied in a twelvemonth; before next season if they liked. Money could do anything, and he was willing to take a fair proportion of all contracts in shares at par.

There was a difference of opinion about the pier. Mr. Chaffin thought it should be built of stone. He was in treaty with the owners of a quarry in the neighbourhood, but he did not mention that. Mr. Oram preferred iron, while Mr. Oakenshore, who had a large American and Baltic trade, said there was "nothing like timber." The several speakers expressed their opinions so plainly and decidedly upon the disadvantages and defects of the materials advocated by each of the others that it might almost have been doubted whether any material at all could be found worth using, and consequently whether any pier would ever be built; and the debate had already begun to wax warm, when a gentleman who had hitherto been listening in silence interrupted them.

"If you will allow me to make a suggestion," he said, "I think I could mention a material which has a great future before it, and which is capable of developments beyond anything that has yet been made public."

"You are not going to recommend glass, to be sure?" cried Oram.

The person addressed, who was none other than Mr. Glimmers, the great glass man, as he was called, hesitated a moment, then plucked up courage, and resumed.

"No, sir," he said; "I am not going to recommend it, if only for this reason, that I have glass works of my own, as you know. I would scorn to make a proposal of a public nature for my own personal advantage, but I will say that glass is available for many more purposes than is generally supposed, and that we are now making glass tubes of a strength and diameter that would surprise you. I believe I could manufacture pillars of glass which would carry any weight that is likely to be put upon them. The smoothness of the material would offer no opposition to the waves; a pier built upon glass would be rigid and immovable; there would be no corrosion as there is with iron [looking at Mr. Oram], nor decay, as there is with timber [glancing at Mr. Oakenshore], nor disintegration, as there is with stone [addressing Mr. Chaffin]. The pillars, once down, would last for ever. In short, I do not hesitate to say that a more suitable material could not be found."

The directors looked at Mr. Glimmers with curiosity, hardly knowing whether he were in jest or in earnest. At length the chairman addressed him. "It is a grand idea," he said; "a pier founded upon glass pillars would be all that you describe it—firm, incorrodible, imperishable. There is only one thing against it, and that is, that if it were struck by a heavy sea, or by a vessel lurching against it, it would snap short off at once. Glass is brittle."

"I don't deny it," said Mr. Glimmers; "glass is brittle, but that is its only fault. If you can find any material that is without fault mention it."

Having thrown out this challenge, Mr. Glimmers sat down without saying another word, and nobody knows to this day whether he was speaking seriously or not.

"Well, but about that spa," Mr. Dodder said again, taking advantage of the silence which followed.

At every pause of the conversation he made the same remark. "I would not go anywhere myself," he said, "without a spa. Why, Mr. Chaffin, I have heard you say there ought to be a spa. What are you going to do about a spa?"

His persistence on this topic prevailed at last, and Mr. Chaffin said they must see about it. One of the "provisionals" remarked, with a laugh, that a spa would be found somewhere, no doubt, if the contractor and Mr. Dodder put their heads together. Science could do anything!

"Just so," said Dodder; "just so. Leave it to Mr. Chaffin and myself; we will take it into consideration and make a report on the subject. Mr. Stride will perhaps be good enough to make a note of that in his minute-book."

The time was now approaching when the return train would be due, and the company having for the moment dismissed their differences and finished their wine, made preparations for departure. One of them, feeling very thirsty—notwithstanding the liquors he had consumed—called the waiter and bade him bring a glass of water. It was brought, but it did not look very bright or clear. He tasted it, made a wry face, tasted it again, and finally put it down.

"Bring me some *fresh* water, waiter," he said; "this is not fit to drink."

"It is quite fresh, sir; it's the best we can get," said the waiter.

"What do you mean?"

"All the water hereabout is brackish," said Mr.

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Brimmer, the landlord, with a smile; "it's not fit for human beings to drink; it has to be boiled and filtered, and I don't know what, to make it wholesome; and then it isn't pleasant to the taste—leastways, I never could abear to drink any of it myself. It's very good for brewing, but for nothing else."

There was a general excitement among the company at this unexpected remark. The directors had thought of everything else, and had arranged everything else satisfactorily—even to a "spa;" but the question of a supply of good fresh water had entirely escaped them.

"It is a very serious point," said the chairman. "Mr. Stride, how is it that you did not think about the water?"

"I don't know, really," said the secretary; "I have so many other things to think about. I wonder Mr. Chaffin did not go into that question."

"I'm not a water-drinker myself," said Chaffin.

They were none of them water-drinkers apparently, but they all tasted the dull-looking, objectionable fluid which Mr. Brimmer, with evident gusto, handed round to them, and all agreed that there was "something particular" about it. Mr. Dodder desired that some of the empty bottles which were lying about should be well washed and then filled from the different wells in the town, that he might take them away and analyse the contents. "We shall perhaps find one or two good samples among them," he said. "I hope so, for it's a very serious point—a very serious point, indeed."

They all agreed with him, and with gloomy looks took their way towards the railway-station. A dismal silence prevailed amongst the directors as they went along, for they felt that the company from which they had anticipated such large profits was in jeopardy. Fresh water, little as they might care for it individually, was an essential that could not be dispensed with; no watering-place could thrive without water. It was a great pity they had not thought of it before. Hotels, crescents, piers, villa residences; how could they flourish without water?

"It would do for the spa," said Mr. Dodder, as he took his bottles with him into the carriage, carefully labelled and sealed. "It would not signify much what the water was like for the spa; and it would do for soda and potash and lithia; there would be a great demand for these. There's some good to be got out of everything."

But even Mr. Dodder was not satisfied; for sodas and potashes and lithias are but luxuries after all, whatever they may be made of. Folks must have pure water—pure at least in its outward appearance—for common use. Without it Sandy Frith could never become popular or populous; and Mr. Dodder, with all his chemical knowledge and skill, could not manufacture so much as a teaspoonful of that pure, fresh, palatable, wholesome water which rises out the ground almost everywhere and in abundance for our use.

Mr. Chaffin remained behind to make further inquiries, and to take such steps as might be advisable. They had never doubted that there would be "plenty of water, of course," they said, one and all; if not, they would have begun with that, instead of walking about looking for sites. But the fact was they had never thought about it; the question had not entered their heads. We are so bountifully supplied with all things necessary to our existence that we are apt to be forgetful of them, or to receive them as if they came to us from some inevitable law of nature without any exercise of Divine Providence. Light, air, wholesome water, bread to eat, raiment to put on, are, with most of us, things of course; and it is only when, from some cause or other, they fail that we recognise their value. Common blessings, as they are the most necessary and the most abundant, ought to claim our highest thanks and praise; and yet too frequently they are the last to be remembered and acknowledged; we take them and use them "of course."

CHAPTER XII.—THE SHIPYARD.

O that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains! —*Shakespeare.*

Although the stake which Mr. Chaffin had proposed to himself in the Sandy Frith Land, Building, and General Improvement and Investment Company, Limited, was not a large one, yet he had expected to reap great profits in carrying out the objects of the association, and had already made engagements with landholders in the neighbourhood, which he thought would give him almost a monopoly of stone and lime, and other necessaries for building. It was of importance to him, therefore, as well as to the shareholders, that the project should be successful, and he was as anxious as any of the promoters that good water should be found. Mr. Chaffin had sunk many ordinary wells in other places, and had also carried out some deep boring operations under the direction of competent engineers. He had kept his eyes and ears open, according to his custom, and had picked up sufficient scientific knowledge, as he thought, to be able to "go a prospecting" on his own account now, in search of a water supply.

After parting from his friends, therefore, at the railway-station, he returned towards Sandy Frith, walking slowly and thoughtfully, and pausing from time to time to take a view of the land, to observe the dip, as he called it, and to theorise upon the probable nature of the underlying strata. Having made a few notes, he returned to the Jolly Dolphin and engaged a bed there, intending to be up early the next morning and to have another look round before departing. An hour or two of daylight yet remained, and he intended to make use of that by going about among the inhabitants and gathering such information on the important topic as they might be able to afford.

Suddenly he remembered the shipyard. Mr. Dean, he thought, from Tom Howard's account of him, must be an old inhabitant; he had been born and brought up in the place, and his father and grandfather had carried on the shipbuilding business before him. He must, therefore, be well up in all the traditions of the neighbourhood. He resolved to go and see him.

The shipyard was soon found. It was the only place of the kind in the town, and was, of course, down by the shore. There were three or four small vessels on the stocks or undergoing repair, and six or seven men at work upon them; and Mr. Chaffin was attracted to the spot by the sound of axes and hammers. In addition to the shops and sheds, there was a good house, surrounded by a well-kept garden, adjoining the yard, and everything about it betokened prosperity and comfort. Mr. Chaffin paused to look about him as he approached the spot, and could not help being struck with the pleasantness of the situation. A little removed from the other cottages,

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the ground rising gradually from the sea, a fine stretch of hard sand in front of it, and the hills clothed with trees and herbage at the rear. The company's property did not extend so far as this. They had bought their estate from a neighbouring squire, to whom nearly the whole of the little town belonged, and had not concerned themselves about the two or three small freeholders of whom Mr. Dean was one. But now Mr. Chaffin began to look with a covetous eye upon the shipyard and its belongings.

"It's one of the best sites in the place," he said. "It's worth double as much per yard as any other. I wonder whether this man Dean would part with it?"

This man Dean was there to answer the question, if Mr. Chaffin had ventured to propose it; but he knew better than to go at it in such a blundering straightforward way as that. So he seated himself upon a piece of timber, as if tired with his walk, and took off his hat to let the cool sea breeze play upon his forehead.

After he had been for some time watching the workmen, the door of the house opened and a young woman came tripping along the garden path, and leaning over the paling, exchanged a few words with one of the artificers, who, though hard at work, with his coat off and his shirt-sleeves rolled up, might easily be recognised as the master.

"That's his sister," Chaffin said to himself. "That's Miss Dean. The young lad said he had a sister. I'll introdooce myself."

He rose and sauntered towards them, replacing his hat that he might take it off again as he approached the lady. The introducing was easily accomplished, and Mr. Chaffin proceeded to speak of the boy, a schoolfellow of his son's at Abbotscliff, who had mentioned Mr. Dean's name to him.

"Howard?" said the shipbuilder. "I don't know any one of that name. Do you, Lucy?"

"He came ashore last night from a ship that was passing down Channel."

"What ship?" Lucy exclaimed, in a moment.

"The Neptune; Captain Broad."

"Oh, dear! where is he?"

"Captain Broad?"

"Yes; no; the boy of course—the boy. Where is he?"

"At Abbotscliff."

"What brought him ashore?"

"The pilot's boat."

"Oh yes; but I mean, why did he come? Who came with him?"

"Nobody; he was put ashore by himself."

"But why? Was there anything the matter?"

"Oh no; don't be uneasy; nothing the matter with the captain, nor with anybody else."

Lucy Dean stood looking at the speaker with eager eyes and heightened colour, as if longing to hear more, but Mr. Chaffin had not much more to tell her. The boy had friends aboard, and had been indulged with a passage so far in the ship. The captain had told him about Mr. Dean at Sandy Frith, and he was coming to see them some day.

"Was there any message?" Lucy asked.

Mr. Chaffin could not say. Lucy had fancied that there might be a letter or something; if so, the young gentleman, she thought, would bring it himself. She wished she could see the young gentleman. He would be coming some day soon, no doubt. She did not say all this aloud, but Mr. Chaffin read it in her face, as with downcast eyes she occupied herself in playing with a ring upon the fourth finger of the left-hand—not a wedding-ring yet, but symptomatic of one to come. The contractor, although anything but sentimental, was of quick observation, and had guessed Lucy's secret already.

"We are very rude to you, sir," Lucy said, presently, as if waking from a dream, "keeping you standing here. Do come in. Josh will be in in a minute or two; he has been working late this evening, but has knocked off now;" and she led the way through the garden to the front door, the contractor following.

Lucy took him into the parlour, where a very neat old lady was sitting with her knitting before her. She had a row of little curls over her forehead, surmounted by a large, comfortable-looking cap; her neck was encased in muslin, the snowy whiteness of which contrasted well with her old-fashioned, well-worn, but still handsome black silk dress. Lucy introduced her to Mr. Chaffin as her mother, and Mr. Chaffin was introduced to the old lady as a gentleman who had seen a young gentleman who had seen Captain Broad, and had just come ashore from the Neptune. Old Mrs. Dean was very deaf, and this long description had to be repeated two or three times before she could take it all in, which might have been embarrassing to anybody else, but Mr. Chaffin did not mind it at all, and stood in front of her, bowing and smiling all the while.

Presently Joshua Dean arrived, having cleaned and tidied himself, and they sat for some time in a half circle at the open window, chatting and looking out upon the sea. The weather had greatly improved since last night. There was a fine sunset, and the weathercock on the top of the mast in front of the shipyard pointed N.E.

"It's a fair wind down Channel," said Josh—"good for outward-bound ships. If they have got to go," he continued, glancing at his sister, "the quicker the better. Soon out, soon home again."

Lucy looked as if she grudged every knot added to the distance between her future husband and herself, for though she assented to Joshua's kindly-meant remarks, the smile soon faded from her lips, and a look of care came over her face instead.

"You have a pleasant spot here, Mr. Dean," said Chaffin. "I dare say you are very fond of it?"

"Yes," he replied; "and so I ought to be. It's my native place."

"You know what's going to be done, I suppose, in the neighbourhood?"

"I have heard something about it."

"Grand improvements! grand improvements!"

"Grandmother! did you say?" the old lady interrupted. "No; not yet. These are my only children, and neither of 'em married—not as yet."

Mr. Chaffin repeated his remark in a louder key.

"Improvement!" she said again. "Oh yes; young people think so, of course; I only hope they'll find it so when they are married, and be happy."

Mr. Chaffin made no further attempt at explanation, and the conversation with Joshua Dean continued.

"What are you going to do?" the latter inquired.

Mr. Chaffin entered into particulars.

"You don't seem to like it," he remarked, when he had finished.

"I had rather you would let the place alone," Dean answered. "It suits me best as it is."

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"Very likely," said Chaffin. "It won't do you much good, I dare say. 'One man's food is another man's poison,' they say."

"I don't like the idea of it," Dean repeated. "If a big town were to spring up all round the shipyard, I should feel inclined to run away from it."

"You could sell it, you know," Mr. Chaffin said.

"Could I!" said Dean. "That wouldn't suit me neither. I don't want to sell my birthright. Why, my grandfather built this house; with his own hands, too, mostly. No; I don't want to sell it, and I don't want to have it spoilt."

"You will take a bit of supper with us, Mr. Chaffin?" Lucy said, interrupting them at this moment.

"Thank you; I don't want anything to eat," he replied, emphasising the last word, and waiting to be asked after his own formula what he would take to drink.

Brother and sister looked at each other, and the latter said quickly, "We are all teetotalers here, Mr. Chaffin, or nearly so."

"Indeed! Have you taken the pledge?" said Chaffin.

"No," Joshua answered; "not that; but, as a rule, we don't touch wine or spirits. Still, when a friend drops in—" he stopped, and looked at Lucy.

"Oh, never mind," said the contractor; "I thought the water was not good, though. How do you manage about that?"

"We have excellent water," Lucy answered, with alacrity—"excellent! You must try it. It's the only good well in the town. You see, this is our own property, and father went to great expense in sinking a well—a very deep one. Other folks might be as well off, I dare say, but they rent their houses, and the owners of the property won't do anything."

"Is that so?" cried the contractor, jumping up with great animation. "I should like to see that well; I should like to taste that water. It confirms my own opinion. Water may be got anywhere about here if you bore deep enough."

Water was brought—clear, fresh, cool, delicious. The company would go on! Mr. Chaffin's investments would turn out famously! In his exultation he drank a whole tumblerful of the water.

"It's capital!" he said, as he put it down.

Lucy poured him out another glass.

"No, thank ye," he said; "one 's enough. I'm not a water-drinker myself, as a rule; it's too cold for me. I like a nip of brandy in it."

"Lucy, my dear," said Josh, looking at his sister.

She could no longer disregard his appeal, and, leaving the room, returned with a bottle containing some brandy, which she placed at the contractor's elbow.

He thanked her, and helped himself; then passed the bottle on to Joshua.

"I won't take any," he said, "if you'll excuse me."

"Oh, come; I can't sit and drink alone," said Chaffin. "You have not taken the pledge; you said so."

Putting down his glass, he reached over to where Joshua was sitting and poured out some brandy for him, and lifted it almost to the level of his lips.

The man's eyes gleamed, and the colour faded from his face as the smell of the liquor rose into his nostrils.

"Josh!" cried his sister, sharply, though in an undertone.

He did not listen to her, but put the glass to his lips, tasted it, and set it down again, and held it still between his fingers. "All right!" he said, speaking in a low tone, and without looking at her; "one can't be inhospitable. I will have one glass with Mr. Chaffin, that's all. Don't be afraid."

THE TREES OF PARIS.

PLACE DE LA CONCORDE.

A FRENCH author, M. Francis Wey, in a book on England, published by him about twenty years ago, remarked that this country was distinguished by the beauty of its trees, its horses, and its women. "Let but one of those fine Amazons you meet in Hyde Park tie her horse to an English

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tree, and you behold one of the finest sights in the world."

There is not the slightest doubt but the trees of England are very beautiful, but as far as the British metropolis is concerned, they labour under the same fault that Mr. Lowe, in a speech delivered at Edinburgh, once found with the people of Scotland—there are too few of them. The urban part of London is almost destitute of trees; at least, of such as are planted for the benefit of the public at large. From Mile End Gate in the east to the Marble Arch in the west, in the main artery of the metropolis, a length of full five miles, the ineffable tedium of brick and mortar is scarcely ever relieved by either tree or shrub, so much so that a shopkeeper in Cheapside may well try to make capital of the fact that his establishment is situated "under *the* tree." A few timid attempts have been made along the Victoria Embankment, and due credit may be given to the Metropolitan Board of Works, and to a public benefactor, for turning a portion of that embankment and Leicester Square, once a public disgrace, into pleasure-grounds for the people; but apart from these few spots, and a few squares that are almost hermetically sealed against the public, urban London is as treeless as the desert of Sahara.

Yet there is no reason why it should always be so. The natural beauties of the spot on which London is situated, and the features of interest that the industrious hand of man has imparted to it, are equal to those of any European capital. In this respect Paris is in no way to be compared to London, or at least it was not thirty years ago. Prior to the days of the Second French Empire its attractions were few and far between, and its slums were innumerable. Since then it has been entirely changed, and whilst London remains what it was before, viz., the emporium of the whole world, attracting none but those whose business calls them to this universal mart, Paris has become the pleasure-ground of Europe, and even of America. So greatly have its scanty natural beauties been enhanced by art, that the very same people who only resort to London to be able to say that they have been there, and who try to get away from it as quickly as they can, not only visit Paris on its own account, and go there again and again, but immense colonies of people from all parts of Europe, England included, and of America, are permanently established there, a very large proportion of them consisting of pleasure-seekers, who find that permanent enjoyment in Paris for which they had been looking in vain in their native countries.

What Paris was in olden times may be gathered from Victor Hugo's "Notre Dame de Paris," and as late as 1850 the description given of the French capital in that renowned work of fiction still tallied in its principal features. If we take a popular account of Old London, such as, for instance, the one given by Ainsworth in "The Star Chamber," London could not have been recognised by such a picture even as far back as half a century ago. But whereas, since 1850, the changes made in the urban part of London have chiefly consisted in improvements designed for facilitating the general traffic, Paris has been revolutionised in every way, by the substitution of broad thoroughfares for the holes and corners and courts and blind alleys of which there was no end; then by the introduction of vegetation, in the shape of parks and public gardens, all over the area of the city; and last, but not least, by the plantation of trees and shrubs in all the leading arteries of the town, both urban and suburban, to relieve the sameness even of the architectural splendour and magnificence in which the *édilité* of the Second Empire clothed the French capital.

To Baron Hausmann's indefatigable energy most of these achievements are due. It was he who furrowed Paris—*sillonnait*, as the French say—in every direction with those splendid boulevards which answered hygienic and strategic purposes alike. The most important incision of this kind created in his time was the Boulevard Sébastopol, with its continuation of the Boulevard de Strasbourg to the north, and the Boulevard St. Michel to the south, five kilometres, or about three statute miles in length, all lined with immense buildings, with fronts made of white Caen limestone. There is nothing in any city in the world to equal the splendid boulevards and avenues that radiate from the Place de l'Etoile, with its magnificent Arc de Triomphe in the centre, towards all other parts of Paris. But these are only some out of a great number, and since his fall, in 1870, and more especially since the overthrow of the nefarious Commune, in 1871, and the accession of M. Ferdinand Duval to the prefecture of the Seine department, the work has gone on uninterruptedly.

Our present object is not to speak of the general improvements made in Paris since the accession of Napoleon III, but only of the trees which have contributed to such a great extent to making Paris what it has become within the last five-and-twenty years. The beneficial effect of these trees is felt in various ways. In towns they cannot afford that amount of happiness of which, according to Pope, that man is possessed—

> Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
> In winter fire.

They can only cool him in summer, but of course cannot heat him in winter. On the other hand, however, they take a great share in the absorption of all superfluous moisture with which the atmosphere is impregnated, especially in hot weather, and in a small, yet not unimportant degree, they contribute to the purity of the atmosphere, and consequent clearness of the sky. Apart from this, the picturesque effect of fine plantations of trees is immense, and "psychiatry" may perhaps at some future day discover to what extent the cheering and soothing influence of the Paris trees has been instrumental in reacting against melancholy, and against the spleen of which all Englishmen landing in France are supposed to bring an abundant stock with them.

The municipal gardeners of the French capital have carried the treatment of trees to just such a degree of perfection as a skilled nurse devotes to the treatment of babies entrusted to her charge. And does not the English word nursery, as applied to training grounds for trees, render the idea much more lucidly and expressively than either the French *pépinière* or the German *Baumschule?* Ay, to endow trees with the highest useful and ornamental character, fully as much care and attention, and almost affection, is required as it takes to rear a child until it gets "out of hand!"

Now, the most important thing for a tree is the full development of its roots, and this can only be achieved if the tree has, if we may term it so, sufficient elbow room given it to enable the ramifications of the root to spread unhampered in every direction. This scope it has not in a nursery, where the space

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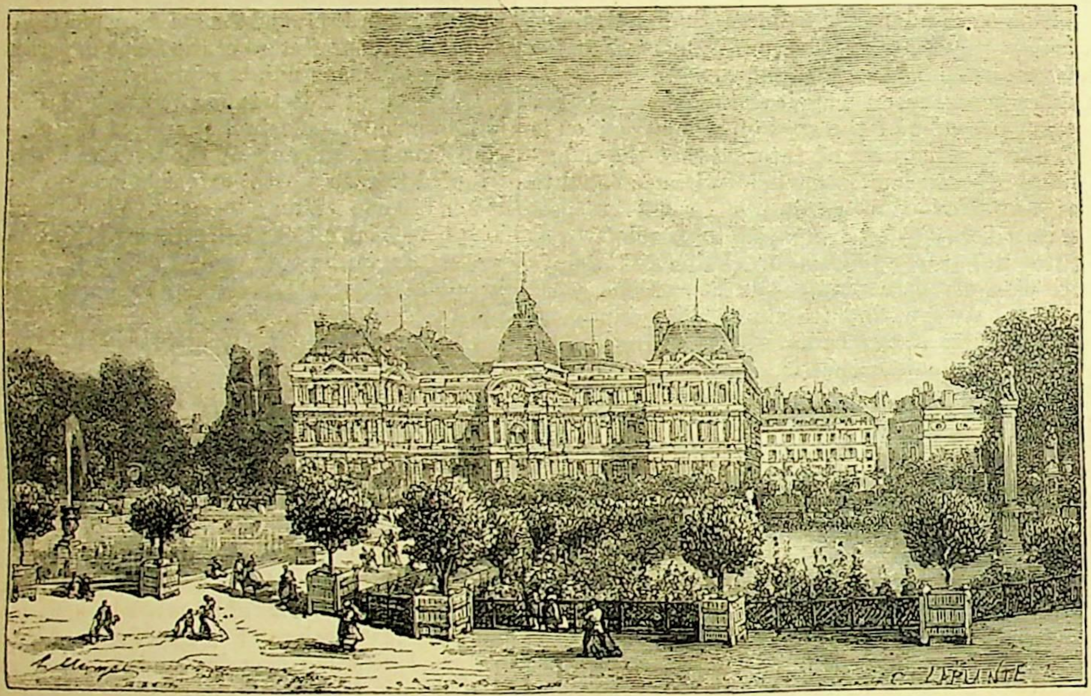
is exceedingly limited, and therefore the selection of good trees for planting in the streets of Paris is one of the most difficult problems in arboriculture. As a rule, the inspector insists upon trees being planted and transplanted several times before they are allowed to be definitely fixed in the public thoroughfares, so that the ramifications of the root should not be one-sided, but have spread in various directions and extended in a suitable proportion to the stem and the branches of the tree. Having selected the trees wherever they are to be found, the next thing is to remove them from their existing abode and convey them to the spot assigned to them for their future life.

The removal takes place in either of two ways. The tree may be dug out of the ground, with its roots bare, or else the soil in which it has grown may be cut out in its entirety and transposed, very much as the foundation-stone of a house is embedded in the earth. For young, tiny trees, the former inexpensive method is generally preferred, but old stagers, whose roots have spread far and wide, must be taken

growth of trees. A carboniferous or metalliferous soil like that on which part of Birmingham is built, is well suited for the plantation of various descriptions of the birch-tree; but neither the gravel of London nor the detritus of Paris possesses the chemical properties required for arboricultural purposes.

Upon this ground, if trees are at all to be planted in public thoroughfares, the road must be specially prepared for it, and that is extensively done in Paris. It must be owned that the great arteries of the French capital have in this respect immense advantages over those in London. The interior boulevards of Paris are considerably wider than Cheapside and even Holborn; and their chord, represented by the Rue St. Antoine and the Rue de Rivoli, has in many places double the width of Fleet Street or the Strand, whilst the traffic, owing to the multiplicity of broad thoroughfares, is considerably less heavy than in any part of the city of London. But even as it is, the width of what can be spared in the Paris streets for arboricultural purposes is inadequate.



GARDEN OF THE LUXEMBOURG.

out mould and all, and conveyed in a "transplantation car," specially constructed for that purpose. Visitors to Paris will have sometimes noticed full-grown trees on these vehicles, walking as it were through the streets towards their destination. Under the Empire, this method was generally resorted to for the plantation of trees, more especially in the vicinity of the Louvre and the Tuileries, and the then existing generation was enabled to enjoy the beneficent shade of those Nestors, whereas, if young trees had been set with bare roots, their descendants only could have benefited by it. In this manner the Champ de Mars, which was treeless, was supplied with choice trees during the late Universal Exhibition.

The next and most important question is, how to plant the trees in the roadways so as to secure their future existence, and also to make them discharge their duties with the utmost efficiency. As a rule, the roadways of cities are most unsuitable for the

For planting the trees a ditch is made, which is filled up with as nearly as possible the kind of earth or mould in which the trees had originally grown. The width of this ditch ought in no case to be under two metres, or about seven feet, but, as a rule, so much as that cannot be spared. The carriage road, which is mostly macadamized, cannot be interfered with, and between the road and the buildings the space is necessarily limited. Oftentimes no more than from three feet to five feet can be spared, and it is impossible for the roots of those large trees that are preferred in leading thoroughfares to spread and thrive if hemmed in by stone on one side and by ungenial soil on the other. The consequence is that the ramifications of the roots stretching across the road must soon be stunted and die off, and their putrescence eventually infects the body of the root and kills the tree.

This danger exists in a less degree in those trees

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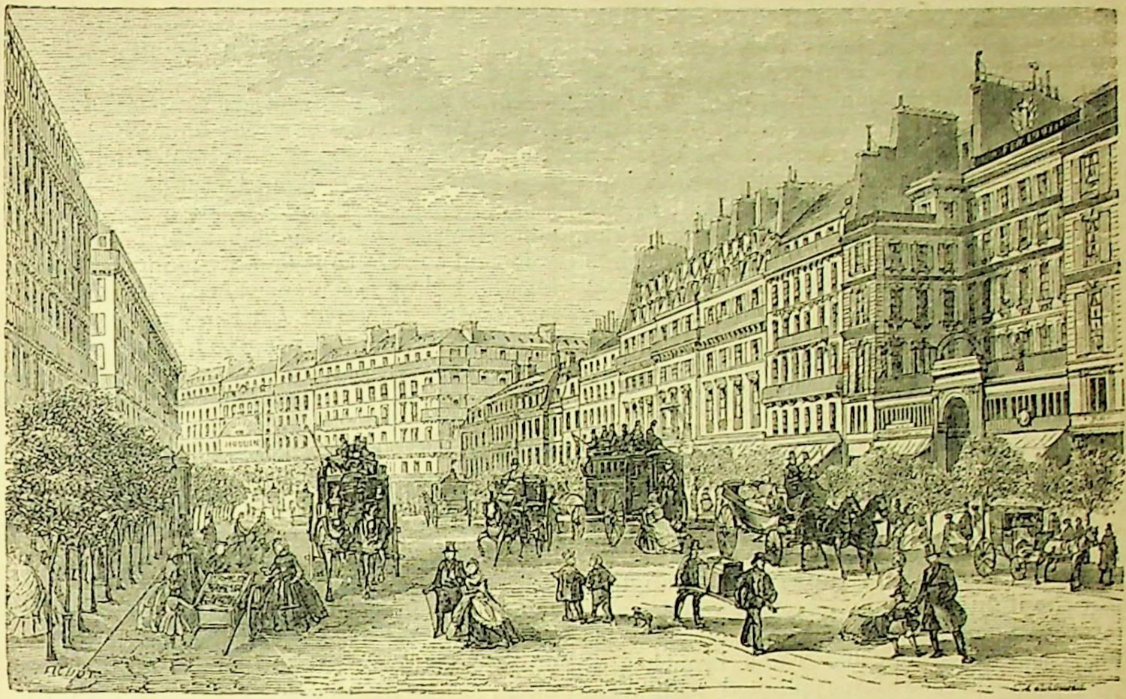
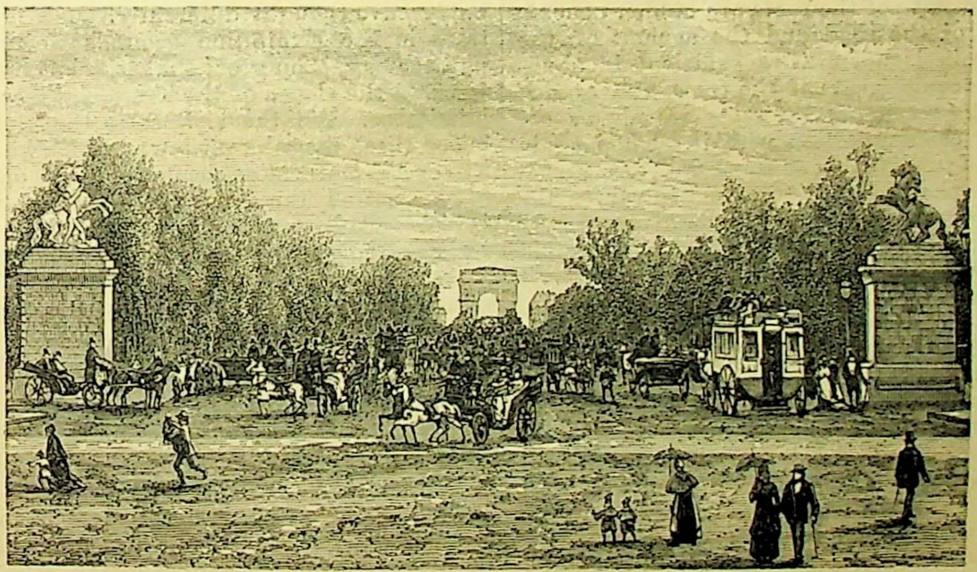
which grow rather in a fan or curtain shape, and in which the lateral expansion of the root makes up for its transversal development; but in trees whose growth is naturally uniform in every direction, the restriction



BOULEVARD MONTMARTRE.

of the width of the soil must prove fatal, unless proper measures be taken to remedy this drawback. These remedies are either intrinsic or superficial. The former consist in adding gradually to the width of the original ditch, by means of holes made in the ground, to enable the tree to send forth fresh roots after having been planted a few years; the latter are



CHAMPS D'ELYSÉE.

constant pruning and lopping, whereby the equilibrium of the tree is preserved, and the ill-effects of the irregular growth of the root partly neutralised.

Special attention must be given to the chemical composition of the soil or mould in which the trees are planted. Just as the development and the very life of a child depends on the kind of nutriment on which it is fed, so does the progress of the tree depend on the ingredients it finds in the soil in which it is planted. Behold that wretched little stripling of a tree that seems to baffle all the efforts of the gardener and all the care that is constantly bestowed on it! atrophy and anæmia seem to be its chronic complaints; no amount of watering and no amount of pruning will get it on. The reason is simply the poorness of the soil; it cannot get enough nourishment, and consequently it pines away. On the other hand, excessive richness must also be steered clear of. What plethora is to the human constitution, a superabundance of vital juices is to the tree. The salt contained in these produces an irritating effect upon it, and an indigestion is as injurious to a young tree as it is to a boy who eats more Christmas pudding than is good for him.

The tender flowers and delicate shrubs inspire

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those who habitually cultivate them with an affection similar to that we feel for a frail and delicate child; but neither can this feeling be foreign to the cultivator of trees, which requite so amply and so beneficently the care that is bestowed on them. In very poor and in an unduly rich soil they cannot live; but there is another deadly enemy they have to contend with, and that is gas. During the first years of the French Empire it was found that, in spite of all imaginary care taken in the selection, the transplantation and the feeding of the trees, most of them did not get on, and many of them would die. A *post-mortem* examination, both of the victims and of the soil in which they had lived, readily brought the cause of the premature death to light. The joints of the adjoining gas-main had been made in the most perfunctory manner, extensive leakages had taken place which impregnated and infected the soil, and the fœtid miasmas produced by those emanations had poisoned the roots and eventually imparted the germ of death to the tree.

Fortunately, the diagnosis of the disease having been once effected, the remedy suggested itself without much further inquiry. If gas-pipes were really laid and sealed properly, leakages would be almost impossible, and in the treaty the municipality of Paris concluded with the company that supplied the gas for the lighting of the streets, a proviso was inserted compelling the company to stop all such leakages. Since then, the mains and branches of the gas-pipes in thoroughfares planted with trees have had to be properly drained and ventilated, and apertures made from place to place, so that any escape of gas could be discovered and remedied almost as soon as it occurred. By this means, thousands of trees have been preserved which, but for that proviso in the contract, would have been doomed to certain death.

Another difficulty, apparently insuperable, consists in the scantiness of water. Full nine-tenth parts of the aggregate length of the roots are hidden beneath the macadam of the road and the asphalt of the pavement. Rain is not always sufficient in abundance for the requirements of the trees, and even if it is, the greater portion of the roots are almost cut off from every communication with it. Then again the heat of the sun is often so great in Paris that it parches the barks of the trees, and neutralises the "capillarity" by reason of which the radical moisture of the soil tends to ascend into the branches and leaves. To make up for this each tree must get plenty of watering from without.

In the early days of the Empire it was usual to put a sort of collar around the trunk of the trees, and keep this full of water. These collars were useful, but the very reverse of ornamental, and whenever the "Charivari" was at a loss for a subject for a cartoon it would show some trees on the boulevards, walking about in a stiff starched *faux-col*, like a French notary of the old school, and feeling extremely uncomfortable in this sort of conical and comical choker. Of late years this method has been abandoned, and the trunk now has straw bands and moss turf put around it, which are covered over with rough canvas, constantly kept damp, so that the tree is not allowed to thirst. It should be added that for two or three years only after the tree has been planted is it necessary to treat it to these libations, for after it has once picked up sufficient strength it becomes regularly self-supporting.

It is necessary, however, to remark that, apart from the obstacles in the way of the tree imbibing its modicum of water, there is another difficulty it has to contend with, and this consists in its innumerable orifices, which form an *ensemble* of breathing organs, being choked and clogged up by smoke and other impurities with which the atmosphere in large towns is always impregnated. Superincumbent strata of carbon obstruct the evaporation and absorption of the leaves and of the blossoms, and the entire tree is thereby hampered in its normal functions. A tree cannot, like a man, be subjected to a Turkish bath to open up its pores, but a good shower bath, administered with a substantial garden-hose, is sufficient to relieve it of all the incumbrances, pending the fall of a copious rain-shower, which in Paris is oftentimes very long in coming. In Manchester, the reservoir of all England, such palliatives are unnecessary.

The amount of work done in Paris of late years in the way of arboriculture redounds all the more to the credit of the *édiles* of the French capital, since the soil on which Paris stands is by no means well suited for vegetation. Whatever is planted in and around Paris partakes much more of the character of artificial or hothouse work than of a mere help given to nature. An Englishman who spent some years in Paris in the time of the Empire, and saw with admiration thousands of trees spring like mushrooms from the ground which Baron Haussmann struck like a second Neptune with his trident, expressed his opinion in these words: "Their trees are all very well, and so are the squares, which the French insist on calling *squars;* but give me old England for green lanes and grass-plots. Any of our English village greens will beat all the *prés* and *métairies* about Paris."

If the same man had gone to Paris ten years later, and seen all that was done "in the green way" in connection with the recent Exhibition, he would probably have thought differently. The newly-planted trees in the Exhibition grounds were, in English phraseology, "no great shakes," but the grass-plots sown on the slopes of the Trocadéro were considered inimitable. All the visitors to the Exhibition admired those magnificent lawns which had been sown by several eminent seedsmen. Some of the largest of these, and the most remarkable for their ever brilliant verdure, were produced from seeds supplied by our Queen's seedsmen, the celebrated firm of Messrs. Sutton and Sons. It appears that the decoration of the Legion of Honour has been bestowed upon the managing member of that firm, as a recognition of the merits of their exhibits, and full well was this honour deserved.

It would hardly be possible to bring a statement of the varieties of trees planted in the streets of Paris within the compass of this article. Yet we may just give the names of the principal trees that have either existed in the French capital for centuries, or been acclimatised there, if it may be so termed, since the restoration of the French Empire in 1852; they are—

1. The elm (*ulmus campestris*, Linné), with its varieties, the broad-leafed (*latifolia*) and the round-leafed (*modiolanus*), the former high and bold, the latter strong but stumpy.

2. The lime-tree, of which two varieties, scientifically known by the names of *tilia platyphylla* and *tilia silvestris*, are those most in use for the *alignement* of the streets of Paris.

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3. The maple, that does not require to be planted very deep, for its roots extend far and wide. Of this tree, also, two varieties have chiefly been introduced in Paris, viz., the *acer platanoïdes*, and the *acer pseudo-platanus*, which resembles the sycamore.

4. The plane-tree, a first-cousin of the maple, a perfect patriarch among trees, for it reaches about the age of Methuselah, or at any rate there are specimens of it known from 700 to 800 years old. There are the *platanus Orientalis* and the *platanus Occidentalis*, the former coming from Asia, the latter from America.

Apart from these trees, which supply the bulk of the Paris street arboriculture, we might name the chestnut-tree in its numerous varieties, which may be seen to perfection in the Avenue du Trocadéro; the poplar, the mountain ash—all of them trees with which the eye of every one of us is familiar, although, of course, we see nothing of them in the streets of London. As we remarked before, it would be idle to attempt to give anything like an account of these trees within our limited space, and besides, it is not the knowledge of trees most Londoners lack, but the enjoyment of them.

The distance at which the trees are planted away from one another varies according to their size, and according to the amount of shadow they give. For trees of the largest size, such as horse-chestnut-trees, plane-trees, maple, lime, and mountain ash, their distance is reckoned at eight metres, or about twenty-six feet, whilst the distance of other kinds of trees from one another ranges from thirteen to sixteen feet. None but those trees which grow quite straight, and present the appearance of a pyramid, or rather a cone, at a distance, may be put closer together; the Lombardy or pine poplar is an example.

Paris has immensely profited by its plantation of trees, but it has also spent an immense amount of money on them. It has been computed that a tree, that may be purchased for about 3*s.*, costs the city in full £3 16*s.* by the time it has been set, and if the cost of the necessary drainage, and the guard for preventing damage to it, be added, this amount rises to as much as £6 10*s.* This is for a tree conveyed to the spot with its root bare. If it be carried mould and all, it costs originally, when set, £5 17*s.*, but then it only requires a guard and no drainage, so that the aggregate cost comes to £6 14*s.* 6*d.*; but this does not comprise the value of the tree itself, which, if it has to be bought, is estimated to cost from 16*s.* to £1.

It may not appear uninteresting, in conclusion, to cast a glance at the statistics of arboriculture in Paris. Under the Empire, over 100,000 trees were planted and kept up. At the time of its fall, in October, 1870, the aggregate number was 102,154, which, estimated at the value of only £5 each, would represent an outlay of over half a million of money. The Commune, which supervened in March, 1871, did away with many trees which had been spared by the Government of the National Defence, that had to sacrifice a great number for strategical reasons, and also for fuel, the coal supply of the metropolis being almost entirely exhausted. Thus, in 1875, one-fourth of them were gone, and there only remained 77,155; but under the vigorous and judicious management of the late Prefect of the Seine Department, M. Ferdinand Duval, they picked up again, and on January 1, 1877, Paris possessed as many as 82,201 trees in its streets, besides 8,298 in its parks and gardens, and 10,390 in its cemeteries.

In 1876 Paris spent as much as £8,000 for keeping trees in trim and seats in repair, of which there are about 7,000 scattered over all the leading thoroughfares; whereas in London there are not half a dozen to be found from the London Hospital to the Marble Arch. Let us just add that the aggregate area of public squares, gardens, and parks within Paris is near one million square metres, or about 225 statute acres, whilst the Bois de Boulogne and the Parc de Vincennes, which belong to and are maintained by the city of Paris, occupy each about 900 hectares, or over 2,000 statute acres. All this shows clearly that London, with its Metropolitan Board of Works, its Thames Embankment, its Hyde Park and Regent's Park, may yet take a leaf out of the book of the French capital.

THE BEGUM'S FORTUNE.

BY JULES VERNE.

CHAPTER IV.—TWO CLAIMANTS.

On the 6th November, at 7 a.m., Professor Schultz arrived at the Charing Cross station. At noon he presented himself at No. 94, Southampton Row, entering a large room divided by a wooden barrier, one side being for the clerks, the other for the public. In it there were six chairs, a table, numberless green tin boxes, and a London Directory. Two young men seated at the table were quietly eating the traditional luncheon of bread and cheese usual with their class.

"Messrs. Billows, Green, and Sharp?" said the professor, in the tone of a man calling for his dinner.

"Mr. Sharp is in his private room—what name?—on what business?"

"Professor Schultz, of Jena. On the Langévol business."

This information was murmured into the speaking-tube by the young clerk, a reply being returned into his ear which he did not choose to repeat.

"Bother the Langévol business! Another fool come to put in a claim!"

Clerk's answer: "This man seems respectable enough. Does not look exactly agreeable though."

Another mysterious whisper conveyed the words,—

"And he comes from Germany?"

"So he says."

With a sigh came the order, "Send him upstairs."

"Second storey; door facing you," said the clerk, aloud, pointing to an inner entrance.

The professor plunged into the passage, mounted the stairs, and found himself opposite a green baize door, on which the name of Mr. Sharp stood out in black letters on a brass plate.

That personage was seated at a large mahogany writing-table, in a common-looking room, with a felt carpet, leather chairs, and many open boxes.

He half rose from his seat, and then, according

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to the polite fashion of business men, began to rummage amongst his papers for several minutes to show how busy he was. At last, turning to Professor Schultz, who remained standing near him, he said, "Have the goodness, sir, to tell me your business here in as few words as possible. My time is limited; I can give you but a very few minutes."

The professor smiled slightly, evidently not at all put out by the way he was received.

"Perhaps," he said, "when you know what brings me here you will think it advisable to grant me a few minutes more."

"Proceed, sir."

"My business relates to the inheritance left by Jean Jacques Langévol, of Bar-le-Duc. I am the grandson of the elder sister, Theresa Langévol, who married, in 1792, my grandfather, Martin Schultz, a surgeon in the army of Brunswick; he died in 1814. I have in my possession three letters from my great-uncle, written to his sister, and many accounts of his return home after the battle of Jena, besides the legal documents which prove my birth."

We need not follow Professor Schultz through the prolix explanations which he gave to Mr. Sharp. On this point he seemed, contrary to his nature, quite inexhaustible. His aim was to demonstrate to this Englishman, this Mr. Sharp, that by rights the German race should, in all things, predominate over all others. His object in putting forward a claim to this inheritance was chiefly that it might be snatched from French hands, which could not fail to make a silly use of it. What he hated in his rival was his nationality. Had he been a German he certainly should not have interfered, etc., etc.

But that a Frenchman—a would-be "savant"—should have this enormous wealth to spend upon French fancies, was distracting to his feelings, and he considered it his duty to contest his right to it at all costs.

At first sight the connection between these political opinions and the opulent inheritance in question was not very clear. But the experienced eye of the man of business plainly detected the relation which patriotic ambition for the advantage of the German nation generally bore to the private interests of Professor Schultz individually. He saw that this apparently double aim had in reality but one motive.

There was no doubt about it. However humiliating it might be for a professor of the University of Jena to be connected with beings of an inferior race, it was evident that a French ancestress had had a share in the responsibility of giving to the world this matchless human being.

THE LANGÉVOL BUSINESS.

But this relationship, being in a secondary degree to that of Dr. Sarrasin, would only give secondary rights to the said inheritance. The solicitor perceived, however, the possibility of lawfully sustaining them, and in this possibility he foresaw another which would be much to the advantage of Billows, Green, and Sharp, something which would change the Langévol affair, already productive, into a very good thing; indeed, a second case of the "Jarndyce *versus* Jarndyce" of Dickens. An extensive horizon of stamped paper, deeds, documents of all sorts, rose before the eyes of the man of law; and what was worth more, he saw a compromise conducted by himself, Sharp, to the interest of both his clients, which would bring to himself equal parts of honour and profit.

In the meanwhile he made known to Professor Schultz the claims of Dr. Sarrasin, gave him proofs in corroboration, and insinuated that if Billows, Green, and Sharp undertook to make something advantageous for the professor out of the claims—"shadowy though they are, my dear sir, it would, I fear, not hold water in a lawsuit"—which his relationship to the doctor gave him, he hoped that the remarkable sense of justice possessed by all Germans would admit that, to Messrs. Billows, Green, and Sharp, he, the professor, owed a large debt of gratitude.

The latter was practical enough to understand the

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drift of this argument, and soon put the mind of the business man at rest on this point, though without committing himself in any way. Mr. Sharp politely begged permission to examine into the affair at his leisure, showed him out with marked respect, nothing more having been said as to the very limited time of which before he had been so sparing.

Professor Schultz retired convinced that he had no sufficient claim to put forward for the Begum's inheritance, but all the same persuaded that a struggle between the Saxon and Latin races, besides being always meritorious, would not fail, if set about properly, to turn to the advantage of the former.

The next important step was to get Dr. Sarrasin's opinion on the subject. A telegram dispatched immediately to Brighton had the effect of bringing that gentleman to Mr. Sharp's office by five o'clock.

Dr. Sarrasin heard all that had occurred with a calmness which astonished the solicitor. He frankly declared that he perfectly remembered a tradition in his family of a great-aunt brought up by a rich and titled lady, who had emigrated with her, and who had married in Germany. He knew neither the name nor the exact degree of relationship of this great-aunt.

Mr. Sharp was busily looking over his notes, carefully numbered in portfolios, which he now exhibited with considerable complacency to the doctor.

There was—Mr. Sharp did not seek to hide it—matter for a lawsuit, and lawsuits of this character may easily be lengthened out. Indeed, it was not at all necessary to acknowledge to the adverse party that family tradition which Dr. Sarrasin had in his honesty just now confided to his solicitor. To be sure, there were those letters from Jean Jacques Langévol to his sister, of which Professor Schultz had spoken, and which were a point in his favour. A very small point indeed, destitute of any legal character, but still a point—no doubt other proofs would be exhumed from the dust of municipal archives. Perhaps even the adverse party, in default of authentic documents, would even dare to manufacture false ones. Everything must be foreseen. Who knew but that fresh investigations might assign to this Thérèse Langévol and her descendants, who had suddenly started up, superior claims to Dr. Sarrasin's? In any case, there would be long disputes, tedious examinations—no end of them. There was good hope of success for both sides, each could easily form a limited liability company to advance the cost of the proceedings and exhaust all the pleas of jurisdiction.

A celebrated suit of the same sort had been in the court of Chancery for eighty-three consecutive years, and was only ended at last for want of funds—interest and capital, all had gone! What with inquiries, commissions, transfers, the proceedings would take an indefinite period! In ten years' time the question would probably be still undecided, and the twenty-one millions still sleeping quietly in the Bank.

Dr. Sarrasin listened to this long-winded oration, and wondered when it would come to an end. Without taking for gospel all that he heard, he felt a kind of chilly discouragement creeping over him, as a voyager gazes from the ship's bows at the port to which he believes himself approaching, but sees it growing less and less distinct, and finally disappearing as his vessel drifts away from the land. He told himself that it was not impossible that this fortune, just now so near, and for which he had already found a use, would end by slipping from his grasp, and fade away.

"Then what is to be done?" he asked of the solicitor.

"What is to be done?"—Hem!—That was difficult to say, more difficult still to decide; but no doubt everything would be arranged in the end. He, Sharp, was certain of that. English law was excellent, a leetle slow, perhaps, he could not help saying so,—yes, decidedly slow, *pede claudo*—hem!—hem!—but all the more sure. Assuredly Dr. Sarrasin could not fail in the course of a few years to be in possession of this inheritance, always supposing—hem!—hem!—his claims sufficient!

The doctor issued from the office in Southampton Row, very much shaken in his confidence, and convinced that he must either plunge into an interminable lawsuit or give up his dream. The thought that his fine philanthropic scheme must come to nothing gave him keen pain.

In the meantime Mr. Sharp sent for Professor Schultz, who had left his address. He told him that Dr. Sarrasin had never heard of Thérèse Langévol, denied the existence of a German branch of the family, and rejected any idea of a compromise. There was nothing that the professor could do, therefore, if he believed his right well established, but to go to law. From this, Mr. Sharp, who was perfectly disinterested, of course, and was a mere spectator in the matter, had no intention of dissuading him. What more could a solicitor wish than a lawsuit of perhaps thirty years, and not knowing to what it might lead him? He personally would be delighted. If he had not feared that Professor Schultz would think it suspicious on his part, he would have pushed his disinterestedness so far as to recommend to him one of his legal brethren, who would look after his interests. And, indeed, the choice was an important one! The path of law had now become a regular highroad!—swarming with adventurers and robbers!—he owned this shameful fact, though with a blush!

"Supposing the French doctor was willing to arrange the matter, how much would it cost?" asked the professor.

Being a wise man, words could not confuse him—being a practical man, he went straight to the point without wasting any precious time on the way. Mr. Sharp was rather disconcerted by this mode of action. He represented to Professor Schultz that business did not go on so quickly as all that; that no one could see the end when as yet they were just at the beginning; that in order to bring Dr. Sarrasin to terms they must protract the business so as not to allow him to see that he, Schultz, was at all eager to compromise matters.

"I beg, sir," he concluded, "that you will leave it to me; put yourself in my hands and I will be answerable for everything."

"Very well," replied Schultz, "but I should much like to know what I have to expect."

However, he could not ascertain from Mr. Sharp the price at which the solicitor valued Saxon gratitude, and was, therefore, obliged to give him *carte blanche* in the matter.

When Dr. Sarrasin appeared next day in answer to Mr. Sharp's summons, and quietly asked if he had any particular news for him, the solicitor, alarmed at his calmness, informed him that a serious examination had convinced him that the better plan would be to nip the threatened danger in the bud, and propose

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to compromise with this new claimant. Dr. Sarrasin must agree with him that this was essentially disinterested advice, and what few solicitors in Mr. Sharp's place would have given. But he felt quite a paternal interest in the affair, and his pride was concerned in bringing it to a speedy conclusion.

The doctor listened and thought all this sensible enough. During the last few days he had become so accustomed to the idea of immediately realising his scientific dream that everything gave way to it. To wait ten years, or even one year, before he had it in his power, would have been a cruel trial to him. Without being taken in by Mr. Sharp's fine speeches, although little familiar with legal and financial questions, he would have cheerfully given up his claims for a sum paid down in ready money sufficient to enable him to pass at once from theory to practice. He also, therefore, at once, gave *carte blanche* to Mr. Sharp, and departed.

The solicitor had now got what he wanted. It was quite true that perhaps another might in his place have yielded to the temptation of beginning and prolonging a lawsuit which would bring in a considerable annuity to his business. But Mr. Sharp was not a man who cared for this kind of speculation.

He saw close to his hand a way by which he could reap an abundant harvest, and he resolved to seize it. The next day he wrote to the doctor that he believed Herr Schultz was not opposed to a compromise. In subsequent visits made by him to the doctor and professor, he told them alternately, that the adverse party would say nothing decided, and that, in addition, a third candidate, attracted by the scent, was talked of.

This little game went on for a week. In the morning all was going well, but by the evening an unforeseen objection had suddenly arisen to upset everything. The honest doctor was incessantly troubled by doubts, fears, and changes of mind. Mr. Sharp could not bring himself to hook his fish, he so greatly feared that at the last he would struggle and snap the line. But so many precautions were, in this case, quite superfluous. From the very first day Dr. Sarrasin, who would have done anything to spare himself the trouble of a lawsuit, was ready for any arrangement. When at last Mr. Sharp thought that the psychological moment, to use the celebrated expression, had arrived, or in less exalted language, that his client was done to a turn, he suddenly unmasked his batteries, and proposed an immediate compromise.

A benevolent man then appeared—the banker, Stilbing—who proposed to split the difference, to give to each ten millions, and merely have for commission the surplus million.

Dr. Sarrasin could have embraced Mr. Sharp when he made him this proposal; it seemed splendid to him. He was ready and eager to sign. He would have liked to put up in the market-place of the proposed city golden statues to the banker Stilbing, to the solicitor Sharp, to the bank, and to all the lawyers in the United Kingdom.

The documents were drawn up, and everything was ready. Professor Schultz had surrendered—Mr. Sharp assuring him that, with a less easy-tempered adversary he would certainly have had all costs to pay. So it was settled. The two heirs each received a cheque for a hundred thousand pounds, payable at sight, and a promise of a definite settlement after all the legal formalities had been gone through.

Thus was this wonderful affair settled, to the great glory of the Anglo-Saxon race!

We are assured that, that same evening, whilst dining at the Cobden Club with his friend Stilbing, Mr. Sharp drank a glass of champagne to the health of Dr. Sarrasin, another to Professor Schultz, and then, as he finished the bottle, gave way to this somewhat indiscreet exclamation, "Hurrah! Rule Britannia! We've got the best of it this time!"

The truth is, that the banker Stilbing considered his friend rather stupid for not having made a great deal more out of the business, and in his heart the professor had thought the same, from the moment in which he had felt himself obliged to agree to any arrangement that was offered. What could not have been done with a man like Dr. Sarrasin, a Celt, careless, thoughtless, and very certainly visionary!

The professor had heard of his rival's project of founding a French town under such moral and physical conditions as would develop the qualities of the race, and form strong and brave generations.

This enterprise appeared to him absurd, and, to his ideas, sure to fail, as it opposed the law of progress, which decreed the uprooting of the Latin race, its subjection to the Saxon, and eventually its disappearance from the surface of the globe. However, these results might be held in check if the doctor's programme began to be realised, and so much the more if there was any prospect of its success. It was, therefore, the duty of every true Saxon, in the interest of general order, to obey this appointed law, and bring to nothing, if he could, this insane enterprise. Under the circumstances, it was quite clear that he, Schultz, M.D., privat docent of chemistry in Jena University, known by his numerous works on the different human races—works in which it was proved that the German race was to absorb all others—it was quite clear that he was particularly designed by the great creative and destructive force of nature to annihilate the pigmies who were struggling against it. From the very beginning it had been ordained that Thérèse Langévol would marry Martin Schultz, and that one day, the two nationalities meeting in the persons of the French doctor and the German professor, the latter would crush the former. Already he had in his possession half the doctor's fortune; this was the weapon he was to wield.

This project was but a secondary one to Professor Schultz at present, he merely added it to others still more vast which he had formed for the destruction of all nations who refused to blend themselves with the German people and be united with the Vaterland. However, wishing to explore to the end—if so be that they had an end—of Dr. Sarrasin's plans, he attended all the meetings of the congress. As several members, with Dr. Sarrasin himself among them, were leaving the meeting, the professor was overheard to make this declaration: that he would found at the same time as Frankville, a city strong enough to put an end to that absurd and abnormal ant-hill.

"I hope," he added, "that the experiment we shall make will serve as an example to all the world!"

Although good Dr. Sarrasin was so full of love to all mankind, he had lived long enough to know that all his fellow-creatures did not deserve the name of philanthropists. He noted, however, this speech of his adversary, thinking, like a sensible man, that no threat ought to be neglected. Some time afterwards,

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writing to Max to invite him to aid in his enterprise, he mentioned this incident and described Herr Schultz so accurately that the young Alsacian was certain the doctor had in him a formidable adversary. The doctor added:

"We shall need bold and energetic men, of practical information, not only to build, but to defend us."

Max answered:

"Although I cannot immediately give my co-operation to the founding of your city, you may depend on finding me when the right time comes. I shall not lose sight for a single day of this Professor Schultz whom you have described so well. My Alsacian birth gives me the right to know about his affairs. Whether I am near you or far away, I am devoted to you. If by any unforeseen chance you should be some months, or even years, without hearing from me, do not be uneasy. Whether I am near you or far away, I shall have but one thought, to work for you, and consequently to serve France."

A YEAR OF POULTRY-KEEPING.

SOME time ago it was my lot to be living in an old house, of which part had formed the gateway of one of the Cistercian abbeys founded in England in the reign of Stephen. Perhaps this has little to do with the title of this paper, but the charm of the surroundings cast a bright gleam of interest on all that took place within the precincts. One of the daughters of the house attended to the poultry, but in a desultory sort of way, and was quite alone in her work, no other of the family caring much, or only now and then getting up a little feeble admiration of a fine brood of chickens or an unwonted number of eggs. Sympathising with her taste, and feeling a great wish to be helpful to her, I proposed that we should join together, and take to keeping poultry in a business-like manner.

The poultry-house was in a field, through which a small brook ran that had formerly supplied the abbey fish-ponds (of which, indeed, the traces remained), and making its way under an ancient embankment, finally lost itself in the river flowing past the ruins of the abbey. So we had ready to our hands a poultry-house, a grass run, a stream of pure water, and were allowed to have the scraps from the house. It was in the month of April that we began business by buying up from the house all the poultry, promising that, in consideration of the above advantages, we would supply the family with eggs at a very low price.

Our capital was £4. This we expended on twenty-six fowls, at an average price of half-a-crown each, some wire to go round a small run, which the gardener knocked up near the house, and various other requisites. We sold off some of the fowls, and, as money came in from the eggs, replaced them with others of a finer kind, as Cochins and cuckoos, our object being to make our expenses the first year by selling eggs and rearing chickens for the table.

We were not without losses. In the winter some of the fowls suffered from inflammation of the eyes. We lost about seven from one cause or another.

We reared sixteen chickens; more were hatched, but came to an untimely end in various ways.

At the end of the year we stood thus. We began with twenty-six fowls, bought twenty more, and brought up sixteen chickens, making in all sixty-two. We sold twenty-nine and lost seven, so ended the year with the same number we began with, but of a more valuable breed, and with twenty fine chickens in a most flourishing condition. During the year we sold 1,900 eggs.

When our accounts were audited at the end of the twelvemonth they stood as follows:—

Dr.	£	s.	d.	Cr.	£	s.	d.
Poultry bought ...	3	7	10	Eggs and Poultry sold	11	3	1
Food	6	0	11				
Balance	1	14	4				
	£11	3	1		£11	3	1

After deducting four shillings, one year's interest at five per cent. on the capital (£4), and carrying ten shillings and fourpence to the reserve fund, one pound was left to be divided between the two shareholders.

We could easily have made a larger profit by rearing more chickens, but we have gained much experience, which will be of great use in future.

The food cost about a penny a head a week. We fed them well, but carefully measured out the food to prevent waste and over-feeding. In the morning they had barley-meal or sharps, with bran and the kitchen refuse mixed up warm; and before going to roost they had barley alone, or barley and Indian corn. We only found it necessary to feed them twice a day.

The result is that poultry can be made profitable. It is advisable to hatch out chickens in March or early in April, so that they will begin to lay as soon as their moulting is over, and to weed the stock before moulting begins, killing off the least profitable fowls while they are still fit for the table.

A few words may be added on the different breeds of hens which we substituted for our first purchase. We were well satisfied with a batch of cuckoo fowls, bought at three months old, which rapidly grew up, and in November, when they were eight months old, we sold the cockerels for the table to great advantage. They were not only tender, but almost as large as a turkey poult. The hens lay very well, fine yellowish eggs, and are good mothers, but want to sit often. We had also silver-spangled Hamburgs and Cochins, both kinds laying well. We can also speak well of the black Hamburgs; there are no better layers, and, after moulting, they will lay well throughout the winter.

Varieties.

UNITED STATES LIFE-SAVING SERVICE.—The report of the General Superintendent of the Life-saving Service of the United States has been published for the usual fiscal year. The operations of the service during the year were confined to 148 stations—116 of them being on the Atlantic coast, 30 on the lakes, and two on the Pacific coast. There were during the year within the limits of the operations of the service 171 disasters to vessels. On board these vessels were 1,557 persons. The estimated value of the vessels is 1,879,063 dols., and that of their cargoes 745,672 dols., making the total value of the

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property involved 2,624,735 dols. The number of lives saved was 1,331, and the number lost 226. Of the latter number 183 perished in the disaster to the United States steamer Huron and the steamship Metropolis—98 in the former, and 85 in the latter. The number of shipwrecked persons sheltered and succoured at the stations during the year was 423. The total value of property saved is estimated at 1,091,375 dols., and the amount lost at 1,527,360 dols. These statistics show that the disasters of the last year were greater in number and severer in character than the service has ever before encountered.

Sparrows in America.—The sparrow, one of the English emigrants to this country, has been the subject of almost as much controversy as the Chinese. Whether he is a good bird or a bad bird, whether he eats the worms and spares the cherries, or the reverse, appears still to be an unsettled question. We have another testimony. Mr. E. J. Lowe, the astronomer, writes to the London "Times": "Thirty-five years ago a countryman left here for Australia, taking with him all our popular hardy fruits and vegetables; but the produce was yearly destroyed until the English sparrow was introduced, after which there was plenty of fruit. Waterton calculated that a single pair of sparrows destroyed as many grubs in one day as would have eaten up half an acre of young corn in a week."—*New York Observer.*

Lake Nicaragua.—The steamer Coburg has, after several unsuccessful attempts, at last forced a passage up the River San Juan from the sea to Lake Nicaragua. This feat cannot fail to have the most important results in extending the trade of this portion of Central America, and will no doubt give a fresh impetus to the plans for the construction of an interoceanic canal by this route. The length of the River San Juan, from its mouth to its outflow from the lake, is sixty-three miles; the lake itself is about fifty-six miles in length, leaving sixty-four miles—the remainder of the distance across the isthmus—to be cut artificially. The cost of the undertaking has been estimated at 100,000,000 dols., or £20,000,000 sterling. In consequence of the successful enterprise of the Coburg, steam navigation may be said to be established between Grenada, the Bay de la Vierge, San George, Fort San Carlos, and other towns, and direct communication will be maintained between Greytown and Grenada. The former town, which is already a central port of call for steamers, will benefit largely from the increased trade which it must receive.—*Times.*

Highland Traditions.—In their conversations the heroic actions, the wise or humorous sayings, the enterprises, the labours, the talents, or even the sufferings of their ancestors, are perpetually remembered. These are so often and so fondly descanted on, where all the world abroad is shut out, that the meanest particulars become hallowed by their veneration of the departed, and are carried on from father to son with incredible accuracy and fidelity. I must be supposed to mean such anecdotes as did honour to the memory of their ancestors. Departed vice and folly sleep in profound oblivion. No one talks of the faults of conduct or defects in capacity of any of his forefathers. They may be, perhaps, too faithfully recorded by some rival family; but, among a man's own predecessors, he only looks back upon sages and heroes. And even among the lowest classes a man entertains his sons and daughters in a winter night by reciting the plaintive melody or mournful ditty which his great-grandmother had composed on the death of her husband, who had lost his life crossing an overswelling stream, to carry, in time of war, an important message for his chief; or of her son, who perished in trying to bring down the nest of an eagle, which preyed on the lambs of the little community—or who was lost in the drift, while humanely searching for the sheep of a sick or absent neighbour.—*Mrs. Grant, of Laggan.*

Duke of Kent.—A German-Jew paper, the "Israelitische Wochenschrift," has published the following historical reminiscence: "In the year 1816, under the nominal rule of George III, his third son, Edward, Duke of Kent, settled in Brussels, in consequence of the unsettled state of his finances, and of the necessity of living more economically than was possible in England. Two years later he married the widowed Princess of Leiningen, with whom he subsequently resided at her Castle of Amorbach, in the Odenwald. There the prince was visited by Moses Montefiore (with whom he was acquainted), in order to arrange some financial matters, and during this visit the last-mentioned personage took the opportunity of calling the attention of the royal duke to an expected change in the occupancy of the English throne, and advised him, therefore, to return to his native country. The duke was, however, unwell, and postponed his departure, being desirous of awaiting his recovery before introducing his consort at the English Court. Montefiore then betook himself to the duchess, and urgently pressed on her notice the fact that no one could be heir to the throne unless he or she were born in England; that, under the circumstances in which she was then situated, she owed it to herself and to her coming child at once to repair to England. He reminded her that the death of George III was shortly to be expected; that both the Prince Regent and the Duke of Clarence (afterwards William IV) were childless—the Prince Regent had lost his only child, the Princess Charlotte, in 1817; and that, consequently, after the two princes just mentioned, the throne would devolve on the Duke of Kent and his descendants. So earnestly did Mr. Montefiore press his point, especially with reference to the necessity for the heir to be born in England, that the duchess followed his advice, and urged her husband to accompany her to England. On the 24th of May, 1819, she gave birth to a daughter, who, eighteen years later, succeeded to the throne as Queen Victoria. This circumstance, concludes our contemporary, was the result of the sensible advice given by Moses Montefiore, and in part accounts for the esteem in which the venerable baronet is held by the Court."

Design and Beauty in Creation.—The adaptations of natural objects, the wonderful contrivance, order, and beauty everywhere apparent in nature, it is at once the duty and pleasure of the true naturalist to maintain. I remember that in younger days, before I had decided whether biological or geological studies had the greater attractions, I had occasion to dissect a ruby-throated humming-bird; and I recall as vividly as of a thing of yesterday the impression which that marvellous structure made on me. To see all the parts of the highest type, in a mechanical point of view, of the vertebrate animal, condensed into a little creature whose solid body is not so large as the last joint of one's little finger, and to think of the power, the swiftness, the grace, the varied instincts and intelligence and feeling manifested in that tiny frame—all this was sufficient to have made one worship the beautiful little fairy, as some of our southern aborigines actually did, were it not subject to accident, to death, and to decay, and were it not an obvious manifestation of a higher power. Whoever has rightly appreciated the structures and powers of a humming-bird has been introduced to a miracle of design. The multiplication of that miracle in hundreds of dissimilar species by no means lessens its significance. Only a mental organisation diseased can see the universe as a chaos or a failure; but we must learn to know that, after all, it is but a faint shadow of the invisible glory, and it would be an equally fatal mistake to exalt it into a god, or because of its necessary imperfection to fail to perceive its Divine original.—*Principal Dawson.*

Baring Family.—The origin of the Barings in England is to be traced to Johan Baring, son of a Lutheran pastor in Bremen. Johan, when still a lad of sixteen or seventeen, came to England, engaged for a few years in clerkly duties, studied hard, amassed a little money, and finally settled down as a cloth merchant and manufacturer in a little village near Exeter. He had four sons, and the third of them, Francis, born 1740, came to London, where, after finishing his education at Mr. Fuller's academy in Lothbury, he set up in business as an importer of wool and dye-stuffs, also acting as agent for the original family cloth factory. "Starting," writes Mr. Frederick Martin, "with a fixed determination to become rich, and having a fair amount of money to begin with, he was uniformly successful in all his designs. Nothing failed that he undertook, and whatever he touched became gold. Having amassed a fortune by dealing in cloth, wool, and dye-stuffs, he resolved to quintuple the fortune by dealing in money itself—that is, to be a banker. As was natural, the successful man became also the honoured man—a leading director of the East India Company, and the friend and adviser of the Premier, Lord Shelburne, who invariably followed his counsels in matters of finance. After obtaining a seat in Parliament for Exeter, the son of Johan Baring was made a baronet, under patent of May 29th, 1793, by William Pitt, Shelburne's successor in the Government after the short interregnum of the Duke of Portland. Valuing the friendship of the shrewd man of finance, William Pitt, as well as the Earl of Shelburne, listened to the counsel of Sir Francis Baring, both statesmen delighting to style the reputed possessor of two millions on all occasions 'the prince of merchants.'"—*City Press.*

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THE LEISURE HOUR.

BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,
AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND.—*Cowper.*

A PERILOUS POSITION.

STRAIGHT TO THE MARK.

CHAPTER XIII.—HIS BIRTHRIGHT.

Then John he did him to record draw,
And John he caste him a God's pennie;
But for every pounde that John agreed,
The land, I wis, was well worth three.
—*Old Ballad.*

JOSHUA DEAN was quite sincere when he protested to his sister that he would take only one glass with Mr. Chaffin; and Lucy, taking him at his word, or perhaps on the contrary, doubting his resolution, took away the bottle and locked it up. Mr. Chaffin thought it was rather a shabby thing to do, but made no remark, and as soon as he had emptied his tumbler rose and bade them good night.

"You'll go a step of the way with me, won't you?" Mr. Chaffin said, as Dean opened the door for him. The latter assented, and they walked along the shore together towards the Jolly Dolphin.

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"Yes," said Chaffin, surveying the shipyard with the house and garden adjoining by the light of the moon, which was nearly full—"Yes, you have a nice place here; but you will soon be built in. This is the direction in which all the chief improvements will be made. The shipyard will be quite out of place here after a year or two."

"It will last my time, I dare say," said Dean.

"I'll tell you now what I should do if I were in your place," said Chaffin. "I should look out for a bit of ground at the other end of the town; you could get a bit there cheap, and it would answer your purpose quite as well as this, or better. Then you could sell this for a lot of money, and clear a good round sum by the exchange."

"But I don't want to sell," said Dean. "I won't sell, I tell you."

"Yes you will," Chaffin replied. "Wait a bit; you'll have to shift your shipyard anyhow. Why, there will be a terrace all along in front of it very likely."

"They can't turn me out," said Dean; "it's my freehold."

"An Act of Parliament can do anything. That's why I am advising you to be prepared for it, and to look out for another site in time."

They walked on together until they came to Mr. Chaffin's inn.

"Come in," said the contractor.

"No, I thank you."

"Oh yes, come in."

Mr. Chaffin took his companion by the arm and led him only half resisting in to the inn parlour. He had resolved to show this uncouth shipbuilder—fellow, as he called him mentally—a good example of hospitality. He had allowed the brandy bottle to be locked up after the first glass; now he should have as many glasses as he liked at Mr. Chaffin's expense, to teach him better manners. That would be rendering good for evil the contractor thought.

"What will you take?" Mr. Chaffin asked, as soon as they were seated.

Dean would have again refused, but after a feeble protest submitted to Mr. Chaffin's importunity. It is needless to describe the scene that followed. At a late hour Joshua Dean left the Jolly Dolphin with an uncertain step, and went towards home; his eyes were bent upon the ground, his hat slouched over his face, and he paused from time to time to steady himself against a rail or a house. Sufficiently sober to be conscious of his own degradation, he shrank from the shame of approaching his own door, where, as he well knew, his sister would be watching for him, and loitered by the way altogether miserable. Mr. Chaffin looked after him with mingled feelings of pity and contempt. Why should he be so overcome by a glass or two? he thought. He had taken a great deal more himself, and was none the worse for it. It was a great mark of weakness to be so easily upset. Mr. Chaffin expressed this opinion to Mr. Brimmer, who also came to the door to witness his customer's departure.

"Yes," said Brimmer; "some men can't stand nothing. Now that there poor fellow will be so upset by what he has took, that he won't get over it for a week or ten days, or maybe a fortnight."

"You don't mean that?" said Chaffin, with a slight feeling of remorse.

"I don't mean that it will make him downright ill, sir; but to-morrow morning he'll be here again as soon as I'm open; and he'll go on, nobody knows how long. He can't help it. It's some months, though, now since he tasted a drop of spirits, and I wondered to see him here to-night. He ought to learn to drink in moderation. It's men like him as brings us publicans into disfavour. Not as he ever takes a great deal; a little is sufficient to upset him. You could see that yourself, sir, couldn't you?"

Yes, Mr. Chaffin could see it; Mr. Chaffin had seen it after the first glass at the inn; but he had gone on urging him to take more, nevertheless; he could not be inhospitable; it was not his fault if other men did not know when to stop. He was not answerable for other men. With this sop to his conscience he wished Mr. Brimmer good night, and went upstairs to bed, well satisfied on the whole with the day's proceedings. He had found water, and was confident that there would be plenty of it wherever it was properly sought for. The Sandy Frith Company would go on and prosper. He would keep his eyes on Dean's bit of freehold, and entertained but little doubt of being able to secure it for himself by-and-by. He should make a lot of money by the place, he said to himself as he turned into bed. Yes; he had done a good day's work.

The next morning he went by an early train to London; but before a week had elapsed he was again upon the spot. A great number of workmen followed him and were employed immediately upon different parts of the estate, some sinking wells, others carting away soil, and others preparing materials for building. Mr. Chaffin completed his arrangements for renting the stone quarry, and began to get stone there in large quantities; and sites were laid out all over the little town, with boards to signify how they were intended to be occupied. These important works required Mr. Chaffin's frequent attendance at Sandy Frith, and he missed no opportunity of seeing Joshua Dean, who would often spend an evening with him at the Jolly Dolphin. Mr. Brimmer's evil augury had been realised, and the poor man seemed to be under a spell; despising himself for his weakness, he appeared to be unable to resist the intolerable craving for stimulants which came over him at all hours of the day, and for several weeks together he was either wretchedly depressed or unnaturally elated. Lucy could do nothing with him. He would listen to her eager remonstrances with shame and contrition, and hold out perhaps for a day or two against temptation, but would give way as last, and run to greater excess than before. Mr. Chaffin seemed to think it was no affair of his. The poor man never showed himself to him in a state of absolute intoxication, and the contractor might have thought he was doing him a kindness by offering him just one glass, when he saw him depressed and apparently pining for it. At all events "he could not be inhospitable," that was his plea; and Joshua Dean yielded to the tempter again and again, even while loathing himself and resolving with all his power of will to yield no more.

Meantime business went on badly at the shipyard; Dean had to find money for materials and wages, and the work that he had on hand remained unfinished, or if sent away, was returned as unsatisfactory. Many conversations took place as to the sale of the shipyard, and Dean began to listen to the proposal. It would be a good thing, he thought, to break away from the place, and begin life again somewhere else, away from the reach of temptation, as if such a thing were possible.

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Mr. Chaffin offered him a good price for the property; he could make provision for his mother and sister, he thought, and go abroad somewhere, where there was no Jolly Dolphin and no Chaffin. He might ship as a seaman on board some temperance vessel. These and similar plans were turned over in his confused and troubled mind one after another, all springing from the same source, self blame and self-dissatisfaction. The result of all was that, one evening when Dean and the contractor were together at the Jolly Dolphin, pen and ink were called for and Mr. Brimmer was invited to come into the parlour and drink a glass of his own brandy and to sign his name as a witness to a contract or agreement for sale between Joshua Dean of the one part, vendor, and Daniel Chaffin of the other, purchaser, whereby the former agreed to sell and the latter to buy and purchase all that plot and parcel of land with the buildings and tenements thereon, called the shipyard, situate and being at Sandy Frith, etc., etc., at and for the sum of etc., etc.

"It is a deal of money," Mr. Chaffin said, with a grave face, as he folded up the document, and put it in his pocket—"a deal of money, Mr. Dean."

The vendor did not show any signs of exultation. He knew too well what he had done, but was hardly able to review all the conditions and consequences so critically as might have been desired. "Yes," he thought to himself, "it is a good price, but I have sold my birthright." There was a bottle upon the table, and he helped himself again to its contents before leaving the inn. He did not intend to tell his sister what he had done; it would make no difference to her, he argued. He was to continue to occupy the house and shipyard at a moderate rent for a year or two at least. Mr. Chaffin looked to the future; he did not want to do anything with the property until the new buildings in its vicinity should have added something considerable to its value. He had bought it wholesale, as it were, and hoped to sell it retail by the yard or foot by-and-by. In the meantime Joshua Dean was to occupy it as before, and the sale was to be a secret. Mr. Brimmer even was not supposed to know the contents of the deed which he had witnessed, though he must have had a shrewd suspicion of it when he saw the money payment which formed the deposit handed over, and the receipt endorsed.

"Yes," Mr. Chaffin repeated, when he was alone, "it is a deal of money; but if he takes the bulk of it in Sandy Frith shares, as I have no doubt he will, it will suit my purpose well. I hope he will be steady now, and stick to work again. I'm afraid he has not been doing much good lately. I am sorry for his sister, as she seems to be dependent on him, and for his mother, too, at her age. Eighty-one or two she is I know. She can't live long; I promised to let her occupy the house as long as she wants it, and I won't disturb her if I can help it; it won't be very long, I dare say. I hope Dean will take a good turn and be steady now. I do hope he will, I'm sure."

CHAPTER XIV.—NE JOCO QUIDEM.

Pray you let us not be laughing-stocks to other men's humours.
—*Shakespeare.*

We must now return for a short time to Tom Howard and his school experiences. Although his adventure with the brick was passed over without notice by the masters, the fame of it spread throughout the school, and created a great sensation. Boys from other houses stole up to the dormitory at forbidden hours to look down at the spot where he had made his perilous descent, and peeped through the head master's garden gate to look up at it. Howard rose at once to a high place in their estimation, and they began to inquire among themselves where he had come from, and by what means he had acquired such activity.

"His father is a sailor," said one.

"I thought he was a pastrycook," said another.

"He is an East India man," said a third.

"An East Indiaman is a ship, but Howard comes from India all the same."

"That will account for it. There are very big trees out there, and they can all climb trees in Africa."

"Africa, you gander!"

"Well, Asia, then. It's all the same as far as the climbing goes. There used to be a great tree in the Crystal Palace, which had been brought from one of those places abroad, a thousand feet high, or something like it. I dare say Howard could have swarmed up to the top of it."

So the boys entertained each other with mingled facts and fancies.

Tom was not fond of showing off, and did not seek notoriety, but he was required after this to climb ropes and spars in the gymnasium. He had been an adept at this in one of the London gymnasiums, having taken great delight in everything that reminded him of his experiences on board ship, and fancying himself again a sailor, as he went up and down the ropes and ladders. The monitors at Abbotscliff, who had the management of the athletic sports which were exhibited every year in public in the spring, looked upon Tom as a great acquisition, and resolved that he should go into training in due time, and carry off a prize or two for his activity and daring.

Who it was that put the brick into Chaffin's bed was never discovered. Little Martin had the credit of it, but denied it, and Tom believed him, though some others did not. The custom of "greening" new-comers was brought by these events under discussion; some of the boys maintaining that it was silly and childish; anybody could do it who had impudence enough, and who did not mind about telling lies. Others defended the practice, denying that there was any harm it. It was only done for fun, and could not hurt anybody, they said.

"It sharpens a new fellow's wits," said one, "and makes him look about him."

"There's no wit in it," said another, "so it can't put wit into anybody else. 'Iron sharpeneth iron;' but a 'soft' can green another; look at Chaffin!"

"Grown-up men do it," the former speaker replied. 'It's only like making April fools, or sending a simpleton to buy strap oil at a cobbler's."

"Such customs are more honoured in the breach than the observance," was the rejoinder. "In Scotland, a poor half-witted fellow is sometimes sent about with a note, in which is written, 'Send the bearer further,' and each person to whom he delivers it acts upon the hint, so that he may go to a dozen places before he finds any one good-natured enough to tell him that he is a *gowk:* 'hunting the gowk,' they call it, but, as an old rhyme says,—

"'Tis a thing to be disputed,
Which is the greater gowk reputed,
The man who innocently went,
Or he who him designedly sent?"

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"Still, it's not fair to talk of it as if it were a crime," said another of the boys. "I would not tell a lie for anything, but I do not see the harm of stuffing a goose or a gowk."

"It is lying, though, call it what you will," said Mr. Grantly, who happened to pass at that moment. "You make me think of a sentence in the Life of Epaminondas, that you read the other day in class,—'*Adeo erat veritatis diligens, ut ne joco quidem mentiretur*' (He never would tell a lie, even in joke, because he loved the truth). Those who love the truth will be careful of it. I have begun to think more seriously about this 'greening' than I did. It is not only foolish, but dangerous. Epaminondas reads us a good lesson—'*ne joco quidem*;' that should apply to everything that is contrary to strict morality, 'jesting which is not convenient,' as St. Paul calls it. A silly fellow presented a gun at his sister the other day, in joke, and shot her. He did not mean any harm. It is better not to trifle with guns or falsehoods. '*Ne joco quidem*;' let that be the rule, boys; we shall be on the safe side then."

From that time forward the words "*Ne joco quidem*" became a proverb among the boys at Abbotscliff. Very often they were quoted without any relevancy. When, for instance, one asked another to lend him a shilling, "*Ne joco quidem*" would be the answer. But the lesson was not the less useful on that account. "Greening" became unfashionable, and those who helped to circulate a false report were looked upon as cads or blockheads. As for Howard, he was set down by all as a plucky little fellow, and was popular. But his chief friend was the young boy Martin—or Swallow, as he was invariably called. They became constant companions. To him Tom could speak of his mother on the seas, and of his father in India, while the younger boy would delight to talk, in his turn, of his home at Brakeley, and of the pleasant vicarage and parish in which his parents dwelt. The two boys would sit together upon the ruined tower near the schoolhouse, looking out over the sea and opening their hearts to one another without reserve. It was a famous place, that old tower, and Martin was not afraid to climb up into it in reliance upon his friend, though his head would swim if he looked downwards from the height, and he never could overcome a feeling of fascination like that which is said to take possession of the bird when it flies down into the gaping jaws of a snake; and he used to say that unless Tom Howard held him tight he should be tempted to throw himself into the gulf of which he felt such terror. He had an idea, however, that if Tom went to sea he should like to do the same, and was resolved on that account to learn to climb ropes, and to overcome his giddiness; and if perseverance and resolution could accomplish it, it was likely he would succeed.

One morning they were sitting upon a part of the old wall, fifty feet or more above the ground, when a great stone, which had been loosened by the weather, broke away from its place above them, and came crashing down, rebounding from one wall to the other, until with a leap it passed over their heads and fell to the ground. Tom felt the young boy's hand shrink as he held it firmly within his own, and observed the effort which he would have made to escape from the threatening danger; but he bade him sit still, and pressed his hand upon him to keep him to the spot until the stone had passed.

"I thought it would have knocked us off the wall," said Martin, in great trepidation.

"And you very nearly lost your balance in trying to avoid it," Tom replied.

"I shall never be as cool as you are," said Martin, still trembling at the thought of the danger he had escaped.

"I ought not to bring you into such places," Tom replied. "You are a year or two younger than I am, and have not had the same practice. We had better go down now; give me your hand. Another stumble! Take care, Swallow; sit down and rest a bit; this is a safe place just here."

The boy was very pale; he looked down into the depth below them and shuddered.

"I shall never get down there," he said; "it's ten times worse going down than coming up. I feel as if I could not go along that narrow bit of wall. I am afraid to move. I wish I were not such a coward."

"Take your time, Swallow," said Tom, cheerfully. "Take hold of my jacket, watch where I set my feet, and put yours in the same place after me; slowly now; don't look at anything else; now sit down and lower yourself over the slope. I'll hold you; do as I bid you. Come."

Tom looked so determined, and spoke so sharply, that the little boy, yielding to the influence of a master mind, mustered courage to follow his intrepid leader. There was really very little danger, and with Tom's help he reached the ground in safety. He felt ashamed of himself afterwards, and feared that Tom would have but a poor opinion of him; but they continued as good friends as before, though they did not frequent the ruined tower so much; or if they went there, did not climb so high.

"You will get over it some day," Tom said.

"I'm afraid not," Swallow answered, mournfully. "I should never be able to stand on the top of a ship's mast."

"That's not necessary," said Tom. "And it's easy enough to go aloft, because you have something to lay hold of. A sailor makes more use of his hands than of his feet when he's aloft. He always feels safe as long as he has a rope between his fingers.

The bell rang for dinner while they were speaking, and they hastened to obey its summons; but poor little Martin had a bad headache that afternoon, and it was evident that his nerves had been severely shaken.

UTOPIAN EXPERIMENTS AND SOCIAL PIONEERINGS.

BY THE REV. M. KAUFMANN, M.A., AUTHOR OF "SOCIALISM: ITS NATURE, ITS DANGERS, AND ITS REMEDIES CONSIDERED."

VII.—COMMUNISTIC SOCIETIES IN NORTH AMERICA.

IT was remarked by John Stuart Mill that "fair trial alone can test the workableness of any new scheme of social life." Now it so happens that trials of this sort have been made, and that under favourable circumstances, on the rich virgin soil of America, by people thoroughly in earnest, in most cases possessing fair abilities and means in addition to the spirit of self-denial required for such undertakings. Enthusiastic would-be regenerators of society have left the Old Country for the Far West, prepared for almost any sacrifice in the attempt to found new communities on the basis of their respective theories.

Here we meet with religious sects and social idealists full of faith in their own system, engaged in the very act of trying such Utopian experiments, the results of which are still before our eyes. And it remains for us, in this and the next papers, to

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describe these settlements, their foundation, development, and present condition, so as to measure the extent of their success; comparing expectation with fulfilment, and affording an opportunity to our readers to judge for themselves how far these Transatlantic settlements may or may not be regarded as patterns of the society of the future, and whether or not a further extension of their social system may be desirable in any attempts at social reconstruction.

In our examination of the social schemes, we shall take note in each case of the time and surroundings which favoured and gave the movement its chief impulse; the nature, capacities, and resources of the emigrants themselves, in a mental, moral, and material point of view; and the surroundings and circumstances of their position in the new ground occupied by them. We shall also consider the constitution of each settlement, and the organic laws for the promotion of their well-being, and see how far this result has been attained, and whether experience thus far holds out any real hope of solving the labour-question by a more general adoption of the same system.

The main currents of emigration to the West we purpose tracing owe their first impulse, directly or indirectly, to the two movements which have exercised the greatest influence on European history—the Reformation and the Revolution.

The social fictions of the sixteenth century, and the religious revivals of later days, take their rise from the former; the Socialistic agitation of 1830, and successive reformatory efforts, are closely connected with the latter.

The former section is represented by the Shakers, Inspirationists, Harmonists, Oneida Perfectionists, and others representing the class of religious Communists. The latter section consists of the Owenite settlements, Fourierist Phalanstères, and Icarian communes, which may be regarded as the secular division of American Socialisms. It will be seen in the sequel that those experiments have been most successful which have been inaugurated under religious auspices, while those have only enjoyed an ephemeral existence which have lacked the religious element in their formation.

In this and the next paper we purpose to speak of the former only, and proceed to give an account, first, of the *Shakers*, because, as we are told by a competent authority, their "influence on American Socialisms has been so great as to set them entirely apart from the other antique religious communities." * Their name is derived from the physical convulsions which shook their whole frame when under the influence of strong religious fervour. They themselves trace their origin, through the French prophets of the last century, to the Shakers of the Commonwealth.† But we find no historical notice of them till about 1747, when James Wardley, originally a Quaker, a man of deep religious convictions and under the impression of having had supernatural dreams and revelations, founded a small community, over which he and his wife Jane presided. Ann Lee, a blacksmith's daughter, of Manchester, joined them in 1758. She appears to have been a sincere religious enthusiast, by no means devoid of practical sense; humble-minded, yet possessing natural dignity, which commanded confidence and respect from her followers at a later date, when she had become "Mother Ann" and the head of the Shaker community in America. She was only twenty-three years old when she became a member of the Shakers' society. Twelve years later, when suffering persecution with the sect to which she was attached, she professed that, "by special manifestation of Divine light, the present testimony of salvation and eternal life was fully revealed to her." Now she made the statement, on the ground of supernatural communication, that marriage was wrong, and "testified against it." Presently "she was, by direct revelation, instructed to repair to America," where "the second Church would be established." Accordingly, Ann Lee embarked in May, 1774, at Liverpool for New York, accompanied by eight persons, mostly near relatives, including her husband, to whom she had been married long before her anti-matrimonial visions. It was by her exertions that for the time they maintained themselves in New York, and under her leadership they afterwards settled in "the woods of Watervliet, near Niskeyuna, about seven miles north-west from Albany." Here they cleared the land, and, after endless hardships and vicissitudes, received an accession of new adherents from the neighbouring Baptist community in New Lebanon, where a religious revival had led to the sudden exodus of those under its influence. In their wanderings they were attracted by the teaching and practice of self-denial by Ann Lee. They became her disciples, new converts were added in the immediate vicinity, and Mother Ann travelled from place to place to confirm these newly-planted churches in Massachusetts and Connecticut, having New Lebanon for their centre.

In 1805 there were twenty communities belonging to the Shakers. The population in 1847 was from 4,000 to 5,000. Since then there has been a decline in numbers, with a remarkable increase in prosperity.

When last visited by Mr. Charles Nordhoff (to whose interesting volume on "The Communistic Societies of the United States" we are deeply indebted in this paper) there were eighteen societies, scattered over seven States, subdivided into several "families," fifty-eight in all, with an aggregate population of 2,415 souls, and owning real estate amounting to 100,000 acres.

These "families" form each a separate community of celibates of both sexes, of from thirty to ninety persons, who live together in one large house, a wide hall separating the dormitories of the men from those of the women. Buildings in which various industries are carried on group round this family mansion, and in them the brothers and sisters follow their respective callings, for although agriculture forms the basis of their commonwealth, every member follows one or more other avocations besides. They have a uniform style of dress, and in their social habits aim at extreme simplicity, whilst in practical life they are described as "industrious, peaceful, honest, highly ingenious, patient of toil. . . . . They hold that he only is a true servant of God who lives a perfectly stainless and sinless life, and they add that to this perfection of life all their members ought to attain." They are pronounced Spiritualists, believing in the most intimate connection and communion with souls departed. Strange communications are received from the spirit-land at their religious meetings, some of which

* Noyes: "History of American Socialisms," p. 595.

† Marsden: "Dictionary of Christian Churches and Sects," ii. 320–21. "The work," they said, "which God promised to accomplish in the latter day, was eminently marked out by the prophets to be a work of *shaking*." (Shaking the heavens and the earth.)

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are given in full by Mr. Noyes in his "American Socialisms."* Their religious services are peculiar. Mental prayers are preferred to audible petitions. Singing and dancing, "as David danced before the Lord," form the chief feature of their services. In marching round the assembly-room, at quick step, to a lively hymn-tune, the women following the men, and all often clapping their hands or holding them out to "gather a blessing," they work themselves up at times into strong religious excitement, until one of the members, bowing before the elder or elders, will suddenly begin a whirl resembling that of the dancing dervishes of the East, whilst in the next moment they all will solemnly kneel down in silent prayer, when some brother or sister is impressed to deliver a message of comfort or warning sent from the spirit-land, or some spirit asks for the intercessory prayers of the assembly.

Evenings not spent in such and similar religious exercises are devoted to family meetings, and filled up with innocent, though by no means very lively, diversions and instructive intercourse. On Sunday evenings they visit each other's rooms, three or four sisters visiting the brethren in each room by appointment, and engaging in singing and in conversation upon general subjects.†

Their habits of life are frugal. They rise at half-past four in the summer and five o'clock in the winter; breakfast between six and seven, dine at twelve, and sup at six; by nine, or half-past, they are all in bed and lights are out. Each brother is assigned to a sister, who takes care of his clothing and linen, and has the oversight "over his habits and temporal needs." They eat in the general hall, and the preparation of food is left to the sisters, who take it in turn to attend to this, as well as the washing and ironing and other light work.

Their diet is simple and sufficient. All turn to work after breakfast, under the leadership of "caretakers," or foremen, who are subordinate to the deacons. But "Shakers do not toil severely; they are not in haste to be rich. . . . Many hands make light work, *and where all are interested alike, they hold that labour may be made, and is made, a pleasure.*" There is no servant class, but, like the monks of old, they endeavour, as far as possible, to supply their own needs, and try to get on without the use of outside labour. They are good and successful farmers, and their buildings are always of the best, whilst order and cleanliness are a distinctive feature of their settlements. As to external prosperity, Miss Harriet Martineau, after a visit to Mount Lebanon, is reported to have said: "A very moderate amount of labour has secured to them in perfection all the comforts of life that they know how to enjoy, and as much wealth as would command the intellectual luxuries of which they do not dream. The earth does not show more flourishing fields, gardens, and orchards than theirs. The houses are spacious, and in all respects unexceptionable. The finish of external things testifies to their wealth, both of material and leisure. If happiness lay in bread-and-butter and such things, these people have attained the *summum bonum.*"

In culture and the graces of life, the Shakers do not stand high. Although some of their members belonged formerly to the professional classes while others have been mechanics, sea captains, and merchants, the bulk of the community are very simple people, although their successive leaders, from Ann Lee to Elder Frederick Evans, generally were shrewd, possessed of superior power of management, and able to rule well. The Shakers are not a reading people, and the libraries of their most cultured leaders are of extremely limited range. In the Shaker community at Canterbury they have, however, a fine school, with a special music-room; they take in twelve or fifteen newspapers, and have a library of 400 volumes, including history, voyages, travels, scientific works, and stories for children, but no novels. The society of Shirley is distinguished for its love of flowers, but we are told they do not cultivate any. The walls of the rooms are bare of pictures, but are lined with wooden pegs instead for hats, cloaks, and shawls, the useful taking preference to the ornamental, from which we conclude that a taste for natural beauty, art, and literature is but imperfectly cultivated among the people. When we remember this in connection with the fundamental law of the society, that "it is an established principle of faith in the Church, that all who are received as members thereof do freely and voluntarily, of their own deliberate choice, dedicate, devote, and consecrate themselves, *with all they possess*, to the service of God for ever"—*i.e.*, accept *community of property* as their rule of life—we cannot help coming to the conclusion that this mode of life tends to hinder social progress, mental development, and exercises a cramping and narrowing influence in keeping all alike on the same plane of rigid uniformity by means of rules and regulations, and thus preventing expansion of the intellect into the regions of imagination and discovery. A general dulness and noiseless motion in the same grooves characterises their daily life. The only changes in this monotonous existence are conversations among themselves, which, considering the paucity of subjects to be discussed, becomes rather dreary at times. In their more exciting religious entertainments are to be found, indeed, the merry sounds of song and dance, and the imaginary music from the land of spirits, which produce a momentary exhilaration, or a dreamlike evanescent imaginative effort. But these make room immediately again for the colourless sameness and sombre uniformity of every-day life. "To a man or woman not thoroughly and earnestly in love with an ascetic life and deeply disgusted with the world," says Mr. Nordhoff, "Shakerism would be unendurable, and I believe insincerity to be rare among them. It is not a comfortable place for hypocrites or pretenders." We need not, therefore, be astonished that the society is not fast increasing. Since they cannot perpetuate themselves on account of their celibate life, and have also ceased to reinforce their ranks by the adoption of children, the rate of increase in membership has not kept pace with the vast accumulation of wealth, mainly in landed property. The society seems therefore in danger of painless extinction unless new religious revivals among other sects will replenish their dwindling numbers.

The spirit of philanthropy allied to the Methodist revival movement in England, which sought to elevate the masses of the people above the low level of guilt, ignorance, and suffering, whilst the contemporaneous discoveries and improvements in machinery by Watt, Hargraves, Arkwright, and Crompton excited the cupidity and high expectations of

* Noyes: "History of American Socialisms," p. 605 *et seq.*
† Nordhoff: "Communistic Societies of the United States," p. 142

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the productive classes, was at its very height when Ann Lee and her followers, impressed by this all-pervading spirit of social amelioration, determined to plant a new religious faith on the basis of new social order in America.

On the Continent a similar temper of the popular mind had produced a similar body of religious votaries, who, dissatisfied with what they called the deteriorated Christianity of the day, seceded from the Established Church, and, to avoid persecution, went to the United States to enjoy the free exercise of pietistic mysticism.

About the time when in this country Cowper in gentle accents sang of the common brotherhood of man, and Godwin advocated the rights of humanity in his "Caleb Williams," a man of the people, in Germany, without poetic genius or philosophical training, gave vent in his simple way to similar ideas, and determined to carry out practically these philanthropic aspirations. When deep thought and reflection had matured him for action, George Rapp, with 300 of his followers, set out for Baltimore on the 4th July, 1804, to be followed out by others at no distant date for the purpose of organising themselves into a new commonwealth in the Far West. Rapp was the son of humble parents, a man of slender attainments, but endowed with faculties for independent thought, persevering industry, and the capacity for governing.

On landing he was able to purchase 50,000 acres of wild land, and to found a Harmony Society in Pennsylvania, and as most of his followers belonged to the peasant and mechanic class, he found in them the proper instruments for colonisation. They were thrifty, and few of them entirely destitute of means. It was agreed that they should "throw all their possessions into a common fund, and to adopt a uniform and simple dress and style of house; to keep thenceforth *all things in common, and to labour for the common good of the whole body*."

After some time they, like the Shakers, adopted celibacy. The first beginnings of the enterprise were on a humble scale. From forty to fifty log-houses were erected, together with a church, schoolroom, grist-mill, and some workshops. In the first two years 500 acres were cleared, and other buildings and industries were added. Ten years later they sold their land to transfer their settlement to a more eligible site, realising 100,000 dollars for the property. This price was below the real value, which has been estimated as at the least 150,000 dollars, which, if divided among them, would have given 1,200 dollars to each head of a family, a considerable sum if we consider that they began with probably less than 500 dollars each family; and so far the Communistic experiment was a success. As they increased in wealth they also received large accessions of emigrants from Germany. It was then that they consented to burn their books, which stated how much each had contributed, and henceforth to follow the maxim, "Mine is thine." Their new settlement on the banks of the Wabash, in Indiana, to which they had removed, not proving so desirable a spot as they had anticipated, they sold to Robert Owen their estate of Harmony for 150,000 dollars, and bought that of Economy, on the Ohio, near Pittsburg, which they still occupy. Economy is described as being "a model of a well-built, well-arranged country village," and the Duke of Saxe-Weimar Eisenach, who visited it in 1828, speaks very favourably of the appointments in the workshops and factories, and the healthy and joyous appearance of the workmen and women, as well as the taste displayed everywhere throughout the Communist settlement.

In 1832 there was a secession of some members, owing to the intrigues of a scheming adventurer, who called himself the Count of Leon. Fifteen thousand dollars were paid to those members of the community who seceded to become his adherents. This again shows a further increase of capital during the twenty-seven years of the society's existence. The mystical tendency of the members in their religious seclusion, and their millenarian expectation of a speedy advent of Christ, are in strange contrast with their practical good sense and thrifty habits of life. They are not Spiritualists, like the Shakers, but Father Rapp taught them to be practical Christians, and inculcated the "duties of humility, simplicity of living, self-sacrifice, love to neighbour, regular and persevering industry, prayer and self-examination." As they hold community of goods, in imitation of the early Christians, to be one of their articles of faith, every one is bound to work with his own hands. Their mode of daily living resembles in most respects that of the Shakers. But their households consist of from four to eight men and women only, usually in equal numbers, and each family caters for itself. They are fond of flowers and music, painting and sculpture. Father Rapp's house contains a number of pictures of great value, and they have a library; still, the traveller was told, "the Bible is the chief book read among us."

Clothing is given out according to the requirements of each person, the tailor and the shoemaker each counting it a matter of honour or pride that the brethren shall be decently and comfortably clad.

"As each labours for all, and as the interest of one is the interest of all, there is no occasion for selfishness, and no room for waste. We were brought up to be economical; to waste is to sin. We live simply, and each has enough, all that he can eat and wear, and no man can do more than that." This was the explanation given to Mr. Nordhoff by a Harmonist in answer to some inquiries.

The relation of this society with the outer world, although at first it was suspected, and regarded with coldness, is one most satisfactory in every respect, and they are reported by their neighbours to be worth from two to three millions of dollars, which, in the eyes of the civilised world around them, no doubt, is an incontestable proof of their respectability. Moreover, we are told, the legal authorities of the United States, after strict investigation, bear testimony to the integrity and good administration of the funds by the rulers of the society in their management of an extensive and very complicated business, which is a remarkable testimony from unwilling witnesses in favour of administrative power in the Communal system.

The present condition of the settlement as to external prosperity is unexceptionable. Situated in one of the most picturesque spots near the Ohio river, the village of Economy and its surroundings produce a most favourable effect on the traveller's mind, whilst the placid, calm, and comfortable aspect of the inhabitants leaves no doubt as to their perfect contentment and peaceful happiness.

The smallness of the population alone may produce an unfavourable effect on the observer, since, owing to their celibate life, their numbers have dwindled

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down from 800—1000 in their best time—to 110 in the present day, most of whom are aged. In addition to these, indeed, there are hired servants and dependents, but the hope of the future are only from twenty-five to thirty adopted children. Their large factories were closed, for there were no people to man them, and some of their other outlying works were carried on by means of Chinese labour and hired servants. But this did not trouble the Harmonists in the least. They expect the speedy appearance of Christ, and make it their chief aim to prepare for it. In the meantime if asked what is to become of their vast property when they have passed away, their simple answer is, "The Lord will show us the way. We have not trusted Him in vain so far; we trust Him still. He will give us a sign."

THE BEGUM'S FORTUNE.

BY JULES VERNE.

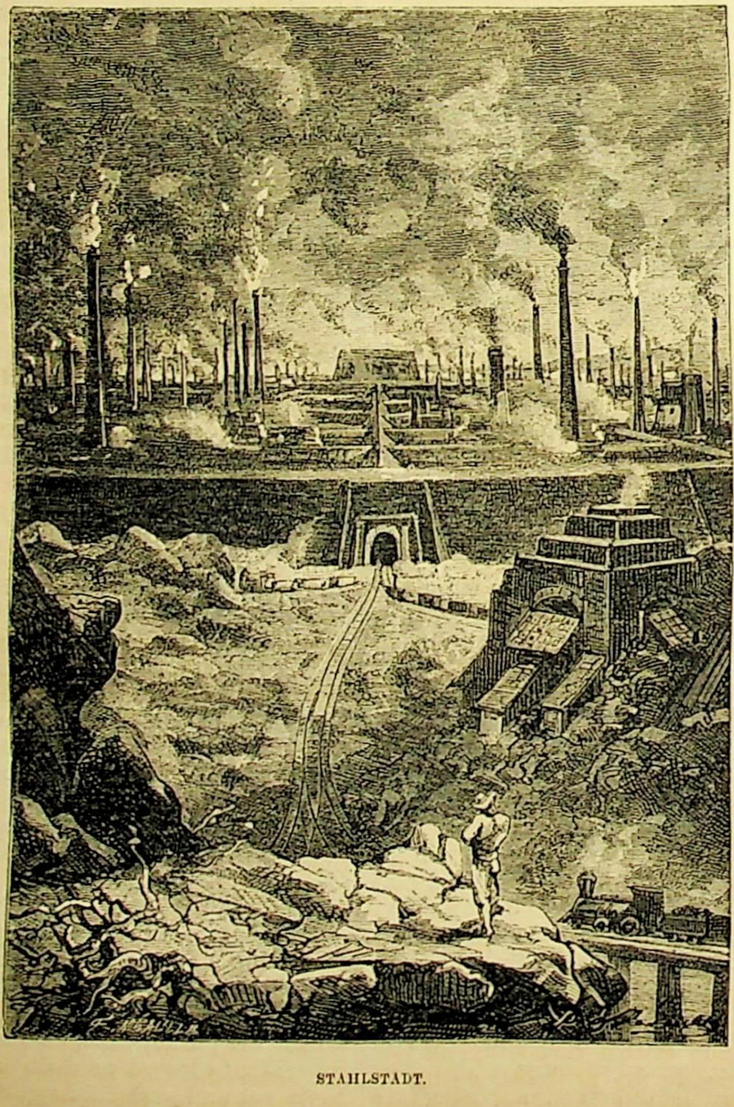
CHAPTER V.—STAHLSTADT.

WE must take a leap through time and space. Five years have elapsed since the two heirs took possession of the Begum's inheritance. The scene lies in the United States, to the south of Oregon, ten leagues from the shores of the Pacific. The district is mountainous, its northern limits as yet barely defined by the two neighbouring powers.

A merely superficial spectator might call it the American Switzerland, with its abrupt peaks rising above the clouds, its deep valleys dividing the heights, its aspect at once grand and wild.

But, unlike the European Switzerland, it is not given up to the peaceful industries of the shepherd, the guide, and the hotel-keeper. It has Alpine decorations only, just a crust of rocks, and earth and venerable pines spread over a mass of iron and coal.

Should the traveller through these solitudes stay on his way to listen awhile to the voice of nature, he would not, as on the slopes of the Oberland, hear the gentle murmurs of insect life or the herd-boy's call, enhancing the silence of the mountain. On his ear in this wild spot would fall the heavy sound of the steam-hammer, and under his feet would echo the muffled explosions of powder.



STAHLSTADT.

He would feel as if the ground was as full of trap-doors as the stage of a theatre, and that at any moment even the huge rocks might sink and disappear into unknown depths.

Dreary roads, black with cinders and coke, wind round the sides of the mountains.

Heaps of variegated scoriæ, which the scanty herbage fails to cover, glance and glare like the eyes of a basilisk. Here and there yawns the shaft of a deserted mine, a dark gulf, the mouth grown over with briers. The air is heavy with smoke, and hangs like a pall over the ground. Not a bird nor an insect is to be found, and a butterfly has not been seen within the memory of man.

At the northern point, where the mountain spurs slope into the plain, lies between two ranges of bleak hills what up to 1871 was called the "Red Plain," because of the colour of the soil, which is impregnated with oxide of iron, but what is now called Stahlfeld, or the field of steel.

Just imagine a plateau of seventeen or eighteen square miles, the soil sandy and strewn with pebbles,

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and altogether as arid and desolate as the ancient bed of some inland sea. Nature has done nothing towards giving life and movement to the place, but man has brought a wonderful amount of energy and vigour to bear on it.

In five years there sprang up on this bare and rocky plain, eighteen villages, composed of small wooden houses, all alike, brought ready built from Chicago, and containing a large population of rough workmen.

In the midst of these villages, at the very foot of the Coal Butts, as the inexhaustible mountains of coal are called, rises a dark mass, huge and strange, an agglomeration of regular buildings, pierced with symmetrical windows, covered with red roofs, and surmounted by a forest of cylindrical chimneys, which continually vomit forth clouds of dense smoke. Through the black curtain which veils the sky, dart red lightning-like flames, while a distant roaring is heard resembling that of thunder or the beating of the surf on a rocky shore.

This erection is Stahlstadt—Steel Town! The German city, and the personal property of Professor Schultz, the ex-chemistry professor of Jena, who has become, by means of the Begum's millions, the greatest iron-worker, and especially the greatest cannon-founder, of the two hemispheres.

He casts guns of all shapes and of all calibres, smooth and rifled bores, for Russia, Turkey, Roumania, Italy, for Japan and for China, but particularly for Germany.

With the aid of his enormous capital, this large establishment, which is at the same time a regular town, started up as at the wave of a conjurer's wand. Thirty thousand workmen, Germans for the most part, crowded to it, and settled themselves in the suburbs. In a few months its products, owing to their overwhelming superiority, acquired universal celebrity.

Professor Schultz digs out iron and coal from his own mines, which lie ready to his hand, changes them into steel, and again into cannon, all on the spot. What none of his competitors can do he manages. In France ingots of steel are obtained, eighty thousand pounds in weight. In England a hundred-ton gun has been cast. At Essen M. Krupp has contrived to cast blocks of steel of ten hundred thousand pounds! Herr Schultz does not stop at that,—he knows no limits. Order a cannon of him, of whatever weight and power you like, he'll turn you out that cannon, as bright as a new halfpenny, exactly at the time agreed on.

PUDDLERS AT WORK.

But he makes his customers pay for it! It is as if the two hundred and fifty millions of 1871 had only given him an appetite for more!

In gun-casting, as in everything else, the man who can do what others cannot is sure to be well off. Indeed, Schultz's cannon not only attain to an unprecedented size, but, although they may deteriorate slightly by use, they never burst. Stahlstadt steel seems to have special properties. There are many stories current of mysterious chemical mixtures; but one thing is certain, that no one has discovered the invaluable secret.

Another thing certain is that, in Stahlstadt, that secret is guarded with the most jealous care.

In this remote corner of North America, surrounded by deserts, isolated from the world by a rampart of mountains, five hundred miles from the nearest town or habitation of any sort, we may search in vain for the smallest vestige of that liberty which is the foundation principle of the United States.

On arriving under the walls of Stahlstadt it is useless to try and enter one of the massive gateways which here and there break the line of moats and fortifications. The sternest of sentinels will repulse the traveller. He must go back to the suburbs. He cannot enter the City of Steel unless he possesses the magic formula, the password, or, at any rate, an order duly stamped, signed, and countersigned.

One November morning a young workman arrived at Stahlstadt, who doubtlessly possessed such an order,

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for after leaving his well-worn portmanteau at an inn, he directed his steps to the gateway nearest the village.

He was a fine, strongly-built young fellow, dressed in a loose coat, woollen shirt, with no collar, and trousers of ribbed velveteen, tucked into big boots. He pulled his wide felt hat over his eyes, as if to conceal the coaldust with which his skin was begrimed, and walked forward with elastic step, whistling through his brown moustache.

Arrived at the gateway, the young man, showing a printed paper to the officer of the gate, was immediately admitted.

"Your order is addressed to the foreman, Seligmann, section K, road ix, workshop 743," said the sentinel. "You must follow the roundway to your right till you come to the K boundary, and there show yourself to the porter. Do you know the rule? Expelled if you enter another section than your own," he added, as the new-comer went away.

The young workman followed the direction indicated to him along the roadway. On his right lay a moat, above which marched numerous sentinels. On his left, between the wide circular road and the mass of buildings, lay first a double line of railway, and then a second wall, similar to the outer one, which entirely surrounded the Steel City.

It was of so great an extent that the sections, enclosed by the fortified walls like the spokes of a wheel, were perfectly independent of each other, although surrounded by the same wall and moat.

The young workman soon reached the boundary K, placed at the side of the road before a lofty gateway, surmounted by the same letter sculptured in the stone, and presented himself to the porter

This time, instead of having a soldier to deal with, he found himself before a pensioner with a wooden leg and medals on his breast.

The pensioner examined the paper, stamped it again, and said, "All right; ninth road on the left."

The young man entered this second entrenched line, and at last found himself in section K. The road which debouched from the gate was the axle, and at right angles on either side extended rows of uniform buildings.

The noise of machinery was almost deafening. Those grey buildings, pierced with thousands of windows, were like living monsters. But the new-comer was apparently accustomed to such scenes, for he bestowed not the slightest attention on the curious sight.

In five minutes he had found road ix, workshop 743, and having entered a little office full of portfolios and registers, stood in the presence of the foreman Seligmann.

The man took the paper with all its stamps, examined it, then looked the young workman up and down. "Hired as puddler, are you?" he asked; "you seem very young."

"Age has nothing to do with it," was the answer. "I shall soon be six-and-twenty, and I've been puddling for the last seven months. If you like, I can show you certificates on the strength of which I was engaged at New York by the head overseer."

The young man spoke German quite easily, but with a slight accent which seemed to arouse the suspicions of the foreman.

"Are you an Alsacian?" he demanded.

"No; I am Swiss—from Schaffhausen."

"Look! here are all my papers, quite correct," he added, taking out a leather pocket-book and showing a passport, testimonial, and certificates.

"Very good. After all, you are hired, and it's my business simply to show you your place," returned Seligmann, assured by this display of official documents.

He then inscribed in a register the name of Johann Schwartz, copying it from the order, and gave to the workman a blue card, bearing his name and the number 57,938, adding, "You must be at the K gate every morning at seven o'clock; show this card, which will already have passed you through the outer wall. Take from the rack in the lodge a counter, with your number on it, and show it to me when you come in. At seven in the evening, as you go out, drop the counter into a box placed at the door of the workshop, and only open at that time."

"I know the system. Can I live in the town?" asked Schwartz.

"No; you must find a lodging outside, but you can get your meals at the canteen in the shed at a very moderate price. Your wages are a dollar a day to begin with, but they will be raised quarterly. Expulsion is the only punishment. It is pronounced by me at first, and by the engineer on appeal, for any infraction of the rules. Will you begin to-day?"

"Why not?"

"It will be but half a day," observed the foreman, as he guided Schwartz to an inner gallery.

The two men walked along a wide passage, crossed a yard, and entered a vast hall, like the platform of an immense terminus. Schwartz, as he glanced round, could not restrain a movement of professional admiration.

On each side of the long hall were two rows of enormous columns, as big as those in St. Peter's at Rome, their tops rising through the glass roof. These were the chimneys of the puddling furnaces, and there were fifty of them in a row.

At one end engines were continually bringing up waggon-loads of iron to feed the furnaces, at the other empty trucks appeared to receive and carry away the metal transformed into steel.

This metamorphosis is accomplished by means of the operation of "puddling," at which gangs of half-naked Cyclops, armed with long iron rakes, were working with might and main.

The "pigs" of iron are thrown into a furnace brought to an intense heat. As soon as melted, the metal is stirred about for a considerable time. When it acquires a certain consistency, the puddler, by means of his long hook, turns and rolls about the molten mass, and makes it up into four blooms, or balls, which he then hands over to others.

The operation is continued in the midst of the hall. Opposite each furnace stands a shingling hammer moved by steam.

Protected by boots and armlets of iron, the head covered with a metallic veil, and wearing a thick leathern apron, the "shingler," with his long pincers, takes up the red-hot ball and places it under the hammer. Down on it comes the weight of the ponderous machine, pressing out a quantity of dross, amidst showers of sparks. When it cools it is taken back to the furnace, to be brought out again and hammered as before.

There was incessant movement in this monster forge. To a spectator it was a terrifying scene, the cascades of molten metal, dull blows heard above the roaring, showers of brilliant sparks, the glare of

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red-hot furnaces. In the fearful din and tumult, man appeared like a helpless infant.

Powerful fellows must these puddlers be. To stir and knead four hundredweight of metallic paste in that temperature, to see nothing for hours but the blinding glare of the furnace and molten iron, is trying work, and wears a man out in ten years.

Schwartz, as if to show the foreman what he could do, at once stripped off his coat and woollen shirt, exhibiting a well-knit frame, and arms on which the muscles stood out like cords, seized a hook which one of the puddlers had just put down, and set to work.

Seeing that he was likely to do well, the foreman soon left, and returned to his office.

The new-comer worked on until the dinner-hour. But he was either too energetic, or he had neglected to take sufficient food that morning to support his strength in his unusual toil, for he soon appeared tired and faint. Indeed, so worn out did he seem that the chief of his gang noticed it.

"You're not fit for a puddler, my lad," he said, "and you had best ask at once to be changed into another section, for they won't do it later."

Schwartz protested against this. It was but a passing faintness. He could puddle as well as any one!

The gang's-man made his report, however, and Schwartz was immediately called up before the chief engineer.

This personage examined his papers, shook his head, and asked, in inquisitorial tone, "Were you a puddler at Brooklyn?"

The young man looked down in confusion.

"I must confess it, I see," he answered. "I was employed in casting, and it was in the hope of increasing my salary that I wished to try my hand at puddling."

"You are all alike," returned the engineer, shrugging his shoulders. "At five-and-twenty you think you can do what few men at five-and-thirty are fit for. Well, then, are you good at casting?"

"I was two months in the first class."

"You had better have stayed in it! Here you will have to begin in the third. All the same, you may think yourself lucky in being allowed to change your section so easily."

The engineer then wrote a few words on a pass, sent a telegram, and said, "Give up your counter, leave this division, and go straight to section O, chief engineer's office. He has been told."

The same formalities were gone through again that Schwartz had met with at the K gate. As in the morning, he was questioned, accepted, and sent to the foreman of the workshop, who introduced him into the casting-hall. But here the work was more silent and more methodical.

"This is only a small gallery, for casting forty-two pounders," observed the foreman; "first-class workmen alone are allowed to cast the big guns."

The "small" gallery was not less than four hundred and fifty feet long and two hundred wide. Schwartz, as he glanced round, calculated that there must be at least six hundred crucibles being heated, by four, eight, or twelve together in the side furnaces.

The moulds destined for the reception of the fused steel were placed down the middle of the gallery, at the bottom of a trench. On each side of the trench was a moveable crane, which, running on a line of rails, was constantly in use for moving enormous weights. As in the puddling-hall, at one end was a railroad for the conveyance of the bars of steel, at the other, one for taking away the cannon as they came out of the mould.

Near each mould stood a man armed with an iron rod, to test the state of fusion of the metal in the crucibles.

The processes, which Schwartz had seen put in practice elsewhere, were here brought to a remarkable state of perfection.

When a cast was to be made, a warning bell gave the signal to all the watchers of the crucibles. Then, two by two, workmen of equal height, bearing between them on their shoulders a horizontal bar of iron, came with measured step, and placed themselves before every furnace.

An officer, armed with a whistle, his chronometer in his hand, stood near the mould, conveniently placed for all the furnaces in action. On each side channels of refractory earth, covered with metal, converged in gentle slopes to a funnel-shaped reservoir, placed just above the mould. The officer whistled; immediately a crucible, taken from the fire with pincers, was slung on the iron bar supported by the two workmen. The whistle commenced a series of modulations, and the two men, keeping time to it, approached and emptied the contents of their crucible into the corresponding channel. Then they tossed their empty, still red-hot receptacle into a vat.

Without interruption, at regular intervals, so as to keep up a constant flow, gangs from the other furnaces went through exactly the same operation.

It was all executed with such wonderful precision, that just at the appointed time the last crucible was emptied and flung into the vat. The manœuvre seemed rather the result of a blind mechanism than the co-operation of a hundred human wills.

Inflexible discipline, the force of habit, and the power of the measured musical strain, worked the miracle.

The sight appeared familiar to Schwartz, who was soon coupled with a man of his own height, tested in a small cast, and found a capital workman. Indeed, the head of his gang at the close of the day promised him a speedy rise.

On leaving the section O, at seven that evening, he went back to the inn to fetch his portmanteau. Then, following one of the exterior roads, he soon came to a group of houses, which he had remarked that morning as he passed, and easily found a lodging in the cottage of a good woman who "took in a lodger."

After supper our young workman did not, like too many of his class, stroll out to the nearest public-house. He shut himself into his room, took from his pocket a fragment of steel evidently picked up in the puddling-shed, a little crucible earth from the O section, and examined them carefully by the light of a smoky lamp. Then, taking from his portmanteau a thick manuscript book half full of notes, receipts, and calculations, he wrote the following in good French, though, for precaution, in a cipher of which he alone knew the key.

"November 10.—Stahlstadt.—There is nothing particular in the mode of puddling, unless, of course, it is the choice of two different temperatures, relatively low for the first heat and the re-heating, according to Chernoff's rules. As to the casting, it is done after Krupp's process, but with a perfectly admirable uniformity of movement. This precision in manœuvres is the great German power. It results

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from the innate musical talent in the German race. The English could never attain to this perfection; they have no ear, and want discipline. The French may reach it easily, as they are the most perfect dancers in the world. So far there appears to be nothing mysterious in the remarkable success of this manufacture. The mineral specimens which I picked up on the mountain are similar to our best iron.

"The coal is certainly uncommonly fine, of an eminently metallurgic quality, but still there is nothing unusual in it.

"There is no doubt that in the Stahlstadt manufacture special care is taken to purify the principal materials from any foreign matter that they may be employed only in a perfectly pure state. The result may easily be imagined. To be in possession of the remainder of the problem, I have only to determine the composition of the refractory earth of which the crucibles and the channels are made. This discovered, and our gangs of workmen properly drilled, I do not see why we should not do what they do here. All the same, as yet I have only seen two sections, and there are at least four-and-twenty, without counting the central building, the plans and models department, the secret cabinet! What dangerous schemes may not be maturing in that den? What may not our friends have to fear, after the threat uttered by Herr Schultz when he took possession of his fortune?"

After these questions, Schwartz, who was tired enough with his day's work, undressed, laid himself down in a little bed, which was about as uncomfortable as a German bed could be—and that is saying a good deal—lighted his pipe, and began to smoke, and read a well-worn book. But his thoughts were apparently elsewhere. The odorous clouds issued from his lips as if they were saying, "Pooh! pooh! pooh! pooh!"

He soon put down his book, and remained lost in thought for a long time, as if he was absorbed in the solution of a difficult problem.

"Ah," he exclaimed, at last, "though the prince of darkness himself should try to prevent me, I will find out the secret of Professor Schultz, and, above all, what he is meditating against Frankville!"

Schwartz went to sleep murmuring the name of Dr. Sarrasin; but in his dreams it was the name of Jeannette, sweet little Jeannette, that was on his lips. He had never forgotten the little girl, although Jeannette, since he last saw her, had grown into a young lady. This phenomenon is easily explained by the ordinary laws of the association of ideas. Thoughts of the doctor brought up that of his daughter—association by contiguity. Then, when Schwartz—or rather Max Bruckmann—awoke, having still Jeannette in his mind, he was not at all astonished, but found in this fact a fresh proof of the excellence of the psychological principles of John Stuart Mill.

HANSTEEN'S TRAVELS IN SIBERIA.

X.—ASTRAKAN, AND THE PERPETUAL FIRES OF BAKU.

ASTRAKAN, one of the most important cities of the Russian Empire, is situated on an island of the Volga, called Dolgoï-Ostrov (or Long Island), at about fifty versts from the mouth of that river. The Caspian Sea was formerly nearer to the city, but the sand brought down by the Volga gradually formed a delta, consisting of a number of small islands. Its summer is extremely warm, although the winter is severe. To profit by the hot weather, its inhabitants have planted vines on the slopes descending to the river, walled round by high terraces of earth. The vines are watered by means of machinery placed near the river, which conducts the water up to the gardens by wooden conduits, put in motion by camels or by horses. Many different kinds of wine are made—even champagne, red and white, which seemed to me almost as good as French champagne.

There are in Astrakan no less than twenty-five Greek churches, a monastery, and a convent of nuns; two Armenian, a German Lutheran, and a Roman Catholic church; nineteen mosques, and a religious "hall of prayer" for the Hindoos. The city is inhabited by Russians, Tartars, Georgians, Germans, English, Persians, Hindoos, Khivans, and other Europeans and Asiatics. Altogether, the population is about 30,000, and occasionally, including strangers resorting thither for trade, the aggregate may amount to 70,000. Astrakan is the centre of an important trade, not only with the interior of the empire, but also with Persia, Khiva, Bokhara, and India. Its imports are silk, cotton (raw and manufactured), otter-skins, Persian stuffs, and precious merchandise from India; lamb-skins, sheep-skins, from the Caucasus and from Circassia; warm dresses from Bokhara, corn from Turkey, pulse and grain from Persia, and an abundant quantity of fruit. The exports are cloth, wax, soap, gold and silver, diapered copper, lead, iron, steel, mercury, alum, vitriol, sal ammonia, and morocco. It is from this city that the fine varieties of fish caught in the Caspian and at the mouths of the Volga, Terek, and the Kur are sent. Within the city there is a botanical garden, and one of medicinal plants. In a large house belonging to an Armenian, which was pointed out to us by the police, we were permitted to occupy as many rooms as we required, the proprietor being absent.

At Selinginsk (south of Lake Baïkal), near the Chinese frontier, I had made the acquaintance of an English missionary, who gave me a letter for one of his countrymen, named William Glen, who was living at Astrakan. I sought him out, and sometimes I met a Persian called Abdullah Vizieroff at this Englishman's house. He had been vizier to the Shah of Persia, but an insurrection to remove the Shah from the throne, in which Vizieroff was implicated, being discovered, he was obliged to take flight, and found refuge in Astrakan. In memory of his ancient grandeur he had adopted the name of Vizieroff. He had obtained the place of Persian professor in the Gymnasium for instruction in Oriental languages, and was assisting the missionary to translate the Bible into Persian.

General Willielminoff, formerly commander-in-chief of Georgia, had strongly advised me to make

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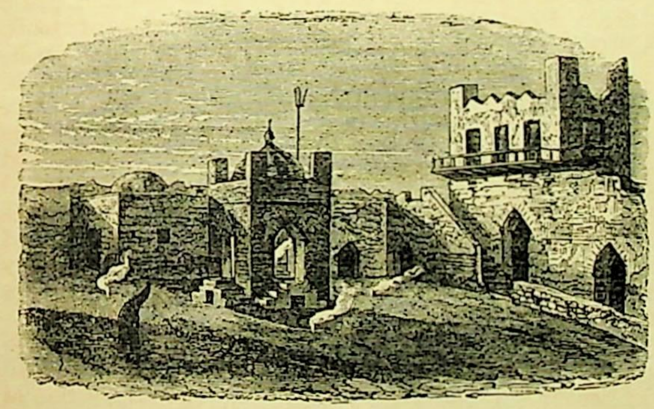
an excursion from Astrakan to Georgia, which he described to me as being attractive, and exhibiting very curious phenomena. "By asking your Minister, Baron Palmstjerna, to address himself to the Emperor, his Imperial Majesty will give the order to the Admiralty at Astrakan to convey you in a Government vessel from Astrakan to Baku, on the Caspian, whence you may proceed to Tiflis, capital of Georgia." Thus encouraged, I wrote to M. Palmstjerna, and learnt that such an order had been given to the authorities at Astrakan.

The most remarkable phenomena in these parts are the springs of naphtha, the "growing mountains," and the so-called "eternal fire." The sources of naphtha are found near the town of Baku, and on the peninsula of Apscheron. Some wells from which it is taken produce white naphtha, which sells at a high price. The wells are sealed up, and opened only once a month. Besides these, about fifty others exist, which yield an immense quantity of black naphtha. They are emptied daily, and the naphtha is sent to Baku, and is there used for lamps and kitchen fireplaces, and in the ovens which bake bread—for, indeed, the village does not possess any other material for producing heat. Russians, however, prefer to have their bread baked over a fire of dried herbs. The most abundant wells of naphtha, which belong to Government, yield 7,500 lb. daily!

The so-called "eternal fire" on the peninsula of Apscheron is perhaps the only phenomenon of the kind in the whole world. It burns in a hollow space of irregular form. The hollow never becomes deeper by the emission of this continually-burning fire, the stones at the bottom resist its action. Nevertheless, the limestones become friable, and are easily reduced to powder. The "eternal fire" produces neither smoke nor smell, and exists within a circumference of two versts. Wherever a hole is dug



FIRE TEMPLE AT BAKU.

the fire kindles up and burns with a quick flame until covered over with earth. The fire in the largest hollow could, no doubt, be extinguished in the same way, but would burn up again whenever free vent were given it. It is remarkable that grass grows green and fresh on the borders of this burning hollow, and that at some little distance there are two wells of excellent water and a large, productive garden. Some fire-worshippers are always to be found near the principal focus of the fire, descendants of the ancient Parsees, who regard all fire as a symbol of the Deity. These people live in little huts near the hollow. In the middle of each hut there is a hollow made, encircled by a border of stones, on which a cauldron to cook their food is placed. Straw or dried herbs are collected, which, lit at the "eternal fire" outside, are then placed under the cauldron. The hollow ignites immediately, and keeps burning on, without smoke or smell. Thus a kitchen fire is lit much more rapidly than with wood. The hollow is afterwards covered with felt, and the flame thereby extinguished. Hermits during the winter warm themselves at these burning hollows; nor do they require any other light than that which it affords.

This country offered yet another phenomenon. During the fine days of autumn, when the evening air was warm and sultry, the fields round Baku appeared on fire; sometimes flames of considerable size were seen to glide along the summits of the rocks, whilst the surrounding mountains emitted a bluish light. Innumerable tongues of flame, sometimes separated, sometimes uniting, cover the plains when the nights are dark and warm, terrifying the horses, mules, and, indeed, all animals. But this singular phenomenon lasts for four hours only, and generally during the months of October and November. After sunset, should a strong easterly wind prevail, they are no longer discernible; and this aërial element—if we may so call it—will not burn inflammable matter as other fires will. The reeds and rushes never take fire—a most singular circumstance—though the surface of the earth be covered with flames. And, more than this, if you place yourself in the midst of these fires you do not feel any heat from them!

The "growing mountains" are found between Baku and Navagi, along the road, within a space of about fifteen versts. They are of various heights, never attaining any very great elevation. Their colour is grey, they are devoid of vegetation, and their form is conical. The soil is argillaceous earth; each mountain seems to contain within itself a source of salt-water, thick and slimy, which, ascending up to its summit, overflows when it reaches the edge of the opening. The deposit becomes petrified, and thus gradually increases the dimensions of the mountain. Some of these springs—those at the highest elevation—have been dried up, but others have burst forth from openings at the sides, and are continually spouting a thick slime. Not only in this locality, but in other parts of the country, "growing mountains" exist. Near the sea there is a mountain which is constantly emitting flames.

We quitted Astrakan on the 25th February, but scarcely had we proceeded 300 versts to the north when the great depth of snow forced us to halt at one of the stations provided by the State (real blessings for poor travellers), that some sledges might be constructed by the peasants on which to place our carriages. By dint of advancing, though slowly, we reached Sarepta, an interesting German colony of Moravian Brothers, where we passed a very agreeable day. It was strange to find ourselves all at once in Germany, as it were, and in the midst of European life and customs.

At Zarizen, about thirty-one versts from Sarepta, we heard that the shortest route to Moscow, which we had decided on taking, would be impracticable for our heavy carriages, owing to the immense quantity of snow that had fallen. We were obliged, therefore, to pursue the road along the Volga as far as Saratov. This change of route enabled us to see the German colonies established near that river. To the north of

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Kamischen 103 German colonies have existed since about the year 1760. We spoke German to all the peasants we met, certain of receiving an answer, sometimes a little difficult to understand, although these people came from Saxony, Bavaria, and Alsace. These colonists speak a bad German, and as it must have been a second or third generation from the first settlers whom we saw, their language was certainly not purified by contact with Russians. I had been told that French colonies had settled to the north of these Germans, but that the French had gradually disappeared. Had the plague or cholera then visited them, and were they all carried off by it? No; they had all become teachers of the French language or governesses in grand Russian families. "If these French people," thought I, "spoke French after the fashion that the German colonies spoke German, the young princes and princesses who had them for teachers must have been taught a fine language!"

The 9th of March we quitted Saratov to proceed N.W. to Pensa, the chief town of the district. The roads became worse and worse; they were so cut up by incessant traffic on them that we fell out of one hole into another, and advanced only at a foot's pace. We got through only thirty-five versts the first day and forty-five versts the second day, although 150 versts may very well be accomplished in twelve hours when the winter road is good. In the morning we were obliged to have one of the sledges thoroughly repaired; the other broke to pieces on the high road as we advanced, although very strongly constructed. It was necessary to unharness the horses, and to send a jämstschik, or postilion, on horseback to the first village, eight versts off, to bring carpenters and two sledges filled with beams and tools; in fact, all that was necessary to repair it. During that time we had to wait four or five hours in the snow in the middle of the road.

The road became longer by the undulating lines we were afterwards obliged to make. When we arrived at a great cavity we were obliged to use the pickaxe to make the road level; but this proceeding was so very slow that it did not much forward our onward progression. It often occurred that five horses could hardly pull the carriage out of these hollow places, even though the poor brutes were unmercifully flogged. In the most difficult places I got out and walked, taking my barometer in my hand, fearing that these sudden jerks would injure it. The deep ruts on the road are worn by the continual passing of the peasants' sledges laden with merchandise. When a cavity is formed in a mass of snow several feet deep the sledge is pushed into the cavity and drags with it the snow from the elevation; thus it becomes more and more hollowed out, and more difficult to pass over. After five days of horrid journeying that tried our patience and our temper to the utmost, we at last arrived at Pensa, situated 195 versts from Saratov. Our sledges were there repaired by a good German blacksmith. There, too, our servants obtained the welcome refreshment of two nights' rest; a luxury they had not enjoyed since our departure from Kazan.

After undergoing fatigues of all kinds, we reached Moscow at last, where we found many old acquaintances. The snow having disappeared, it was necessary to place our carriages on wheels for the rest of the journey to St. Petersburg. On the way, first one wheel and then another broke; but at length, at midnight, on the 9th of April, we entered the imperial city.

HEATING AND VENTILATION OF ST. PAUL'S.

THE grandest work of Wren, occupying, as it does, the site of more ancient ecclesiastical edifices, and forming, as it were, the centre of the civilisation, enterprise, and busy life of London, offers a subject for thought in many directions, historical, political, and ecclesiastical. What passes in the pulpit or in the choir I do not presume to criticise, my humbler object is to refer to the sanitary condition of the edifice in the matter of ventilation.

The enormous interior of St. Paul's Cathedral, forming a chamber of immense capacity rising in the centre to, say, 350 feet, with lofty branching corridors of great length, with walls of such thickness and roofs so high, offers certainly the primary condition of sanitary perfection, so far as cubic space is concerned. It may be that a thousand worshippers would not, during an hour or two, so seriously poison the air of the church as to make it injurious to themselves; but if a succession of congregations attended, and no change of the contained air was effected, each succeeding assembly must become influenced in increasing proportion. Such a condition is actually experienced on some of the high days when there is a constant succession of visitors, with the consequent departure of the former and the arrival of a new set of worshippers; the interval between the services affords scarcely sufficient time for the abstraction of the used air and its replacement by a fresh supply.

With such an extent of outer wall as is here required to enclose so large an area, very many windows must of necessity be made for the sake of light. These, of duly large proportions, are glazed with quarries of glass in leaden lattice, and as some interspace must exist, by the very nature of the materials, between the two, although small for each pane, yet, in the aggregate of the very many thousands, must form a considerable opening, a constant means is thereby offered for the transmission of air outwards or inwards, as the case may be. Many of the windows are, moreover, supplied with louvres, which are opened as occcasion requires. The doors, of which there are outer and inner, and a moderate space between, opening almost immediately into the great space, will also give access for air in proportion to their more frequent use; while the ornamental gratings over the inner doors also transmit a large constant supply when the outer doors are kept partially open.

But the chief source for fresh air is by the crypt. This has, of course, as large a superficial area as that of the church above it. The roof is arched, and being at twenty feet from the floor, a very large cubic space is thus formed. Air is here admitted by

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windows on a level with the ground outside, and descends—the floor of the crypt being some feet below the surface—in a volume proportioned to the pressure of the wind, which, according to the proverb and in fact, always blows in St. Paul's Churchyard. No means exist for the removal of dust or soot from the air by filtration, or of altering its hygrometric condition, if we except the water constantly supplied to the troughs of the Gurney stoves in use for warming the air. These are thirteen in number, about a yard in diameter, and placed in different parts of the crypt. Each of them consumes a chaldron of coke per week when in use. They are arranged in groups of two, three, or four, the smoke-pipes of some having direct communication with the chimney-shaft; others have an arrangement of stove-pipe which delays the upward draught, and gives greater time and surface for transmitting the contained heat to the air circulating in the crypt. This is effected by the draught as it proceeds upwards, communicating alternately with the ends or centre of four transverse pipes of the same calibre. The air of the crypt becoming heated by this means, ascends to the roof, and finds its way by many grated openings into the body of the church above. Such an arrangement, while it fulfils its primary object of warming the air in the great space of the cathedral, at the same time warms and ventilates the crypt itself, where much material is stored, and where also a great deal of the masons' and carpenters' work connected with the edifice is carried on.

From records kept by an official for the last sixteen years it is ascertained that the cathedral is kept throughout winter and summer at a temperature ranging between 55° and 60°, whatever may be the heat or cold of the external air. Only exceptionally, when some great works were in progress, with doors all open and some windows out, when at the same time no artificial heat was created, and the external temperature has been very low, was the internal heat observed as low as 32°; or, on the other hand, has it risen to its highest temperature of 62° on the occasions of continued service, crowded congregations, and much consumption of gas. Any one who has entered the sacred edifice at different seasons of the year must have experienced how comfortable the sensation of comparative warmth within has been when there has existed outside a keen biting wind. On the occasion of a visit to the cathedral during last winter, the external air at the north porch was 31° while that within the building was 57°. This difference was produced and maintained by the heat given out by six of the Gurney stoves in the crypt; while, on the other hand, what a refreshing change is felt when, from the hot and glaring pavement of the street in summer, the still, cool interior of the great church is reached!

Services in winter or in the evening require the aid of artificial light, supplied by rows of gas-jets around the whispering-gallery, and over four large arches surrounding the central area. The products of combustion ascend with the heated and breathed air of the assembly directly upwards into the dome; higher and higher it climbs, until arriving at what is called the Lantern—a smaller dome containing windows, and crowning the opening of the larger one. It here gets egress by the lights if it be considered necessary to open them, otherwise and ordinarily the used air rushes with considerable force through an aperture of about a foot in diameter in the crown of the smaller dome, and escapes by passages and external doors connected with the golden gallery and the cross. There are also large openings ranged along the walls of the nave, choir, and transepts immediately over the cornice, by which the used air is conveyed away through passages and shafts. At a visit made a short time since, about an hour after the usual morning service had been held, the air coming through this hole had nothing disagreeable in its character, while it must have mainly consisted of what had supplied the assembled worshippers during the hour of their sojourn at prayers; the only remarkable characteristic connected with it was the very great force with which it passed through the aperture. A peep through this will, while it gives satisfaction as to sanitary matters, at the same time impress the beholder with the vastness of the size of the interior and the wonderful ability of the architect; instead of the word *circumspice* on the memorial tablet to Wren beneath, it would have read, if it had been erected here, *inspice*.*

Mention has been made of the shafts into which the flues from the Gurney stoves enter. It is difficult to convey by a description only their position, but some idea may be arrived at thus. The roof of the nave is higher than the roofs of its lateral aisles, but the external wall is carried up to such a height as to conceal the central roof. It follows, therefore, that large interspaces—sufficient, indeed, for a small church—exist between the roof of the central aisle and the enclosing wall, which is strengthened by buttresses continued from the basement in the crypt. These buttresses are hollow, and thus form the shaft of the chimneys, but they are not hollow to the top. Just clear of the roof of the side aisles they open into the air; here a continuation of the chimney is formed of glazed pipes, with cemented joints, which terminate abruptly at the top edge of the wall, and thus is formed a source of occasional trouble in the heating apparatus; for certain winds, reverberating and eddying about the salient portions of the building, blow down these open chimneys with very great force, driving sometimes the smoke and sulphurous vapours back into the crypt. The remedy has been sought by placing galvanised caps, or cowls, on the abrupt ends of the flues, but these, it is said, have been soon eaten away by the acids of smoke and the effects of the weather in their elevated position. The most effectual remedy is to desist from using the stoves in the particular position affected by the wind, and lighting those in another direction. It is possible that among the many devices suitable for such-like grievances some earthen top, or cap, could be found that would prevent this unpleasant occurrence.

Much dust and dirt must of necessity be brought in by so many visitors; this remains upon the floor

* Wren's epitaph, formerly over the entrance to the choir, is now placed above the inner doors at the north entrance, and runs thus:—

"Subtus . conditur . huius . ecclesiæ . et . urbis .
Conditor . Christophorus . Wren . qui . vixit .
Annos . ultra . nonaginta . non . sibi . sed .
Bono . publico . Lector . si . monumentum . requiris .
Circumspice .
Obiit xxv Feb. Ætatis xci.
An°. M.D.CCXXIII.

Underneath is buried (conditur) the builder (conditor) of this church and city, Christopher Wren, who lived upwards of ninety years, not for his own but for the public benefit. Reader, if you seek his monument look around you. He died Feb. 25, aged 90, in the year 1723.

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of the church, or falls through the grated openings, where it is caught upon stages suspended underneath, and removed at intervals. That on the floor is swept up daily, after a quantity of damp sawdust has been strewed about. The resulting heaps being at times considerable, there is consequently but a minimum of dust to be wafted about by the constant ebb and flow of visitors, a circumstance of no small consideration in regard to health and cleanliness.

Considering the uses of the vast building, the requisite supply of fresh air maintaining it at a wholesome temperature, and the effectual removal of consumed air with the products of gas combustion, it seems that the means employed, although not very scientifically planned, or incapable of improvement, yet sufficiently fulfil the purpose intended.

Varieties.

Queen Victoria's First Great-grandchild.—The Princess of Saxe-Meinengen, who was born on May 12, at the Villa Carlotta, near Sans-Souci, is singularly well provided with living ancestors, having no fewer than two great-grandfathers and four great-grandmothers still in life. The great-grandfathers are the German Emperor William, now in his 83rd year, and Duke Bernard, in his 79th year. The great-grandmothers are the German Empress Augusta, now in her 68th year; her Majesty the Queen, who completed her 60th year on the 24th of May last; Princess Mary Anne of the Netherlands (mother of the late Princess Charlotte of Prussia, whose son, the hereditary Prince of Saxe-Meiningen, is the father of the infant princess), who completed her 69th year a few days ago; and the Duchess Mary of Saxe-Meiningen, the direct paternal great-grandmother of the infant. Besides, both her grandfathers (the Crown Prince of Germany, now in his 48th year, and the reigning Duke of Saxe-Meiningen, in his 54th year) are living, but only one grandmother, the Imperial Princess of Germany, mother of the young mother of the child.

Mr. Longfellow on Old Age.—At a recent entertainment in a school at Chicago a letter was produced, written by Mr. Longfellow, in which he said, in answer to a letter sent to him:—"I can only send you and the boys and girls under your care a friendly salutation. To those who ask how I can write 'so many things that sound as if I were as happy as a boy,' please say that there is in this neighbourhood or neighbouring town a pear-tree planted by Governor Endicott two hundred years ago, and that it still bears fruit not to be distinguished from the young tree in flavour. I suppose the tree makes new wood every year, so that some part of it is always young. Perhaps that is the way with some men when they grow old; I hope it is so with me. I am glad to hear that your boys and girls take so much interest in poetry. That is a good sign, for poetry is the flower and perfume of thought, and a perpetual delight clothing the commonplace of life 'with golden exhalations of the dawn.' Give all my sympathy and my good wishes."

Handel and the Harmonious Blacksmith.—The reappearance at a sale of the "real anvil and hammer of the harmonious blacksmith" has called forth this letter from Mr. Walter Maynard:—"The original anvil and hammer of Powell, 'the harmonious blacksmith' of Whitchurch, from which Handel composed his celebrated melody, may be a curiosity and unique in its way, but it has most certainly no associations with the mighty master except those which exist in the imaginations of the deluded. The famous air in No. 5 of the 'Suites de Pièces pour le Clavecin' was originally christened 'The Harmonious Blacksmith' by Lintott, a music publisher at Bath, who, on being asked why he so called his edition of the music, replied that his father was a blacksmith, and that it was one of his favourite tunes. In 1820, a hundred years after the piece was first published, a newspaper writer of the time concocted the tale of the blacksmith's shop, and Mr. Richard Clarke was deceived by the fiction. Mr. Clarke went to Edgware, found out the descendant of Powell, the blacksmith, whose shop was near Canons Park, bought the anvil, and satisfied himself that he had verified the newspaper writer's account of an incident in Handel's life. A more absurd delusion never existed. As Schölcher, Handel's biographer, says, 'the "Harmonious Blacksmith" has been published a thousand times under that title, but Handel himself never called it so; the name is modern.' The air is found in a collection of French songs printed by one Christopher Ballard in 1565. It is not likely an English blacksmith ever heard it, and still less probable that Handel, with his love of finery and dignified manners, would have adopted an air heard under the circumstances."

[The late learned Dr. Rimbault, in a series of papers in the "Leisure Hour" for 1875, devoted one to "Handel's Church." He there proves the absurdity of connecting Handel with Whitchurch or Little Stanmore, much less with the village blacksmith of that parish. It was not for the parish church, but for the domestic chapel of the Duke of Chandos at Canons, Edgware, that an anthem by Handel was performed, as part of the inaugural service. There is a brass tablet let in over the organ of Little Stanmore Church, recording that "Handel was organist of this church from 1718 to 1721;" but Dr. Rimbault says "there is not the vestige of an authority for any part of this statement." See "Leisure Hour," 1875, pp. 733-736.]

Veterans of the Church Militant.—In the clerical obituary for June were the names of two veterans who had in early life served in the army and navy. The Rev. William Leeke, a Waterloo veteran, and for the last fifty years a clergyman of the Church of England, died at Holbrooke Hall, near Derby. The son of the late Mr. Samuel Leeke, of Havant, Hants, and St. John's, Isle of Wight, he was born in 1797, and entered the army at the age of seventeen, being fortunate enough to join his regiment, the 52nd Light Infantry, just six weeks before the battle of Waterloo. In this action he carried the regimental colours of the 52nd. Some years ago Mr. Leeke wrote "Lord Seaton's Regiment at Waterloo," a book containing an account of the part which that well-known regiment took in the defeat of the French Imperial Guard by a flank charge near the close of the battle. After Waterloo, Mr. Leeke served with his regiment in the army of occupation. He soon afterwards retired from the army, and, after taking his degree at Cambridge, was ordained a clergyman. For thirty-seven years he was incumbent of Holbrooke. The Rev. Thomas Bury Wells, m.a., Rector of Portlemouth, South Devon, and one of the survivors of the battle of Algiers, died at Portlemouth at the age of eighty-four. Mr. Wells, who left the navy fifty years ago to enter the Church, was present at the blockade of Flushing in 1810, and was midshipman of the Granicus at Algiers. His conduct on that occasion was reported by his captain as having been "conspicuously gallant."

The Late Mr. Lloyd Garrison.—The death of Mr. William Lloyd Garrison, the veteran Abolitionist, which was recorded on May 26th, has given occasion for very full accounts of his life and times in American papers. The "New York Times" says:—"Shortly after Mr. Garrison suspended the publication of the 'Liberator' a subscription was made by his friends of the sum of 30,000 dols., which was presented to him as an evidence of the deep respect which his fidelity to the cause of freedom had awakened. As he had never made a dollar from his paper, and as he had spent his modest means most freely for the promotion of the anti-slavery movement, this gift was a timely one, and secured to him that peace of mind regarding his pecuniary needs which he had richly earned. He never afterwards took any very prominent part in public life, though he devoted much time and work to advancing the education of the negroes and to the defence of the political rights which had been accorded them by the constitutional amendments. In person, Mr. Garrison was one who would readily attract attention. Of medium height, his form was erect and compactly built; his movements were easy, alert, and graceful; his countenance was peculiarly bright in expression, his features clean cut, his forehead rather high, but finely rounded, and his eyes, vivacious in conversation, often glowed during his public addresses with a sombre flame. As an orator he had few gifts. His voice was high and thin, but penetrating; his gestures were monotonous, being confined to a long, sweeping movement of his arm and clenched hand, as if he were driving home his arguments or denunciations. But the transparent sincerity of his spirit, and the vigour and simplicity of his abundant but terse speech, always caused him to be listened to with interest. He had the faculty of attaching his personal friends to him with the closest affection, and his memory, apart from his public services, will long be cherished by many now in the prime of life who in their youth were first aroused to a sense of the true nature of the conflict with slavery by his ardent and inspiring words."

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THE LEISURE HOUR.

BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,
AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND.—*Cowper.*

A SECOND ALARM.

STRAIGHT TO THE MARK.

CHAPTER XV.—SAMPHIRE.

I begin shrewdly to suspect the young man of a terrible taint—Poetry.
—*Ben Jonson.*

TWO or three days later there was a whole holiday at Abbotscliff. One of the elder boys had gained a scholarship at Oxford, and the event was to be celebrated in this manner. There was to be a cricket match between the past and present, the former fellows and those now in the school. The first eleven only played in the match, and the juniors amused themselves as they chose, some of them getting up a match of their own, while others went bathing or strolled along the coast looking for crabs or fossils. There was a naturalists' field club in the college, of which many of the elder boys were members. The object of it was to prosecute the study of natural history, to collect specimens, botanical and geological, to observe the habits of birds, beasts, and

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fishes, and to keep a journal of meteorological phenomena. One boy had a rain gauge, and could tell how many inches had fallen since the term began, and how many Wednesdays and Saturdays had been wet; upon the strength of which the boys were able to make a touching appeal to the head master now and then for an extra half-holiday. Another possessed a valuable microscope, and was constantly seeking objects for inspection in the bread-and-butter and the coffee-grounds. Another had made an electrical machine, and gave his schoolfellows shocks when they were least expecting them; so that science was greatly promoted. There were botanists among the number, who carried large sandwich-boxes, as the younger boys irreverently called them, strapped upon their backs; and geologists with hammers, with which they chipped off bits of rock, or even the corners of stone buttresses, trying the temper of their tools and of the owners of the buttresses simultaneously. At the end of each term the naturalists, or "naturals," as the country people called them for shortness, gave a conversazione, and read papers, and drank coffee, and enjoyed themselves and edified each other in a rational and scientific manner.

Tom Howard, with two or three companions, employed the morning of their holiday in studying the natural history of crabs and periwinkles, and wandered a long way over the low rocks covered with seaweed which extended nearly a quarter of a mile from the foot of the cliffs when the tide was out. With their trousers rolled up tightly above the knee, and their shoes full of water, they clambered about, slipping sometimes into crevices, or falling headlong into pools of saltwater, and enjoying themselves generally, until they were two or three miles from home, when they sat down under the cliffs to rest and to review their stores.

One of the elder boys, a monitor, had, as it chanced, already taken up a position near the spot which they selected, but they knew him to be a good-natured sort of fellow, and were not anxious to avoid him.

"Look at Diver," said one of them; "he is at it again."

Diver had a book in his hand, and was quietly absorbed in it. Diver was not a "natural," but a poet, which is quite a different thing, of course. He appeared to be entranced with his book, but rose presently like one in a dream, and strode to and fro upon the sand, chopping the air with his hand and making a variety of gestures, suggested, it may be presumed, by the volume he was reading.

"What is he doing?" Tom asked.

"Spouting; reciting. He does not see us; keep quiet and look at him."

Diver presently mounted a fragment of rock about six feet high, and shading his eyes with his hands, stood leaning over the brink of it, as if peering down into unfathomable depths. Then his voice was heard husky with emotion.

> "How fearful
> And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low!
> The crows and choughs that wing the midway air
> Show scarce so gross as beetles. Half-way down
> Hangs one that gathers samphire; dreadful trade!
> Methinks he seems no bigger than his head.
> The fishermen that walk upon the beach
> Appear like mice!"

Here some of the boys began to squeak, and Diver heard them. He coloured, put the book in his pocket, and came towards them.

"It's 'King Lear,'" he said; "at least, it's Glo'ster. It's a pity you fellows don't read it for yourselves; you don't know what you lose. You don't understand it, and of course cannot appreciate it."

"Did you write it yourself, Diver?" one of them asked, slily.

"No," he said; "not this. This is very fine, though you may not think it; at least, it is generally considered so. It may not be exactly what you may call poetry, because it does not rhyme, with the exception of a couplet here and there,—

> 'Rats and mice and such small deer
> Have been Tom's food for many a year.'

That's real poetry, if you like. That is one of the best bits in the play, I think."

The boys looked at one another, but they thought Diver, being a poet himself, ought to know all about it, and adopted his criticism without further question.

"What is samphire?" one of them asked; he was a "natural," recently elected.

"Samphire? Oh, it's a plant that grows on the cliff," another natural made answer.

"Half-way down," Diver suggested.

"Yes, and everywhere; there's lots of it about. It is good to eat, you know."

"Let us gather some of it to boil with our crabs," said one.

The proposal met with general favour, and the boys, resuming their walk, ascended by a pathway cut in the side of the cliffs, and gathered a quantity of leaves from a plant which was pointed out to them by one of the *savants* as being the right thing. They got tired of carrying it, however, before they reached home, and threw it away again, retaining only a specimen for somebody's collection. They did not find the smell of it in its natural state at all inviting; probably it was a kind of lousewort that they had got hold of.

"I don't believe it is samphire," one of them said; "it smells very disagreeable; it is not worth keeping."

"'Dreadful trade!'" another repeated. "You see the force and beauty of those words now, don't you?"

"I am sorry, though," said Chaffin, who had now joined the party, to little Martin, who was lagging behind, tired with his walk; "I am sorry they have thrown it all away; I have heard Mr. Grantly say how fond he is of samphire, and this was the right thing, no doubt. It would have been quite different when cooked. I have a great mind to go back and gather some."

"Are you sure it is samphire, though?" Martin asked, looking at him with suspicion.

"Quite sure; I have often gathered it. Grantly would give anything for it, I know; it is his favourite dish. If I wanted to get into favour with Grantly I should go and gather a lot of it and boil it in my study, and put it on the table at supper-time before him for a surprise. He would be so pleased."

"Why don't you go and do it, then?" said Martin.

"It's too much trouble. Besides, I am not so fond of Grantly as some of you chaps are."

Martin could not help wishing that he had brought

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some of the samphire with him. The other boys had said it was samphire, and they evidently thought so, else he would not have trusted much to what Chaffin told him. He was silent and thoughtful all the rest of the way home, and often looked back towards the cliff where the "samphire" grew.

That evening at tea-time Martin was absent; no one had seen him since the morning; no one had any idea what had become of him. He had come back to dinner with his companions, and had gone out again soon afterwards; that was all that any one could tell about him. As it wanted yet nearly an hour to "lock-up," Howard and two other boys walked towards the shore, thinking they might meet the young truant and hasten him home, as it was to be feared he might get into trouble for absenting himself at meal-times and staying out so late. On the way they met Diver; he had again been wandering "along the margin of the much-sounding sea," as young Hall, who had lately been "put into" Homer, and who was proud of his erudition, poetically expressed it.

"You had better go back, you fellows," said Diver.

This from a monitor was equivalent to a command, but Tom ventured to reply. Young Martin, he said, was missing, and they were looking for him.

"Martin?" said Diver; "do you mean Swallow? I saw him this afternoon going towards the cliff, soon after dinner. Has he not been back since then?"

"No," said Tom. "I think we may as well go on a little farther; we will take care to be in before lock-up."

"Swallow can find his way home without your help," said Diver. "Mind you are not late yourselves, or it will be the worse for you."

He left them, and they ran on. One of them remembered then that Martin had said something about the samphire, regretting that he had not gathered it.

"I don't believe it was samphire at all," said another of the party. "But I saw that fellow Chaffin talking to young Swallow after we had thrown the stuff away. I should not wonder if he has been 'greening' him again."

"Swallow is so soft anybody may green him; he believes anything you say, if you only tell him you are in earnest."

"The greater shame it is to deceive him," said Tom. "No boy who has any sense or spirit would do such a thing. Here is where the stuff grows. It is not samphire though, I know. Hullo!"

Tom Howard's feet slipped from under him as he spoke, and that caused him to utter the ejaculation. The grass was very slippery, and he found himself gliding swiftly towards the edge of the cliff, the ground sloping rapidly in that direction. It was with difficulty that he could stop himself by digging his fingers into the dry turf, and then it required a great deal of care and caution to crawl back on his hands and knees to a place of safety. The two boys who were with him laughed at first, but the next moment they turned pale with terror, and watched him, breathless and in silence, until he got near them: then they joined hands and stretched out a welcome grip for him to clasp.

"It's lucky for you you did not go right over the cliff," said one of them.

"Lucky! well, I hardly knew there was any danger, but I see it now; but don't call it lucky."

They knew what he meant, and though at another time they might have smiled at his earnestness, they were able now to enter into his feelings, and were silent.

"It was not luck," said Tom, not satisfied to let the matter rest so. "I would not venture down that slope again for anything you could offer me. If it had not been for that stone sticking up there, and my foot coming against it, I should have been lying dead on the beach at this moment. Thank God for putting it there."

"Oh, I say," cried Hall, in a husky voice, at this moment, "I say—young Martin—do you think—is it possible that he may have been here?"

They stood still and looked at each other, not venturing to give expression to the horrible fears which took possession of them all three in the same moment.

"Run round to yonder point and look down," said Tom. "There is a Providence above for him as well as for me, but accidents do happen."

They went together as quickly as they could, and reached a projecting part of the land, from which they could look down with safety to the shore, and to the face of the cliff just underneath the treacherous slope. No; there was nothing to be seen below. It was a great depth, to be sure, and everything looked small at such a distance. Still, they must have been able, they thought, to discern the form of their schoolfellow upon the shore if he had fallen.

"A false alarm," said Hall. "'I breathe again,' as Diver would say. I know what the expression means now."

"Hush!" cried Tom, who was lying on his breast, with his head projecting over the brow of the cliff. "Hush! listen! hark!"

They listened intently, but could hear nothing unusual. Tom whistled twice or thrice. Immediately afterwards a cry was heard coming, as it seemed, from the face of the cliff, a feeble wail or moan.

"I see him," cried Tom. "There; a little way down—only a little way; lying on the ledge there: that was his Providence. He cannot be much hurt, if at all; but oh, what a place for him to lie on! If he should stir hand or foot he might fall, and be dashed to pieces; and he is so timid, and turns giddy directly when he looks down from a height."

"What is to be done?" cried Hall.

"Run home and tell Dr. Piercey and Mr. Grantly," cried his companion.

"Yes," said Tom; "and there is a farmhouse not far off, Hudson's farm; go there one of you; tell them to send men and ropes and everything they can think of. Make all the haste you can. I will stay here and try to encourage poor little Martin, if I can do it without startling him. I don't think he can be much hurt, but if he should move he might be killed in a moment."

The two boys started off at full speed, not sorry that their errand should call them away from the spot where such a terrible catastrophe seemed to be imminent. If Martin should fall from the narrow ledge on which he lay, it would be an awful sight to witness. Howard was the best to stay and watch him. Howard was the best at everything. So they said to themselves, as they ran off, bracing themselves as best they could for their task, which was not an easy one, for their knees trembled and their breath had begun again to fail them. But they got the better of that as they ran on.

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Meantime Tom Howard, first by whistling and then by a few quiet words, succeeded in attracting poor little Martin's attention; but the child did not move nor look up nor make any articulate reply. He was lying on his face, just as he had fallen, his body being slightly bent over the curve of the ledge or rock, and but for the effort which he made to cry out in answer to Tom's hail, it might have been supposed that he was lifeless. Tom took the bearings of his position as accurately as he could, and noticed particularly the form of the cliff just above where the child was lying, that he might be able to direct those who should come to the rescue where to go and how to proceed. Then he waited with great impatience for the expected help from the farm. It was not long in coming, but it seemed to be an age. Three men and two or three women appeared running to the spot, Hall leading them. They had a waggon-rope with them, the only one that they could find; a crowbar, an axe, a spade, and two or three other things which they had caught up without reflection, and which did not promise to be of much utility.

"It was a simple thing of Dick," every one said, "to bring a spade and an axe; but no wonder he was a little off his head. Dick had not much thought at the best of times."

"How are we to get at un?" one of the men asked, when they had inspected the ground. Tom explained exactly how the poor child was lying, for they could not see him without leaning over the cliff, as he had done, and none of them liked to do that.

"Can he help hisself if we let the rope down?"

"No; certainly not."

"Somebody must go over, then!"

They knew that from the first, but did not like to contemplate it. The three men stood and looked at each other, fingering the rope nervously.

"I'll go," said Tom, observing their hesitation. "I can manage it. I'll go." He threw off his jacket and his hat, clasped his hands together, and remained standing for a few moments with eyes closed and head slightly inclined forward; then said again, "I'm ready now. I'll go."

CHAPTER XVI.—IN PERIL.

Alone by night, a little child,
In place so silent and so wild.

—*Coleridge.*

The little group who had observed the simple act of piety of young Tom Howard, by which he prepared for the dangerous task that he had undertaken, stood for a moment silent; then seeing that he had taken hold of the rope and was winding it round his arm, one of the men suddenly interposed.

"Let be," he said. "You are not going over the cliff, not you."

"Yes," said Tom, quietly. "I'm going."

"Not you," said the man again.

"Who then? Somebody must do it."

"You shan't, anyhow."

"I'm used to climbing. I am never giddy. I am not afraid," said Tom. "I'll go."

"I tell ye ye shan't."

"Don't hinder me," Tom exclaimed; "every moment is of consequence."

"There's time enough," said the man, glancing timorously over the cliff and turning very pale. "I don't see as there's much danger, lads, if you can manage the rope."

"I wouldn't trust much to that rope," said one of the farm men. "It's an old one, and was never made for such a job as that."

"The rope will stand," said the other. "Can you hold it?"

"We can hold it if we can only be footsure; but it's too slippery for anything down there."

"Hold it up here, then." His voice faltered as he spoke, and taking the rope out of Tom's hand he began with trembling fingers to make a slip-knot in the end of it.

"What is John going to do?" cried one of the women, approaching him in haste.

"Go you home, Kitty," said John, giving her a lingering kiss. "Go and get something hot and comfortable for the lad when we bring him to you safe and sound."

"John, dear, you are never going over there; you shan't. You are not fit for it. You are all of a shake. Think of the children. Oh, John, you won't do it; you shan't; you shan't." She clung to him resolutely, but sobbing all the while. "Think of them children, John; Teddy, and Billy, and May."

"He has got a mother, too, I suppose," John answered, jerking his head towards the spot where Martin was supposed to be lying; "and a father somewhere, mayhap," and again kissing his wife affectionately he tried to disengage himself from her embraces.

Tom took advantage of this scene, and quietly taking the rope again, put the loop which had been formed over his head and under his arms.

"Now," said he to the other men, "lower away gently."

"Never," cried John. "It would be a life's shame to any man to let that child go over there."

"He has pluck enough," said one of the other men, "and that's the chief thing in a case like this. The rope, too, will bear his weight better than it would yours."

"Lower away, I tell you," cried Tom, beginning already to glide down the slope; "lower away carefully and slowly."

"He can climb like anything," said Hall, who had more confidence in Tom Howard than in the pale and nervous, though courageous, farmer. "If you had seen him go down the spout at our boarding-house you would say so."

"Lower away!" cried our hero once again. By this time he was at the very edge of the cliff and looking over it, as if the precipice had been only five or six feet in depth, instead of as many hundreds. "Let somebody go round to the point yonder and watch, and sing out when to stop and when to pull up again."

"Go there, John; that's your place," cried Kitty, urging her man towards the spot indicated; and the brave-hearted farmer, finding that he could really be of service there, yielded, though not without reluctance and emotion.

Tom was lowered in safety to the spot where Martin was lying, but there was very little standing-room for him when he reached it. It was a projecting rock, uneven, rising up in the middle, like a large pack-saddle, and it was clear that if Martin had not fallen across it in the position in which he then lay, he would have slipped away from it again immediately. He scarcely moved when Tom alighted near him, and only moaned when spoken to, clinging with one hand to a root of some wild shrub which

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grew there, and clasping in the other a bunch of the supposed samphire, which he had evidently been in the act of gathering at the moment of his fall.

Tom spoke to him encouragingly, and proceeded to divest himself of the rope, in order that he might place it under the child's arms, for after the report of it which he had heard he dared not trust it to carry them both at once. The rope could easily be lowered a second time, he thought, and he could remain upon the ledge meanwhile. He was excited by his adventure and did not feel any alarm. It was indeed an awful precipice to look down into; but a mist had crept over the shore, and the depth was partly concealed. He had some difficulty in passing the line under the boy's arms, for he clung instinctively to the rock, and dreaded any disturbance of his position upon it; but it was accomplished at last, and with a loop under his shoulder and a long end hanging down, by which Tom could help to steady the burden from below, there was not much doubt but it would reach the top of the cliff in safety. Tom had seen spars sent aloft in this fashion at sea, and scaffold-poles on shore, so he gave the signal to "haul up easy," and planting his own feet as firmly as he could upon the rock, with his back inclined against the cliff, he watched the child's ascent, and directed it with all his care, until the summit was reached. Meanwhile the spade, which simple Dick had brought with him, had been turned to unexpected account. One of the men had cut steps in the slippery turf, by which the edge of the slope might be approached, and strong arms were waiting there to receive the boy and to assist his landing.

Tom, looking up, saw with a feeling of intense relief the object of his care disappear over the edge of the cliff, and knew that he was safe; but at that very moment a great mass of earth, dislodged by those above, fell round about him; a portion of it struck him on the shoulder, and in the effort he made to avoid it, he lost his footing and fell! Quick as lightning — quicker, perhaps — the conviction flashed through his mind that his last moment was come. But his fall, though, under the circumstances, so perilous and alarming, was, in effect, almost nothing; for he caught hold of the rock with his hands, and after hanging from it for a moment, recovered his position, and sat astride upon it, breathless, indeed, and panting, but not less securely than before. The anxiety of those who had watched him from the projecting point, and who had given him up for lost, was relieved, and they waited with feverish impatience to see the rope again lowered before any fresh catastrophe should occur.

"I'll go down this time," said Hudson. "I must and will."

But he was easily dissuaded. The boy who had nerve enough to do what Tom had done would require no help for himself. They must send the rope down to him; that would be sufficient; to do more would embarrass him, and perhaps expose him to fresh dangers. The edge of the cliff was evidently very loose, and the less they approached it the better. It was dangerous for those above, and still more so for the little hero perched upon the rock below. It was getting dark too. Evening had closed in while they were busy, and the spot on which all their interest centred could no longer be distinctly seen from their point of observation. They would have waited for more efficient help, but every moment was precious. So the rope was lowered again with a stone attached to it to give it steadiness; lowered and drawn up repeatedly, falling always to the left or the right, or somewhere out of reach of the poor boy who sat waiting for it, and who could not stir from his narrow ledge, nor make any effort to grasp it beyond stretching out his arms vainly towards it.

Matters were in this state when Dr. Piercey arrived from Abbotscliff, accompanied by many of the elder boys, and by some of the masters, Mr. Grantly among them. The first object that met their view was little Martin sitting on the turf, surrounded by the women from the farm, who were taking great care of him, and vainly trying to satisfy his inquiries about his friend Tom Howard. He was himself unhurt, and rose to meet the doctor when he approached.

"So then," cried Dr. Piercey, greatly relieved, "you are rescued. Well, you have given us a pretty alarm. Not hurt, I hope? But sit down again. We must find a conveyance presently to take you home."

The boy was trembling violently, and threw himself upon the ground, lamenting and sobbing.

"Poor boy! it has been a great shock to his nerves," said the doctor. "But what are they doing yonder?"

"There's another down there now," one of the men replied in husky tones. "They have only changed places, and it don't seem as if they could get him up, as they did this one."

"Who is it?" Mr. Grantly asked.

"Howard. Tom Howard!" little Martin exclaimed with a passionate burst of sorrow.

"He would go down," the man continued, "to fetch this here lad up, and now there's no getting the rope to reach him. It's dark too, and there has been a fall of earth, and they are obliged to be careful."

The doctor, who had felt immensely relieved at the first sight of Martin safe and sound, now grew doubly anxious, and went from group to group asking questions, until he had made himself master of the situation.

"I have sent to the coastguard station," he said. "Some men will be here directly; we had better wait for them."

"We must wait, I am afraid," said Hudson. "We are groping in the dark; doing no good, and in danger every moment of throwing down the loose stuff from the edge of the cliff upon him. There goes another clump; Lord help him!"

They stood still and listened, shuddering and breathless. The rustling of the soil was heard as it rolled down the face of the cliff and then bounded away into the depths below; and when that had ceased, a faint cry came back out of the gloom and darkness: "All right—thank God," it said—"All right." The first accents were audible only to one or two of quicker hearing and instinct than the rest; but the last words, "All right," were louder and sharper, and fell upon every ear, clear, though tremulous.

The coastguard-men were soon upon the spot, and a consultation was held. "They could do nothing in the dark," they said; "the moon would rise soon after midnight, and if the night should be clear—of which they were doubtful, for the wind was moaning from the south, and a few drops of rain had began to fall—they might do something then. It was dangerous working in the dark, not for themselves, they did not mean that, but for the poor lad, on

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account of the crumbling soil above him. It was a dreadful situation for him; he must be a 'good plucked one' to have ventured down there to save another boy, and to call out so bravely and cheerfully in the midst of his peril. But pluck would not hold out long in a child like that, only twelve years of age. Lord help him!"

"Make fires," Mr. Grantly cried, "pull down the fences, burn anything and everything; something must be done to keep heart in the boy. The best man that ever lived would get cowed before long, alone in such peril, and in darkness. Keep up a good blaze yonder where the cliff stands forward. We may be able to work by it and fetch him up at once."

The hint was acted upon immediately, and now the axe came into use, to the great delight of the "simpleton" who had brought it. In a short time two large fires were kindled, and the light falling upon the face of the cliff, and flickering away into the bottomless depths of darkness down below, rendered the scene more weird and, if possible, more terrible than before. It served, however, to show the group of anxious spectators the object of their care still seated quietly astride upon the projecting crag, as if it had been a saddle, his hands resting upon the pommel, and his head thrown back, in order to preserve the equilibrium, or, perhaps, to avoid looking down into the great gulf over which he hung. He scarcely moved, and for anything they could tell to the contrary, might have been asleep or insensible. But he was neither the one nor the other. He had passed through a great agony during the last half-hour. His courage had failed him; he had become "cowed," as Mr. Grantly had anticipated, and was still under the influence of an almost overwhelming terror. The repeated failure of every effort to bring the rope within his reach had at first excited his alarm, and the darkness, which interrupted those attempts, together with the silence which followed, and the cold drizzling rain which had now set in, combined to oppress him with a horrible sense of loneliness and misery. He felt himself cut off from all human help. There was nothing that his fingers could take hold of to give him any feeling of security. If he could have grasped the rock with his hands, if he could have clutched a rope or a spar between his fingers, he would have felt comparatively safe; but there was between him and death nothing but the bare smooth rock on which he sat. Before him was darkness and space; below him an unfathomable gulf, with the dreary, melancholy sound of breakers dashing against the rocks, and serving only by their distant echo to indicate the depth that yawned beneath his feet. Behind him was the rock, upright, pitiless, impenetrable; an eternal wall set up, as it seemed to him, between himself and every living creature. How would it be possible for any one to approach him, or to offer him the means of deliverance? The very attempt to do so was fraught with danger. He heard a distant clock strike ten, and counted the hours which must elapse before the dawn, and felt that it would be impossible for him to live through such an age. He would lose consciousness; his strength would fail; already he fancied he was swaying from side to side upon his seat, unable any longer to maintain himself upright. Presently, he thought, his arms would give way, he should fall forward, and in a moment all would be over. It seemed, too, as if by some strange fascination, he was being continually drawn nearer and nearer to his doom. He dreaded it with inexpressible terror, but felt as if he must yield to it. His head swam; and although he remained, in fact, glued to the rock with all his physical strength, he fancied more than once that he was already gliding away from it, and falling into the unseen depths below.

From this dreadful state of depression he was aroused by the sight of new objects on the cliffs near him. Lights were moving to and fro, and presently bright flames shot up from heaps of gorse and brushwood which had been hastily collected. Then he could see figures, some of which seemed familiar to him; and presently he so far recovered himself as to recognise the forms of Dr. Piercey and Mr. Grantly. He heard their voices calling to him, encouraging him, and promising him a speedy rescue, and then he saw them hasten away to make fresh efforts for his deliverance. But they could not succeed in doing anything, and a fresh fall of earth and stones, as they trod about in the semi-obscurity near the edge of the cliff, warned them again to desist. The boy had gained fresh courage, however; the sight and sound of so many gathered near him served to dissipate the gloom which had almost overcome him; he was able to lift up his thoughts once more towards heaven, and to rest in the assurance that, by the providence of God, help, though long delayed, would come at last.

SHEFFIELD.

I.

THE traveller who approaches the town of Sheffield in busy times is greeted by a dense cloud of smoke, which veils a good portion of it from the view, and which the prevailing wind, blow from what quarter it may, is ineffectual to disperse. Surrounded by hills of no great elevation, it is situate in a most picturesque district, where the West Riding of Yorkshire borders on Derbyshire. Several small rivers flow into one at this spot. They are the Loxley, the Don, the Rivelin, the Porter, and the Sheaf, from which last the town derives its name. All these streams are or have been much utilised as water-power. The district of which Sheffield is the centre has borne from time immemorial the name of Hallamshire, and there is an old tradition which says that a flourishing and populous city once stood on the banks of the Rivelin, that Hallam was its Saxon name, and that it was destroyed by William the Conqueror. The tradition has no other countenance, however, than the single fact that Earl Walltheof, the last Saxon lord of the manor of Hallam, conspired against the Conqueror, and was by him put to death.

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At the beginning of the fifteenth century the Hallam estates passed by marriage to the ancient family of the Shrewsburys, the first earl of whom was the famous fighting Talbot, immortalised by Shakespeare. The Manor of Sheffield was built by George, fourth Earl of Shrewsbury, who was here the custodian of Cardinal Wolsey, who remained in his charge during the time of his disgrace previous to his last journey to Leicester Abbey, where he died. In 1568 the sixth Earl of Shrewsbury received from Lord Scrope the charge of Mary Queen of Scots, who here endured an imprisonment of fourteen years, the earl not being relieved of his guardianship until 1584.

The Castle of Sheffield, built in the reign of Henry III, and of which scarcely anything now remains, was seized and garrisoned by the Parliamentarians in the Civil War. The Earl of Newcastle, however, dispersed the garrison and took possession of the place, but was in his turn defeated by the Parliamentarians under Crawford, and compelled to surrender. The Parliament confiscated the estates, which, through failure of the Talbot line, had passed to the Howards, but in 1648 they were restored to their owner, the then Earl of Arundel. At the same time the castle was dismantled, and both that and the manor house were allowed to fall into decay. The Duke of Norfolk is the present owner of the estates, which have enormously increased in value owing to the increase of manufactures on the soil.

To trace this growth and progress of Sheffield industry would be to write not a volume merely, but many volumes. We have space but for a brief and hasty glance. It is known from authentic records that furnaces and forges were active in the district as far back as the reign of Henry II; and that Sheffield cutlery was prized in Chaucer's time, who wrote about 1350, we know from his mention of the "Shefeld thwytel," or "whittle," in his "Canterbury Tales." We know also, from equally good authority, that industry in that day was in fetters, and not allowed to work for its own advantage, seeing that the great lords and landowners tyrannised over it, and when it suited their purpose would shut up forge and furnace for a month together, and impress the workmen to labour on their farms. Of course no industry could permanently thrive under such insane control, and the Sheffield cutlers, clever though they were, led but a languishing life, and were often reduced to a wretched condition. It is shown by a census taken early in the seventeenth century that in 1615 the entire population of Sheffield was but 2,207, of whom a full third were living on the charity of their neighbours.

An Act of Parliament, passed in 1624, incorporated the Cutlers' Company, with power to make regulations and enforce their observance by fines. Under the company's regulations the trade became freed from absurd restrictions, and grew so rapidly that by the beginning of the eighteenth century no less than six thousand workers in cutlery, besides several thousand other craftsmen, were employed in Sheffield and its neighbourhood. It was not, however, until the century was far advanced that the real importance of the Sheffield trade became fully appreciated. It was the opening up of better means of communication and carriage of goods that introduced the Sheffield wares to the markets of the world. As the demand for cutlery increased fresh workers came to the work, and the population multiplied in proportion—the numbers, which in 1736 were little over 14,000, having risen in 1801 to nearly 46,000. From that date almost up to the present time the population and the wealth of the borough have increased in a corresponding rate. In 1871 the inhabitants numbered 239,946. As the prosperity of the town expanded the provisions of the Cutlers' Act fell useless, and in 1814 they were repealed by another Act, which left the Cutlers' Company the power only of protecting their trade, in which capacity it is of solid use. Every year the Master Cutler gives a dinner at his installation—a festival which is often attended by persons of rank, and sometimes by members of the cabinet.

Spite of its dense clouds of smoke, Sheffield is, on the whole, a cleanly town, owing to the sloping nature of the ground—the dirt and impurities which would otherwise accumulate being carried off by every fall of rain; while the suburbs, especially those on the western side, are really charming, commanding views of delightful scenery. The public buildings are many, and generally of fairly good design. Of ecclesiastical buildings the most ancient and interesting is the parish church of St. Peter's, which dates from the reign of the first Henry, though very little of the original fabric is now standing. In the Shrewsbury Chapel, forming the south-east angle of the structure, are some fine monuments, memorials of the Talbot family, together with others of a modern date, among which are two by Chantrey. In the chancel lies William Walker, said to have been the executioner of Charles I. The interior of St. Peter's furnishes accommodation for more than two thousand persons. St. Paul's, opened, in 1740, as a chapel-of-ease to St. Peter's, is in the Grecian style, and was enlarged and improved some twenty years ago. Five other churches were built during the century between 1740 and 1840, and since the provision made for church extension, when the borough was divided into twenty-five districts, no fewer than a score of churches have been erected in the town and neighbourhood. The Roman Catholic Church of St. Marie's, finished in 1850, is a noteworthy edifice, boasting a spire rising two hundred feet, a nave over a hundred feet in length, costly sculptures and carvings, and a font of rarest workmanship. There is also another Roman Catholic church, St. Vincent's, and a conventual establishment. The Wesleyans and the Dissenting bodies have numerous chapels both in the town and suburbs, many of them being handsome structures.

Of educational institutions, the most ancient is the Grammar School, founded in 1603, where boys are educated at a low charge. Others are the Collegiate School, erected in 1835; the School of Art, dating from 1841; the People's College, set on foot in 1842; the Church of England Educational Institute, and the Christian Educational Institute.

Of the public buildings the most noteworthy are the Town Hall; the Albert Hall, completed some three years since; the Masonic Hall, rebuilt, and reopened in 1877; the excellent markets, known as the New Market and the Shambles; the Cutlers' Hall, and the Athenæum. Many other creditable structures must be passed over.

The charitable institutions are about twenty-five in number, including hospitals, dispensaries, and infirmaries, etc., the oldest, the Shrewsbury Hospital, dating from 1616; the newest, the Ranmoor Alms-

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houses, the gift of the late Mr. Mark Firth, having been opened in 1870.

The manufactures of Sheffield find a market not only throughout the whole kingdom, but are exported to every part of the world, and are prized wherever the products in steel or iron are in demand. They embrace not only cutlery, but tools of all kinds, agricultural implements, machines and machine-fittings, railway stock of all descriptions, plated goods, and a long list of other things, for which we must refer the reader to the manufacturers' catalogues. The steel trade, and the conversion of iron into steel, have grown into enormous proportions of late years. The old process of converting iron into steel occupied from fifteen to twenty days; by the newer method, invented by Mr. Bessemer some twenty odd years ago, the process of conversion is completed in half an hour. The old process, however, is still in operation, and will doubtless continue so, seeing that for certain manufactures of various kinds, which require metal of the closest texture, the new process is, as yet, not so well adapted.

But steel, by whichever method it is produced, is too loose in texture for fashioning into cutlery, or, indeed, into anything. To give it a closer and firmer grain it has to be subjected to vast pressure in rolling-mills, or beaten to a denser mass by powerful tilt-hammers, both of which operations are carried on with a din truly deafening. Under the rolling-mills it can be reduced to any degree of thinness, or, by means of channels cut in the circumference of the rollers, can be moulded to any convenient form. In dealing with large masses, the steam-hammer is used, which will deliver blows varying from a few ounces to several tons of force. The largest factories for the making of steel are situate in the outskirts of the town towards Brightside, and on the banks of the Don, and here, when trade is brisk, the business may be watched in all its stages. The use of steel instead of iron for making rails has now become common from the economical advantages it affords. Since the introduction of ironclads into the navy, the rolling of armour-plates for vessels of war has been carried on at Sheffield. Each armour-plate is formed of some hundred or more thin slabs of metal united into one solid substance by repeated heatings in the furnace and compression between rollers, by which they are gradually built up into huge masses only manageable by the united efforts of three to four score men. The operation of rolling this accumulated bulk for the last time is most striking. The glowing mass is drawn out of the dazzling furnace, and borne upon a carriage to the rollers, which stand twenty yards from its mouth; seized by the rollers it is forced between them, and in its passage through them loses considerably in thickness; then it is drawn back again, and this is repeated several times until the whole is compressed and thoroughly welded together. The plate is then flattened by rollers of vast weight passing over it. When cool it is smoothed by planing-machines, and is grooved at the edges that it may be fitted to its place on the vessel's side. These plates average over twenty feet in length, are four feet wide, and of almost any required thickness; occasionally they are made double the above weight, and even more.

The visitor who would acquire an adequate idea of Sheffield cutlery should resort to the Sheffield cutler's factory, where he will be ushered into a showroom, there to await the coming of the guide who is to conduct him through the works. Here he will see many triumphs of the cutler's art, as well as many things costly and curious not connected with it. Together with knives, razors, surgical instruments, and edge-tools of all kinds, he will see numerous articles in ivory and mother-of-pearl, in silver and silver-plate, and an assemblage of personal and toilet requisites fashioned from materials as various as are the articles themselves. One curious contrast we saw there was a dozen pair of scissors weighing altogether half a grain, and a single razor weighing a couple of hundredweight. On following the guide through the several departments it will be seen that the division-of-labour principle is carried out in a systematic way. One set of workers forge knife-blades; the forged blades pass to another set called "grinders," whose work is carried on amidst much whirling and rattling of machinery. From the grinders the blades go to the "markers," who stamp them with the trade mark of the firm. Then they pass to the "hardeners," who harden and temper them. Then they go back to the grinder, who now grinds them to a cutting edge. While the blade has been thus struggling into being, other sets of workers have been engaged in manufacturing the springs which lie at the back of the knife, the inner scales of brass or some other metal which enclose the blade when shut, and the outer scales or coverings of the knives, which are of very various material, either plain or ornamented. The several parts of the knives then are taken in hand by men who put them together, after which the finishing process of polishing fits them for the market. Of course, articles of elaborate workmanship cannot go through such regular routine as the above; the higher class of work is the product of individual labour and of varied talent and skill.

The making of files is carried on to a large extent in Sheffield. A file is first forged from the best steel at the anvil to the shape required, the forging being facilitated by the use of hard steel moulds, into which the glowing metal is hammered. The files are then ground, after which they pass to the cutters, who cut their teeth, the metal being as yet soft. This is rather an interesting process. The file-cutter sits at a low bench fronting the light, and bends attentively over his work. In the right hand he holds a hammer, and in the left a cutting-chisel, or punch. The file to be cut is held fast to the bench by means of straps passing over it and under the feet of the worker. Every blow of the hammer cuts a tooth, and not only cuts it, but by a dexterous manipulation of the tool, gives it a curve slightly out of the perpendicular. How many teeth a file-cutter cuts for sixpence we cannot say, but that this sort of dentistry is not very lucrative may be gathered from the fact that a round file may have twenty rows of cuts, with about a hundred teeth in the space of an inch, and shall be covered all over with teeth, and be sold retail for sixpence when all is done. When their teeth are cut the files are tempered and hardened to the greatest degree; they are then cleaned, lacquered, and finally packed in paper, free from moisture, and manufactured for the purpose. Being thus effectually protected from rust, they are ready for the home or foreign market. As file-cutting can be done anywhere, and can be carried on almost without capital, there are numbers of men who follow this trade in their cottage homes in the villages of the outskirts, most of them receiving work from the employers in the town.

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B. S. Marks, R.A.

A SCULPTOR OF THE OLDEN TIME.

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THE BEGUM'S FORTUNE.

BY JULES VERNE.

CHAPTER VI.—THE ALBRECHT PIT.

FRAU BAUER, Max Bruckmann's good landlady, was a Swiss by birth, and widow of a miner, who was killed four years previously in one of those accidents which make a miner's life so precarious. She was allowed a small annual pension of thirty dollars, and, in addition, the wages of her boy Carl, brought regularly to her every Sunday. She was enabled slightly to increase her income by letting a furnished room.

Although scarcely thirteen, Carl was employed in the coal mine as a trapper, it being his duty to open and shut one of the ventilator doors whenever it was necessary for the coal trucks to pass. His mother had her house on lease; and as it was too far from the Albrecht pit for him to come home every evening, he had obtained some night work at the bottom of the same mine. It was not heavy, being merely to look after six horses, whilst the man who had charge of them during the day spent the night above ground.

Carl's young life was passed, therefore, almost entirely, fifteen hundred feet below the surface of the earth. All day he kept watch by his door, all night he slept on a bed of straw, near his horses. On Sunday mornings only did he return to the light of day, to revel for a few short hours in the universal blessing of the sun, the blue sky, and his mother's smile.

As may be imagined, after such a week, on coming up from the pit he was hardly what would be called presentable. Indeed he was more like a young gnome, a sweep, or a negro, than anything else. Frau Bauer had always a large supply of hot water and soap ready, and devoted a good hour, the first thing, to scrubbing him. She next dressed him in a comfortable suit of dark green cloth, made from an old one of his father's, and kept all the week in the big deal cupboard, and then set to work to admire her boy, an occupation of which she never tired, for she thought him the handsomest in the world.

MAX OFFERS HIS HELP.

When the layer of coal dust was washed off, Carl was really as good-looking as most boys. His golden silky locks, his pleasant blue eyes, well suited his fair complexion, but he was altogether too small for his age. His sunless life made him as white as a turnip, and had Dr. Sarrasin's compte-globules been applied to the blood of the young miner, it would probably have revealed that he possessed a very insufficient quantity.

In character he was rather silent and quiet, with some of that pride which the feeling of constant danger, the habit of regular work, and the satisfaction of difficulties overcome, gives to all miners.

His greatest happiness was to sit near his mother at the square table in their little kitchen, and arrange in a box a large number of frightful insects brought from the bowels of the earth. The warm and equal atmosphere of the mines has its special fauna, little known by naturalists, just as the damp walls of the pits have their flora of curious mosses, mushrooms, and lichens.

The engineer, Maulesmühle, who was fond of entomology, had remarked this, and had promised a small reward for each new specimen that Carl brought him. This, which had at first led the boy to explore all the recesses of the mine, had gradually taught him to be a collector. He now sought for insects on his own account.

However, he did not limit his affections to spiders

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and wood-lice. He was on intimate terms with two bats and a big rat. If he was to be believed, these three animals were the most intelligent and amiable creatures in the world; even more intellectual than the horses with long silky manes and shining sides, of which Carl always spoke in terms of warm admiration.

Blair-Athol was chief favourite, the eldest in the stable, a philosophical old horse, who had been for six years fifteen hundred feet below the level of the sea, and had all that time never seen the light of day. He was now nearly blind.

But how well he knew his way along the subterranean labyrinth, when to turn to the right or when to the left, as he drew his trucks, without ever missing a step! He always stopped at the right time before the trap, leaving just room enough to open it. In what a friendly way did he neigh, morning and evening, at the exact minute when it was time for his provender to be brought him. How good, how obedient, how gentle, he was!

"I declare, mother, he really gives me a kiss, by rubbing his cheek against mine, when I put my head near him," said Carl. "And he is wonderfully useful besides, mind you, for he is just like a clock; without him we should never know whether it was night or day, morning or evening."

So chattered the boy, and Dame Bauer listened to him with delight. She, too, loved Blair-Athol as much as her son did, and never failed to send him a lump of sugar. She would have given anything to go and see the old servant her husband had known, and at the same time visit the dismal place where poor Bauer's body—black as ink, carbonised by the fire-damp—had been found after the explosion. But women are not admitted into the mines, and she had to be satisfied with the vivid descriptions given by her son.

Ah! she knew that mine well—that great dark pit to which her husband went down, and never returned. How many times she had waited near the yawning mouth, eighteen feet in diameter, looking along the walling of freestone, gazing at the oaken frame-work to which the corves were drawn up by cables and pulleys of steel—visited the out-works, the engine-shed, the scorer's hut, and the rest! How many times had she warmed herself at the glowing brazier where the miners dry their garments on emerging from the pit, and the impatient smokers light their pipes! How familiar she was with all the noise and activity of the place!

The receivers who unhooked the loaded corves—the sorters, washers, engine-men, stokers—she had watched them all at work over and over again.

What she could not see, and yet could always picture with the eyes of affection, was what happened when the basket sank down, carrying its cluster of workmen, with formerly her husband, and now her only child among them.

She could hear their voices and laughter growing fainter and fainter in the depths, and finally ceasing altogether. In her thoughts she followed that frail basket as it was lowered—down, down the narrow chimney, fifteen, eighteen hundred feet, fourteen times the height of the great pyramid—till it arrived at the bottom, and the men hastened off to their work.

She imagined them all dispersing to different parts of the subterranean town, some to the right, some to the left—pickers, armed with strong pickaxes to attack the blocks of coal; shorers, to bank up places whence the coal had been hollowed; carpenters, to put up wood-work; labourers, to repair the roads and lay down rails; masons, to cement the roofs.

A wide central gallery led from this shaft to another, a ventilator about a mile distant. At right angles from this spread secondary roads; and in parallel lines, smaller ones again. These roads were separated by walls and pillars of coal or rock. All was regular, square, solid, black!

And this labyrinth of roads was alive with half-naked miners, working, talking, laughing, by the light of their safety-lamps.

All this Dame Bauer could see, as she sat alone, dreaming, beside her fire.

Among the numerous galleries, the one she oftenest imagined to herself was where her boy Carl opened and shut his door.

When evening came, the day workmen went up, to be replaced by others; but her boy did not go with the rest to take his place in the basket. He went off to the stable, patted his beloved Blair-Athol, and gave him his supper of oats and fresh hay. Then he ate his own little cold supper, which had been sent to him, played for a few minutes with his big pet rat, caught and stroked the two bats as they fluttered about him, and then was soon fast asleep on his heap of straw.

Well did the fond mother know all this, and much she loved to hear every incident of her boy's daily life.

"Mother, what do you think Mr. Maulesmülhe, the engineer, said to me yesterday? He said that if I gave correct answers to some questions in arithmetic which he would put to me one of these days, he would take me to hold the land-chain when he surveys the mine with his compass. It seems they are going to pierce a new gallery, to join the Weber shaft, and he will find it uncommonly difficult to bring it out in the right place!"

"Really!" cried Dame Bauer with delight; "did Mr. Maulesmülhe say that!" And already she imagined her Carl holding the chain along the gallery, whilst the engineer, note-book in hand, set down figures, and, his eyes fixed on the compass, ordered the direction of the opening.

"Unluckily," continued Carl, "I have nobody to explain what I don't understand in my arithmetic, and I'm much afraid I shall not answer correctly."

At this point, Max, who was silently smoking by the fireside, which place, as a lodger in the house, he had the privilege of occupying, joined in the conversation, and said to the boy:

"If you like to show me what you find difficult, perhaps I can give you a helping hand."

"You?" said Dame Bauer with some incredulity.

"Certainly," replied Max. "Do you think I learn nothing at the evening class to which I go regularly after supper? The master is very pleased with me, and says he will make me a monitor."

This settled, Max brought from his room a clean paper copy-book, and seating himself by the lad, explained the difficult sum with so much clearness that the astonished Carl managed it easily.

From that day Dame Bauer showed more consideration for her lodger, and Max, instead of dreamily smoking, took a great interest in his little companion.

In the factory, Max showed himself an exemplary workman, and was not long in being promoted to the second, and then to the first class. Every morning he

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was at the O gate punctually at seven o'clock. Every evening, after his supper, he repaired to the class taught by the engineer Trubner. Geometry, algebra, drawing of diagrams and machines—he attacked them all with equal ardour; and his progress was so rapid that his master was much struck by it. Two months from his entry into the Schultz manufactory, the young workman was already noted as one of the cleverest intellects, not only in the A section, but in all Stahlstadt. A report of his engineer, sent up at the end of the quarter, bore this formal mention:

"Schwartz (Johann) twenty-six, working castor of the first class. I wish to bring this man before the notice of the Directors, as quite above the average, in three respects, theoretical knowledge, practical skill, and remarkable genius for invention."

But something more than this was required to draw the attention of the chiefs to Max. It was not long in coming; though unfortunately it was under the most tragical circumstances.

One Sunday morning, Max, much astonished at hearing ten o'clock strike without his young friend Carl having appeared, went down to ask Dame Bauer if she knew any reason for this delay. He found her very uneasy; Carl ought to have been at home two hours and more. Seeing her anxiety, Max offered to go and look after him, and set off in the direction of the Albrecht shaft.

He met several miners on the way, and inquired from them if they had seen the boy; then, on receiving a negative reply, exchanging the "Glück auf!" (Success to you! safe return!), which is the usual salutation of German pitmen, Max continued his walk.

About eleven o'clock he reached the head of the Albrecht shaft. It was not noisy and animated, as on a week day; there was only one young "milliner"—as the miners jokingly call the sorters of the coal—chatting with the watchman, whose duty kept him, even on this day, at the pit's mouth.

"Have you seen little Carl Bauer, number 41,902, come up this morning?" asked Max of this functionary.

The man consulted his list, and shook his head.

"Is there any other outlet to the mine?"

"No, this is the only one; the new shaft to the north is not yet finished."

"Then is the boy below?"

"He must be; though it's an odd thing, too, for on Sundays only the five watchmen should be left."

"Can I go down to find out?"

"Not without permission."

POOR LITTLE CARL.

"There may have been an accident," put in the milliner.

"Not possible on Sunday."

"All the same," said Max, "I must find out what has become of that boy."

"You must speak to the overseer of machinery in his office, if he is still there."

The overseer, dressed in his Sunday best, with a shirt collar as stiff as if it had been made out of tin, was fortunately still at his accounts. He was an intelligent and humane man, and at once entered into Max's anxiety.

"We will go immediately, and see what he is doing."

And ordering the man on duty to be ready to pay away the cable, he prepared to descend into the mine with the young workman.

"Have you not the Galibert apparatus?" asked Max. "It may be useful."

"You are right. One can never be sure what has occurred at the bottom of the pit."

Saying this, the overseer took from a cupboard two zinc reservoirs, similar to the urns which the street cocoa-sellers in Paris carry on their backs. These were boxes of compressed air, placed in communication with the lips by means of two india-rubber tubes, the horn mouthpiece being held between the teeth. They are filled with the aid of peculiar bellows, constructed to empty themselves completely. The nose being held in wooden pincers, a man may, thus supplied with a store of air, penetrate into the most unbreathable atmosphere.

These preparations completed, the overseer and

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Max took their places in the basket, the cable moved, and the descent began.

Two small electric lamps shed some degree of light around, and the men conversed together as they were lowered into the depths of the earth.

"For a man not in the business you are a cool hand," remarked the overseer. "I've seen people who couldn't summon up courage enough to go down; or if they did, they crouched like rabbits at the bottom of the basket all the time."

"Really," answered Max, "it seems nothing to me; though it's true I have been down a coal mine two or three times before."

They were soon landed at the foot of the shaft. The watchman whom they found there had seen nothing of young Carl.

They first visited the stable; the horses were there alone, and appeared quite tired of their own company. At least such was the conclusion to be drawn from the neigh with which Blair-Athol greeted the approach of the three human figures. On a nail hung Carl's knapsack, and in a corner, beside a curry-comb, lay his arithmetic book.

Max remarked directly that his lantern was not there, a fresh proof that the boy must be still in the mine.

"He may have been hurt by a landslip," said the overseer, "but it is scarcely probable. What can he have been doing in the galleries on a Sunday?"

"Oh! perhaps he went to hunt for some insects before going up," said the watchman. "It is quite a passion with him."

The stable-boy, who arrived in the midst of this discussion, confirmed this supposition. He had seen Carl start at seven o'clock with his lantern.

A regular search was immediately commenced. The other watchmen were called, and each one, with his lantern, told off in a different direction pointed out to him on a large plan of the mine, that every tunnel and gallery might be thoroughly examined.

In two hours the whole mine had been gone through, and the seven men met again at the foot of the shaft. There had not been the least appearance of a landslip found anywhere, nor the least trace of Carl. The overseer, perhaps influenced by an increasing appetite, inclined to the opinion that the boy had passed out unperceived, and would by this time be at his home. But Max, convinced of the contrary, insisted on renewed exertions.

"What is that?" he asked, pointing to a dotted region on the plan, resembling, in the midst of the adjacent minuteness, those terræ incognitæ marked on the confines of the arctic continents.

"That is the zone provisionally desérted, because of the thinning of the bed," replied the overseer.

"Is there a deserted zone? We must look there!" exclaimed Max, with a decision to which the other men submitted.

They were not long in reaching the entrance to some galleries which, to judge by the slimy and mouldy walls, might have been deserted for many years.

They had proceeded for some time without coming upon anything suspicious, when Max stopped and said,—

"Do you not feel stupefied, and attacked with headache?"

"Why, yes, indeed we do!" answered his companions.

"So do I," resumed Max; "for a moment I felt quite giddy. There is certainly carbonic acid gas about. Will you allow me to light a match?" he asked of the overseer.

"By all means, my lad; strike away."

Max took his little box from his pocket, struck a match, and stooping, held it towards the ground, upon which it instantly went out.

"I was sure of it," he remarked. "The gas being more heavy than the air, lies close to the ground. You must not stay here; I mean those who have not the Galibert apparatus. If you like, sir, we can continue the search alone."

This being agreed to, Max and the overseer each took between his teeth the mouthpiece of his air-box, placed the nippers on his nostrils, and boldly penetrated into a succession of old galleries.

In a quarter of an hour they came out to renew the air in their reservoirs. This done, they started again.

On the third trial their efforts were crowned with success. The faint bluish light of an electric lamp was seen far off in the darkness. They hastened to it.

At the foot of the damp wall, motionless and already cold, lay p or little Carl. His blue lips and sunken eyes told what had happened.

He had evidently wished to pick up something from the ground, had stooped, and been literally drowned in the carbonic acid gas.

Every effort to recall him to life was in vain. He must have been already dead four or five hours. By the next evening there was another little grave in the cemetery of Stahlstadt, and poor Dame Bauer was bereaved of her child as well as of her husband.

UTOPIAN EXPERIMENTS AND SOCIAL PIONEERINGS.

BY THE REV. M. KAUFMANN, M.A., AUTHOR OF "SOCIALISM: ITS NATURE, ITS DANGERS, AND ITS REMEDIES CONSIDERED."

CHAPTER VIII.—COMMUNISTIC SOCIETIES IN NORTH AMERICA (*continued*).

THE seceders who had left Rapp's colony at Economy, under the leadership of the adventurer who called himself Count Leon, soon quarrelled with the latter, who managed to run away to Louisiana. Left thus without a head, they were glad to find a new leader in Dr. Keil,* a mystic who had passed through various stages of religious fanaticism, and now had gathered round him a small band of simple-minded Germans for the purpose of establishing a Communistic settlement like that of Rapp, without, however, adopting celibacy. Bethel, in Missouri, was chosen as their rallying-point, and soon the little community, possessed, indeed, of slender means, but of thrifty and energetic habits, began to grow in prosperity.

* He was a native of Prussia, and originally a man-milliner, but became a mystic and professed to cure diseases by means of magnetism. After living some time in New York he came to Pittsburg, and started as a physician, and showed, it is said, some knowledge of botany. He also professed to be the owner of a mysterious volume, written with human blood, and containing receipts for medicines, etc., that enabled him, as he professed, to cure various diseases. Presently he became a Methodist, and thereupon burnt this book with certain awe-inspiring formalities. He left the Methodists to form a sect of his own, and it is even related that he gave himself out as a being to be worshipped, and later as one of the two witnesses in the Book of Revelation. In this capacity he gave public notice that on a certain day, after a fast of forty days, he would be slain in the presence of his followers.

See Nordhoff, "Communistic Societies of the United States," p. 306. Mr. Nordhoff also conversed with him. After describing his personal appearance (p. 318), he says: "I thought I could perceive a fanatic, certainly a person of a very determined, imperious will, united to a narrow creed."

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When Bethel had grown into a settled community, Keil, with the peculiar restlessness of his character, set out, accompanied by a few families, to Oregon, to found here, in the midst of the prairies, the new colony of Aurora. The Communists of Aurora possess at this moment 8,000 acres of land, with lovely orchards and vineyards, saw-mills and tanyards, and other industries, and are happy and contented after working together harmoniously after twenty years' trial of Communism. "Dutch Town," as the settlement is called by the Americans, is regarded as the paradise of Oregon, and the Aurora people are said to "have everything nice about them." All government is parental, and Dr. Keil is the ruling patriarch, with unlimited power. All the members work for the general welfare, and draw the means of living from the general treasury. But each family has its own house, or separate apartment, in one of the large buildings. Keil, who is their spiritual director as well as their economic leader, insists upon community of goods as the corollary of the fundamental precept of Christianity: "Love one another." "All selfish accumulation is wrong; contrary to God's law and natural laws."

Bethel in its main features resembles Aurora, and has a deputy-governor, appointed by Keil. Of both settlements, it has been said "that, considering what these people are, it cannot be denied that they lived better in community than they would have lived by individual effort."

Another exodus of religious enthusiasts from Germany, who called themselves the "True Inspirationists,"* settled in 1842 near Buffalo, which they called Eben-Ezer. Presently, the land occupied proving insufficient for their purposes, in 1855, "commanded by inspiration," they removed to their present home in Iowa, which they call by the Scriptural name Amana, occurring in the Song of Solomon. They were not Communists originally in their own country, but adopted this mode of life because "we were commanded at this time, by inspiration, to put all our means together and live in community, and we soon saw that we could not have got on or kept together on any other plan."

This Amana community consists now of seven villages. The people live in separate houses but eat in common.

Although misogamists, warned by one of their teachers to "fly from intercourse with women, as a very highly dangerous magnet and magical fire," they do not all escape matrimony, but follow the ordinary course of choice and courtship, which culminates in marriage, as in the case of other mortals not claiming to be inspired. Marriage, however, degrades them from a higher to a lower position in the commonwealth. The society numbers 1,450 members, and owns 25,000 acres of land, carries on agriculture and manufacture, and is highly prosperous. Street cars now run over the ground which thirty years ago was covered with a dense forest, and fertile fields and gardens are spread over the 30,000 acres cleared by the Inspirationists. It is "the largest and richest community in the United States," says Mr. Noyes. "The people of Amana appeared to me a remarkably quiet, industrious, and contented population; honest, and of good repute among their neighbours; very kindly; and with religion so thoroughly and largely made a part of their lives, that they may be called a religious people," is the testimony of Mr. Nordhoff.

We pass over the "Separatists" of Zoar, who, like the Rappists, belonged originally to Würtemburg, and, after many vicissitudes in the stranger's land, by dint of energy and perseverence, settled in the midst of pathless prairies, succeeded to turn a wilderness into a prosperous colony, and by systematic and associated labour and frugality acquired competency if not affluence.

Having given some account of settlements owing their origin either to English or German enterprise, we come now to treat of a society which was originally formed by Americans, and consists mainly of American born subjects—the "Perfectionists" of Oneida, and their branch society at Wallingford, in Connecticut.

Its members are descendants of New England Puritans, who, after remaining under the influence of religious revivals, and at the same time attracted towards the Communistic theory which the Fourierist movement was spreading in America, were formed into a Perfectionist community, under the leadership of John Humphrey Noyes. Noyes was born in Brattleboro', Vermont, in 1811, of respectable parentage and collegiate training. His adherents at first were few, and these, as in the case of Mohammed, members of his own household. But by degrees other communities, in sympathy with him, sprung up in the United States, and the followers of Noyes joined one of them, the "Brook Farm" community, founded by Unitarian Transcendentalists; "and thus, from a conjunction between the Revivalism of Orthodoxy and the Socialism of Unitarianism," was formed in 1848 the Oneida settlement in Madison County, New York. The amalgamated society acquired forty acres of land "on which stood an unpainted frame dwelling-house, an abandoned Indian hut, and an old Indian saw-mill. They owed for this property 2,000 dollars. The place was neglected, without cultivation, and the people were so poor that for some time they had to sleep on the floor in the garret."

Still the followers of Noyes were not left without means, and in 1857 the members of all the associated communes had brought in the considerable sum of 107,706 dollars. They had to struggle against enormous difficulties, and to brave a hostile public opinion in the outside world. This they overcame bravely by their energy and persevering efforts, and the remarkable excellence of their workmanship. Turning to agriculture and horticulture as their mainstay for income, they by degrees added trades and manufactures in the course of time. In 1876 they had acquired 654 acres of land near Oneida, and 240 at Wallingford, laid out in orchards, vineyards, meadows, pasture and wood lands. The number of persons in both places together amounted at the same time to 283. They also employ a large number of hired servants. Some of the members are lawyers, clergymen, merchants, physicians, teachers, but the majority are New England farmers and mechanics. They were moreover people of superior culture, to judge from the style and tone of the newspapers and other publications of the community, and from

* This sect is so called because of its belief in direct inspiration from heaven, and the "work of inspiration" is said to have begun far back in the eighteenth century. In 1749, 1772, and 1776 there were special demonstrations. In 1816 Michael Krausert, a tailor of Strasburg, became what they call "an instrument." Others were added, and finally Barbara Heynemann, a "poor illiterate servant-maid," an Alsatian. It was revealed to Christian Metz, who for many years was the spiritual head of the society, in 1842, that all the congregations should be gathered together and led far away out of their own country, and America was pointed out as their future home. Accordingly they went, 350 persons strong first, and others followed rapidly until their number reached 1,000, spread over different villages.

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the first they have attached much importance to the influence of the Press.

Their name is derived from the religious dogma that total cessation from sin is closely connected with the institution of common life, and that human perfectibility and social regeneration go hand in hand. As the resurrection from the death of sin to the life of righteousness is not only a possible but a necessary condition of Perfectionism, so Communism is "the social state of the resurrection." The Church on the earth now rising to meet the approach of the Kingdom of God, is their own society, which administrates or represents the future perfect state of the society in heaven. Perfect holiness is the connecting link between the Church below and that above, and is the power by which the Kingdom of God is to be finally established in the world at large.

"Regeneration or salvation from sin, is the incipient state of the resurrection," we are told by Noyes. But we are rather shocked presently in discovering that among the signs of this incipient state of ultimate perfection is not only self-abnegation as to the rights of private property, but also the entire abrogation of the relationship between husband and wife. But like the Anabaptists, who taught similar doctrines, the Oneida Communists insist on self-denial and self-restraint, averring that "they must be Perfectionists before they are Communists." That stage having been reached, they affirm that there is "no intrinsic difference between property in person and property in things," and "complex marriage" becomes a necessary element in their reorganisation of society, but coarse self-indulgence is discouraged, and every form of selfishness is most rigorously discountenanced.

It is probably owing to the violation of these tender ties of family life that the appearance of the children, though healthy, struck the traveller as "subdued and desolate, as though they missed the exclusive love and care of a father and mother," and the lack of buoyancy, confidence, and gladness observable in children of other communities. After they are weaned, the children of Oneida, on Communist principles, are removed from their mothers and placed into nurseries by themselves, and only join the elder people at their meals, sitting, however, at a table by themselves.

At Oneida the daily life is simple and steadily industrious, though not by any means very laborious at present. "Mere drudgery they nowadays put upon their hired people." Their common dwelling-house is a large building, not without some architectural pretensions. It stands in the middle of a pleasant lawn, near the main road. The interior arrangements are good, and possess many modern improvements. On the second floor there is a large hall, used for the evening gatherings of the community, furnished with a stage for musical and dramatic performances. On the ground floor is a parlour for visitors, and a library with files of newspapers and about 4,000 volumes of books.

On each storey there are two large family rooms, and round them are situated the sleeping chambers. Above the dining-room is the printing-office. Opposite this building, which has something of the characteristics of a Fourierist Phalanstère and an American hotel, there are the offices, school-building, lecture-room, and chymical laboratory; farther on a carpenters' shop, a silk-dye house, and a small factory for the employment of children. There is also a large and conveniently-arranged laundry. The factories and workshops are situated at the distance of a mile; and a dwelling for thirty or forty of the Communists, having the oversight of the works, is erected on the spot. The Oneida farm is in excellent order, and the lawn before the main building, sheltered by plantations of ornamental trees, is a favourite resort for picnic parties coming from a distance.

The principle of administration is to do nothing without the general consent of the people. There are twenty-one standing committees on finance, and in addition to these, there are forty-eight departments for the general administration of the society's works. Women equally with men serve at committees. "Business boards" meet every week to discuss the secretary's report, and once a year there is a general meeting to consider the affairs of the society. They do not despise accomplishments, but send some of their young women to New York to receive musical instruction, and their young men to the Yale Scientific School, and other departments of that university, for their mental improvement. All cultivate vocal and instrumental music. The education committee superintend evening classes, and, together with the ordinary studies, they also teach French, Latin, and geology. The Perfectionists, so far from yielding to those stationary or retrogressive tendencies supposed to be inherent to Communistic bodies, have been the inventors of improvements in the manufacture of their silk industry and other machinery, and have mastered difficult problems in their complicated enterprises, which prove them to be capable of industrial progress.

All members are subject to a system of mutual criticism, a measure resorted to in order to secure the good government of the community. Meetings are held every evening, which all are expected to attend, and thus afford opportunities for exhortation and necessary reproof to be administered to members of the society. They have found this system work well, and assert that a "criticism cure" is almost as effectual as their "prayer cure." It has been suggested that mutual criticism serves mainly the purpose of counteracting the pride of mental pre-eminence and the consciousness of superior talent, which at all times is a standing danger to the carrying out of the equality principle.

Fourier's suggestion of constant change in occupation is carried out, and the principle is extended even to other things, so as to avoid sameness and crystalised habits in the community.

There is a committee which provides for the amusement of the Perfectionists, who may be seen disporting themselves in some secluded spot near the Oneida Lake, hunting, fishing, swimming, and rowing and skating like other people less perfect than themselves.

The society, after many vicissitudes, having now reached a high degree of prosperity, does not admit any new members to share the advantages enjoyed by themselves after years of struggle and self-denial, and in this respect resembles the more egotistical people of the outside world who decline sharing their hard-earned possessions with others. In this limitation it is not like the Primitive Christian Church, which it professes to follow. In fact it appears from this restriction in the carrying out of the Communistic idea, that even among the Perfectionists, whose Communism has become the chief article of a religious creed, the interest of self-preservation proves too strong for human nature, and that it is

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next to impossible to obliterate altogether the distinction between *meum* and *tuum*.

In concluding this paper, we cannot help adding a few reasons for the partial success of those settlements which have passed under review. The first and foremost among them is the power of religious enthusiasm, which at first binds such societies together into a common brotherhood, a union cemented by common sufferings and common hopes, and maintained through all the changes and chances of life by a common belief, which separates the community from the rest of the world. They believe in a special providence guiding their affairs, and so therefore readily acquiesce in social regulations and restrictions for the commonweal, however irksome and unpalatable to the individual, because they are regarded as Divine appointments.

Again, but for times of excitement, the additional members required to fill up gaps in the communities would not be forthcoming. Religious revivals (or movements, so called), said Elder Frederick to Mr. Nordhoff, are "the hotbeds of Shakerism." "Our proper dependence for increase is in the Spirit of God working outside." So, on the other hand, the check on over-population by means of celibacy, or, as in the case of the Perfectionists, the "scientific" adjustment of population by State regulations to avoid economic embarrassment, becomes only possible in a society where self-discipline, passive endurance, and abstemious virtue, arising from strong convictions, can be relied upon.

Another cause of success is the sterling and almost brilliant capacity of most of the original leaders of those engaged in these Utopian experiments. Father Rapp in his dignified composure and unrivalled genius for organisation, and John Humphrey Noyes with his superior culture and keen perception of human character, are striking instances of this great advantage. On the other hand, where the leaders have been men of inferior power, the past progress of the society has been much less extensive, their present condition less prosperous, and their future prospect is less encouraging, as was the case at one time with the Separatists at Zoar, founded by Joseph Bäumeler in 1816. "While he had strength," we are told by an eye-witness, Dr. Jacobi, "all went on seemingly very well; but as his strength began to fail, the whole concern went on slowly. I arrived the week after his death. The members looked like a flock of sheep who had lost their shepherd."

But what is still more important to notice is the fact that most of the commercial successes of the settlements must be attributed to the fact that they are trading communities, and that in a new country where the demand generally exceeds the supply, so to speak, in constant communication with the outer capitalistic world, and so in fact owing their prosperity to the existence of a larger society resting on the old foundation, and so depending on the competition and egotistic principle as supplementary to their own Socialism. But not only are all surplus commodities sold to these outsiders, but the drudgery work of the Communistic society is in most cases, now at least, performed by hirelings drawn from the same source, so that the main social problems which make the introduction of Communism so difficult—*i.e.*, How the commercial risks of society may be forestalled and the lowest work of drudgery be provided for in a society of equals wanting the ordinary stimulus of exertion—have not as yet been solved by these Fraternities.

Moreover, the smallness of the scale on which the experiments have been made in these Utopian establishments leaves it an open question whether the same principles would be applicable to society at large, especially since Montesquieu's saying is an acknowledged truism among Communists themselves, that such commonwealths are scarcely practicable in larger States.

The great lesson, however, taught by the success of these social republics is the inestimable value of association labour, and the beneficial results arising from co-operative production.

Varieties.

KILLED BY A STEEL PEN.—Several German papers announce the death of Herr Franz Mötz, parish priest at Puchkirchen, in Styria, from a wound caused by a steel pen. He had a careless habit of leaving his pens in the inkstand with the point sticking upwards. In replacing a book on his writing-table, near the inkstand, he inadvertently struck with the palm of his hand a rusty pen thus sticking upwards. The hand was slightly wounded, but it seemed so insignificant an affair that he took no heed. Next day, however, he felt seriously ill, and the doctor declared it was a case of blood-poisoning. On the third day the hand and arm were swollen as high up as the shoulder, and after suffering great pain during eight weeks he died.

"WIRE BACK."—Much amusement was caused in Court one day on a case being called, Wilson *v.* Munnock. Vice-Chancellor Bacon stated that he had received the following telegram from the defendant in this case in that day's list: "Shall you require my presence in London to-morrow? Wire back." His lordship asked whether any member of the bar was in Court representing the gentleman who wanted to be "wired back." Mr. Hemming, Q.C., who was retained on behalf of the defendant, apologised for him, saying he "was afraid Mr. Munnock was not as well informed of the proprieties of a court of justice as he ought to be," but he (Mr. Hemming) would take care he should be in future. His lordship: "Then I must hand him and the telegram over to you."

STREET DRINK-STALLS IN SEVILLE.—Here and there, wherever the irregularity of the buildings provides a corner sheltered from the traffic, little stalls with picturesque awnings are established, at which a great variety of refreshing and cheap beverages are dispensed to the ever thirsty crowd. It is a curious study for the Englishman, whose mind is troubled by the great drink question, to stand and watch the trade of these little establishments. They are more frequented than the wine-shops, and are considered more respectable; in fact, all classes indulge in the cheap and excellent drinks provided. These consist of a multitude of syrups mixed with very cold water; of lemonade or orangeade, made with the fruit itself, and in your presence; or of *orchata*, a delicious mixture of crushed almonds and sugar, which, when dissolved in water, converts it into a milky substance, and imparts a most delicate and refreshing flavour. In all this we have no wine, and still less spirits. Even tea and coffee would be considered too exciting for constant consumption while out of doors in the hot streets. Yet we have seen many times magnificent men—toreadors and others, gipsies, horse-tamers—men, in fact, addicted to athletic exercise, leap off their horses and drink with the utmost satisfaction one of these innocent decoctions. But few of them would have accepted, even if offered, anything stronger.—*Builder.*

EXECUTION OF CONVICTED CRIMINALS.—It is admitted on all hands that the substitution of private for public execution has had good effect on public morals, but the sensational reports of "gentlemen of the press" have largely checked the good influence of this change, and the Sheriffs of Counties have in some cases wisely used the power committed to them for the exclusion of "reporters." The Act of Parliament requires that at each execution the sheriff, governor, surgeon, chaplain, and officers of the gaol have to be present, and that afterwards there must be an inquest held upon the body. This is surely enough to satisfy all the ends of justice, and no more could be sought except for gratifying the cupidity of newspaper proprietors and the morbid curiosity of the lowest grade of newspaper readers.

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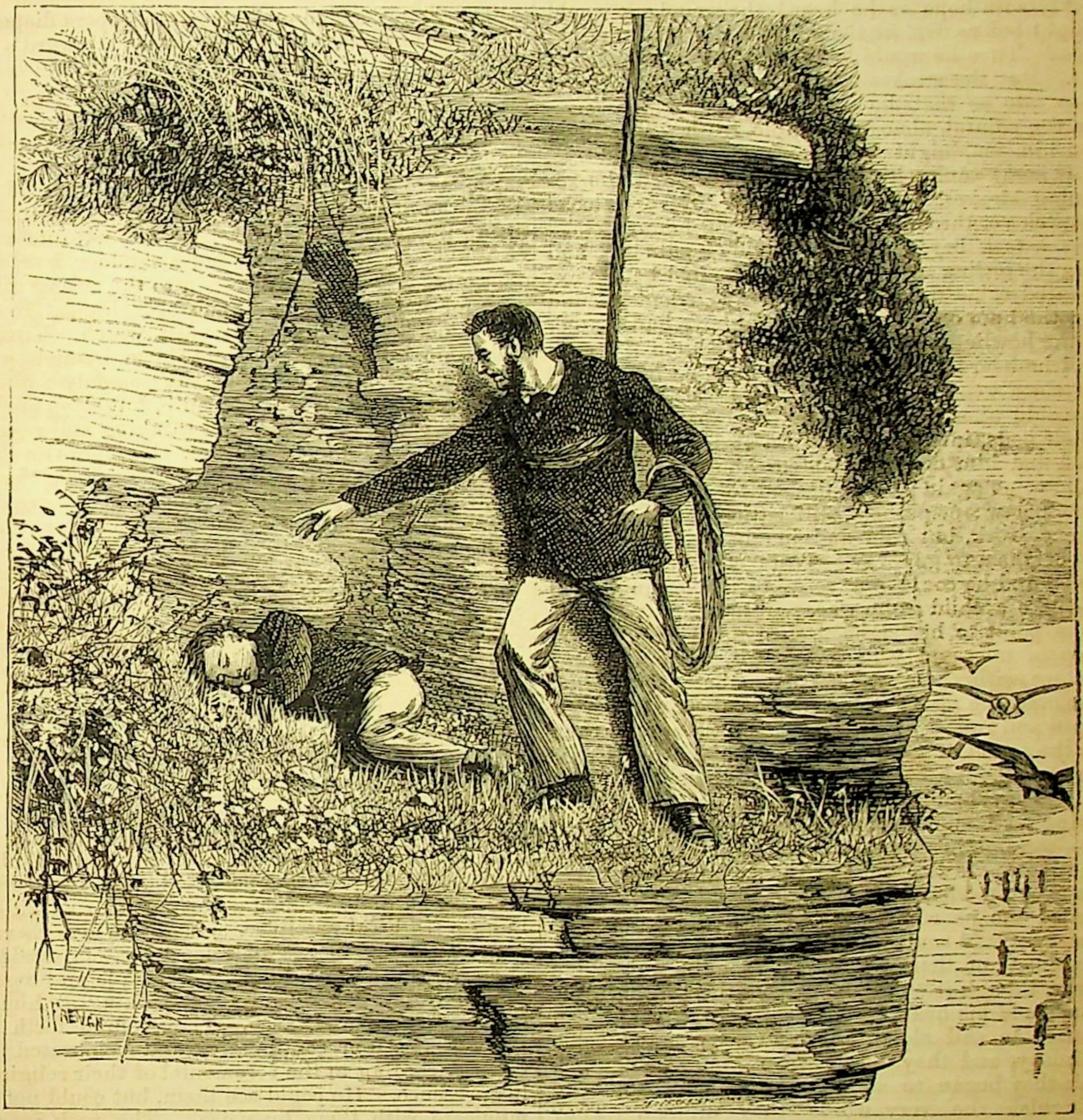
THE LEISURE HOUR.

BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,
AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND.—*Cowper.*



RESCUED.

STRAIGHT TO THE MARK.

CHAPTER XVII.—WAITING:

Motionless he sits
As is the rock, his seat.
—*Grahame.*

As time went on, Tom Howard, worn out with varied emotions, began, notwithstanding the danger and discomfort of his position, to feel his eyelids grow heavy. He had made up his mind now that nothing more could be attempted for his deliverance till daylight; he had scarcely ventured to move from the position which he had taken up upon the rock after the moment of his greatest peril; and as his mind grew calmer he became more sensible to physical suffering, and began to feel his limbs cramped and in pain. Drawing his feet from under him, he suffered them to hang down over the precipice, and by doing so obtained a little more space and a firmer position for his body. But this relief brought with it another danger, by rendering him more liable to

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give way to sleep. Sleep would have been welcome to him; sleep would have been the greatest boon, if he could have felt secure. Would it be wrong, he argued with himself, to give way to it? He had resolved to trust wholly and absolutely to God's Providence; would it be a tempting of Providence, or would it be, on the contrary, an act of faith, if he should suffer himself to fall asleep where he sat? While musing thus, he heard a distant church clock strike the hour, one—two—three. His heart beat quickly with hope as he heard the sound; it would be light before five, he thought. Could it be already three? Then he would have only two more hours to wait. But the strokes went on—four—it could not be so late as that, he thought—five—six—seven—then the painful, almost incredible, truth forced itself upon him—midnight was not yet passed.

His heart sank within him as he counted the remaining strokes. Yes, it was only twelve o'clock! To watch yet through four or five long hours seemed to be a task beyond his strength or patience, and again the feeling of despair which he had before experienced came over him. All was silent around him; the hum of voices on the cliff above had ceased, and the howling of the wind was for a time the only sound he heard. He began to think that his friends had grown weary of watching with him, and that, as they could afford him no help, they had gone home to their beds, intending to return at daylight. They would find him dead, he said to himself, when they should come again; dead, dashed to pieces upon the beach below; or perhaps still sitting there upon the ledge of rock, but cold and inanimate. It was unkind of them to go away. Tears coursed down his cheeks, and he could not refrain from crying aloud like—like a child as he was. But presently the fire on the point to his right flashed up, and he saw a group of men and women near it, some of them standing with their heads bare, others upon their knees, and one figure in the midst of them with hands clasped and raised towards heaven. He could even hear the sound of a voice, and recognised the accents of prayer, though he could not distinguish what was said. They had not forsaken him, then, but were praying for him. "Two or three"—nay, more than that—were gathered together in Christ's name, and there He was in the midst of them. It is impossible to convey an idea of the comfort which this sight afforded the poor boy. He watched the group with eager eyes, and could see that when the prayer was ended many of them looked towards the spot where he was, though it was hidden from their sight in the gloom; and his heart leaped as it were to meet them. He tried to call aloud, but his voice was too feeble and husky, and they did not hear him. Soon afterwards they began to sing, and then he was able to distinguish the very words they uttered. They were familiar to him; he had heard his mother read them, and had learnt them by heart, almost unconsciously. It was the metrical version of the 130th Psalm, and these verses came home to him with great force and comfort:—

"From lowest depths of woe
To God I sent my cry;
Lord, hear my supplicating voice,
And graciously reply.

My soul with patience waits
For Thee, the living Lord;
My hope is on Thy promise built,
Thy never-failing word.

My longing eyes look out
For Thy enlivening ray,
More earnestly than those who watch
To spy the dawning day.

O put thy trust in God,
No bounds His mercy knows,
The plenteous source and spring from whence
Eternal succour flows."

The hymn ended and the worshippers dispersed; but the words sounded yet in Tom Howard's ears, and he went over them again and again in his own mind. It was like a message from heaven to him. Yes, he would try to wait with patience; he would put his trust in God. He reproached himself for having doubted; he would build his hope on the promise, "No bounds His mercy knows." And with these thoughts in his mind, composing and tranquillising him, his head drooped, and he fell into a doze.

Waking up with a start and a shudder, he resolved on no account to give way again to the strong inclination for sleep which had come over him. He must keep his senses alive; he must watch. Time was going on, and morning would dawn by-and-by, and then deliverance would come. It was only a question of hours. He had but to sit still; but sleep might be fatal. Yet even while he was thinking and resolving thus, sleep again overtook him. Once more he started and roused himself. To keep his mind on the alert he tried to occupy it by recalling recent events, or anything that came uppermost. He thought of his home in India, of his parting with his mother in the Neptune; of his friends in London, Mr. and Mrs. Beverley and Mr. Darville: these were painful subjects in the present uncertainty, and he broke away from them to what he had been doing yesterday and the day before—to his lessons and to his pastime out of school. One idea gave place to another in his fevered imagination until the recollection of a certain story which he had been reading lately occurred to him. He went over it from beginning to end, comparing the adventure described, in all its details, with his own. It was to the following effect. The Emperor Maximilian of Austria when hunting the chamois, having in his eagerness outstripped all his companions, leapt down upon a ledge of rock, and when there found himself upon a narrow shelf which overhung a frightful precipice, and from which there appeared to be no means of retreat, neither could any one approach to help him. His people met together in the valley below, and stood looking at him, but could offer no assistance. They poured forth their prayers for him continually, and celebrated their mass, according to the ceremonial of their religion, in his presence. He could see them, but could not communicate with them by voice. The rock rose out of the plain perpendicularly for many hundred feet, and the ledge on which the emperor stood was near the summit. It was called, from its upright and naked appearance, and from a chapel which was near it, "St. Martin's Wall." There seemed to be no possibility of deliverance, and Maximilian bowed to his fate with pious resignation. But after he had been a night and a day in this perilous position, suddenly, as the legend relates, a young man in the garb of a peasant, with a seraphic countenance, appeared before him, coming from a cleft in the rock, who, beckoning to the emperor to follow, led him through the cleft to a place of safety. He then

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pointed out to him a path by which he might descend to the valley and rejoin his people, who were still watching and praying for him, and immediately afterwards vanished from his sight.

"I wonder whether it was true," said the boy to himself; and he looked round, half expecting to see the rock behind him move aside, and an angelic form appear. "It would be like what happened to St. Peter when he was in prison. The people had been praying for St. Peter too. It seemed like a dream to him; for he wist not that it was true which was done by the angel, but thought he saw a vision. After the angel was gone he came to himself, and said, 'Now know I of a surety that the Lord hath sent His angel and delivered me.' They have been praying for me. I wish they would begin again. Prayer was made without ceasing for Peter. I am afraid they have left off praying for me. I do wish they would begin again," he continued, meditating upon Peter's deliverance until he had almost persuaded himself that he should be rescued in a similar manner. He fancied he could see a shadowy form approaching, and waited to hear the heavenly voice greeting him and bidding him arise and follow. But that impression passed away, and his thoughts turned again from the angels to Him who is above all, and without whom no help is done upon earth to any one, and he went over the words of the psalm again:—

> "O put thy trust in God,
> No bounds His mercy knows,
> The plenteous source and spring from whence
> Eternal succour flows."

He tried to realise this; he prayed for faith to rest upon it; he endeavoured to recall some of the gracious promises with which God's word abounds, till in a moment, like a flash of light, these words fell upon his heart: "Fear thou not, for I am with thee: be not discouraged, for I am thy God. I the Lord thy God will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, Fear not, I will help thee." He knew that these were the words of Scripture; and though he had never learnt them by heart he had heard them more than once, as the text of a sermon, perhaps; and now by some latent power of the mind and memory, if not by a direct inspiration from above, they were impressed upon his soul. The words did not promise him deliverance, but they gave him all that he wanted—courage, support, a full assurance that all would be well with him whatever happened. He put forth his right hand, and could almost fancy that it was touched and grasped; and in that confidence he sat quietly during the remainder of the night. Sleeping or waking, he never ceased to be conscious of his position; but it did not trouble him. A great sense of security had taken possession of him, and he waited with patient expectation till help should come, such help as God would send him in His own good time.

CHAPTER XVIII.—THE RESCUE.

Thy life 's a miracle.—*Shakespeare.*

As hour after hour passed on, the little group of people on the summit of the cliff increased continually. Some were attracted by the unusual sight of the fires burning up brightly all through the night, and these gave the alarm to others, who came out of their beds on the report of what had happened, and hastened through the mist and darkness, in the hope of being useful. Some, who would have followed them from motives of curiosity, turned from their open windows as soon as they felt the damp cold air, and went back to their warm beds with the comfortable reflection that there were plenty to help without them, which was true enough, for there was nothing to be done in the way of assistance until daylight. Some of those who came to the spot, after they had caught a glimpse of the immovable figure perched upon the narrow ledge of rock, and had looked down with a shudder into the dark gulf which yawned beneath him, went away, sad and shivering, breathing a prayer as they hastened home again, and resolving to turn out again at daylight to hear what had been done. Messengers were continually arriving, not only from the school-house, where many of the elder boys sat up all night and many more lay awake upon their beds, but from the town, where anxious mothers, whose little ones were safe under their own keeping, watched and fretted, thinking incessantly of the poor little schoolboy in his suffering and peril, and of his father and mother far away (how far they did not know), to whom the news would come too late perhaps for them to look upon his face again in this world.

From time to time the prayer-meeting was renewed, the masters of the school, the vicar of the parish, and others of several denominations, taking part in it. They met on neutral ground, one common brotherhood. No rivalries, no sectarian jealousies, could enter there; their thoughts and prayers went up to the same Lord, the God of Providence; their sympathies flowed out together towards the same object, a little child. Fears, hopes, affections such as these, break down all distinctions, sweep away all stumbling-blocks, and bring men nearer to each other and to Him who is the Father of them all. If there is one thing more than another which appeals to the sympathies of all hearts, it is the sight of a brave, patient, trusting, innocent child in peril of his life. The best side of human nature shows itself at such a time. The bitterest foes will join hands, pray together, and work together, heart to heart and shoulder to shoulder, in such a cause. In the description of the peaceable kingdom that we all look for, where the wolf shall dwell with the lamb, the leopard with the kid, and the calf with the young lion, it is written, "A little child shall lead them."

Preparations were made during the night for accomplishing the rescue with as little risk as possible as soon as the day should dawn. A boom was brought from the coastguard station, and rigged upon a pair of sheers extemporised and held in readiness to be suspended clear over the edge of the cliff at such a height and distance as should avoid any further disturbance of the soil; and this, with a snatch-block at the end of it, would, they hoped, render the rescue a matter of very little uncertainty or danger, if only the poor boy could hold out so long. He had ceased for some time to take any notice of them, or to reply when they called to him, and they thought it better to refrain from disturbing him or attracting his attention, except by keeping the fires alive and blazing. They fancied they could see him as often as fresh dry fuel was cast upon the flames, sitting as before, with his back against the rock; but his head drooped forward, and he seemed to be asleep, or numbed, perhaps, by the cold and wet. It began to grow very chilly towards morning, and they waited with constantly increasing anxiety for the moment when they should be able to snatch him from his post

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of danger, dreading lest in his half unconscious state he might by some incautious movement overbalance himself and fall, and so all their care and labour, all their watching and praying, would be in vain.

Daylight came at last. The flickering light and shade which the fires cast around them were less distinctly marked. There was a streak of grey above the dark clouds which lay along the horizon; the wide expanse of sea became dimly visible, and presently each object near them on the summit of the cliff stood out in dark relief against the sky. Then the trees and undulations of the ground began to show themselves; the face of the rock reflected here and there the first faint beams of light from the east; and at length the ledge, towards which so many anxious eyes were strained, became distinctly visible. The exact bearings of it were then taken, and the boom, or yard-arm, brought to its place and fixed securely. There was a group of men and women on the beach watching the process and signalling, their upturned faces showing white in the early dawn, though so far off that their features were scarcely distinguishable. Every heart beat quickly, as one of the coastguard, a sailor-like, active fellow, in whom every one present seemed to have confidence, placed himself in the sling, and giving the signal to his mates, disappeared silently and without any disturbance of the soil over the edge of the cliff.

Two or three minutes only had elapsed, not a word had been spoken, not a creature had moved, when a voice was heard calling from below to "haul up easy;" and then, as those who had charge of the rope walked away with it, the man's face again appeared rising out of the gulf.

"Where's the boy?" was asked by two or three impatient voices simultaneously. They were soon answered. Lying upon the seaman's breast, helpless and to all appearance without life, but bound to him by a turn of the rope, and clasped round by a strong arm under his shoulders, the little hero was drawn up. A low murmur ran through the group of spectators, and then silence again prevailed. Some of the women burst into tears and hid their faces in their aprons, not daring to look upon the two figures suspended over the gulf; others fell upon their knees and prayed. In another minute the rope was drawn in and lowered. Two men caught hold of Tom Howard and carried him up the slope. He was pale, cold, and almost incapable of moving, but he looked round him with wondering eyes and quivering lips, and smiled upon those who crowded together near him, blessing him and asking eagerly whether he was hurt and how he felt. They took him quickly to a carriage which was in waiting, and gave him into the care of Dr. Piercey and the surgeon whom he had brought with him to the spot, well provided with restoratives and comforts, and then the eager group withdrew and turned to the next object of their interest, the man who had ventured over the cliff to rescue him.

"I never saw such a sight in my life," the man was saying; "never, never, never!"

"How? What? Tell us."

"I thought he was asleep when I came nigh him, for though his eyes were only about half shut, he did not seem to take no notice of me. So as soon as I could steady myself and get a footing—and that wasn't easy, for I had to get myself on a swing like before I could reach in—as soon as I could get a footing, I laid my hand gently on him, getting a firm grip of his coat collar though, and spoke to him quite quiet:—

"'Hullo!' I said. But he did not seem to hear me.

"'Hullo!' I cried again. 'Hullo! my little lad, look up.'

"Still he did not take no notice; so I just put my hand under his chin and lifted up his face a bit; and when I looked into it there was a something there so quiet, so solemn, so grand—there, I don't know what to call it!"

He paused, dashed the back of his hand across his eyes, and went on more quietly.

"I thought he was dead, you know; and yet there was a smile upon his lips; and as I looked into his eyes and touched them with my fingers, the eyelids opened wide—bright eyes they were, so full of light, but looking straight away, not seeing me—miles, miles away. I'll tell you what I thought. It was like Stephen, when them as looked on him saw his face as it had been the face of an angel. Do you mind reading about that any of you?"

Yes, there were several that minded it well; it was when Stephen looked up to heaven and saw his Saviour, just before he died: one of them said so.

"I know what it is," cried a poor woman, who had been listening with the keenest interest. She turned away, wringing her hands nervously as she spoke, and smiling through her tears. "Ah, yes; I know what it is!"

"Yes," another repeated, looking after her; "she knows; it ain't a month ago as she buried her youngest child, and she told me how he looked up at her out of his little bed just at the last. But this one is come back again out of the pit. Bless the Lord!"

"Well, but go on; tell us some more about him."

"So I spoke to him," the man resumed, "and told him to put his arm round me and hold on tight; and he tried to do it; but his right hand was clasped in this fashion, and he never offered for to open it. 'Lay hold of me,' I says again; for I wanted to swing off, and I thought it would give him courage to feel that he had something to clutch at. But no, he never opened his fingers."

"Cramped they was, no doubt," said one of the listeners.

"I don't think it was that," said the man; "he seemed as if he thought he had got hold of something already, and did not mean to let it go; for when I tried to open his hand he would not let me. So I grappled him tightly round the waist, and swung off, and brought him up safe, thank God!"

"Yes," said the woman who had spoken before, "he is safe enough now; and he was safe all along if we had but known it. He was not alone down there. He had One beside him all the long night through, holding him by his right hand, no doubt, and the dear child was well aware on it."

The good woman's remark met with general sympathy and approval, and with hearts relieved and filled with pious thoughts, the simple folk dispersed, going away slowly and reluctantly in groups of twos and threes, and minding to go or send round by the school-house by-and-by to inquire after the poor lad, how he was getting on after his trial and exposure.

"For it was not all done with yet," they said, with ominous shaking of their heads; "he would feel it afterwards, no doubt, and it might be days or weeks before he would get over it, if he ever did at all."

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FLOWERS AND THEIR FOLK-LORE.

BY THE REV. T. THISELTON DYER, M.A., AUTHOR OF "ENGLISH FOLK-LORE."

VII.

A ROSE from the earliest times has been regarded as the symbol of all that is sweet and lovely, and many a volume has been written descriptive of its history and countless charms. Indeed, there is scarcely a writer of any note who has not made the beauty of the rose his theme, and drawn from thence many impressive moral lessons. As Herrick so graphically teaches us, it points to the change and decay of all things:—

> "Gather ye roses while ye may,
> Old time is still a-flying,
> And the same flower that smiles to-day,
> To-morrow will be a-dying."

Its thorn, too, would remind us that even earth's fairest object has its dark and sad side, and that there is nothing in this world, however bright and beautiful, which is not alloyed.

The rose has had an eventful history, having played an important part in the Wars of the Roses, at the close of which it became the national badge of England. The King of Navarre, and Count of Champagne, Thibault IV, surnamed the Song-maker, brought from the Holy Land, on his return from the Crusades, a rose-tree, which he planted in the city of Provins. This flourished so well that in after-times the city became famous for it, and the Provins rose is still much in request. The phrase *sub rosâ*—under the rose—implying secresy, is said to have originated during the wars of York and Lancaster. It is also attributed to an old custom, now fallen into disuse, of hanging a rose over the heads of the guests at feasts, to signify that whatever was the subject of conversation was to be regarded as of a confidential character.

In days gone by the rose entered largely into the customs and superstitions of most nations, and even now-a-days there is an extensive folk-lore associated with it. Among the Greeks it was regularly used for funeral purposes, and the tombs of the dead were frequently decorated with it, under a superstitious belief that it protected the remains of the dead. The Romans, too, were so fond of the rose that they left legacies in their wills so that their tombs might be decorated with it—a practice said to have been introduced by them into England. Camden and Aubrey both speak of the churchyards in their time as being thickly planted with rose-trees. Evelyn, who lived at Wotton Place, near Ockley, alludes to the custom for maidens yearly to plant and deck the graves of their deceased sweethearts with rose-bushes. In Wales it is customary to plant the white rose on the grave of an unmarried female; and a red rose is appropriated to any one distinguished for benevolence.

The Roman pontiff, says Miss Pirie, when he wishes to confer special distinction on a crowned head, consecrates a garden rose, and presents it to the fortunate monarch; a mark of honour bestowed both on Henry VI and Henry VIII. Napoleon III, Emperor of France, had also this badge of distinction conferred on him. It was anciently the fashion to stick a rose in the ear. At Kirtling, in Cambridgeshire, the magnificent residence of the first Lord North, says Brand,* there is a juvenile portrait (supposed to be of Queen Elizabeth), with a red rose sticking in her ear.

Roses were formerly picked with much ceremony on Midsummer Eve, and used for love divinations—a custom alluded to in a poem entitled the "Cottage Girl" (1786):—

> "The moss-rose that, at fall of dew,
> Was freshly gathered from its stem,
> She values as the ruby gem;
> And, guarded from the piercing air,
> With all an anxious lover's care,
> She bids it, for her shepherd's sake,
> Await the New Year's frolic wake—
> When, faded in its altered hue,
> She reads—the rustic is untrue!
> But if it leaves the crimson paint,
> Her sick'ning hopes no longer faint.
> The rose upon her bosom worn,
> She meets him at the peep of morn;
> And, lo! her lips with kisses prest,
> He plucks it from her panting breast."

While speaking of the moss-rose we may mention a pretty legend which accounts for its origin. One day the angel of the flowers, who watches over them and bathes them in the sweet dews from heaven, slept beneath a rose-tree. Awaking from his repose, he whispered to the rose, "Oh, fondest object of my care, I thank thee for thy cool refreshing shade; in return for which, ask what thou wilt, and I will grant it thee." Then the rose, with deepening blush, replied, "Bestow on me another grace." The angel paused for a moment, wondering what grace there was which this flower had not, when suddenly he threw a veil of moss over it, and thus robed in nature's most modest attire, the moss-rose became so universally admired. The first *white* moss-rose was a sport from a red moss-rose, discovered in the nursery of Mr. Shailer, King's Road, Chelsea. It was carefully propagated, and realised about £1,000 to the original proprietor. According to an old tradition, the thorn-crown of Christ was made from rose-brier, and the drops of blood that started under it and fell to the ground blossomed to roses.

In Germany there are numerous superstitions connected with the rose, of which we subjoin a few as specimens. Rose-leaves are thrown on a coal-fire for good luck, and great importance is attached to this ceremony, and the reverent manner in which it is performed. The relations of this flower to blood are widely believed. In Germany, as well as in France and Italy, a drop of one's blood buried under

* "Popular Antiquities," 1849, ii. 346.

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a rose-tree is said in a short time to produce rosy cheeks. There was, too, an ancient charm once prevalent in Germany, and frequent in Swabia and Westphalia, against nose-bleeding. It is also commonly believed in Germany that a white rose appears on the chair of any one about to die; and it would seem that the soul was thought to take occasionally the form of a white rose. This idea occurs, too, in the Scottish ballad of "Fair Margaret and Sweet William":—

"Out of her breast there sprang a rose,
And out of his a brier;
They grew till they grew unto the church top,
And there they tied in a true lover's knot."

It is also a German notion that if a white rose-bush blossoms unexpectedly, it is a sign of an approaching death in the nearest house; whereas the blossoming of a red rose in autumn is said to denote an early marriage. Many, too, dislike throwing a rose into a grave, as it is supposed to be unlucky. To scatter rose-leaves on the ground has been held to be ominous. As an illustration of this we may quote the following sad incident from the "Life and Correspondence of M. G. Lewis." The lady to whom the portent happened was Miss Ray, who was murdered at the Piazza entrance of Covent Garden Theatre (April 7th, 1779). When the carriage was announced, and she was adjusting her dress, Mrs. Lewis made some remark on a beautiful rose which Miss Ray wore in her bosom. Just as the words were uttered the flower fell to the ground. She immediately stooped to regain it, but as she picked it up, the red leaves scattered themselves on the carpet, and the stalk alone remained in her hand. The poor girl, who had been depressed in spirits before, was evidently affected by this incident, and said, in a slightly faltering voice, "I trust I am not to consider this as an evil omen." But soon rallying, she expressed to Mrs. Lewis, in a cheerful tone, her hope that they would meet again after the theatre—a hope, alas! which was never realised. In Italy the red rose is considered as an emblem of an early death, and it is regarded as an evil omen to scatter its leaves on the ground.*

The rose is not without its weather-lore, and it was formerly a common idea that when roses and violets flourished in autumn, there would be some epidemic in the ensuing year. In briefly alluding to some of the varieties of the rose we may mention that the eglantine, or as it is now popularly called, the sweet-brier, has always been much esteemed for the delicious odour of its leaves, so graphically described in the following well-known lines:—

"A sweeter spot on earth was never found:
I waked, and looked, and still with new delight;
Such joy my soul, such pleasures filled my sight;
And the fresh eglantine exhaled a breath,
Whose odours were of power to raise from death."

The word eglantine has, says Dr. Prior, been the subject of much discussion, both as to its exact meaning and as to the shrub to which it properly belongs. In Chaucer and the old poets it occurs under the name eglantere and eglatere. Milton, in the expression "twisted eglantine," is supposed to have meant the sweet-brier.

Returning to the historical lore of the "Wars of the Roses," in the dispute in the Temple Gardens, Somerset, on the part of Lancaster, says,—

"Let him that is no coward nor no flatterer,
But can maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me."

Warwick on the part of York, replies,—

"I have no colours; and without all colour
Of base insinuating flattery,
I pluck this white rose with Plantagenet."

The trailing white dog-rose is commonly considered to have been the one chosen by the house of York. The white rose, however, has a very ancient interest for Englishmen, for long before the brawl in the Temple Gardens the flower, says a writer in the "Quarterly Review" (vol. cxiv.), had been connected with one of the most ancient names of our island. The elder Pliny, in discussing the etymology of the word Albion, suggests that the land may have been so named from the white roses which abounded in it. The white variety of the cabbage-rose became the emblem of the House of Stuart upon the accession of the Duke of York to the throne of England as James II. It was said to come into flower on the 10th of June, a day regarded by the Jacobites with no small interest, on account of its being the birthday of the Chevalier St. George.*

"Of all the days that's in the year,
The tenth of June I love most dear,
When sweet white roses do appear,
For the sake of James the rover!"

The York and Lancaster rose, with its pale striped flowers, is a variety of the French rose, known as *Rosa Gallica*. It became famous when the two emblematical roses, in the persons of Henry VII and Elizabeth of York, at last brought peace and happiness to the country which had been so long divided by internal warfare. The York and Lancaster roses were a frequent subject for the epigram writers, and the following one by Drummond is one of the happiest of English epigrams:—

"If this fair rose offend thy sight,
It on thy bosom wear;
'Twill blush to find itself less white,
And turn Lancastrian there.

But if thy ruby lip it spy,
As kiss it thou mayst deign,
With envy pale 'twill lose its dye,
And Yorkist turn again."

The wild rose, which in early summer is one of the prettiest adornments of our country hedges, has been popularly termed dog's-rose and dog's-thorn, because dogs are said to eat the hips. Hence it has also been called the hip-rose. A species of gall is sometimes found on the wild rose and sweet-brier, called *fungus rosarum*. Like other galls, it arises from the puncture of insects, and another of its names is Bedeguar. It looks, says Mrs. Lee,† like a ball of light green or reddish moss, and among the diseases for which it has been prescribed is toothache. Pliny tells us that when reduced to ashes and mixed with honey it cures baldness. It is from the common dog-rose that the best rose-water is distilled. The precious attar, or otto of roses, is chiefly manufactured in Bengal, and is said by some to be produced from the damask rose.

* "Gentleman's Magazine," vol. xlix. p. 210.

* "Flower Lore," p. 61.
† "Plants and Flowers," p. 345.

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It seems almost incredible that one hundred thousand roses should only yield one hundred and eighty grains, or three drachms, of the pure attar. This, too, we are informed, is often mixed with oil of sandal wood. It is called attar-gul in the east, and is shipped in small flat oblong phials, holding only a few drops, or in large bottles for wholesale trade. To illustrate its strength Mrs. Lee narrates an amusing story of its effect on the nerves of Italians. It is that of an English traveller, who, passing through Naples from Constantinople, lodged at a hotel, where he one day left his portmanteau unlocked in his room and went out. On his return he found there had been an unusual commotion. The landlord not only met him and insisted on his going immediately before one of the authorities; but worse than this, in the middle of the yard of the hotel lay his portmanteau, and all his things scattered about. He, in his turn, became naturally very angry, and was as anxious as the other to make his complaint before a magistrate. There he learned that one of the female servants belonging to the hotel had entered his room and fainted, and another, who had gone to see what was the matter, had been scarcely able to stagger out of the room. The portmanteau was at once pointed out as the cause, and placed in the hotel yard, where its contents were taken out, and the cause of the alarm was manifest on the discovery of the mysterious bottles, which eventually turned out to contain attar of roses, which the gentleman had bought in Constantinople and was taking to England for some friends. Space forbids us to speak much further on this queen of flowers, although many a page might be written about it. As an illustration of the extent it was cultivated in Shakespeare's time, we have a proof in the account of the grant of Ely Palace, in Holborn, the property of the Bishops of Ely. Cunningham informs us that the tenant was Sir Christopher Hatton, and the rent consisted of a red rose, ten loads of hay, and ten pounds per annum.

It is believed that the oldest rose-bush in the world is the one which is trained on one side of the cathedral in Hildersheim, in Germany. The root is buried in the crypt, below the choir. The stem is a foot thick, and half-a-dozen branches nearly cover the eastern side of the church, bearing countless flowers in summer. Its age is unknown, but documents exist that prove that the Bishop Hezilo, nearly a thousand years ago, protected it by a stone roof.* With the following suggestive lines we conclude our remarks on this beloved flower:—

> "How much of memory dwells amidst thy bloom,
> Rose! ever wearing beauty for thy dower.
> The bridal day—the festival—the tomb—
> Thou hast thy part in each, thou stateliest flower."

* "Church Builder," July, 1872.

THE BLACK FOREST.

BY JOHN STOUGHTON, D.D.

V.—ITS INDUSTRIAL EMPLOYMENTS.

THE Black Forest is far from being an abode of idleness. The inhabitants are a primitive people, of extremely simple habits; but they work hard in many ways, and whilst providing for the few wants of themselves and families, contribute not a little to the wealth and prosperity of Europe. The employments of a considerable portion of the 300,000 population dwelling in the region are out of doors—in the meadows and on the hills—but more are engaged in mechanical occupations, which keep them at home, or gather them together in manufactories, some of a pretty good size.

None of the Black Foresters can be called farmers in the English sense of the term. The Norfolk and Cheshire yeomen and tenants would smile at the rude efforts in the way of agriculture made in these exposed uplands. In the Grand Duchy of Baden altogether 3,200 square miles are covered with fields and gardens, producing rich harvests and yielding a large revenue, but the Black Forest division shares but little in this distinction. Little or no wheat is grown, but rye, oats, and potatoes are produced here and there; and all the means and methods of husbandry are of a primitive description. Ploughs, harrows, and carts or waggons, are all rough and rude, the last of these light in construction, consisting of inclined sides, not of solid wood, but of unshapen beams, crossing each other. The women are employed in field-work, and leave the lords of creation to improve their time in other ways. As to the produce of the soil, it is only proper to add, that Baden-Baden is rich in walnuts, cherries, apples, and peas, and even the western terraces of the Black Forest are not wanting in vineyards. The walnut thrives at the height of 1,340 feet, but the grape climbs above a hundred feet higher. The wild cherry attains to an elevation of 2,600 feet; cereals are cultivated on the same level, and oats may be found in the uplands a thousand feet loftier still. The cultivation of such fields, and bringing down the produce, involve no small labour, whilst they testify no less to the industry of the people than to the fertility of the soil.

Farm lands are chiefly laid down for pasture; rich crops of hay are grown and gathered in summer for winter consumption, when the cattle are housed and sheltered from the cold. The herds will not compare with ours of Durham and Hereford, but an abundance of beasts are kept, which furnish delicious milk and butter, nor is the beef to be despised.

The Germans turn everything to account, and what Howitt says of them may be applied to the people of the Black Forest as far as cattle-feeding is concerned: "Nothing that can possibly be made use of is lost. The children may be seen standing in the stream in the villages, carefully washing weeds before they are given to the cattle. As we meet them, and the women with large bundles of grass on their heads, tied in large cloths, one cannot but call to mind the immense quantities by our highway-sides and green lanes in England, and by woodsides, which grow and wither, which might support many a poor man's cow. But with the yeoman-peasant it is not merely grass, it is everything which is collected and appropriated. The cuttings of his vines are dried and trussed for mules' fodder. The very

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tops and refuse of his hemp are saved for the bedding of his cattle—nay, the rough stalks of his poppies, after the heads are gathered, serve the same purpose, and are all converted into manure." "The fir cones, which with us lie all scattered in the forest, are as carefully collected to light their fires, or are carried in sacks and sold for that purpose." "The peasants are early risers, and thus obtain hours of the day's beauty and freshness which others lose. As they herd their cattle and swine, or as they meet to chat, the everlasting knitting-needles are at work, and the quantities of stockings which they accumulate are astonishing."

But in the Black Forest woodcraft takes precedence of farming, and even cattle-grazing. The growth, the cutting down, and the removal of timber form a large part of the people's employment. "Every few hundred yards," says Howitt, "are weirs and locks, and a sort of trap for timber. Here are saw-mills, busy ripping up vast quantities also of this timber. You meet everywhere with waggons loaded with these boards; you see them stacked up in great piles to dry. Every place abounds with wood, and bears evidence to the great traffic of the country." The woodman's axe is often heard amidst the silence of the dark, yet silvery forests, and down comes the tall fir-pole with a tremendous crash. The trees, when trimmed, are floated by mountain torrents into the rivers which water the valleys. When streams have not sufficient volume and force to serve the purpose of carrying down the enormous poles, dams are formed, of which good examples occur in the Murgthal and its vicinity. These dams are called Schwellungen, and when opened, the waters rush out with immense violence, carrying all before them; and as the occurrence is an important event in the neighbourhood, notice of it is given in local newspapers. Rafts are made of the timber thus conveyed into the rivers, and in the Kinzig valley hundreds of pine-stems may be seen fastened together by willow twigs. "It is a very interesting sight to watch these masses of timber (Flössen) wending like serpents down the tortuous stream, and from the mode of connection adapting themselves to all its irregularities. At the head of the raft a strong, clever raftsman guides its course by means of a long pole. In the middle of the raft others are similarly occupied, whilst at the end, where there is the greatest weight of poles, stands a steersman, directing the hinder portion of the huge monster. Of course, the whole concern not unfrequently sticks fast, tasking the skill and energy of the conductors to get it free again." "Just before entering the Gutach valley, behind Hausach (on the Black Forest railway), one of the many so-called *Polterplatze* is to be seen, where thousands of stems of trees, many of them over a hundred feet in length, are heaped up ready for export. The name Polterplatz is derived from *gepolter*, which expresses the clattering noise made in moving the large quantities of timber and making up the rafts."* These valuable stores, brought down from rocky heights, contribute to form those wonderful floating islands of wood, with huts and men on board, so familiar to tourists up the Rhine. The Baden-Baden timber is exported almost exclusively to the Netherlands, and brings in a sum amounting, in our currency, to about a quarter of a million. But there is a home market for the consumption of smaller timber, and for large quantities of fire and other wood, useful for domestic purposes.

The Germans have stringent forest laws, and the rights of property are carefully preserved. Firs, as well as fruit-trees, are protected from depredation, and with regard to game, as well as vegetation, there are rules of conduct laid down which cannot be violated with impunity. In Germany, as large public woods are the property of the State, a forest-master manages all matters in reference to the property under his care.

Charcoal burning is an employment closely connected with woodcraft; and we well remember having met numbers of men conveying charcoal in sacks on beasts of burden, or in the long wooden carts of the country; and before we leave the employments connected with the produce of the soil, we may mention the culture of grapes in some of the valleys, producing fair ordinary wines, and the distillation of the famous "Kirchwasser," a beverage made from rich crops gathered in cherry orchards.

A word may be said with regard to fishing. The trout streams of the Black Forest are renowned, and the traveller is glad to regale himself on the dainty food obtained from these sources. When we were at Triberg, where, by mistake, we lodged at the Baur, instead of the Black Forest Hotel, we ordered trout for a party of four. A fair-sized dishful was placed on the table; but when we came to settle the reckoning, we found in the bill a heavy charge which, on our expostulations, was somewhat reduced. Upon reaching Donaueshingen, we told the landlord there of the price of trout at Triberg, when he joined with us in pronouncing such a demand very unreasonable, but added that he himself paid a mark and a half per pound for fish at the riverside. This would yield a pretty good profit; however, we infer from the price that the fish cannot be plentiful. As to the German mode of catching fish, let us turn to William Howitt. "Those who have ascended the Rhine have seen here and there a solitary man standing by the river brink, with a long stout pole supported on a boat, or on a frame set in the water, and moved by a swivel at the top of the frame, so that he could elevate his pole or depress it at his pleasure by leverage, that is, by weighing on its end, while he had a rope to this end, by which, when it ascended into the air, on the withdrawal of his pressure he could pull it down again at will. At the other end of his pole he had a flat square net of a few yards in diameter, suspended by two bows from this pole, and this net he let go to the bottom, and there lie till any good-natured fish came and laid themselves upon it, when he hoisted his net out of the water and took them. *A priori*, one would never have imagined fish so obliging or so abundant as to be taken in quantities by so simple a means, but no fishing is so common as this throughout Germany. In the smaller streams, the pole and the net are so light that they are lifted entirely by hand, and are dropped into the water from boats in all directions." It may be mentioned that besides the Danube and Neckar in the eastern part of their course, the Black Forest is watered by the Enz, the Murg, the Kinzig, the Elz, and several smaller streams; and it may be added that there is game as well as fish in the Black Forest. Roes, pheasants, hares, and partridges are the chief objects which attract the sportsmen's gun. A shooting licence is necessary, and permission to shoot must be obtained from the owners of land. Of course the spoils of the

* "Cook's Tourist Handbook—Black Forest."

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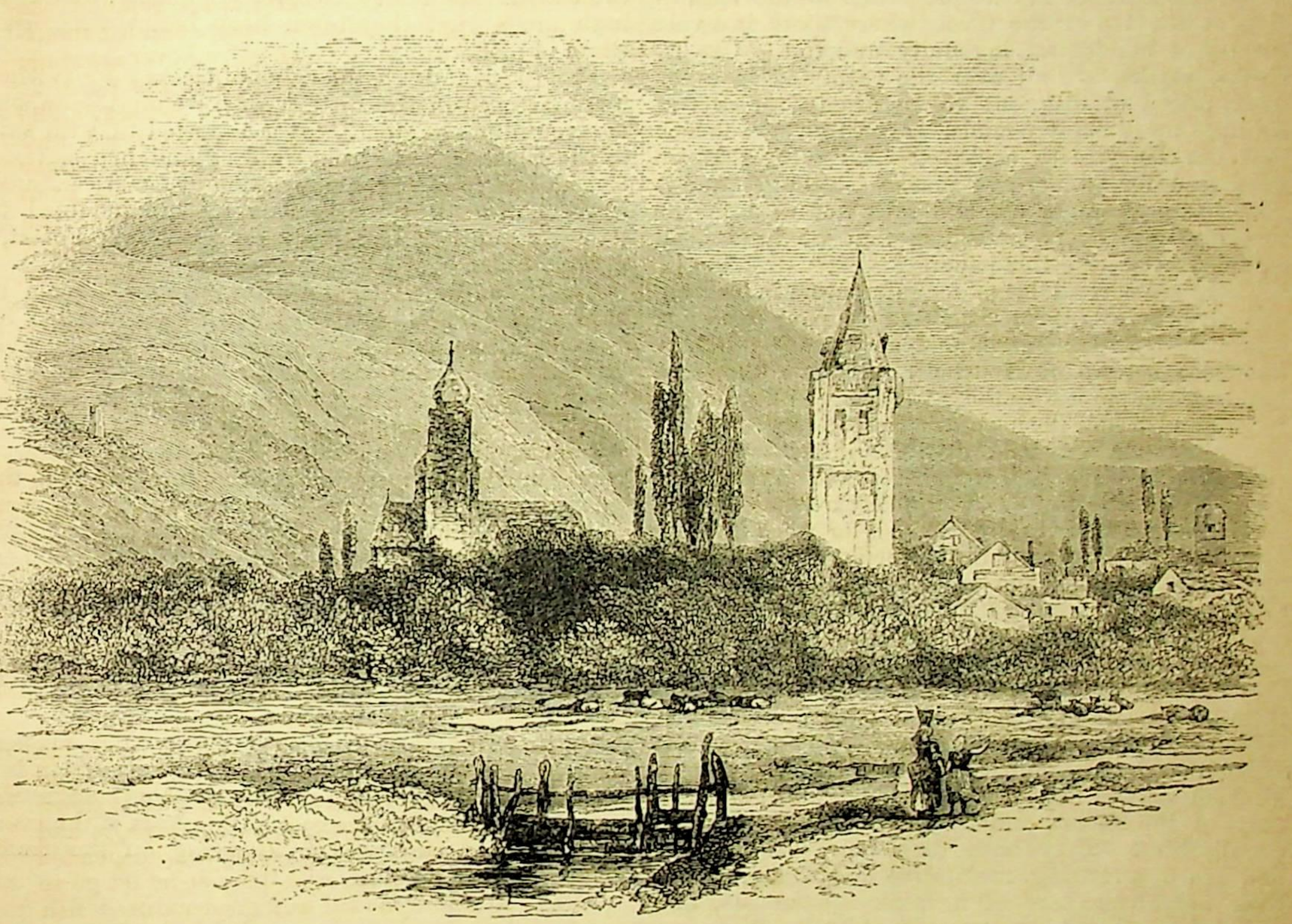
forest can be bought and sold. Game and venison appear sometimes on the hotel tables, and thus the labour of bringing down the wild birds and animals becomes a source of profit.

We have just left the river side; let us add another observation as to industrial employments. The women of the Black Forest, like the rest of the German sisterhood, are adepts at washing on the banks of running streams. It is very amusing to watch them rubbing and beating and dipping the white linen in the clear water on the edge of the green grass, and then bleaching it all in the sun; thus furnishing pictures for an artist's pencil, and suggesting one method which the people have of adding to their little means of support, by washing done for others, as well as of providing for domestic cleanliness and comfort in their families. Another female employment not to be overlooked is straw plaiting. This becomes, in the Forest States, a carefully cultivated art, for it is taught in schools aided by Government, and the work thus done is very ingenious. Some of the straw hats worn by the peasantry are very pretty and graceful.

House-building is needful all the world over; and the Schwarzwalders know how to erect very pretty-looking cottages. Wood is largely employed in their construction, and wood prepared for such purpose may be seen piled up in many a town and village. The saw-mills are numerous. Worked by water, they draw along and cut through great bundles of timber in a short space of time, and the planks thus formed are ready for the joiner's use. It is worth while to step into one of these nooks of industry and examine the process there going on. Many of the houses in which the cut deals and other kinds of timber are employed do credit to the joiners and architects. Some are of the Swiss type—broad roofed, with projecting eaves and picturesque gables, and pretty little wooden galleries. Indeed, in some parts of the Forest, looking at cottages and meadows, we have imagined ourselves amidst the Alps, save that no snowy peaks came into view. Others, of the German build, are long, many-windowed, dark on the roof, white in the walls, but striped by black intersecting beams.

We must now turn to look at certain manufactures which gave a marked character to the industry of the Schwarzwald. The Harz district is a great toy country. Sonneberg, near Coburg, is also a large producer of such wares. Animals of all sorts, and Noah's arks in abundance, are there seen. We do not remember noticing any productions of that kind in our Black Forest rambles; but there is a good deal of wood-carving going on, like that which is so familiar to tourists in Switzerland. Ornaments cut by the hand, cattle, stags, trees, plants, and so forth, are exhibited for sale at Triberg and such places. Brushmaking, glassblowing, and pewter working are not unknown. Jewellery, too, of some description, we learn, is also produced, but the great staple manufacture consists in making clocks and watches.

Triberg is a great emporium of this most interesting art-trade, and when we were there we visited one of the large workshops and witnessed the processes



GINGENBACH, A BLACK FOREST VILLAGE.

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going on. The men we saw were busy making certain parts of the machinery used in the construction of what are called Dutch, or German clocks. Only certain articles are manufactured in the establishment; the springs, the chains, the enamelled faces, and other parts, are made elsewhere. But here we saw wheels punched out of sheets of brass; pendulums ground down and polished, and tiny cogs and pivots cut with delicate tools. The superintendent gave us such explanations as we could understand of what was being done by the cunning-handed craftsmen, but many things included in clock-work were not going on at the time, and some were not done at all on these premises; here the different portions were put together, and numbers of finished timepieces of all fashions were hanging on the walls. From this manufactory we proceeded to the exhibition at the top of the town, where there is a vast display of horological ingenuity and toil. Clocks, clocks, clocks, are all over the room and in every nook, priced at different values, from four or five shillings up to many pounds. A pretty cuckoo-clock took our fancy, with a carved-wood face; this we purchased for twenty-five marks (shillings), and it now hangs close to us, and fails not to utter its cheering note every half-hour that we have been occupied in writing this paper.

There are several large manufacturers in Triberg and elsewhere. A clock-making company has been established at Lenzkirch, and an extensive factory has been set up at Neustadt. About a thousand hands are employed by these two firms, and from one to two and a half florins a day can be earned by the workmen. At Neustadt, also, the industrious folks rear singing-birds, polish garnets and crystal, and make good cheese. But the clock trade is also carried on in villages by people who work in their own homes. Not only the father, but the mother and the children, when not employed in household affairs, work away upon some article employed in the construction of timepieces. To economise time, it is said, that on Sundays the artificers carry the goods they have produced to the clock-dealer, who meets them on the way to church, and then accounts are settled and fresh arrangements made. Some of these villagers are very ingenious, and excel in different kinds of tasteful handicrafts. They reside in elevated parts of the Forest, and they exhibit some physical peculiarities. They have dark hair, brown eyes, and are of a retiring, meditative disposition, whilst their neighbours are of a fairer appearance, and addict themselves to the pursuits of husbandry.

A theory has been based on the circumstance to this effect, that these skilful mechanics are descendants of the old Celts or Gauls, who were driven up the mountain heights by the Teutonic race, who planted themselves in the lowlands.

The clock country, it is said, includes ninety-two parishes, chiefly near Triberg, Villingen, Neustadt, Waldkirch, and Freiburg. As many as 13,500 people are engaged in the business, and there are no less than 1,429 independent artisans and masters, the latter of whom employ 5,726 pair of hands. The trade has greatly developed of late years. It may be regarded as having had its commencement about the year 1667, when the dark-haired men up in the mountains added this craft to their previous pewtering and wood-turning.

They worked with a knife, a saw, a drill, and a pair of compasses. The primitive clocks contained three wheels; and leaden weights on a curved balance served for pendulums. In 1740 the pendulum appeared, and clocks were made to strike. They had to be wound up every twenty-four hours. Eight-day clocks were added in 1780. So the manufacture advanced until 1830, when there came a period of decline. But this stimulated to fresh effort. A clockmakers' school was established at Furtwangen, where young people were instructed not only in the rudiments of the old trade, but in the art of manufacturing spring watches. These are now produced in great numbers, and you may see them in gold and silver exhibited for sale in Triberg and other places, at exceedingly low prices. Furtwangen, three hours' journey from Triberg, is a great watch and clock emporium. The old-fashioned Dutch clocks, as they are called, retain an extensive popularity, and it is maintained that they often keep better time than those of modern make.

From 1797 to 1873, the value of clocks and watches manufactured in the district was, we are told, about twelve million guldens. It is reported that the sale of the Black Forest clocks in England has suffered considerably from the importation of American ones. For some of these particulars we are indebted to "Cook's Tourist's Handbook for the Black Forest," a work which contains much useful information.

Whilst we were sitting in the exhibition room at Triberg, looking at the clocks, we were startled by hearing what sounded like a large orchestra of music. At the end of the apartment stood an organ-like-looking piece of furniture, whence proceeded the combined sounds. They combined the tones of trumpets, flutes, and other instruments, and well represented a respectable regimental band, all the parts keeping time with each other in perfect precision. The machine was worked upon the principle of a barrel-organ, and a number of tunes were played by shifting the cylinders. It is called an "orchestrion," and its price was marked at five hundred pounds. This is the only instrument of the kind we saw, but many, of different prices, we understand, are built in the district. Unter Kirnach is the place of their earliest manufacture.

Putting together clocks, watches, and musical boxes of various sorts and sizes—the orchestrion is a giant of the race—they are reported as amounting to 600,000 articles for exportation alone, a thousand dealers being employed in carrying on the traffic throughout the world.

SHEFFIELD.

II.

IN the Sheffield factories almost every species of tool made use of by man is constantly making. The cutting tools of carpenters and cabinet-makers; saws of all kinds and sizes, from the smallest handsaw to the huge circular saws of any diameter required; engineering tools, and the implements of the forge and smithy, all are manufactured in abundance, either by machinery or hand-labour; and he would be an ingenious person who should devise any possible product of steel or iron which Sheffield could not supply. Steel ropes, as flexible as those of hemp, and vastly stronger than those of iron, have been made for years past, while at the same time steel wire is drawn to so fine a thread that a single pound

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weight of it measures over a hund·ed miles in length. Some twenty years ago, when the fashion prevailed among the ladies of wearing crinoline skirts, Sheffield supplied more than two millions of pounds weight annually of that material, principally in the form of steel hoops furnished to the dealers.

Passing over a long list of other manufactures of iron, steel, and various metals, we may glance briefly at the silver-plating once peculiar to Sheffield. This art was invented by Thomas Bolsover, who produced his first goods in 1742. For about a century the Sheffield plated goods were known and valued everywhere, and were in use in every house; they were formed by spreading a thin plate of silver on a thick one of copper, and rolling both together into sheets of proper thickness for the articles required to be manufactured. But the discovery of the art of electro-plating, about forty years ago, rapidly dislodged and superseded the Bolsover process. The Sheffield platers, however, adopted the new process when they saw that the old one had had its day, and at the present time they can vie successfully, not only in electro-plating, but in all processes in which electricity is available, with any manufacturers in the kingdom.

The population of Sheffield is estimated at the present time as approaching nearly to two hundred and forty thousand. It is made up of the comparative few who are very rich, of a large mass who are poor, and of that substantial middle-class whose energies are the motive-power of much of the prevailing industry. Among the mass of the population there is not that regard for education and mental progress one would wish to see. The bookseller is not half so much encouraged as he should be, and he shows his sense of that by not putting in a very frequent appearance. Bookshops are too few, and of bookstalls we fear there are none. We are told, however, that education is really "looking up" a little. The School Board has had, or, at least, is beginning to have, some effect. At first the rate-paying classes, especially the lower-middle, objected and resisted, but by degrees the objections have been removed and the resistance overruled, and the education of the poor children is now making fair progress, thanks to the zeal of their managers and to their considerate and lenient dealing with the poorer class of parents. The distress in Sheffield during the protracted depression in trade has been, as we all know, very severe; how kindly and efficiently it was relieved we also know. It must strike any one, we think, who looks into the matter, that the interests and the comforts of the poorer classes of this industrial centre have been well and generously cared for by the wealthy and influential. The open grounds and places of recreation are many, and available to all. The most remarkable are Norfolk Park, Hyde Park, the Botanical Gardens, Western Park and Museum, and the Firth Park, the latter being the gift of Mr. Alderman Firth, who has been in many ways a liberal benefactor to the town.

Sheffield is so well situated that the pedestrian can, in the course of an hour's walk, leave the region of smoke behind him and enjoy the loveliness of nature. One of the pleasantest excursions to the lover of the picturesque would be a stroll along the valley of the Rivelin and its tributary Black Brook. The entrance of the Rivelin valley may be reached in half an hour's walk from the town by the road through Walkley. The original character of the scenery of the valley can only be guessed at the present time, for centuries have elapsed since the waters were running in their natural channels. From time immemorial the "water power" has been taken possession of and harnessed, so to speak, into the service of the Sheffield cutlery grinders, the bed of the torrent having been parcelled out by taking advantage of the different levels, and forming a series of pools and falls, the pools serving as reservoirs, and allowing the water to to be discharged over artificial dykes to turn the grinders' wheels. The landscape, however, is only improved by those innovations of industry, as they add the interest of human life and activities to the rugged romance of Nature, without marring her quiet and seclusion.

Black Brook, a brawling stream leaping along over its stony bed, or stealing through some shady nook, or tumbling merrily over some miniature fall, has been sung in charming verse by the Corn-law Rhymer, who has also sung of the "Headlong Wyming," which rushes down a threatful gorge at some distance parallel to it. Another spot endeared to Elliott, and the scene of one of his poems, is Shirecliffe, near Shirecliffe Hall, formerly the seat of the Mounteney family, an eminence commanding one of the finest views in the county. Other spots of picturesque beauty and interest are the banks of the Porter, a small stream which rises within a few miles of the town, and presents a similar kind of scenery to that of the Rivelin valley, though on a smaller scale; the village of Norton, the birthplace of Chantrey, and also his burial-place; Derbyshire Lane, leading from Norton to Sheffield; Beauchief, famous for its old abbey, which is said to have been built by one of the murderers of Thomas à Becket, and which long ago fell into decay, but has been repaired, and is now used as a village church; and Little Matlock, so called from its resemblance to the fashionable Matlock of Derbyshire. All these localities are familiar to the townsmen, and are within easy reach.

Among the remarkable places which lie at a greater distance, but are often visited by the townspeople, the most notable of all is Wharncliffe, or Wharncliffe Craggs. According to the opinion of Lady Mary Wortley Montague, there is scarcely any spot the traveller can light upon which affords a more magnificent prospect than that beheld from the heights of Wharncliffe. The grandeur and extent of the view are almost unrivalled, and it is said that on a clear day the cathedrals of York and Lincoln can both be faintly discerned. On one of the highest points stands Wharncliffe Lodge, built in the reign of Henry VIII by Sir Thomas Wortley, a man of considerable importance in his day, who, it is clear, had a thorough liking for natural sights and sounds, for he left behind him an inscription cut in the hard rock, and which may be deciphered to this hour. It runs as follows:—

"Pray for the Saule of
Thomas Wryttelay Knyght
for the Kyngys bode to Edward
the forthe Rychard therd Hare the vii & Hare viii
hows Saules God perdon wyche
Thomas caused a loge to be made
hon thys crag in mydys of
Wancliffe for his plesor to her the
hartes bel in the year of our
Lord a thousand ccccc.x."

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This lodge was visited by Taylor, the water-poet, in 1639, and here he was honourably entertained by Sir Francis Wortley, then owner of the estate; and the poet ate of the knight's venison and quaffed his good wine in the company of his lady and her daughter in a cavern in the rock, which had been furnished for the occasion with all the appliances of a feast. Lady Mary Wortley Montague once lived in the lodge; it is still inhabited, being in charge of a keeper, who protects the ancient inscription and shows the place to visitors.

Wharncliffe is further famous as being the scene of the extravagant old ballad, "The Dragon of Wantley," printed in the Bishop of Dromore's "Reliques of Ancient Poetry." The dragon was a monster, to whom

> Houses and churches were geese and turkeys;
> He ate all and left none behind,
> But some stones, dear Jack, that he couldn't crack,
> Which on the hill you will find.

The dragon's den is still shown; it is a hole in the face of the cliff below the summit of the Table Rock, and seems to have been the very cave in the rock in which Sir Thomas Wortley introduced the water-poet to the "three barrels of nappy liquor, the red-deer pie, and the excellent shoeing-horn of hanged Martinmas beef." Taylor celebrated in his way his memorable visit to Warncliffe Lodge, but he makes no mention of the ballad of the dragon, from which we may infer that it had not been composed in his time, and is not so ancient a relique as it was supposed to be.

Other remarkable places within reach of the Sheffielders are the Fox House, the sporting seat of the Duke of Rutland; Chatsworth, the magnificent seat of the Duke of Devonshire; Haddon Hall, the most perfect example of an ancient hall in the whole kingdom; and Conisbro' Castle. These and several other places of note lie within a dozen miles of the town, and are easily accessible either by omnibus or railway.

Few towns can boast so many names celebrated in modern times for excellence in poetry and the arts; or at least for so high a degree of excellence as some of the Sheffield celebrities have attained. Among those most highly honoured and most widely known is that of James Montgomery, who, though not a native of Sheffield, was identified with the town for more than sixty years. Born at Irvine in Ayrshire, in 1771, and the son of a Moravian minister, he was educated with a view to the same calling. Owing to untoward circumstances, he found himself at seventeen years of age behind the counter of a retail shop at Mirfield. In his nineteenth year he turned his back on the shop and made his way to London, in the hope of getting a volume of his poems accepted by the publishers. Disappointed in London, he returned to Yorkshire, and in 1792 became assistant editor of the "Sheffield Register." The times were revolutionary and troublous. The proprietor of the "Register" had to fly the country to avoid a Government prosecution, Montgomery being left to manage the paper. He changed its name from the "Register" to the "Iris," but happening to print a ballad to which it was possible to attach a disloyal significance, he was prosecuted, fined, and sent to prison. The prosecution helped him forward, and ere long he became sole proprietor of the journal he conducted. In 1795 he was prosecuted again and imprisoned for a longer term, and ordered to find sureties. Grown cautious by experience, he steered clear of offences from this time forth, the "Iris" thriving under his management, and yielding him a handsome maintenance. In 1806 he published his "Wanderer of Switzerland," which at once established his reputation; and this was followed at infrequent intervals by other works which have long been known to the public, and have endeared him more especially to the religious portion of it. The Government which had persecuted him in his youth made amends to him in after-life by conferring on him a pension of £200 a year. He retired from business before old age crept upon him, employing his remaining time principally in the promotion of benevolent objects. He died, without pain, in April, 1854, in his eighty-third year. He was honoured by a public funeral, and in 1860 a handsome monument was erected over his grave in the General Cemetery. The house where Montgomery published the "Iris," and where he wrote the greater part of his poems, was afterwards transformed into a beershop.

Ebenezer Elliott, the Corn-law Rhymer, and emphatically the poet of the people, was born at Masborough, near Sheffield, in 1781. His parents being of the humble class, he had to educate himself, and his character was formed amid the rough surroundings of the forge and the foundry, but, stimulated by the desire of excelling, he was indefatigable in study. Starting in the steel trade at Sheffield at a time when that trade was abnormally lucrative, he realised a sufficient sum for a competency and retired upon it. Elliott's poems are characterised by remarkable sensitiveness and delicacy of expression when the subject is anything tender or touching in nature or in the human lot, and by a savage intensity of indignation when he treats of the wrongs of the poor, the "bread-tax," or the doom of the oppressor. It is worth remarking that he gained little or no reputation by his tender and gentler effusions, and it was not until he had become in a manner notorious as the "Corn-law Rhymer" that his merits as a true poet began to be discovered. He died in the year 1849. For many years a bronze statue of Elliott (by no means a capital work of art) stood fronting the Sheffield Post Office. It has lately been removed to a much more appropriate site in Western Park.

Francis Chantrey was born at Norton, about four miles from Sheffield, in 1781. When quite a child he used to drive an ass laden with milk through the lanes leading to Sheffield. When old enough he was put to the grocery business, but greatly disliking it, was transferred to the workshop of a carver and gilder, to whom he was apprenticed. In 1802, having been freed from his apprenticeship, he set up in Sheffield as a portrait-painter, and for a year or two painted for two or three guineas a head such of his fellow-townsmen as could be induced to sit to him. On visiting London for improvement he discovered that his real forte was not painting, but sculpture, and on returning to Sheffield he added modelling from life to his portrait practice. His first attempt in marble was made in 1806; it was a bust of the Rev. J. Wilkinson, now in the parish church, and as a first work is of extraordinary merit. Two years later Chantrey had removed to London, and by rare industry, application, and talent united, was working his way to wealth and fame. In the course of the next thirty years he enriched his native land by numbers

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of the finest statues and magnificent groups of statuary which the world has ever seen. He was knighted by William IV; his fame as a sculptor spread through all civilised lands, and he realised a large fortune. In his prosperity he never forgot his humble home at Norton, and the good mother who had brought him up. Leaving the courtly circles in which he moved, he would journey down to visit her in the old cottage, to which she clung with the more tenacity as she grew older, and which he had made snug and comfortable for her declining years. Chantrey died in 1841 at sixty years of age, and was buried in Norton Churchyard; in the church is a tablet to his memory, and near the church stands a handsome granite obelisk, erected by subscription, to his honour.

Joseph Hunter, the author of the "History of Hallamshire," was born in Sheffield in 1783. He was a man of considerable learning and a persevering antiquary. Once a Unitarian preacher, he relinquished the pulpit to accept an appointment as one of the Vice-keepers of the National Records, for which, from his attainments, he was specially qualified. Besides the "History of Hallamshire" he published a "History of the Deanery of Doncaster" in two folio volumes. He died in London in 1861.

Brief mention must be made of other celebrities, literary and artistic, connected with Sheffield. Buchan wrote his "Domestic Medicine" in the same house in which Montgomery published the "Iris" and wrote most of his popular poems. Dr. Pye Smith, author of "Scripture Testimony to the Messiah," was a native of Sheffield. Sterndale Bennett, doctor of music, and one of the most expressive of English pianists, was born in Sheffield in 1816; and Thomas Creswick, R.A., born in Sheffield in 1811, and who died a few years ago, ranked for many years among the first landscape painters of England. He evidently derived his inspiration from his native scenery, which he knew how to reproduce with rare truthfulness and feeling, and the characteristic tone and colour of which constituted the main charm of his works.

THE BEGUM'S FORTUNE.

BY JULES VERNE.

CHAPTER VII.—THE CENTRAL BLOCK.

A REPORT from Dr. Echternach, surgeon-in-chief to the section of the Albrecht pit, stated that the death of Carl Bauer, number 41,902, thirteen years of age, trapper in gallery 228, was caused by asphyxia, resulting from the absorption by the respiratory organs of a large proportion of carbonic acid.

Another no less luminous report from the engineer Maulesmülhe, explained the necessity of including in the ventilating scheme zone B in the plan xiv, as a large amount of deleterious gas filtered slowly from its galleries. Lastly, a note from the same functionary brought before the notice of the authorities the devotedness of the overseer Rayer, and of the first-class workman, Johann Schwartz.

Ten hours later, on reaching the porter's lodge, Max, as he took his presence-counter, found this printed order on the nail addressed to him.

"Schwartz will present himself at the Director-General's office at ten o'clock to-day. Central Block. Gate and Road A."

"At last!" thought Max. "This is the first step; the rest will come!"

Whilst chatting with his comrades on his Sunday walks round Stahlstadt, he had acquired sufficient knowledge of the general organisation of the city to know that authority to enter the central block was not to be had every day. All sorts of stories were current about this place. It was said that some indiscreet people, who had tried to get into the guarded enclosure by stratagem, had never been seen again; that before their admission all workmen employed there had to go through a series of masonic ceremonies—were obliged to take the most solemn oaths not to reveal anything that went on there, and were mercilessly sentenced to death by a secret tribunal if they violated their oath. A subterranean railway put this sanctuary in communication with the outworks. Night trains brought unknown visitors. Supreme councils were held there, and sometimes mysterious personages came to participate in the deliberations.

Without putting unnecessary faith in these accounts, Max knew that they were really the popular expression of a well-known fact—the extreme difficulty which attended admission into the central division. Of all the workmen whom he knew—and he had friends in the iron mines as well as in the coal-pits, among the refiners as well as the men employed in the blast furnaces, among the carpenters as well as the smiths—not one had ever entered the gate.

It was therefore with a feeling of intense curiosity, as well as secret pleasure, that he presented himself there at the hour named. It was soon plain that the precautions were of the strictest.

Evidently Max was expected. Two men, dressed in a grey uniform, swords at their sides and revolvers in their belts, were waiting in the porter's lodge.

This lodge, like that of a cloistered convent, had two gates, an outer and an inner one, which were never open at the same time.

The pass examined and signed, Max saw, though without manifesting any surprise, a white handkerchief brought out, with which the two attendants in uniform carefully bandaged his eyes.

Then, taking him by the arms, they marched him off without saying a word.

After walking two or three thousand steps, they mounted a staircase, a door was opened and shut, and Max was allowed to take off his bandage.

He found himself in a large plain room, furnished with some chairs, a black board, and a long desk, supplied with every implement necessary for linear drawing. It was lighted by high windows, filled with ground glass.

Almost immediately two personages, who looked as if they belonged to a university, entered the room.

"You are brought before our notice as having somewhat distinguished yourself," said one of them. "We are about to examine you to find out if there is reason to admit you into the model division. Are you prepared to answer our questions?"

Max modestly declared himself ready to be put to the proof.

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The two examiners then successively put questions to him in chemistry, geometry, and algebra. The young workman satisfied them in every case by the clearness and precision of his answers. The figures which he traced in chalk on the board were neat, decided, and elegant: his equations in the most perfect way, in equal lines, like the ranks of a crack regiment. One of these demonstrations was so remarkable, and so new to the judges, that they expressed their astonishment, and asked where he had been taught.

"At Schaffhaüsen, my native town, in the elementary school."

"You appear a good draughtsman?"

"It was my strong point."

"The education given in Switzerland is decidedly very uncommon," remarked one examiner to the other. "We will give you two hours to execute this," he resumed, handing to the candidate a drawing of a very complicated-looking steam-engine. "If you acquit yourself well you shall be admitted with the mention, 'Perfectly satisfactory, and very superior.'"

Left alone, Max set eagerly to work.

When his judges re-entered at the expiration of the given time, they were so delighted with his diagram, that they added to the promised mention, "We have not another draughtsman of equal talent."

THE NEW WORKMAN.

Our young workman was then again seized by the grey attendants, and with the same ceremonial, that is to say, the bandaged eyes, was led to the office of the Director-General.

"You are offered admission to one of the studios in the models' division," said this personage. "Are you ready to submit to the rules and regulations?"

"I do not know what they are," said Max; "but I presume they are acceptable."

"They are these: First, you are compelled, as long as your engagement lasts, to reside in the same division. You cannot go out but by special and exceptional order. Second, you are subjected to military discipline; and you owe absolute obedience, under military penalties, to your superiors. To weigh against this, you are also like the non-commissioned officers of an active army, for you may, by a regular advance, be raised to the highest grades. Third, you bind yourself by an oath never to reveal to any one what you see in the division to which you have access. Fourth, your correspondence is opened by your chiefs, all you send as well as all you receive; and it must be limited to your family."

"In short, I am in prison," thought Max.

Then he replied quietly,—

"These rules seem perfectly just, and I am ready to submit to them."

"Good. Raise your hand. Take the oath. You are nominated draughtsman to the fourth studio. A lodging will be assigned to you, and for your meals, you will find a first-rate canteen here. You have not your property with you?"

"No, sir. As I was ignorant of what I was wanted for I left everything in my room."

"They will be brought to you, for you must not again go out of the division."

"I did well," thought Max, "to write my notes in cipher! They would only have had to look at them!"

Before the close of the day, Max was established in a pretty little room, in the fourth storey of a building overlooking a wide courtyard, and had some ideas about his new life.

He did not fancy that it would be as dismal as at first sight it appeared. His comrades, with whom he made acquaintance at the restaurant, were in general quiet and gentle, like all industrious people. To enliven themselves a little—for there was rather a want of gaiety in their mechanical life—they formed a band amongst themselves, and performed selections of very tolerable music every evening. A library and a reading-room were valuable resources for the mind, from a scientific point of view, during the rare hours of leisure. Special courses held by professors were obligatory to all the men employed, who had besides to undergo frequent examinations and competitions.

But fresh air and liberty were lacking.

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It was a regular college, only with extra strictness exercised on grown men. The surrounding atmosphere could not but weigh on their spirits, subjected as they were to an iron discipline.

The winter passed away in these employments, to which Max gave himself up heart and soul. His application, the perfection of his drawings, his extraordinary progress in every subject he was taught, noticed by all his tutors and examiners, had made for him, even in this short time, and amongst all these diligent men, a corresponding celebrity. By general consent he was the most clever draughtsman, the most ingenious, the most fruitful in resources. Was there a difficulty? they applied to him. Even the chiefs themselves resorted to his experience, with the respect which merit extorts even from the most marked jealousy.

But if, on reaching the heart of the model division, the young man calculated that he would be any nearer getting at the innermost secrets, he was very much out of his reckoning.

His life at present was enclosed within an iron railing three hundred yards in diameter, surrounding the segment of the central block to which he was attached. Intellectually, his activity could and should extend to the highest branches of metallurgic industry. In practice, it was limited to drawing steam-engines. He constructed them of all dimensions and of all powers, for every kind of industry and use, for war-ships and for printing-presses; but he never left this speciality. The division of labour pushed to its utmost limit held him as in a vice.

After four months passed in section A, Max knew no more of the entire plan of the works in the Steel City than he did on entering. At the most he had merely collected a little general information about the organisation of the machinery of which he formed—notwithstanding his merits—but a very small portion. He knew that the centre of the spider's web, figurative of Stahlstadt, was the Bull Tower, a cyclopean structure, overlooking all the neighbouring buildings. He had learnt, too, through the legendary stories of the canteen, that the dwelling of Herr Schultz himself was at the base of this tower, and that the renowned secret room occupied the centre. It was added that this vaulted hall, protected against any danger of fire, and plated inside, as a monitor is plated outside, was closed by a system of steel doors with spring-gun locks, worthy of the most suspicious bank. The general opinion was that Professor Schultz was working at the completion of a terrible engine of war of unprecedented power, and destined to assure universal dominion to Germany.

AN UNEXPECTED SIGHT.

Max had revolved in his brain many most audacious plans of escalade and disguise, but had been compelled to acknowledge to himself that nothing of the sort was practicable. Those lines of sombre and massive walls, flooded with light during the night, and guarded by trusty sentinels, would always oppose an insuperable obstacle to every attempt. But even if he did overcome it to some extent what would he see? Details, always details, never the whole!

What matter! He had sworn not to yield, and he would not yield. If it took ten years, he would wait that time. But the hour was coming when that secret would be his own. It must! The happy city Frankville was prospering, its beneficent institutions favouring each and all, and giving a new horizon of hope to a disheartened people. Max had no doubt that in the face of such a triumph to the Latin race, Schultz would be more than ever determined to make good his threats. Stahlstadt and its factories were a proof of that.

Thus many weeks passed away.

One day in March, Max had just for the hundredth time repeated his secret vow, when one of the grey attendants informed him that the Director-General wished to speak to him.

"I have received from Herr Schultz," said this high functionary, "an order to send him our best draughtsman. You are the man. Make your

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arrangements to pass into the inner circle. You are promoted to the rank of lieutenant."

Thus at the very moment when he was almost despairing of success, his heroic toil at last procured him the much desired entrance!

Max was so filled with delight that his joy exhibited itself on his countenance.

"I am happy to have such good news to announce to you," continued the Director; "and I cannot refrain from urging you to continue in the path you have begun to tread so gallantly. A brilliant future is before you. Go, sir."

So Max, after his long probation, caught the first glimpse of the end which he had sworn to reach.

To stuff all his clothes into his portmanteau, follow the grey men, pass through the last enclosure, of which the entrance in the A road might have been still forbidden to him, was the work of a few minutes.

He now stood at the foot of the inaccessible Bull Tower; until this moment he had but seen its lofty head reared among the clouds.

The scene which lay before him was indeed an unexpected one. Imagine a man suddenly transported from a noisy, commonplace European workshop into the midst of a virgin forest in the torrid zone. Such was the surprise which awaited Max in the centre of Stahlstadt.

As a virgin forest gains in beauty from the descriptions of great writers, so was Professor Schultz's park more beautiful than the most lovely of pleasure gardens. Slender palms, tufted bananas, curious cacti, formed the shrubberies. Creepers wound gracefully round eucalyptus-trees, hung in green festoons, or fell in rich clusters. The most tender plants bloomed in abundance. Pineapples and guavas ripened beside oranges. Humming-birds and birds of paradise displayed their brilliant plumage in the open air; for the temperature was as tropical as the vegetation.

Max instinctively looked around and above for glass and hot-air pipes to account for this miracle; seeing nothing but the blue sky, he stopped bewildered.

Then it flashed upon him that not far from the spot was a coal mine in permanent combustion, and he guessed that Herr Schultz had ingeniously utilised this valuable subterranean heat, by means of metallic pipes, to maintain a constant hothouse atmosphere.

But this explanation did not prevent the young Alsacian's eyes from being dazzled and charmed with the green lawns, while his nostrils inhaled with delight the delicious scents which filled the air. To a man who had passed six months without seeing even a blade of grass, it was truly refreshing. A gravelled path led him, by a gentle slope, to the foot of a handsome flight of marble steps, commanded by a majestic colonnade. Behind rose the huge and massive square building, which was as it were the pedestal of the Bull Tower.

Beneath the peristyle Max could see seven or eight servants in red livery, and a gorgeous porter in cocked hat, and bearing a halbert. And he noticed between the columns rich bronze candelabra. As he ascended the steps a slight rumble betrayed that the underground railroad lay beneath his feet.

Max gave his name, and was immediately admitted into a hall, a regular museum of sculpture. Not having time to examine anything, he was conducted first through a saloon adorned with black and gold, then through one with red and gold ornaments, and he was finally left alone for five minutes in a yellow and gold saloon. At the end of that time a footman returned and showed him into a splendid green and gold study.

Herr Schultz in person, smoking a long clay pipe, with a tankard of beer at his side, had the effect, in the midst of all this luxury, of a spot of mud on a patent leather boot.

Without rising, without even turning his head, the King of Steel merely said in a cold tone,—

"Are you the draughtsman?"

"Yes, sir."

"I have seen your diagrams. They are very good. But do you only understand steam-engines?"

"I have never been examined in anything else."

"Do you know anything of the science of projectiles?"

"I have studied it in my spare time, and for my own pleasure."

This reply interested Herr Schultz.

He deigned to turn and look at his employé.

"Well, will you undertake to design a cannon with me? We shall see what you can make of it. Ah! you will be scarcely able to take the place of that idiot of a Sohne, who got killed this morning whilst handling some dynamite! The fool might have blown us all up!"

It must be acknowledged that this revolting want of feeling was only what might have been expected from the mouth of Herr Schultz.

Varieties.

Prison Charities.—Many bequests in the City which in former times were left for the benefit of poor prisoners have more recently been diverted to other charitable purposes, their usefulness in their original form having been superseded by modern regulations. The trustees have just made grants to hospitals and other institutions for the convalescent to the extent of nearly £1,500, the money being voted in all cases only after the strictest inquiries as to the claims of the respective institutions to public support.—*City Press.*

Professor Allman, President of the British Association.—The wide range of subjects embraced by the British Association for the Advancement of Science is seen in the choice of its presidents. Some years there have been men of high social position, along with love and appreciation of science, as when Prince Albert or the Duke of Buccleugh occupied the chair. In other years there have been men whose names are celebrated and popular as leaders in science, such as Sedgwick and Murchison, Herschel and Brewster, Lyell and Huxley. Great names in the applied sciences and in mechanic arts also appear on the roll, such as Fairbairn and Armstrong. Of other presidents, the qualifications have been known to the comparatively few who live in the higher regions of physico-mathematical research, such as Mr. Prescott Joule and the retiring president, Dr. William Spottiswoode. Natural history has also had its representative presidents, as Dr. Hooker for botany, and this year Dr. George Johnston Allman, whose distinction is in the department of marine zoology. Besides a "History of Fresh-water Polyzoa" and a "Monograph on Gymnoblastic Hydroids," he has contributed numerous memoirs to the Transactions of the Royal Society, the Royal Irish Academy, and other learned bodies with which he is connected. He occupied the chair of Natural History in Edinburgh for several years as successor of Edward Forbes. The Emeritus Professor, now resident in London, is a Fellow of the Royal Society and President of the Linnæan.

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WATER LILIES.

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THE LEISURE HOUR.

BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,
AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND.—*Cowper.*

MISS BEVERLEY'S TROUBLE.

STRAIGHT TO THE MARK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BOY AND MAN," "LOMBARDY COURT," ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.—THE LEVEE.

Dare to be true. Nothing can need a lie.
The fault that needs it most, grows two thereby.

—*George Herbert.*

THERE was not much work done at Abbotscliff on the day when Tom Howard had been brought back soon after dawn to Dr. Piercey's house. Masters and boys alike were too much fatigued with the excitement and watching of the previous night to be able to settle to anything. Frequent inquiries were made of those who went in and out, "How that plucky little fellow was getting on?" The surgeon, Mr. Calvert, who had remained with his patient for an hour or two, after placing him in bed in a quiet corner of the head master's house, was beset by the sixth-form boys when he came out, and had to answer a great many questions, which he was

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PRICE ONE PENNY.

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able to do satisfactorily, considering all that had taken place. He hoped Tom Howard would be none the worse for his adventure; he wanted rest and quietness—nothing more. He was so calm and patient and cheerful, and his constitution was so good, that it was not likely any mischief would follow; but they must take care of him for a day or two. Little Martin, for whom the boys had forgotten to inquire, was in a more excited state; he had been awake all night, walking about his room and going downstairs and up again; it was with difficulty they could keep him from going back to the cliff and joining the group of watchers there. Even now that his friend and deliverer was safe, he could not rest, and would worry himself into a fever, they feared, in his anxiety about him. The elder boys retailed these tidings to their juniors with an easy condescension that was not usual to them, and the juniors repeated them with like affability to the little fellows of the lower school.

When Mr. Calvert had been a second time, and was going away again, he was able to give a better account of both his patients. Martin had been allowed to go and see Howard, and they were both rested and getting on as well as possible. He hoped they would be in school again in a day or two.

"But," he said, "you must take care of them, you monitors; you must look after these young boys, and not allow such things as these to happen."

"How can we help it?"

"That is for you to consider. I have been told that this is not the first time that a boy's life has been put in peril, through the folly or whatever you choose to call it of some of his schoolfellows. Is that true?"

"I'm afraid it is," said Hall, in whose memory the descent from the dormitory window was yet fresh.

"You must not let the new boys be bullied in that fashion."

"It was not bullying—we never allow that; and this last affair was an accident altogether. No one is to blame for it."

"I am not so sure of that. I understand the younger boy, Martin, was sent to that place on some fool's errand or other."

"Who sent him?"

"A boy named Chaffin."

"Who told you that?"

"I can't give up my informant. No mischief was intended, and it would not be right, perhaps, to punish the boy; but I think you ought to take notice of it, if only as an example of the mischief that may be done by these stupid practical jokes."

"We'll see to it," said Hall. "Come along; we must have a levee."

A levee at Abbotscliff was a meeting of the monitors for serious counsel, and was regarded with considerable anxiety, not to say awe, by the rest of the school. The weightiest matters of discipline were disposed of at a "levee;" the honour of the school was maintained on critical occasions by the decision of a levee; the investigation of a mystery, or the trial of a criminal, was effected at a levee; a complaint against a servant, or a remonstrance to a master, was formulated and resolved upon at a levee. A levee could do anything, the boys used to say. Nobody could stand against a levee. Even Piercey *himself* would not go against a levee if he could help *it*. When, therefore, it was known that a levee had been called to inquire into the circumstances of young Martin's fall over the cliff, and his rescue from danger, all the school was stirred. The faces of the monitors were watched with eager curiosity as they went to the place of meeting, and a group of excited boys lingered about the doors, conjecturing and disputing, and forming a sort of lower levee among themselves all the while that the others were in conclave. One or two of them ventured to peep through the keyhole, but only the most impudent and wanton could be guilty of such a dangerous and irreverent proceeding. We, however, shall take the liberty of crossing the threshold, and shall even take notes of what passes within and report to our readers.

"Well, I say, you fellows, what are we to do? About this greening, you know?"

"Put it down."

"It's not so easy. Fellows don't see any harm in it, and you can't make them."

"A lie is a lie, whatever colour you paint it."

"The more paint the more lie as a rule, I grant you, but greening is different."

"That's a vulgar error."

"Vulgar errors are the most difficult of all to get rid of."

"Still we must do it. A levee can do anything."

"Another vulgar error."

"Shut up, do. Truth is one thing and a lie is another."

"Granted; but what is a lie?"

"Anything that is false."

"According to that every fable or parable is a lie."

"No. Parables and fables are true in one sense, that is in their application, and don't pretend to be so in any other. Nobody is deceived by them. Nobody could be."

"Well, then, anything that deceives."

"That's better. A deception is a lie and a deceiver is a liar."

"Very well, then; let us put it thus: a deceiver is a liar; a man who deceives another by false statements is a deceiver; *ergo*, such a man is a liar. Now what do you say about greening?"

There was some difference of opinion still as to the moral aspect of deceits practised in fun, but they all agreed that practical joking was silly and snobbish, and therefore ought to be put down. But how was it to be done?

"Say we won't have it. That will be enough."

"We have said so."

"You have said so and so have I, but we have not yet spoken as a levee. Let the levee speak, and there will be an end to it at once."

The levee decided to speak accordingly. Boys were to be enjoined, under pains and penalties, to report every instance of "greening" to a monitor, and the monitors were to "take notice of it" after the monitorial fashion.

"But about this last case—young Martin?"

"It was Chaffin who greened him. So Mr. Calvert said."

"Chaffin again! Send for Chaffin. We must have some talk with Chaffin."

Chaffin was found in his study; he had not shown his face much lately. When he did show it on occasions that were inevitable it was whiter than usual. The part which he had acted in deceiving little Martin about the samphire was not generally

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known or suspected, but he had had a bad time since the catastrophe which followed, and lived in constant dread of being called to account for it. As soon as it was told him that a levee was sitting and that he was wanted to appear before it, he broke out into a cold perspiration, and said he was ill and could not go. That, of course, was useless, and he knew it. In less time than it would take to describe the scene he was hustled out of the study and into the presence of the conclave.

"Now, sir; you sent young Martin to the cliff last night. What did you do it for?"

Chaffin denied having sent him. A note was made of his denial.

"You persuaded him to go, then."

Another denial and another note made of it.

"Do you know why he went?"

"No. How should I?"

"Have you any idea at all on the subject? Had you anything to do with it?"

"No."

"On your honour?"

Chaffin hesitated; he felt that he was getting into a mess. He had intended only to go as far as the truth—an elastic sort of truth—would let him, but he had already got beyond his tether. It seemed, too, that no one present knew what had passed between himself and Martin, and the latter was in bed and out of the way. Chaffin thought he would not say anything to get him into a scrape if he were up, and if he did it would only be one against one. He had not much time for reflection, and being in great terror he answered again, in reply to the adjuration "on your honour,"—

"No."

"What could Mr. Calvert mean?" said the monitor who had been questioning him, to his compeers.

Chaffin turned a shade paler on hearing Mr. Calvert's name. Martin had said something, then, to the doctor, he thought.

"So you know nothing of this? You had nothing to do with it? You did not say anything to young Martin to induce him to go to that place?"

There was nothing for it but to repeat the lie he had already spoken. He must go through with it now; so he again said "No."

"You have no idea why he went there?"

"No."

At this moment a monitor, who had been sitting down engaged with a book while all the rest were standing, looked up in an absent sort of way, and said, "Why, it's Chaffin!"

"Of course it is; could you not see him?"

"I was reading," said Diver—for it was he—"a beautiful bit here in the 'Castle of Indolence.' I forgot where I was for the moment. But about Chaffin?"

"Yes. Well?"

"I heard him greening young Martin about some stuff which he called samphire. He told him it grew on the cliff, and that Mr. Grantly was very fond of it. That's why he went there, of course; I thought everybody knew that."

This unexpected piece of evidence put Chaffin to confusion. He endeavoured at once to explain away his former answers and to mitigate the several falsehoods he had told. The monitors listened to him with a patience that was alarming, and he continued to flounder from one false statement to another until he was completely entangled in a labyrinth of contradictions. He was then dismissed to his own room without another word.

"This must be reported," said one of the monitors.

"The greening or the lying?" said another.

"Both. It would be difficult to say where the one begins and the other ends. I should not wonder if Chaffin were to be expelled. It would be a very bad thing, of course."

"For him."

"Yes; that's what I mean. We could do very well without him here. For any fellow to go and tell a lie on such a subject, and under such circumstances, and before a levee too! I should not have believed it possible. He must be reported."

They all agreed to that. If Chaffin had confessed the part he had acted, and expressed contrition for it, they would have admonished him and let him go. At any other time they might even have taken upon themselves to pass sentence upon him for his lying; they would have given him a sound thrashing, and there would have been an end of it. But they felt that the peril and suffering which the two boys had undergone, and the deliverance which had been accomplished for them, ought to have had a softening effect upon the author of the mischief, and they could not undertake to deal with him under such circumstances: he must go up to the head master.

We need not describe Chaffin's punishment; but he was not expelled, Martin and Tom Howard both interceded for him, though he would not have thanked them much for that. A week later both the young boys were in their places again in school, honoured and favoured by all their playfellows, and to each other, firmer, dearer friends than ever. Tom received a long letter from Martin's father, which gave him a great deal of pleasure, though he was observed to turn very red while reading it, and he locked it up carefully afterwards and would not show it to anybody. Among other pleasant things, it contained an invitation to spend the approaching holidays at Brakely, and "the Swallow" was, of course, very anxious that he should do so. But Mrs. Beverley had to be consulted, and she was naturally anxious to see him and be able to report about him fully to his mother in India, and did not like him to go among strangers instead of returning to her care. So the invitation was declined with thanks, for the present, at all events, and when the school broke up the boys went their several ways, hoping to meet again—since holidays will come to an end—after the holidays.

CHAPTER XX.—SOMETHING WRONG.

Oh where and oh where is your bonnie laddie gone?—Song.

The train by which Tom Howard and many others of the boys from Abbotscliff travelled homeward stopped at Sandy Frith Station, and there, upon the platform, Mr. Chaffin was waiting. He had just concluded his business with poor Joshua Dean, and was going up to London to attend a meeting of directors of the new company, in which he had now a much larger stake than before. Marmaduke Chaffin was very glad to leave his seat among the schoolboys, and to join his father in a separate compartment. He had not had a pleasant time lately at the college, and wished very much that Dr. Piercey had not taken what he called a lenient view of his case. He would far rather have been expelled at once. He could have got over the disgrace, he thought, and it need not have been known

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to all the world. He had asked his father to take him away and send him to a private tutor, but Chaffin senior would not listen to him. He had heard that Dr. Piercey and some others at Abbotscliff would be glad to get rid of him, and for that reason, if for no other, he insisted upon keeping him there. Marmadook was as good as any of them, he said. Marmadook had as good a right to go to school there as any other gentleman's son. Marmadook should stay and hold his own with the best of them. So Marmadook was to return to the college after the holidays, and as he had probably learnt by this time that his only chance of getting on there with his schoolfellows pleasantly would be by avoiding lying and other ungentlemanly and un-Christian habits, it was, perhaps, a wise decision on his father's part, though not wisely arrived at.

The compartment in which Tom Howard found himself contained as many of the younger boys as could well be crowded in. Martin, of course, was of his party, and they were very noisy. When the porter called out "Sandy Frith!" Tom thought of Captain Broad and of the good ship Neptune, and wondered whether Mr. Dean's shipyard could be seen from the station. Next term he hoped to go there; he would have done so long ago, but many things had occurred to prevent it. He would have been surprised and mortified if he could have seen the deed of sale which Mr. Chaffin carried in his pocket; but of course he never dreamt of that. He saw Mr. Chaffin on the platform, and could not help feeling a sort of liking for the burly, good-natured contractor who had been so kind to him on his landing from the pilot's boat; but Mr. Chaffin did not notice him; and as the train only stopped for a few moments, their acquaintance was not renewed.

"I wonder whether any one will come to meet me," Tom said, as they were approaching the end of their journey.

"Meet you! why, you don't want to be met, do you?"

"Yes, I do," he answered, simply; "of course I do."

"I like to take a hansom all to myself and drive home," said one of the little ones. They all seemed to think that would be the correct and manly way of proceeding.

"I would rather see a face that I know waiting for me," Tom replied, "if it was only an old servant."

"So would I, if it comes to that," one or two of the others confessed. Most of them looked as if they preferred it when the train arrived, and mothers, sisters, or friends came forward to greet them.

Tom had no mother or sister to meet him, but he thought that possibly Miss Beverley might come; or she might send Darby; or if Darby could not come, perhaps his brother would. Louis Darville was not so great a favourite with Tom as the man he called "Darby," but as the two brothers lived together and went to business together, it was not at all unlikely that one or other of them would come to the terminus to meet him and see him home. The train had scarcely stopped when he saw Louis on the look-out for him, and bidding his companions, hastily, "Good-bye," he went away with him to look for his luggage and secure a cab. They were just driving off together when Mr. Chaffin called after them, and came to the window of the cab; but, to our hero's surprise, it was not himself that he wanted, but Mr. Darville. Mr. Chaffin did not, in fact, see Tom, who was sitting back in the cab, but addressed himself to his companion.

"Glad I met you," he said. "I want to have some talk with you."

"All right," said Darville. "I'll look in at your place to-morrow morning."

"You were talking about those shares," Mr. Chaffin went on. "Sandy Frith Limited. I can tell you all about them now. There will be a meeting of the directors to-morrow. If you mean to do anything now's your time."

"I'll see you about it before the meeting," said Darville. "Good afternoon. Drive on."

"Good-bye, Mr. Chaffin," Tom called after him as he went away from the window. The contractor did not hear him; but Mr. Darville looked at his young companion with more surprise than pleasure.

"How came you to know Mr. Chaffin?" he asked.

Tom explained. "But I did not know that he was a friend of yours," he added.

"Not a friend. Oh, no. Only in the way of business."

Tom reflected a moment. Messrs. Beverley, Darville, and Co. were silk merchants; their warehouse in Bread Lane was stored with countless bales of silks and satins, and they had business connections in most of the provincial towns. Tom had heard that, and had seen the vans loading and unloading at their place of business; but what could Mr. Chaffin want with silks and satins? he thought; Mrs. Chaffin might no doubt delight to walk in silk attire; and Mr. Chaffin had a very capacious velvet waistcoat; but Beverley, Darville, and Co. did not sell retail. Nothing less than a bale ever left their premises. He ventured a remark of this kind to his companion, but was told not to ask questions.

"And mind, young fellow," Mr. Darville added, "the less you talk about things you don't understand the better. You need not mention Mr. Chaffin's name to anybody. Do you hear?"

"Yes," said Tom. "I shall not want to talk about him, I dare say; but if any body asks if I have seen him, I must answer 'Yes.'"

He wondered very much why Mr. Darville should wish him to make any secret about it.

They stopped at the warehouse, where Mr. Beverley received Tom in his own room, and after giving him half-a-crown to go out and buy a bun, took him home with him to the old-fashioned house with the pretty garden, known as Mulberry Lawn.

Mr. Beverley did not say much to his companion as they went along: he hoped he had not caught cold from being out all night; he trusted he had been a good boy and had got on well with his studies, and so forth; then all the topics he could think of as suitable to a shoolboy's capacity were exhausted, and he lapsed into silence. Tom stood a little in awe of Mr. Beverley. He always reminded him of Socrates, and he used to think how well he would look, standing on a pedestal with a scroll in his hand instead of an umbrella, and loose flowing garments about his person. But Mr. Beverley's costume was not at all in keeping with the classical character of his features. He wore a black coat, with broad tails and large pockets behind; a long and roomy waistcoat and pantaloon-like trousers clinging to his ankles. There is, as is well understood, only one step from the sublime to the ridiculous, and therefore Tom Howard might be excused for the irreverent

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idea which crossed his mind as he looked from the old gentleman's face to his figure, when he had alighted from the cab and was standing at the garden gate waiting for it to be opened, that he was not unlike a large jackdaw. The resemblance was so apt, that he could almost have expected to see him hop sideways up the steps with a clucking noise, like the drawing of corks, instead of ascending them in a grave and Socratic manner. But a glance at the face, always solemn and immovable in its wisdom, would have been sufficient to dispel that idea instantly.

Mrs. Beverley and her daughter Joan welcomed the schoolboy with their usual cordiality and affection. They thought him looking thinner and older than when he had gone away. He was quieter in his manner, too; and though always cheerful and easily pleased, he appeared to be more grave and thoughtful than his years would warrant. But

> "We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
> In feelings, not in figures on a dial."

Tom Howard had had some strange and solemn experiences during his short absence. His first feeling, too, when he returned to Mrs. Beverley's, was one of loneliness. He missed his mother. She had been with him when he was last there; the room which she had occupied, the house, the garden, all spoke of her, and reminded him of his loss. It was pleasant, in one sense, to be at home again; but the greatest attraction of a child's home was wanting, and it was a long time before he could overcome the painful yearnings and regrets which the sight of the place awakened.

"Where is Mr. Darville?—when will he come?" he said to Miss Beverley when he was alone with her after dinner; "my Mr. Darville, I mean, and your Mr. Darville—not Louis; Louis came to meet me at the station. I have not seen Victor yet."

"Was he not at the counting-house?" Miss Beverley asked.

"Yes; but he was very busy, they said, and not in the way just then. I thought I should be sure to see him here. I remember how he used to come nearly every evening, and how he went all that long way to the docks to see Captain Broad and get leave for me to sail down Channel in the Neptune. I have to thank him for that pleasure, and you too, for it was to please you that he went. You recollect that, don't you?"

"Yes," she said, thoughtfully; "yes, I do."

"There he is!" cried Tom.

"Where?" she exclaimed, looking up quickly.

"I heard the bell ring, and thought it must be he, that is all."

"No," she replied. "I do not expect Mr. Darville this evening."

"Mr. Darville!" Tom repeated to himself. "It used to be Victor, or Darby—Darby and Joan. I hope nothing has gone wrong between them. They used to be always together almost."

While he was reflecting thus, Miss Beverley began abruptly to question him about his ways and doings at Abbotscliff, something after the Socratic fashion. He had tact enough to perceive that she was anxious to break away from the former subject of their conversation, and forebore to speak any more of Mr. Darville.

Tom was not altogether wrong in his conjecture that something had happened to create a distance between Victor Darville and Miss Beverley. The latter did not seem to take the same pleasure as usual in hearing Mr. Darville's name mentioned, and would not answer any inquiries about him. She was less cheerful than she had been formerly, and Tom was afraid she was not happy. At night, when he found himself alone with Mr. and Mrs. Beverley—the former dozing in his easy-chair, and looking, with his large eyelids closed, more than ever like a bust which had been tilted backwards—he began again to talk about the Darvilles.

"We have not seen a great deal of them lately," Mrs. Beverley said, in answer to his questions. "So you like school very well, do you?"

"Yes," said Tom. "I will go and see Mr. Darville to-morrow, if you have no objection. I always liked him so much—Victor, you know—Darby, as I used to call him."

"Yes; you need not call him so now, you know. He might not like it."

"No," said Tom; "of course I should not;" though he hardly knew why he should not. "You like Mr. Darville, don't you, Mrs. Beverley?" he asked.

"Yes," she said; "I have a great esteem for Mr. Darville."

"And Joan likes him?"

"We all like him."

"Then why does he not come here, as he used to?"

"I don't know, my dear."

"I'll ask him," said Tom.

"No, Tom—no! you must not do anything of the kind, and you had better not go to see him—not too often, I mean. He was always welcome here when he liked to come, but for some weeks past he has scarcely called, and he has refused invitations. You must not say a word about this to any one. We do not know the cause of it. It is not our doing. He has reasons of his own, no doubt; and if so, we can have no wish whatever to interfere with them."

Tom felt very sorry that he was not allowed to speak freely to Mr. Darville, and to ask him his reasons, if, indeed, he had any. He wondered that Mrs. Beverley should appear to care so little about his movements. He was quite sure that Darby was incapable of any want of sincerity in his friendships, and he had equal confidence in Joan. If there was any misunderstanding between them, the sooner it was cleared up the better. No doubt they were both of them very unhappy about it. Tom was unhappy himself that two whom he loved, and who had been so kind to him, should be, as he feared, at variance. But it was evident that Mrs. Beverley would not like him to interfere in any way; so he bade them good night, vexed and puzzled, and beginning to doubt whether he should have quite such a jolly time as he had expected this Christmas.

Socrates woke up after Tom was gone to bed, and Mrs. Beverley repeated to him what the boy had been saying.

"It is strange," she remarked, "that Mr. Darville should be so altered, though I cannot say that I regret it. Joan says very little, and though of course she feels it, I hope she will not mind much about it, after a time. Mr. Darville is not exactly the person we should have chosen for her if we had known everything; and if he has other views, it may be quite as well for us all. He is not behaving well to Joan—that is undeniable. How does he go on in the City?"

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"Very well—very well indeed. I do not see him, though, except when he has occasion to refer to me. He seldom comes to my room. He is very steady and punctual, and all that. His brother is not so satisfactory; he never has been."

"Ha!" said Mrs. Beverley, folding her hands upon her lap, and gazing at the fire with a look of complacency. There was something wrong with both of them, she thought, and the idea was not wholly unwelcome.

"Louis is idle," Mr. Beverley continued. "He neglects his business. I suspect he has other irons in the fire; he is impatient of the drudgery of the desk, and even when he goes into the country he does not keep to his proper route, but lingers here and there to amuse and please himself."

"You don't say so!"

"But that has nothing to do with Victor. I have no complaints to make against him; he is even more attentive to business than before, if possible. He tries to screen his brother, and I fancy does some of his work for him. That may be one reason why he does not go out so much in the evenings."

"True," said Mrs. Beverley. "Still he might find time to look in sometimes, if he wished it; of course he might, and would. What are we to do about asking them to come here at Christmas?"

"Invite them as usual."

"And if they do not come?"

"They always have come hitherto."

"Yes; therefore if they refuse this time it will be plain that they have a reason for it, and in that case I should never ask them again. The only doubt I feel is whether, as they have several times declined our invitations lately, I should ask them now."

"Yes," said Mr. Beverley; "ask them once more. Write a note to-morrow, and let Tom Howard take it. I have no doubt they will come at Christmas."

THE INDEPENDENT ORDER OF GOOD TEMPLARS.

THE history of an organisation which, within a few years, has enrolled upwards of a hundred thousand persons in its English membership, while its ramifications extend over a large portion of the globe, can scarcely be without interest even to those who may sympathise but slightly with its object or its methods of operation. The almost universal desire to see some more efficient means adopted to check our national intemperance, and to promote true sobriety among the people, may well be our excuse for believing that every reader of the "Leisure Hour" will care to know something about the rise and progress of one of the largest societies ever formed to accomplish those desirable ends. We propose, therefore, in the present article, to give a brief sketch of the history and principles of the Independent Order of Good Templars, the members of which are all pledged to personal abstinence from intoxicating drink, and who are also associated together with the avowed object of promoting the ultimate and universal suppression of the liquor traffic, on the ground that its continuance is incompatible with the social and moral well-being of the community.

Good Templary took its rise in the State of New York as long ago as the year 1851, but was comparatively unheard of in this country till 1868. A year or two before this last-mentioned date a young man named Joseph Malins had left Birmingham to settle in Philadelphia, where he became connected with the order. For domestic reasons Mr. Malins returned to England, and having conceived the idea that Good Templary was capable of being made useful in his native country, he resolved to do his best to establish a "lodge" in Birmingham, which was accomplished with considerable difficulty on the 8th of September, 1868. So slow were the "teetotalers" of England to welcome the American importation, that twelve months of hard work only saw four lodges formed, the total membership not exceeding a hundred persons. The second year was also one of slow progress; but at the last annual meeting of the governing body, held at Hull in Easter week, it was reported that there were about a hundred thousand members, in 2324 lodges. The statistics were of England, independent of Scotland, Ireland, and Wales. The latest official returns showed a total of about 300,000 adults and 100,000 juvenile members. The American lodges probably number another 100,000.

Every candidate for membership has to take upon himself a solemn pledge of total abstinence from all intoxicating drink, together with a promise to do all in his power to promote the cause of temperance, another clause in the obligation being an assurance that he will neither knowingly wrong a fellow-member, nor stand by to see such wrong done. There are no "vows" or "oaths" connected with the ceremony of initiation. Among the few preliminary tests to which candidates have to submit is an inquiry as to whether they believe in the existence of Almighty God as the Supreme Ruler and Governor of all things. A committee of inquiry having previously reported on the eligibility of a candidate, and the ballot on his admission being favourable, he is initiated with a ceremonial of some length, and supposed to be impressive, and thus becomes invested with all the rights and privileges of membership. Singing and prayer form an important part of the initiatory service, the devotional exercises being extempore, at the discretion of the chaplain of the lodge, or else according to certain prescribed forms contained in a book of ceremonies known as the "ritual" of the order. A password, renewed quarterly, enables a member to pass the doorkeepers, whose business is to prevent the admission of non-members at the weekly session of the lodge; and while the lodge is sitting each member wears the regalia of the order, the use of which in public demonstrations is compulsory upon no one. A probationary term of three months qualifies the new member for the second, and a further term of three months for the third degree of the order, certain privileges, such as eligibility to sit in district, or grand lodges, being contingent upon the attainment of the higher degrees.

A "subordinate" lodge may be formed of any number of members not less than ten, and each office is equally available to male and female members, or, as they are usually termed, "brothers" and "sisters." Within certain prescribed limits each lodge can, by its by-laws, fix its own rate of subscription, minimum age of candidates, etc., while it has absolute control over its funds, using them for the promotion of temperance principles in whatever way seems best to the majority. Each lodge reports its numerical strength and other details once a quarter to the district lodge with which it happens to be connected, and at the same time pays a tax of about

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twopence per member to the funds of the said district lodge, to the sessions of which it has the right of sending representatives in proportion to the number of members for whom such tax is paid. Those who have worthily filled certain offices in a subordinate lodge are also deemed qualified to sit in the district lodge, but not with a voting power equal to that of the representatives.

There are about seventy district lodges in England, most of which have for their boundaries the limits of a county electoral division, such as East Devon, North Devon, South Devon, etc. There are also military and naval district lodges, embracing the subordinate lodges in the army and navy respectively A whole lodge was destroyed in January last at Isandula, and another lost its entire membership by the sinking of the ill-fated Eurydice.

From the several district lodges representatives are chosen to sit in the chief governing body for England, and which is known as the Grand Lodge. Of this body Mr. Malins is the president, or "Grand Worthy Chief Templar," having been unanimously re-elected to that post every year. The internal working of the order is carried on during the year by an executive council of eight members, of whom two are salaried officers. The offices of the Grand Lodge occupy a prominent position in the centre of Birmingham, and a considerable staff of clerks is required to conduct the enormous correspondence continually going on with all parts of the world, and to dispatch temperance literature, and other matters requisite to carry on the work of the order. To meet the cost of this establishment, and other necessary outlay, each district lodge has to remit a small quarterly tax, based upon the number of members under its direction.

Scotland, Ireland, Wales, the Channel Islands, and the Isle of Man have each grand lodges, with subordinate machinery similar to that of England. Wales, indeed, has *two* such organisations—one for the English-speaking and the other for the Welsh-speaking portion of the community. Three years ago the British grand lodges separated from those in America in consequence of the exclusion by the latter of coloured people in the States. Among negroes a good deal of temperance mission work has been carried on, and there are now confederated under the jurisdiction of the Right Worthy Grand Lodge of the World, grand lodges in New York, Virginia, West Virginia, North and South Carolina, Kentucky, Massachusetts, and Florida, as well as in the Channel Islands, Bermuda, Cape Colony, India, Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, Ontario, Natal, Norway, Australia, and New Zealand. In addition to these larger bodies, Good Templary has also been planted in Belgium, France, Germany, Cyprus, Antigua, China, Ceylon, Japan, Madagascar, Sierra Leone, St. Helena, the West Indies, the Fiji Islands, the Transvaal, and other remote regions.

Though the membership of this organisation is drawn chiefly from the working classes, it includes a considerable number of merchants and professional men, as well as clergy of all denominations. The chaplain to the Grand Lodge of England is the Rev. G. Edwards, M.A., vicar of Enderby, Leicestershire. The highest office in the order has successively been held by an English Wesleyan minister and by a minister of the Free Church of Scotland; and the president of the Grand Lodge of Scotland is a minister of the United Presbyterian Church. One member of the House of Lords, we believe, wears the regalia of the order together with his peer's robes, and there are four members of the House of Commons included in the brotherhood. Its main dependence, however, is not upon the social position, but upon the earnestness and devotedness of its members; and that Good Templary has not existed in vain was proved, a short time since, when inquiry in each district in England elicited the fact that some 14,000 drunkards were known to have been reclaimed by its agency.

F. W.

MR. GLADSTONE ON THE STUDY OF NATURAL HISTORY.

IN an eloquent and wise address delivered to the pupils of Mill Hill Grammar School, Mr. Gladstone spoke of natural history as a department of modern education.

While I think the old principle of education was perfectly sound, I must at the same time admit that its development has been very faulty and imperfect in many respects which it is not here necessary to particularise. You have now, perhaps, a rather different danger to encounter; that is, that without any departure from that sound principle that improvement of the mind is the true end of occupation, yet by the multiplication of things taught we may diminish, if not the energy of teaching, at all events the energy of receiving power. I cannot help saying one word upon that subject, which I think, on the whole, has been worse used in the schools of this country than all the other branches of knowledge—I mean that which is called natural history. I do not speak now of the sciences—either mental or moral science, or natural and physical science; I speak of natural history such as is open to you both by the study and by the observation of living objects and of dead objects in nature, such as continually come round and solicit your attention.

Now, formerly classical studies were in exclusive possession of the field, almost, I am bound to say, in my own time, to the exclusion even of religious instruction. Religious instruction, when I was at Eton, if it was not absolutely reduced to zero, was very near it. Now modern languages have come as a very formidable rival to classical instruction; mathematics likewise assert their claim, and various other claims are set up. All I wish in the matter is that there should be fair play. I do not myself believe that natural history has had quite fair play. I have always felt it to be most grievous among the many blanks of our early training that we were totally ignorant of it.

I will just give you these four points in connection with natural history. In the first place, it is a continual lesson—a lesson at once easy and profound—of the wisdom and beneficence of Providence; a continual confirmation and belief, when you find the wonderful hand of that Workman descending to the smallest objects with the same care with which He moulds the greatest. The religious use of natural history is one that all must delight in.

The next point is this. Learning is an admirable thing, but it does not always make itself agreeable at the first introduction—at least, it was my experience; I don't know whether it is yours. Much has been done, I believe, to improve these initial stages. It certainly is a marked advantage in the study of natural history that it leads you on by the hand; it

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inveigles you, if I may say so, into learning what is good and what is useful. Many a one might have his mind first opened by the attractions of natural history, while the mind, if once opened, might perhaps be capable of applying itself beneficially to harder and more repulsive studies.

Another point is this. Natural history is one of the best and most efficient means for the education of the senses. Some may, perhaps, tell us that our senses are educated well enough already, and claim quite large enough a portion of our existence. Of course that is perfectly true, so far as the grosser forms of enjoyment are concerned; but so far as the senses are concerned as organs for the acquisition of knowledge they are very indifferently educated indeed. This bent towards minute, careful, and accurate observation, which is inseparable from natural history studies, gives to the senses that habit of accurate distinction which is invaluable as an assistant in the pursuit of every branch of knowledge.

Lastly, let me say that those analogies of natural history are invaluable; they have a most gracious effect in developing the finer faculties of the mind; they establish a connection between the different orders of creations. You know very well how much is done in the researches of our own time by applying the principle of comparison, for example, of the structure of living bodies as the basis of modern biology—the comparison of the structure of languages, as the basis and means of the great attainments in philology; and depend upon it that observation and analogy, which natural history is continually suggesting, as it is valuable for the stricter purposes of science, so it has a lighter but a most graceful and civilising use in supplying these analogies, taken from the seen world, and applicable to the unseen, and taken from the lower region of nature, and applicable to the higher region, assisting in giving to every work and composition of the mind that grace and beauty which is just as appropriate and desirable, though it may not be so indispensable to it, as are the higher qualities of solidity and truth.

We must quote also part of the conclusion of Mr. Gladstone's address.

I trust you know what are the qualities you ought to esteem and cherish, that you wish to lead a life that is manful, modest, truthful, active, diligent, generous, and humble. You ought to take for your motto those wonderful words of the Apostle, where he says, "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report"—everything that is good is to be within your view, and nothing that is not good. And he is not satisfied with these words, because he goes on to say "if there be any virtue," if there can be anything which can bring it into the category of what is laudable, "if there be any praise," if there be anything worthy of estimation among men, think of these things, and pursue them. I am certain that if you cherish those virtues you will never forget the base of them—you will never forget where lies their root. I don't mean that in your school periodical and your play you are ever to be parading religious feelings and convictions. These are very deep and solemn subjects, and will grow in the shade rather than in the sunlight. Let them ever be in your minds, as they are indigenous to the root of every excellence. Whatever you aspire to, aspire, above all, to Christian perfection.

BERCK-SUR-MER.

HALF a day's journey from Boulogne, about a mile inland from the dune-girt shore, lies the fishing village of Berck. There is no particular interest about the fishing village. It is a very ordinary combination of very ordinary cottages, with a covered fish market standing in their midst.

Fetching a tolerably straight compass from the fishing village shoreways, we reach another Berck, or the other half of Berck—it may be put either way. This Berck is made up of three or four hotels, some small houses, and a cluster of châlets; it is obviously the creation of some of those folk who consider an annual visit to the seaside indispensable to health.

This outline may not sound inviting; but once the shore is reached the villages are forgotten. The whole interest of Berck is indeed concentrated upon its shore. It slopes gently from the dunes to the sea, and when the tide is low stretches for miles this way and that, a very paradise of beautiful firm sand.

The Berck fishing boats number about one hundred, and are of most picturesque build and rig. For artistic purposes these boats are excellent, and it is difficult to say when they offer the best picture-subjects: beached; or going out with the rising tide; or rocking lazily, with half sail set and nets drying, waiting for the tide to fall and leave them beached. And the fisher population is worthy the picturesqueness of the boats. Both the men and the women are of a fine physical type; and the women's costume of blue and red skirts, white-sleeved bodices, bright neckerchiefs, and snowy caps, give delightful colour to the beach. When the boats are either starting or returning, the women crowd to the shore to assist at the start or receive the spoils of the sea. They work quite as hard as the men. Between tides they are not seen in such numbers, but knots of shrimpers, or single figures equipped with the artistic shrimping net, may often be seen.

While the boats are absent—it may happen that they all go out—it is true that the beach is bereft of much of its interest. But much more remains. There is always the sea varying in its aspects. But more tangible interests are not absent. There are shells and seaweeds, cuttle-fish, and several species of medusæ to be found along the shore, all or any of which will well repay careful intelligent study. At the same time I consider that the artistic attractiveness of Berck stands before its resources from a naturalist's point of view.

Bathing is good, and the hotel accommodation exceedingly comfortable, and moderate as to charges. The general state of the Berck atmosphere is remarkably clear, and the air, though fresh and bracing, is not too tryingly keen. The health-conditions of the place are so good that two large hospitals have been established there; but these are not obtruded upon sojourners.

The best way to reach Berck is by rail from Boulogne (about two hours) to Verton, and then from Verton to Berck-sur-Mer by diligence (about three-quarters of an hour). Intending visitors should take such books, etc., as they may require, as literature, even in the form of a newspaper, is not always procurable. The "season" is reckoned from the middle of May to the end of September.

M. L. H.

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The Fisher Girl.

SHE is not fair;
No; but she hath a certain charm more rare
Than perfect form of feature or of face;
It is a grace
The lowliest maid in all the land may wear,
And the most noble not disdain to share.

Her looks bespeak
A humble fate, crowned with a spirit meek.
She loveth well the murmurs of the main,
Sunshine and rain,
The summer breeze, the wind that bloweth bleak;
For peace is in her heart, health on her cheek.

Like golden bands
Before her father's cottage stretch the sands;
Barefoot and glad she trippeth o'er them when
The fishermen
Come back; and deftly do her willing hands
Spread forth the net, and mend its broken strands.

Daughter of toil!
Is not her mean yet patient life a foil
To other lives, for something better meant
Than discontent?
To lives that dark dishonour doth assoil,
Though hidden be the stain in glittering *spoil?*

S. E. G.

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THE BEGUM'S FORTUNE.

BY JULES VERNE.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE DRAGON'S DEN.

THE reader who has followed the progress of our young Alsacian's fortune will probably not be much surprised to find him, at the end of a few weeks, firmly established in Herr Schultz's favour. The two had become inseparable. They worked together, they ate and walked together, and together they sat smoking over their foaming glasses of beer. The ex-professor of Jena had never before met with a coadjutor so entirely after his own heart, one who caught his meaning with half a word, and who could so rapidly utilise his theoretical ideas.

Max not merely possessed transcendent merit in all branches of the profession, he was besides the most charming companion, the most diligent worker, the most modestly fertile inventor.

Herr Schultz was delighted with him. Ten times a day he said to himself, "What a treasure! what a pearl this fellow is!"

The truth was, that Max had, at the first glance, seen through the character of his formidable patron, and perceiving that blind and insatiable vanity was its leading feature, he regulated his conduct by humouring the egotism which he despised.

In a few days the young man had acquired such skill in the fingering necessary for this human keyboard, that he could play upon Schultz as easily as one plays on a piano.

His tactics merely consisted in exhibiting his own merits to advantage, but always in such a way as to leave an opening for his master to show superiority over him. For instance, when he finished a drawing he would leave it perfect, with the exception of some slight fault, as easy to see as to correct, and this the ex-professor immediately, and exultantly pounced upon.

Had he some theoretical idea, he caused it so to open out in the course of conversation that Herr Schultz might fancy that he himself had originated it. Sometimes he even went further, boldly saying,—

"I have traced that plan of a vessel with the detached ram, which you asked for."

"I?" returned Herr Schultz, who had never dreamt of such a thing.

"Why, yes! you don't mean to say you have forgotten? A detached ram, which will leave a spindle-shaped torpedo in the enemy's side, to burst after an interval of three minutes!"

"I had not the least recollection of it. That comes of having a head like mine! it is so full of inventive genius that I forget my own ideas." And Herr Schultz conscientiously pocketed the credit of the new invention.

Perhaps, after all, he was only half duped by this artifice. In his innermost heart he probably felt that Max was stronger than he. But by one of those mysterious workings which go on in the human brain, he was contented with the appearance of superiority as long as he could delude his subordinate.

"But the fellow must be an ass after all, in spite of his cleverness!" he would sometimes say to himself, with a silent laugh which showed almost all the thirty-two teeth in his jaw.

His vanity, if ever wounded, was soon consoled by the reflection that he alone in all the world could carry out these inventions and ideas. They would have been of no value but for his gold. After all, Max was only part of the mechanism which he, Schultz, had set going.

Yet, although in high favour, Max was never taken into the professor's confidence, and after five months' sojourn in the Bull Tower, he knew little more than at first of its mysteries. His suspicions had become certainties, and that was all. He was now convinced that Stahlstadt contained a secret, and that Herr Schultz had some aim far beyond that of gain. The nature of his occupations rendered the supposition that he had invented some perfectly new engine of warfare extremely probable.

But the enigma had still to be solved. Max at last came to the conclusion that it would be impossible to obtain the knowledge he sought without coming to some crisis, and this he resolved to provoke.

It was after dinner on the evening of the 5th of September; exactly a year since he had found the body of his little friend Carl in the Albrecht pit.

Outside, the long severe American winter already covered the country with its white mantle; but in the park of Stahlstadt the temperature was as warm as during June, and the snow, melting before it touched the ground, fell in rain instead of flakes.

"Those sausages in sourkraut were delicious, were they not?" remarked Herr Schultz, whose love of his favourite dish was unaffected by the Begum's millions.

"Delicious!" returned Max, who had heroically partaken of this mess every evening, till at last he hated the very sight of it.

His feelings on this subject decided him at once to carry his meditated project into execution.

"I wonder," resumed Herr Schultz, with a sigh, "how people who have neither sausages, nor sourkraut, nor beer, can endure existence."

"Life must be one long misery to them," replied Max. "It would really be a charity to unite all mankind with the Vaterland."

"Well! well! that will come, that will come!" exclaimed the King of Steel. "Here we are already installed in the heart of America. Just let us take an island or two in the neighbourhood of Japan, and you will see in what a few strides we shall get round the globe!"

The servant now brought in the pipes; Herr Schultz filled and lighted his. Max had purposely determined to make use of this moment of supreme bliss, so began, after a few minutes' silence,—

"I must say that I don't quite believe in this conquest!"

"What conquest?" asked Herr Schultz, who had forgotten what was the topic of conversation.

"The conquest of the world by the Germans."

The ex-professor thought he had not heard correctly.

"You do not believe in the conquest of the world by the Germans?"

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"No."

"Oh, indeed, that is something strange! I am curious to know the reasons for your doubt."

"Simply because the French artillerymen will end by doing better, and will far surpass you. The Swiss, my fellow-countrymen, who know them well, are firmly convinced that a forewarned Frenchman is worth two Germans. The lesson of 1870 will be repeated against those who gave it. No one doubts this in my little country, sir, and if I may venture to say so, it is the opinion of the cleverest men in England."

Max had uttered these words in a cool, dry, and decisive tone, which, if it were possible, doubled the effect of the point-blank blasphemy.

Herr Schultz glared wildly—his astonishment almost choked him. Then the blood rushed to his face with such violence that the young man feared, for a moment, he had gone too far. However, seeing that rage had not stifled his victim, and that he would not die of the shock this time, he resumed,—

"Yes, it is annoying to think of; but it's the fact. Although our rivals make no noise about it, yet they are working. Do you think they have learnt nothing since the war? Whilst we are stupidly trying to increase the weight of our cannon, you may be certain that they are preparing something new, and that we shall see what it is on the very first opportunity!"

"Something new, something new!" stammered Herr Schultz. "We are doing that too, sir!"

"Ah, yes, in a way. We are making in steel what our predecessors made in bronze, that's all. We double the proportions and the range of our pieces."

"Double!" exclaimed Herr Schultz, in a tone which signified, "Indeed! we do better than double!"

"In short," resumed Max, "we are mere plagiarists. See here, the truth is we lack any genius for inventing. We discover nothing, and the French do, and will, you may be sure."

Herr Schultz had become, outwardly at least, rather calmer, though his trembling lips, and the paleness which had succeeded the apoplectic crimson, betrayed the agitated state of his mind.

Must he endure such a pitch of humiliation? To be the far-famed Schultz, the absolute master of the greatest manufactory and cannon foundry in the whole world, to have kings and parliaments at his feet, and then to be told by an insignificant Swiss draughtsman that he lacked invention, that he was below a French gunner! And all this when he had close to him, on the other side of a plated wall, something which would a thousand times confound the impudent rascal, shut him up completely, and sweep away all his idiotic arguments? No, it was not to be endured!

Herr Schultz rose so abruptly that he broke his pipe. Then, casting at Max a glance full of irony, he hissed out from between his set teeth,—

"Follow me, sir; I am about to show you whether I, Herr Schultz, have any lack of invention!"

Max had played high, but had won—thanks to the surprise his bold and unexpected language had produced, and the passion he had aroused.

Vanity being stronger than prudence with the ex-professor, Schultz was now eager to lay open his secret. He led the way with a hurried step into his study, closed the door carefully, and walking straight up to the bookcase, touched a panel. Immediately an opening, concealed by the rows of books, appeared in the wall. This was the entrance to a narrow passage, leading by a stone staircase to the very foot of the Bull Tower.

There, an oaken door was opened by means of a little key, which never left the possession of the master of the place. A second door appeared, fastened with a padlock, similar to those used for strong boxes.

Herr Schultz threw open the heavy iron barrier, protected within by a complicated apparatus of explosive machinery, which Max, actuated by professional curiosity, would have much liked to examine; but his guide left him no time to do so.

The two men then found themselves before a third door, without any apparent lock or bolt, which yielded to a slight push, given, however, in a particular way.

This third barrier passed, Herr Schultz and his companion climbed an iron staircase of two hundred steps, and arrived at the summit of the Bull Tower, overlooking all the city of Stahlstadt.

In the centre of a sort of casemate, pierced with numerous embrasures, stood a steel cannon.

"There!" exclaimed the professor, who had not uttered a word since they left the dining-room.

It was the most enormous piece of ordnance Max had ever beheld. A breech-loader of at least three hundred tons. Its mouth measured nearly five feet in diameter. Mounted on a steel carriage, and running on rails of the same metal, it might have been manœuvred by a child, so easy were all its movements made by a system of cogged wheels. A spring, fixed at the back of the carriage, had the effect of annulling the recoil, or at least producing a perfectly equal reaction, so that after each shot the gun returned to its first position.

"And what may be the perforating power of this piece?" asked Max, who could not restrain his admiration.

"At twenty thousand yards we can pierce a forty-inch plate as easily as if it were a slice of bread-and-butter!"

"And its range?"

"Its range?" cried Schultz, enthusiastically. "Ah; you said just now that our imitative genius had done nothing more than double the range of former guns. Well, with this fellow, I would undertake to send, with tolerable precision, a projectile to the distance of thirty miles."

"Thirty miles!" cried Max. "Thirty miles! What new powder can you use?"

"Oh! I can tell you everything now," replied Herr Schultz, in a peculiar tone. "There is no inconvenience in revealing my secrets to you. Large-grained powder has served its time. Gun-cotton is what I use; its expansive power is four times that of ordinary powder, and I increase it fivefold by mixing with it eight-tenths of its weight of nitrate of potash."

"But," observed Max, "no piece, though made of the best steel, could stand that long. After four or five shots your cannon will be impaired, and soon become useless."

"If it were only to fire one shot that one would be sufficient!"

"It would be an expensive one."

"It would cost a million, for that is the net cost of the gun."

"One shot worth a million!"

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"What matter, so that it destroyed a thousand millions!"

"A thousand millions!" cried Max.

However, he restrained the mingled horror and admiration with which this fearful agent of destruction inspired him, and added,—

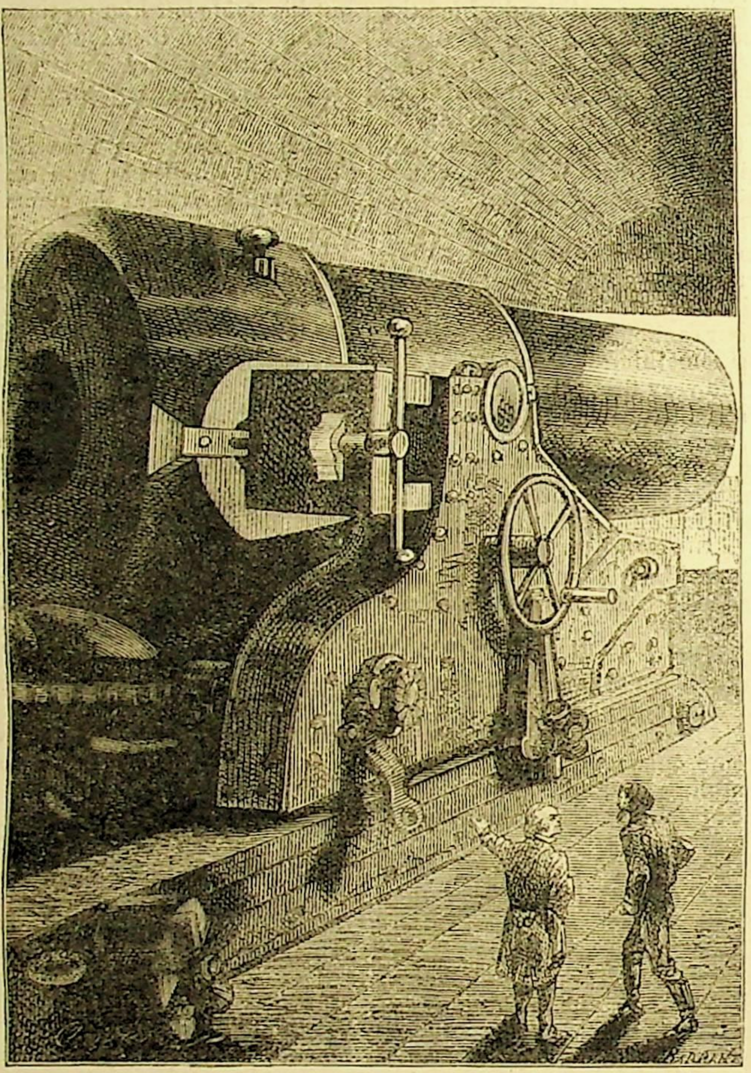
"It is assuredly a wonderful and astonishing piece of artillery, but, notwithstanding its merits, it bears out my theory, there are improvements certainly, but it is all imitation, no invention."

"No invention!" responded Herr Schultz, shrugging his shoulders. "I repeat that I have now no secrets from you. Come with me."

The King of Steel and his companion then left the casemate and descended to a lower storey, by means of an hydraulic lift. Here lay a large number of long objects, cylindrical in shape, which might, from a distance, have been taken for dismounted cannon.

"There are our shells," said Herr Schultz.

This time Max was obliged to acknowledge that they resembled nothing he had ever seen before. They were enormous tubes, six feet in length and three in diameter, sheathed in lead in such a way as to fit into the rifling of the gun, closed behind by a steel plate, and the point finished off by a steel tip, supplied with a percussion button.



THE MONSTER GUN.

Nothing in their appearance indicated the special nature of these shells, though Max felt that in them was contained some terrible element of destruction, surpassing all that had ever before been made or thought of.

"Can you not guess?" asked Herr Schultz, seeing that his companion remained silent.

"Indeed; no, sir! Why should you want a shell so long and so heavy—in appearance at least?"

"The appearance is deceitful," answered Herr Schultz, "and there is no great difference in their weight to that of an ordinary shell of the same *calibre*. Come; I must tell you everything. A fusee *shell of* glass, encased in oak, charged with liquid *carbonic acid* by seventy atmospheres of interior pressure. The fall provokes the explosion of the case and the return of the liquid to a gaseous state. An enormous volume of carbonic acid gas rushes into the air, and a cold of a hundred degrees below zero seizes upon the surrounding atmosphere. Every living thing within a radius of thirty yards from the centre of the explosion is at once frozen and suffocated. I say thirty yards as the lowest calculation, but the action would really extend much further—say to a hundred or a couple of hundred yards.

"Another capital thing about it is, that the carbonic acid gas, remaining a very long time near the ground, by reason of its weight being greater than that of air, will preserve the dangerous properties of the zone for many hours after the first explosion, so that any creature which may attempt to enter or pass through it must infallibly perish. The effect of that shot will be both instantaneous and lasting. Besides, with my plan, there will be no wounded, only dead!"

Herr Schultz displayed manifest pleasure in exhibiting the merits of his invention. His good humour had returned, he was flushed with pride, and his teeth gleamed.

"You are to imagine," he resumed, "a sufficient number of my pieces of ordnance directed against a besieged town. Supposing one sufficient for the destruction of a place of two acres and a half in extent, then, for a town of two thousand five hundred acres, we must have a hundred batteries, each consisting of ten suitable guns. Now let us suppose all our guns in position, the weather calm and favourable, the general signal given by an electric wire. In a minute there would not be a single living being remaining in an extent of two thousand five hundred acres! The town would be submerged in a regular ocean of carbonic acid gas! The idea occurred to me last year on reading the medical report of the accidental death of a little miner in the Albrecht pit. I had the first inspiration at Naples, when I visited the Grotto del Cano. But that last

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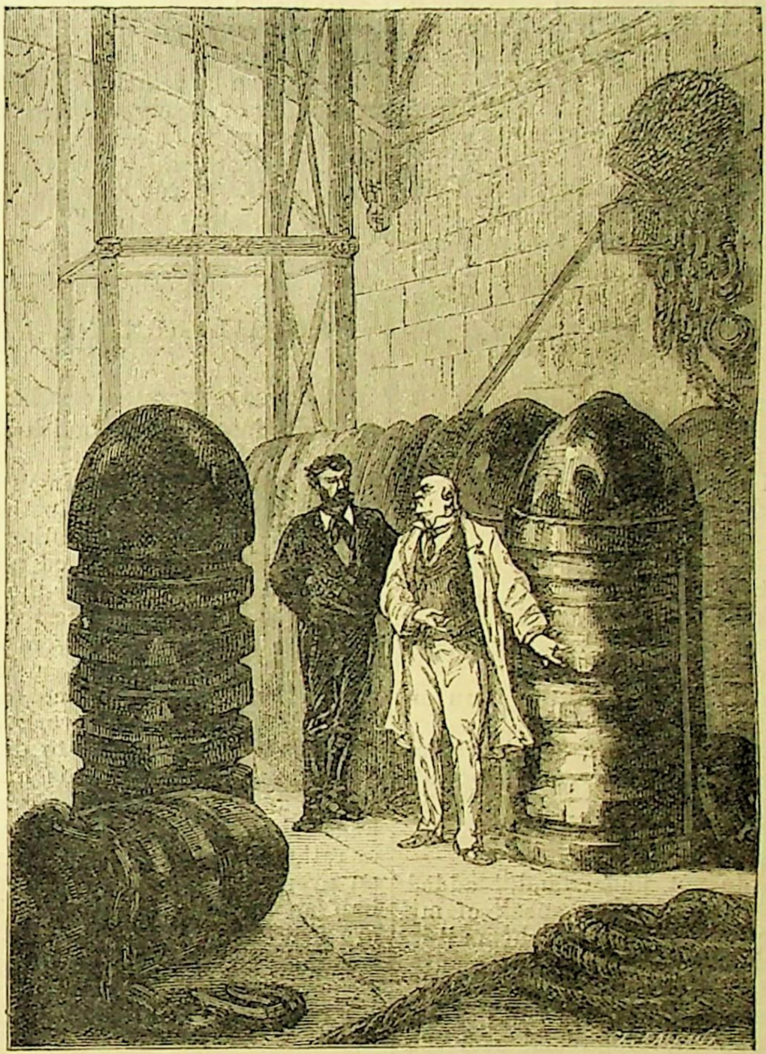
fact was needed to put the finishing stroke to my thought. You comprehend the principle, do you not? An artificial ocean of pure carbonic acid! Now the proportion of a fifth of this gas would be sufficient to render the air unbreathable."

Max did not utter a word. He was struck dumb. Herr Schultz felt his triumph so keenly that he did not wish to take advantage of it.

"There is only one detail which troubles me," said he.

"And what can that be?" asked Max.



THE TERRIBLE SECRET.

"That I have not succeeded in suppressing the sound of the explosion. It makes my gun too much like a common cannon. Just think of what it would be if I could manage to have a silent shot. Sudden death comes noiselessly upon a hundred thousand men at once, on some calm and serene night!"

The enchanting prospect thus called up threw Herr Schultz into a brown study. From this reverie, which was but a deep immersion in a bath of self-love, he was aroused by Max observing,—

"Very good, sir, very good. But a thousand guns of this description mean time and money."

"Money? we are overflowing with it! Time? Time is ours!"

And, indeed, this German, the last of his school, believed what he said.

"Well," replied Max, "your shell loaded with carbonic acid is not perfectly new after all, for it is derived from those suffocating projectiles which have been known for many years; but that it may be eminently destructive, I do not deny. Only—"

"Only?"

"It is light for its size, and if it is ever projected thirty miles—"

"It is only made to go six," answered Herr Schultz, smiling. "But," he added, pointing to another shell, "here is one of steel. This fellow is full, and contains a hundred little guns, symmetrically arranged, fitted one into the other, like the parts of a telescope. Having been fired as projectiles, they will become cannon, to vomit forth in their turn little shells loaded with incendiary matter. It will be a whole battery hurled through space, to carry flame and death into a town by covering it with a shower of inextinguishable fire! This has the requisite weight to go the thirty miles of which I spoke. In a short time a trial of it will be made in such a way that unbelievers may go if they like and handle the hundred thousand corpses which it will have stretched on the ground!"

Here the dominos gleamed so intolerably in Herr Schultz's mouth that Max felt a strong desire to smash in a dozen or so of them, but contained himself. He had not yet heard all.

Herr Schultz resumed,—

"I have said that a decisive experiment is shortly to be made."

"How? where?" cried Max.

"How? With one of these shells, which thrown by my gun from the platform will cross the Cascade Mountains. Where? There exists a city, separated from us by at most thirty miles, upon whose inhabitants it will come like a thunderclap, for even if they expected it they could not ward it off, or escape the startling effects. This is now the 5th of September. Well, on the 13th, at a quarter before midnight, Frankville will disappear from off American soil!"

At this unexpected declaration Max felt the blood curdle in his veins. Fortunately Herr Schultz did not perceive his agitation.

"Now, you see," he continued, in an easy tone, "we act just contrary to the founders of Frankville. We search for the secret of abridging the lives of men, whilst they seek to lengthen them. However, everything has an object in nature, and Dr. Sarrasin by founding that isolated city has, without suspecting it, placed a most magnificent field of experiments within my reach."

Max could scarcely believe his ears.

"But," said he, and the involuntary tremor in his voice attracted for a moment the attention of the King of Steel, "the inhabitants of Frankville have done nothing to you, sir. You have not, so far

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as I know, any reason for picking a quarrel with them."

"My dear fellow," replied Herr Schultz, "in your brain, though well organised in other respects, there is a fund of Celtic ideas, which would do you much injury were you to live long enough! Right—good—evil are purely relative, and quite conventional words. Nothing is positive but the grand laws of nature. The law of competition has the same claim as that of gravitation. It is folly to resist, while to submit and follow in the way it points out is only wise and reasonable, and therefore I mean to destroy Dr. Sarrasin's city. Thanks to my cannon, my fifty thousand Germans will easily make an end of the hundred thousand dreamers over there, who now constitute a group condemned to perish."

Seeing that an attempt to argue with Herr Schultz would be useless, Max did not try to soften him.

The two then left the shell-chamber, closed the secret doors, and returned to the dining-room.

In the coolest, most natural way, the professor again lifted his tankard to his lips, touched a bell, called for a pipe in the place of the one he had broken, and then addressing the serving-man,—

"Are Arminius and Sigimer there?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"Tell them to remain within call."

When the servant had left the room, the King of Steel turned to Max and looked him full in the face.

The latter's eyes did not quail before that look of almost metallic hardness.

"You mean really," said he, "to put your project into execution?"

"Really. I know the situation and the latitude and longitude of Frankville to the tenth of a second, and on the 13th of September, at a quarter before midnight, it will cease to be."

"Perhaps you ought to have kept this plan an absolute secret."

"My dear fellow," answered Herr Schultz, "decidedly your mind never would become logical. This makes me regret the less that you must die young."

At these words Max started up.

"Is it possible you do not understand," added Herr Schultz, coldly, "that I never speak of my plans but before those who cannot repeat them?"

The bell rang. Arminius and Sigimer, two giants, appeared at the door.

"You wished to know my secret," said Herr Schultz; "you do know it. Nothing remains for you now but to die!"

Max did not reply.

"You are too intelligent," resumed Herr Schultz, "to suppose that I can let you live, now that you know all about my plans. That would be an act of unpardonable carelessness; that would be illogical. The greatness of my aim forbids me to compromise its success for the consideration of a relative value so trifling as the life of a man—even of such a man as you, my dear fellow, whose good cerebral organisation I most particularly esteem. Now I truly regret that a little movement of self-love should have carried me away and placed me under the necessity of suppressing you. But you must understand that in the face of the interests to which I have devoted myself, there can be no question of sentiment. I may as well tell you now, that it was for having penetrated my secret that your predecessor met his death, and not by an explosion of dynamite! The rule is strict, it must be inflexible! I can alter nothing."

Max looked at Herr Schultz. He understood by the sound of his voice, by the unrelenting obstinacy of that bald head, that he was lost. He did not give himself the trouble of uttering a word of protest.

"When, and by what death shall I die?" he merely asked.

"Don't be uneasy about that," replied Herr Schultz, composedly. "You will die, but suffering will be spared you. You will not wake up some morning; that is all."

At a sign from the King of Steel, Max found himself led away and shut into his room, the door of which was guarded by the two giants.

But when he found himself alone, he thought, with a shudder of agony and rage, of the doctor, his relations, compatriots, all those whom he loved.

"The death which awaits me is nothing," he said to himself. "But how am I to avert the danger which threatens them?"

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES FROM THE SOUTH PACIFIC.

A SOLITARY WASP OF THE HERVEY ISLANDS.

THIS insect—of a bluish-black colour—is designated by the islanders *uu* (pronounced oo-oo) in imitation of the humming sound it makes when at work. It is known to scientists as a species of the *Eumenes*. Unlike some other species, it invariably selects a dry, well-sheltered place for its nest. It is a perpetual annoyance to the European resident, as it loves to build its clay-nest within the folds of linen, between the backs and covers of books, in key-holes, cracks of furniture, or even in the corner of a sofa where the covering does not quite fill up the space. You are sure that it is at work somewhere by its hum; but it is not always easy to discover the exact spot. In hot, rainy weather it is interesting to watch the female darting out into the garden to bring in well-kneaded earth for the purpose of building its nest, or rather series of nests. There is lying before me an average specimen, nearly three inches long and half an inch wide. Inside this rough clay building are five distinct compartments or cells. The whole was built and stored with food in two or three days. When completed, a single egg was deposited in each cell along with a number of spiders and small flies, intended to serve as food for the larvæ. On releasing some of these prisoners, I found that, though still alive, they made no attempt to escape, proving that they had been stung previous to their being walled up. The sting, belonging only to the female, is severe. As soon as the larva is hatched it attacks the imprisoned spiders and devours them. By the time the supply of food is exhausted it has attained its full size, and is ready to enter upon the pupa state. The destruction of spiders by this *uu* may be judged of by this—I counted eighteen small spiders in one compartment, besides a number of spider eggs. As soon as this spider-eating insect has become mature, it easily perforates the walls of its prison-house, and is quite able to provide for its own wants.

It is noteworthy that this troublesome yet interesting insect has only recently been introduced into the northern island of New Zealand from the South Sea Islands. My impression is that it was accidentally

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introduced from the Hervey Group in connection with the considerable trade which has of late years sprung up between Auckland and Rarotonga.

THE PAPAW APPLE-TREE.

This valuable tree (*Carica Papaya*) was introduced into the Pacific from Rio Janeiro by the early voyagers. In appearance it is not unlike some kinds of palm; occasionally attaining the height of thirty feet, with a stem about eighteen inches in diameter at the base, but at the summit only four or five inches. This tall, tapering, and usually branchless tree is sure to arrest the eye of the stranger. The top of the Papaw apple-tree growing in our garden having been snapped off in a gale, three strangely contorted branches, now bearing fruit, have sprung out of the original stem. The trunk is mostly hollow, reminding one of the bones of birds in which lightness and strength are combined. The leaves are seven or nine lobed, according to age, and two feet in diameter. The foot-stalk is two feet and a half long. The male and female flowers are found on different trees. The former grow in small clusters. It is otherwise with the female flowers, a single fruit appearing immediately above each leaf-stalk. As the fruit becomes mature the leaf often drops off, so that the appearance of the tree heavily laden with large yellow fruit at the summit is very striking. About a hundred apples in different stages of growth may be counted on one tree. Like the cocoa-nut palm the Papaw tree bears all the year round in a fruitful soil. The apple itself often weighs four pounds; in shape it is like a small melon. The interior is hollow, and covered with a great number (from 1,200 to 1,500) of shrivelled black seeds, in taste not unlike nasturtiums. These seeds are enveloped in a glutinous substance, by means of which they adhere to the fruit. The Papaw apple, when ripe, is pleasant to the taste, but deficient in acidity of flavour. The natives of this group depend in a great degree upon it in times of scarcity. They eat it both raw and baked. Sometimes it is mixed with the expressed oil of the cocoa-nut before cooking, and is then very nutritious. Delicious jam may be made of the Papaw apple by adding a little lime-juice. It is invaluable for feeding pigs and poultry.

The milky juice of the unripe fruit, as well as of the leaves, trunk, and root, is very acrid. It is a specific for ringworm, a second application being in general sufficient to remove the complaint.

The Papaw tree is never cultivated in these islands, as it spreads with amazing rapidity. Having lately cleared some twenty-five acres of rocky soil to form a plantation of cocoa-nut palms for the use of the institution, I was astonished after the lapse of a few months to find the whole covered with Papaw trees in fruit. Who can wonder at the indolence of the inhabitants of the tropics, seeing that Nature has provided them with such a superabundance of food?

This tree, however, is short-lived; cattle, horses, and pigs all attack it, feeding on the fallen trunk, as well as on the leaves and fruit.

The native name for the tree and fruit is *ninita*. Sailors invariably designate it "Mammy Apple." It is amusing in printed and written lists of prices of produce at different islands to read mammy apple; never Papaw apple. This originated in the ignorance of the early whaling captains, who took *Papaw* for *Papa*, and then by way of joke converted it into *Mammy*.

It seems strange to me that so valuable a tree has not yet been cultivated in some of the warm parts of Australia, which appear to be well adapted for it. I noticed it here and there on the coast of Northern Queensland in 1873.

THE CANDLE-NUT TREE OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC.

One of the most graceful trees in these islands is the *tuitui*, or Candle-nut Tree (*Aleurites triloba*). Its silvery leaves finely contrast with the darker tints of the forest. These leaves alternate, are from six to ten inches long,* and are either entire or else three or five lobed. From October to December the innumerable clusters of small white blossoms—male and female, growing together at the apex of the branches—present a most pleasing effect. The candle-nut tree is very umbrageous, and sometimes attains to the height of sixty feet. It is occasionally twelve feet in girth. It is a stately pleasant tree to look upon.

To a South Sea Islander this tree is most serviceable. The fruit is either one-celled or two-celled; in the former instance it is two inches in diameter, and nearly round; in the latter it is somewhat larger and flatter. When ripe the fruit is of an olive colour. In each cell is one seed encased in a very hard shell. These kernels, when ripe, furnish the islanders with light—indeed the only light of the past in the Hervey Group. From time immemorial it has been woman's work to go to the forest to collect the ripe fallen fruits. The thick outer covering is removed by the hand on the spot; at home the nuts are half cooked, or steamed in an oven; when taken out the slightest tap of a stone cracks the hard shell, and the kernel comes out entire. It is almost impossible to get the kernel out uninjured without the application of heat. The midrib of a cocoa-nut frond is used to skewer some twenty-five or thirty of these kernels; two or three skewer-fulls tied together with a strip of *hibiscus* bark give a capital light. Little wooden troughs are sometimes used for resting the lighted torch. It is woman's work to hold the torch and carefully tend it by knocking off from time to time the burnt black kernel. The smell of this torch is most disagreeable.

The native name of the tree and fruit—*tuitui*—means "sewn-sewn," in allusion to the piercing of the baked kernel with the midrib of the cocoa-nut frond for a torch.

The thick outer bark of the candle-nut tree is often scraped for the purpose of expressing a dark red liquid called *iri*, used for staining native cloth.

From the heavy fumes of the burning kernel is collected in a broken calabash held over the torch the fine lampblack used in tattooing. When mixed with *iri* it is a good substitute for black paint.

The green fruit is beaten up and thrown into the hole in which green bananas are buried for the purpose of ripening. This is done with a view of accelerating the process and improving the flavour, although it is very hard to understand *how*.

The Hervey Islanders were anciently much addicted to ball-throwing; proficients could keep seven or eight balls in the air at one time. The fruit of the candle-nut tree—shell and thick outer covering on—was invariably used for this pastime, on account of its roundness and convenient size. It was then named "pei," or "ball."

This oily nut was often used as food in seasons of

* An exceptionally large leaf lying before me is *sixteen* inches either way.

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extreme scarcity. I have known many persons who, in the terrible famine which prevailed on Mangaia during Makitaka's supremacy (A.D. 1814), kept life together in this way. This unwholesome diet invariably produces a black ring round the eyes. I am partial to the half ripe fruit; its taste is delicate, somewhat like that of a walnut. If eaten in small quantities, and with salt, it is attended by no disagreeable effects.

The growth of this tree is extremely rapid. Nowadays the perishable timber is used for oil troughs for the living and coffins for the dead. A valuable paint oil is expressed from the kernel of the candle-nut tree for exportation to Europe. The nuts themselves are largely exported for the same purpose.

Of yore the baked kernel of the *tuitui*, with grated cocoa-nut, was the approved bait in rat-hunting, in which old and young delighted.

Spending a week on Tauan, on the southern coast of New Guinea, in 1872, we had at first no evening light. I luckily, however, discovered two candle-nut trees laden with ripe nuts, which we at once utilised. The naked savage Papuans, who previously had no idea of the value of this tree, were not slow in imitating our example.

WILLIAM WYATT GILL, B.A.

Rarotonga, South Pacific.

Varieties.

SIR GARNET WOLSELEY.—At a lecture on the Ashantee War, at the Royal United Service Institution, Colonel H. Evelyn Wood thus spoke of his old chief, now the Commander of the Forces in South Africa:—"That the Ashantee War did not end in failure must be in part attributed to the spirit which animated the forces and rendered them, like red-hot iron, fervent but pliable in the hands of the master-workman, and in part to the directing power of the master-workman, of whom may be said, as was said by Scott of Napoleon, 'He was a sovereign among soldiers.' His means were limited by time and circumstances; with a handful of men he was required to accomplish a hitherto unattainable feat. In six months he had to re-establish our reputation, lowered by successive humiliations and failures, and to read a lesson in letters of fire to the arrogant and bloodthirsty race who had defied us so long by their weapons of distance, disease, and treachery. It is true of Sir Garnet Wolseley, as was written of Pitt, 'Few men made fewer mistakes, nor left so few advantages unimproved.' To all his other great qualities he joined that fire, that spirit, that courage, which, giving vigour and direction to his soldiers, bore down all resistance. In fine, our success was due to the leader and his choice of able subordinates, who all acknowledged their chief's superior military genius, as they loyally supported him in everything; and he impressed on all his iron will and steadfast determination to take Coomassie."

SWEDISH NORTH-EAST PASSAGE EXPEDITION.—The Vega left the mouth of the Lena on August 27th. At first she made tolerably good progress, although she had to contend with ice and shoals. The voyage was continued to Cape Jakow, but there she was stopped for three days. The steamer got away from there on September 11th, and after a difficult passage reached Cape North on the 13th, where she remained beset until the 18th. After that date the steamer could only now and then make progress on account of the ice. On September 28th the expedition attained this present position, which is situated in lat 67 6, long. 173 30. If the Vega had got there two days earlier she would have reached Behring Straits. The ship is not lying in a harbour, but alongside a very low sandy shore, made fast to the ground ice. Every one was well, and there was a good supply of provisions, and enough coal on board to steam two thousand miles. One or two villages had been passed, the inhabitants of which are called Tschutschers, who are supposed to have originally come from Greenland, and seem to be a kindred race to the Esquimaux. Their complexion is tawny, and their hair and eyes are black. They dress in clothes made of reindeer skin, reside in skin tents, and live on seal blubber. They are singularly amiable and obliging; the women have their faces tattooed, but the men have not. Their language is very hard to understand, but the explorers have learnt it, and have compiled a Swedish Tschutschisk lexicon of over three hundred words. There are three Tschutschisk villages in the neighbourhood of the Vega. The temperature in September seldom went down below 3 deg., and the lowest was 5 deg. (Centigrade). On the darkest day of the year (December 21st) the sun was above the horizon.

PANAMA INTER-OCEANIC CANAL.—M. Lesseps having taken in hand the formation of a ship canal from the Atlantic to the Pacific, the work so long projected is likely to be carried out at last. Eight years will suffice for the completion of the canal, according to M. Lesseps. Of the various expeditions of former times in preparation for this scheme, one of the most noticeable was that of Mr. L. Gisborne, in 1852. He suggested two methods for the accomplishment of this great object. One is by the formation of a navigable canal, with locks and immense reservoirs; the other is to cut a channel from sea to sea, with a width of 160 ft. and a depth of 30 ft. at low water. The Pacific tide rises 32 ft., while that of the Atlantic is only a few inches, so mid-tide is about level in the two oceans, and would give alternately, every six hours, a current each way. This current would travel at the rate of three miles an hour, and act as a scour to prevent deposit, and an assistance in the transit of vessels. The passage would be effected in one tide. The material to be cut through being chiefly rock, the current will not wear away the banks, so that the navigation is not likely to be impeded by slips, while the cost of maintenance will be nominal. Mr. Gisborne stated that the highest ground by this route was not 150 ft., and this elevated barrier, M. Lesseps says, must either be tunnelled or cut through for five or six miles.

SOCIAL SCIENCE CONGRESS.—Although we have not space for reporting any of the proceedings of the Social Science Congress, we usually give the programme of the year to show some of the subjects which from time to time occupy the attention of thoughtful men working for social progress. At the Manchester meeting in 1879, these subjects were prepared for discussion:—I. Department of Jurisprudence and the Amendment of the Law.—International Law Section: 1. Is it a legal or moral duty for a civilised nation to observe towards an uncivilised race laws or principles which that race either ignores or persistently neglects? 2. The institution of an international tribunal. Municipal Law Section: 1. What action should be taken on the report of the Royal Commission on Copyright? 2. What is the mode in which charitable endowments can be dealt with when their objects have become changed in character or unsuited to the present wants and usages of society? 3. Should the marriage laws of the United Kingdom be assimilated? Repression of Crime Section: 1. On the report of the Penal Servitude Commission. 2. What are the practical results and effect of the Prisons Act of 1877? 3. The extension of bail upon committals and of recognisances for good behaviour on conviction. II. Education Department.—1. In what way should local self-government be developed as regards education, and what is the proper connection between voluntary and School Board schools? 2. What should be the curriculum in middle-class schools, and what influence may Government beneficially exercise on the schools and on their teachers. 3. What subjects ought to be taught in elementary schools, and in what way can the present system of inspection of these schools be advantageously altered? III. Health Department.—1. What are the evils resulting to health from the growth outside the boundaries of municipalities, of suburban districts without due regulation and control? 2. What are the best means of improving the sanitary condition of existing houses of the middle classes, and the best means of building so as to combine sanitary and commercial value? 3. The National Water Supply. IV. Department of Economy and Trade.—1. What steps should be taken to protect shareholders and the public from mismanagement in joint-stock enterprises? 2. What alteration in the land laws will be to the economic advantage of the country? 3. The renewal and extension of our commercial treaties, and what are the chief obstacles to the general adoption of free trade? V. Art Department.—1. What subjects are most suitable for the pictorial decoration of public buildings in this country, and with whom should the selection rest? 2. Is it possible or desirable to establish regulations for the improvement of street architecture, and for the prevention of the disfigurement of towns and cities? 3. Is State aid beneficial to art?

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THE LEISURE HOUR.

BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,
AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND.—*Cowper.*

VICTOR AND LOUIS.

STRAIGHT TO THE MARK.

CHAPTER XXI.—A GOOD BROTHER.

Bear me forth unto his creditor,
And, knowing how the debt grows, I will pay it.
—*Shakespeare.*

CHRISTMAS was approaching, and there had been for some weeks past, and was still, a great pressure of business at Messrs. Beverley and Darville's. Orders had been continually arriving from the country and from retail houses in town; and there were consignments from abroad to be looked after, accounts to be made up, and altogether a great deal to be done. Mr. Beverley went by an earlier train than usual to the City each day; and as he passed the room in which the Darvilles usually sat together he looked in to hear about the letters and anything else that might require his attention.

"I am sorry not to see your brother here," he [illegible] to Victor, on one of these occasions. "I ha[illegible]

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him several times lately; just at this busy time, too, it is doubly inconvenient. I hope he is not ill."

"No, Mr. Beverley; he is very well, I believe."

"Do you know why he does not come to business more punctually?"

"No. I am sorry he is absent again."

"I wish you would speak to him about it."

Victor had made up his mind to do so, but he had not seen his brother for two or three days, as he had not been home.

Mr. Beverley looked annoyed. He went to the window and stood watching the movements of the sparrows opposite.

"I wish, Mr. Darville," he said slowly, without looking round, "I wish you would—err—say to your brother—err—that I wish he would be—err—more punctual and—err—more attentive to business. He is setting a very bad example to all the young men; and it is very annoying to everybody and to myself—err—personally, of course. I will speak to him if you prefer it; but it is unpleasant to have to do such things, and he is under you, you know."

"I will tell him what you say, Mr. Beverley," Victor replied. "I have already spoken to him on the subject, but a message from you may have more effect."

"What has he got—err—into his head?" Mr. Beverley asked. "What can he be thinking about?"

Victor made him no answer.

"You are not vexed with me for mentioning the matter I hope, Mr. Darville," said his principal.

"On the contrary, sir, I think you are quite right. I hope it may do my brother good to know that you have inquired about him."

"Then you will speak to him, and—err—decidedly, plainly, Mr. Darville. Let him understand that he must alter his conduct; *must*, I say."

"I will be very plain with him."

"Yes; very well; thank you; if you don't mind."

Mr. Beverley left the room and went to his own office, and Victor with a troubled countenance sat down to reflect upon the task which his principal had given him to do. He was only about two years older than his brother, and the latter had always had the reputation of being sharper and more clever than himself. Louis had been his mother's favourite, partly perhaps on account of his resemblance in character and person to his father. She had taken his part whenever any one found fault with him; she had indulged him as a child a great deal more than was good for him, and even in riper years had made excuses for him when he did wrong. This rendered it the more difficult, now that both parents were dead, for the elder brother to exercise any salutary influence over him. He had remonstrated with him more than once, both on the subject of his inattention to business and on some graver matters, and Louis had borne it impatiently. He did not like to be found fault with, and was apt to be rude and angry when spoken to. Victor had reason to fear that his brother was going wrong in more ways than one. He was extravagant as well as idle; he had failed lately to account for several sums of money which he had received as Mr. Beverley's agent, and the books, for which Victor was responsible, were not properly posted up in consequence. Victor had urged him to make up his accounts, but Louis had carried it off [illegible] high hand, telling him that it would be all [illegible] and giving him to understand that he had means at his disposal of which the other knew nothing. It was indispensable, however, that the books should be balanced and audited at the end of the year, and Victor was now resolved to insist upon a complete statement being rendered, and proper payments made, though he greatly feared that when it should come to the point difficulties would arise. He was full of anxiety on this head, not knowing what amount of defalcations might appear; but he was determined to bring matters to a crisis, and hoped that as he should now speak with particular authority in Mr. Beverley's name, his words would have more weight than usual. He had, besides, received a letter that morning referring to some transactions of his brother's which he could not quite understand, but which gave him additional reason for disquietude.

About midday Louis Darville came sauntering in.

"I am glad you are come," said Victor, "at last."

"Why do you say 'at last'?"

"Because I have been waiting for you a long while."

"Waiting for me?"

"Yes Louis; I have something to say to you."

"Something pleasant, as usual, I dare say. Well, out with it!"

He walked towards the door as he spoke, looking over his shoulder, as if he were going away again immediately.

"Mr. Beverley has been speaking to me about you. He wishes you would be more punctual, and more attentive to business."

"Business! what a word that is! I hate the sound of it."

"I am afraid it is not much to your taste, but as you have duties in this office you must know that they ought to be attended to."

"What do you want me to do?"

"You know how busy we are. Set to work and help us. I must make up my ledger, and I want your statement to enable me to do it."

"I can't stop now. I have business of my own to attend to. Are there any letters for me?"

"No. Come, Louis; hang up your hat and sit down at your desk. It won't do to go on in this way."

"Who says so?"

"Beverley says so, and I say so. Beverley will not put up with it. He told me to tell you so this morning. He is more vexed about it than you think."

"I can't help it. I don't much care if he is vexed."

"Louis!"

"Well?"

"You are forgetful: I don't like to say ungrateful. Think what Mr. Beverley has done for you and for me. Consider how much we both owe him."

"I don't see it. He would not have taken us into his office if it had not suited him to do so. Beverley consults his own interests, and I must consult mine."

"You are not consulting your own interests when you neglect his. Mr. Beverley will make you a partner by-and-by if you are careful and mind what you are about."

"I am not sure that his partnership will be worth having."

"It will be my fault and yours if it is not. You know what an excellent trade we are doing now.

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But why do you talk thus? What else have you to look to or depend upon?"

"You shall know some day. Meantime let me alone. I shall tell Beverley, if he says anything to me, that I will cut the concern. I can't be worried in this way."

"You would be very foolish to throw up your engagement here. You cannot mean that, I am sure."

"I do mean it. You will say I am right, too, when you know all. It is different with you. You are going to marry Beverley's daughter, and will have all his money. Your fortune is made already. I must look out for myself."

Victor Darville looked annoyed.

"Don't talk in that way," he said. "Do you think I care for the money?"

"Of course you do. I should, at all events. It is all gammon to pretend you don't."

"I don't pretend anything of the kind; but I have never thought of putting the two things side by side as you suggest. No man of honour and good feeling would do that. Money and a wife—a wife and money. Pshaw!"

"It is a practical, common-sense thing, all the same. The more your wife has the better you will like her, or ought to."

"Hold your tongue, Louis."

"Just consider. If it were not for Joan—Miss Beverley I mean—I beg your pardon—you would very likely not be here at this moment; you would not be a partner elect in this house. She is an heiress. Everything she inherits will be yours."

"You know nothing about it."

"Well, if you marry her, I mean, of course. Perhaps you have not made up your mind on that point yet."

"Be silent, I insist. You have no right to drag Miss Beverley's name in in this way. I will not allow it."

"I was going to say," Louis continued, in a teasing, bantering manner, "that if you don't mean to marry the lady yourself she will be a catch for some one else. Just give me a hint, you know, as soon as you have decided; I might like to try my chance."

Victor strode across the room and stood before his brother with flashing eyes, and indignation glowing in every feature.

"You villain!" he cried. "Do you dare speak so to me? Do you not know that if I am debarred from marrying that girl you alone will be the cause of my unhappiness? You are in difficulties; you are a defaulter; you are bringing dishonour upon yourself and upon me. This very day I have discovered that large sums have been paid into your hands, and you have not accounted for them. You must give in your statement at once."

"I'll do it in a few days," said Louis, when he had recovered himself, having been rather taken aback.

"To-day. Before you leave this room."

"Nonsense. I shall have a lot of money to receive next week. That will be soon enough."

"It will not. Sit down at once and make up your account."

Louis was astonished at his brother's tone of decision and authority, and sat down as he was bid, but with his hands in his pockets and a scowl upon his face.

After a short silence Victor began to speak to him more gently. He remonstrated with him, expressed his desire to help him out of his difficulties, and begged him to make no further delay in rendering an account and declaring how far he was prepared to meet it. The younger brother laid aside his truculent and "don't-carish" manner, fixed his eyes upon the floor, and said at length,—

"How can you help me if the money is gone?"

"How much is it?"

It was an important, a momentous question, and Victor waited for an answer with a painful anxiety, which sent the blood away from his face and almost impeded his breathing.

"About how much?" he repeated.

"Never mind. I shall be able to replace it in a week or two."

"It must be done now—at once. Beverley must see this letter; I cannot keep it from him any longer. It will betray you as to one transaction, and everything else will then be looked into. I have already done wrong and compromised my own position, by keeping back things from his knowledge, in order to screen you. I will do so no longer. Again I ask, how much are you deficient?"

Louis jotted down a few figures upon a slip of paper, taking them from his pocket-book, but covered it with his hand, as if he could not make up his mind to show it. Victor gently lifted his brother's arm and examined the paper.

"Is this the whole?" he said, after a long pause, during which he had been endeavouring to recover calmness after the shock which he had experienced on seeing the unexpected largeness of the amount.

"Yes; that's all."

"Are you certain?"

"Quite certain."

"And what have you done with this money? You cannot have spent it!"

"Spent it? No. I was offered a good thing, and safe, and I went in for it. I shall have the money all back again in a few days, as I told you, with a good premium to boot. There is nothing to make a fuss about."

"You hope so?"

"Yes, it's safe enough:" but he looked anxious and doubtful while he said it.

"You had no right to play with money that did not belong to you. What is it in?"

"Bank shares."

"Abyssinian, that you have often talked about?"

"Yes!"

"Oh Louis! you don't mean that!"

"Yes; it is quite safe, I hope!" said Louis, looking up with alarm at his brother's exclamation.

Victor took up the Times which was lying on the table, and pointed to a paragraph which at once annihilated all his remaining confidence. The Royal Abyssinian Banking Company had utterly failed.

"I'm done for," said Louis, as soon as he could speak. "I may as well go and—" He made a gesture with his hand, instead of finishing his speech.

"For shame! How can you dare to talk so wickedly. If you could vindicate your own honour by fleeing from the consequences of your crime—for such I must call it—have you no thought or care for others, whose reputation is bound up with your own? It is a large sum that you have to account for; b[illegible] said I would help you if possible; I will [illegible] my own sake as well as for yours, tho[illegible]

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take nearly every shilling that I possess. But it must be on one condition, Louis. You must promise never again to be guilty of such an act; you must promise to be regular and attentive to your duties in the office; to give up all thoughts of growing rich by rash and hasty speculations. You will promise me this, will you not?"

Louis, who had looked his brother in the face with amazement when he first offered him relief, sank down immediately afterwards with his face upon the table, and was unable to speak. His bosom heaved; his breathing was quick and hard. At length he could no longer restrain himself, but broke forth into sobs, and catching hold of his brother's hand, clasped it between his own and pressed it to his heart.

"Oh Victor," he said at length, between his sobs, "I'll do anything you ask me. I have been in such misery for weeks past. I hope I shall not put you to inconvenience. I'll pay you back every penny, with interest. I promise you that."

"When you can," said Victor, quietly.

"I'll go without everything. I'll save it somehow. You shall not suffer for your generosity."

"Don't say any more about that," said Victor. "I am glad to find that the amount is just within my means. I shall not grudge to part with my money if it saves your honour. The only promise I require of you is, that you will never do anything of this kind again. It is neither safe nor honest to play with other people's money. You do not know what this 'little indiscretion' of yours has cost me. You spoke just now of Miss Beverley. I have not been to Mulberry Lawn for weeks, solely because I could not feel justified in doing so with this anxiety upon my mind. If this matter had not been set right you would have been dismissed from this house with disgrace, and I must have followed you. You will never again expose me to such misery as I have lately undergone on your account I hope."

"Never, Victor. I'll swear it upon the Bible."

"No, Louis; you shall not do that. I would rather have your word than your oath. Promise me on your honour: that will be sufficient."

"On my honour, then!" said the young man, striking his hand upon his breast.

Victor sighed. He could not help wishing that his brother would be less demonstrative, not to say less theatrical. A quieter and humbler manner would have inspired him with more confidence. But Louis was always excitable; he spoke as he acted, upon impulse. He meant all that he said, no doubt, but manifested too little sense of shame and too much self-reliance, all things considered. Would the feelings and intentions which he proposed be permanent and fruitful? that was the question. Louis himself had no doubt about it, evidently, but Victor could not feel so sanguine.

"We will make the books right now," said Victor, without any further remark. "I can draw this cash at a day's notice; I have held it in readiness; it shall be done at once."

"It's awfully kind of you," Louis said; and sitting down at his place, he applied himself with all his energy to business. Mr. Beverley looked in, as usual, early next morning on his arrival at the counting-house, and finding him there already, hard at work, kindly gave him a friendly greeting, and that same day the [illegible] balanced and submitted to the principal [illegible]tion.

you[illegible]
that yo[illegible]

CHAPTER XXII.—GOOD RESOLUTIONS.

Thou oughtest to be nice, even to superstition, in keeping thy promises; and therefore thou shouldest be equally cautious in making them.
—*Fuller.*

Victor and Louis Darville walked home together after the important business of squaring accounts had been completed. They occupied apartments in common on the outskirts of London to the north; but Louis did not often leave the house at the same time with his brother, nor return to it in his company. He preferred, as a rule, to spend his evenings at some of the clubs or pleasure resorts of the metropolis with companions whose tastes were congenial to his own. He was in excellent spirits now, as he took his brother's arm, and talked and laughed incessantly, while Victor, though anxious to make himself agreeable, could not help feeling a little weary and depressed.

"How pleasant it is," said Louis, "coming out into the fresh air after being shut up all day in the counting-house. It is rather dull in winter in that room of ours; but I did not feel it so to-day, I was too busy; and I begin to like business pretty well; I think I shall soon get used to it. Of course, I should stick to it all the same now, whether I liked it or not."

"Yes," said Victor; "I hope you will."

"Oh, yes; you need not be afraid about that. If I had known that it would make so much difference to you, Victor, I should have been more careful. I don't see, though, after all, why it need have compromised you, if—if I had gone wrong."

Victor did not like the "if," nor the manner in which it was spoken. Although the evil consequences had been averted, there was no question about the wrong-doing. But he did not wish to offend his brother by lecturing him, and therefore said only, "We shall stand or fall together, Louis, as far as our connection with the Beverleys is concerned. If I were to get into disgrace and abscond, how would it fare with you, do you think?"

"Oh, that is different."

"Why?"

"Oh, because, in the first place, you are so very careful and steady, and could not do anything of the kind."

"You are evading the question. If I were to turn out dishonest, I say, what should you do?"

Louis, being pressed for an answer, could not but admit that he should either be dismissed simultaneously, or should take himself off without waiting for the catastrophe. "But you may make yourself easy," he said; "there's no fear of my going wrong again; I shall be as careful and particular as you are. If I leave Beverley's, it will be for a better position."

"Don't think of it, Louis."

"No, I won't, I promise you. I mean to be quite a pattern of industry, and so on, in future. I wonder whether I could get anything to do at home in the evening to earn a few pounds, so as to pay you that money."

"Never mind about the money, Louis. It is right, of course, that you should wish to repay it, but don't let it trouble you."

"No, I won't," said Louis; "I shall soon be able to settle it, I dare say. There will be something coming in from the Abyssinian Bank by-and-by; it can't be all lost; and if I am lucky—"

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Victor stopped him at that word; but it was too evident that Louis had already ceased to feel the gravity of the situation from which he had been rescued. The debt he owed his brother seemed but a trifle, easily to be discharged, though he had absolutely nothing but his stipend to depend upon. Victor felt, however, that he could say no more upon the subject just then, and they dropped it by mutual consent.

Near their own door they were met by Tom Howard, bearing an invitation from Mrs. Beverley.

"I know what is in it," he said, "and have promised to take back an answer. You will say 'Yes,' won't you? Hurrah!"

Victor had opened the letter and was reading it. Tom had been very much afraid that he would decline the invitation; but the look of pleasure upon Victor's face as he put it down led him to a different conclusion, and he gave vent to his satisfaction in the above exclamation.

"Yes," Victor said; "yes, I will go, and you also, Louis, will you not? It will be very pleasant."

"Hurrah!" he exclaimed again; "I said you would."

"Did anybody say the contrary?" Victor asked.

"No."

"Did anybody express a doubt?"

"I hardly know; I fancied—" Tom replied, with some awkwardness and hesitation; "but I have no right to fancy for other people."

"Whom do you mean by other people?"

Tom was silent. "It does not signify," he said, at length. "Other people will be very glad to hear that you are coming. I think I will go back at once and tell them so."

"Yes," said Victor.

They both seemed anxious that there should be no delay in returning an answer; but Tom did not want to leave his friend so soon.

"Come with me." he said.

"I think I will," Victor replied; "there is a great deal to be done at this time of the year at Mulberry Lawn. Perhaps I can be of use."

"Of course you can," said Tom. "I remember last year how busy we all were with the turkeys and pheasants and all sorts of good things, packing them and sending them to the clerks and people at the counting-house; and lots of beef and mince-pies to the warehousemen. And then there was the meat and flour and things for the poor in Joan's district. You helped her with that. You went to all her houses with her, and made lists of things wanted, and copied them out I don't know how many times. I was afraid you were not going to do anything of the sort this Christmas."

"I have been very much occupied lately," Victor said, "but I shall have more leisure now. It may not be yet too late to give some assistance."

They walked on rapidly together, talking as they went, Tom Howard feeling elated at the success of his mission—a success which he had not ventured to anticipate, and could not yet understand.

"I have brought an answer," he said, entering the room in which the Beverleys were sitting, while Mr. Darville was taking off his coat in the hall.

"Where is it?"

"It's a verbal one."

"Yes or no?" Miss Beverley asked, with an impatience which she did not like to betray. "Why don't you speak out, Tom?"

"Yes," said Darville, presenting himself at the door. "Yes, we shall be only too happy."

"I said I would bring him," said Tom; "but I did not, after all. He brought himself; he offered to come before I had said anything."

There was just a little feeling of shyness at first, perhaps, between Victor and his friends, but it soon passed away. Tom was so happy and so effusive that it was impossible not to yield to his genial humour. Victor had no longer any fear on his brother's account to torture him, and fell naturally into his old way with his old friends; and as for Joan, she persuaded herself that if he had appeared at all strange to her, and had seemed to neglect her, there must have been a reason for it; at all events, it was past and done with, and she could not think about it or trouble herself with it now. He was just as he had always been to her, and that was sufficient. So they passed a very pleasant evening together; and the district visiting book was brought out, and Victor and Joan sat at the table, shoulder to shoulder, making out the lists as they had done last Christmas, and the Christmas before that, and thinking that when the next Christmas came they should have, perhaps, a separate distribution of their own to make; and each knew what was in the other's thoughts; though how they managed to do so it might be difficult to show on scientific principles, and difficult for any one to understand who has not had experience of the same kind as theirs.

"When shall you go your rounds?" Victor asked, after the lists were completed.

Joan was not tied to a day or an hour.

"If Saturday will do," Victor suggested.

"Oh, yes; Saturday will do."

"I can come away early on Saturday and go with you."

"Yes," said Tom; "and I'll carry the basket."

"We must have a better man than you to carry the basket," said Victor. "I'll tell young Raffage to come and help, at all events."

It was a bright, clear night when Darville took his departure. Joan followed him to the door, to look up at the stars, and lingered for a moment on the steps. There was not a cloud anywhere in the sky; it had been a gloomy, showery day, but all was now quiet and serene. Tom went to the gate to open it, and did not look back.

"How pleasant it is!" said Joan. "Not at all like winter."

"No, not at all like winter now. O Joan, I am so happy!"

"Yes," she said, "and so am I. But, Victor, what was it that kept you away so long? Why were you so—strange?"

"I can't tell you," he answered.

"It was not my fault?" she asked, apprehensively.

"No," he replied. "No, no, you know it was not. Do not fancy that."

"Nor yours, I am sure?"

"No—nor mine."

"What was it, then?"

"I cannot tell you," he repeated.

"You will tell me some day?"

"I cannot even promise that," he said. "You will trust me, will you not?"

"But some day?" she said again. She did not want to know all his secrets, but she liked to [illegible] of that "some day," and to repeat the wor[illegible]

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"No," he answered; "I don't think I shall ever tell you; it is another man's secret, don't you see? You will be satisfied to let me keep it, won't you?"

"I shall be satisfied with everything you say or do," she answered, placing her hand in his, and looking up into his face with perfect confidence. There was no longer even the shadow of a cloud between them now—at least, they thought so.

THE BLACK FOREST.

BY JOHN STOUGHTON, D.D.

VI.—ITS INDUSTRIAL EMPLOYMENTS (*continued*).

In mountainous districts one scarcely expects to find cotton-mills. Tall chimneys, such as are familiar to the inhabitants of Lancashire and Yorkshire, are not looked for in rocky dells; yet they find their way into picturesque spots, as travellers along some of our northern railways know well enough. Among the Vosges Mountains, too, on the road to Ban de la Roche, we lately saw them putting in an appearance; and even in the depths of the Black Forest cotton manufactories are found. There was, in the tenth century, a famous Benedictine Abbey at St. Blasien, on the way from Freiburg to Albbruck. It is now turned into a factory. Where monks once chanted their services, may now be heard the whirl of spinning-jennies; and five or six hundred hands are employed in manufacturing cotton. Fire-arms are likewise made in the village. Thus the march of mechanical civilisation penetrates into the recesses of forests, and climbs up into the bosom of the everlasting hills.

But besides the industry of manufacture, there is the industry of commerce. Trade, wholesale and retail, is an essential element in modern civilisation; and though it exists amongst the people of the Black Forest in a lesser degree than in some other parts of Germany, it is worth while to look at it for a moment. There is a considerable export trade of timber and timepieces, as already noticed; beyond that, perhaps, the goods sent to other markets do not amount to much, but as the people do not produce all the modern necessaries of life, they require many things which can be obtained only by importation.

Round about the Black Forest are a few large marts of merchandise, as Carlsruhe and Freiburg, Heilbronn and Stuttgart. Strasburg must also be a source of supply. Trains, laden with all kinds of stores, find their way into the recesses of the country, and thus increase and reward the industrial activity of the population. First-rate shops are not found within the circle formed by the belt of cities just named. There is, indeed, as intimated in a former paper, scarcely anything beyond a village within this outer circle. The Harz can number several towns, but not so with its sister country. You plunge into the interior, and are everywhere surrounded with a peasant population, if there be any population at all. But in the village shops, especially those frequented by tourists, there are both scanty and abundant stores; the exhibition of books, tracts, and engravings for sale is conspicuous. The books intended for the native population are of an inferior class. The paper is very coarse, the printing very bad, and the whole appearance very unattractive. The tracts, in this respect, are even worse, and the engravings are most unartistic. The popular literature of low order consists of sensational stories, absurd legends, and manuals for Roman Catholics, full of prayers to saints and cabalistic charms, many of them incredibly superstitious.

In addition to the regular shops, there are in watering-places, especially Baden-Baden, well furnished stalls and bazaars of various descriptions, especially those belonging to dealers in glass, jewellery, and ornamental wares. The Bohemian costume, assumed by some of the sellers, points to the country whence have come the beautiful and tempting articles exhibited for sale.

Innkeeping is a common employment throughout Germany. Many of the innkeepers are large capitalists, but their scale of importance admits of many degrees. At Baden-Baden there are magnificent hotels, where every European luxury is at the command of the visitor. There are also hotels of a second class, more moderate in their charges, sufficiently comfortable for any one not fastidious. Even in Triberg there is now a handsome building, with modern conveniences and luxuries, which can accommodate tourists after the same fashion as in Switzerland. When you get out of the beaten track, you must put up with German arrangements and German fare, but generally the beds are clean, the food wholesome, and the landlords and landladies civil. Judging from the number of *Wirthschafts* that one passes, a good many men and women must be employed in hostelry duties, whatever may be the profit realised. It may be noticed that the better class of hotel-keepers have formed an association for the promotion of interests in common, and lists of these may be seen posted up in the entrance-hall of the larger houses. Nor should pensions be overlooked. They are established in the watering-places, and afford board and lodging on exceedingly moderate terms. The Germans are a frugal people, and in travelling spend less than our countrymen, but the proprietors of establishments in which they are entertained manage to make a profit out of their very modest charges. The Biergarten is an appendage to a large town, and must not be looked for in a village. Its accompanying entertainments are also absent, but in the Schwarzwald, where there are waterfalls or magnificent prospects, there are sure to be also provisions for coffee and other refreshments, with stalls for the sale of minerals and photographs.

State institutions provide employment for a large number of persons; officials abound. Circumlocution, carried in England, some think, to excess, goes much further on the Continent. Railways and steamboats, as well as the post and the telegraph, are in the hands of the Government, and they are provided with codes of regulations containing precise and elaborate rules which give unnecessary trouble; they create, however, employment for additional hands. Mr. Howitt lived many years in the Duchy of Baden-Baden, and he gives an amusing account of the inconvenience he was put to by the Government system of conveying parcels. He says, "a parcel must be wrapped in a certain way. It must have so many seals upon it. Its contents and value must be written outside. If of one weight it must go by one conveyance; if of another by a second; if of another by a third. It must, under certain circumstances, be wrapped in an oil-cloth. Failing any of these formalities it cannot go. It is returned, or sent from one office to another till more time is consumed than is necessary to take it to its destination." A title-deed was sent to him from England

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to be executed. He executed it in proper time, returned it the same day in what he thought was the most expeditious and legal manner. Two months afterwards a letter was received complaining that the deed had not arrived; it had been lying all the time in an office belonging to the Rhine company, which dared not forward it because it belonged to the packet-post department, and could not be transferred from the one to the other without being returned to the original sender, and who he was the officials did not know. One can imagine the work occasioned by such methods of doing things. We had a small parcel sent us by post during our stay in the Duchy, and when it arrived, sealed, according to order, it could not be delivered without a personal interview with the postmaster, and the production of our passport.

We have just mentioned railways in connection with Government. It is important to notice in relation to them, that they are not only sources of revenue, but means of increasing trade and commerce. The Black Forest line is most valuable in this respect. It facilitates the transport of goods produced in the interior, and of important articles needed for general use. The distance between Offenberg to Singen, extending by the Rhine valley to 149 miles, is reduced under 94. And present advantages are not alone to be considered. When the St. Gothard Railway is finished, the Black Forest will probably become the great highway between North-western Europe and Italy.

There are no industrial employments more important than that of schoolmaster. In the Duchy of Baden, and therefore in the Black Forest, schoolmasters are numerous, as in other German States. Their pay is small and their work hard. In rural districts the masters have to keep their schools open from six in the morning until an hour before noon, which is the time for dinner,—the midday meal. In the afternoon, allowing for an interval of play, the children go to work in the fields with their fathers and mothers, sisters and brothers. During winter, the school is open almost all day, and the pupils are taught reading, writing, arithmetic, and singing, accomplishments which are not carried very far, and which generally leave the lower classes quite incapable of appreciating and enjoying the best German literature. Education of this limited kind is compulsory throughout the Baden-Baden dominions. The same may be said of the kingdom of Wurtemberg. Every child between seven and fourteen years of age must go to school, and every district of thirty families has a school and a teacher provided for every ninety children. In the State schools of Germany there are hymns sung and prayers said, but the system does not include any theological teaching. Religious instruction is devolved upon the parish clergy. As the dominant religion in Baden-Baden is Roman Catholic, most of the children of the Black Forest are in the hands of the priests. With respect to the Wurtemberg circle of the Black Forest, the Lutherans are more than double the number of Romanists; we may add that of 3,564,199 florins set apart in the Wurtemberg budget of 1873-4 "for church and school," the major part was expended in the support of the various religious bodies.

THE BEGUM'S FORTUNE.

BY JULES VERNE.

CHAPTER IX.—P. P. C.

THE situation was indeed serious. What could poor Max do, he whose hours were already numbered, and whose last night might have come with the setting sun?

He did not sleep for an instant, not from the dread of never awaking, as Herr Schultz had said, but because his heart was too full of thoughts of Frankville and of the impending catastrophe.

"What shall I attempt?" he thought to himself. "To destroy that gun? Blow up the tower it stands on? How could I manage it? Escape! Escape when my room is guarded by a couple of giants? And then suppose I could get away from Stahlstadt before the 13th of September, how could I help them? To be sure, if not our beloved city, I might at least save the inhabitants. I might fly to them shouting 'Escape! escape without delay! You are in danger of perishing by fire and steel! Fly all of you for your lives!'"

Then Max's thoughts passed into another channel. "That villain, Schultz!" he thought. "Even admitting that he has exaggerated the destructive effects of his shell, and that he cannot really fire the whole town, it is very certain that with a single shot he can burn a considerable part! It's a frightful machine he has invented, and notwithstanding the distance between the two towns, it will easily send the projectile over it! The speed, too, must be twenty times superior to any hitherto obtained. Something like ten thousand yards, or nine miles a second! It's actually a third of the speed of the earth in its orbit! Is it possible? Oh, if only that horrible gun would blow up at their first shot! But there is no hope of that, for the metal of which it is made will stand anything. How exactly the wretch knows the position of Frankville. Without going out of his den, he can point his cannon with mathematical precision, and, as he said, the shell will undoubtedly fall in the very heart of the city. How can the unhappy inhabitants be warned?"

Max had not closed an eyelid when day dawned. He then rose from the bed, on which he had tossed in feverish restlessness. "Come," he said to himself, "it will be for another night. As this executioner means to spare me suffering, he no doubt will wait till sleep, getting the better of my anxiety, has overpowered me. And then! What sort of death can he have in store for me? Does he think of killing me with some decoction of prussic acid whilst I sleep? Will he introduce some of that carbonic acid gas, which he has at his command, into my room? Will he not rather use it in a liquid state, such as he has in his glass shells, when its sudden return to a gaseous state produces a hundred degrees of frost? And the next day, instead of 'me,' instead of this strong, well-constituted body, so full of life, there will be nothing but a dried, frozen, shrivelled mummy! Oh, the savage! Well, well, if it

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be so, let my heart be frozen and my life wither away in that unbearable atmosphere, if only my friends, Dr. Sarrasin, his family, Jeannette—my little Jeannette—may be saved! But to effect that I must escape. Well, escape I will!"

As he uttered these words, Max, though he believed himself locked into his room, instinctively laid his hand on the handle of the door.

To his great surprise it opened, and he went down as usual, and out into the garden, where he was accustomed to walk.

"Ah," he thought, "I am a prisoner in the Central Block, though not in my room. That's something in my favour!"

However, no sooner was Max outside, than he saw that, though apparently free, he in reality could not make a step without being escorted by the two personages who answered to the historic, or rather prehistoric names of Arminius and Sigimer.

He had often wondered, when he met them about the place, what could be the duty of those two huge men in grey cloaks, with their bull necks, herculean muscles, dark red faces, bristling with thick moustaches and bushy whiskers.

He now knew what that duty was. They were the executioners of Herr Schultz's darkest deeds, who, for the present, were acting as his body-guard!

THE FIRE.

These two giants never let him out of their sight, lying at the door of his room, and dogging his steps when he walked in the park. The formidable array of revolvers and daggers which each carried in his belt rendered hopeless any attempt to escape from them.

With all this they were as dumb as fish.

Max tried, in a diplomatic way, to get up a conversation with them, but only received a ferocious glare in reply. Even the offer of a glass of beer, which he had some reason to suppose irresistible, was made in vain. After observing them for fifteen hours, he discovered that they had one weakness, one—a pipe, which they took the liberty of smoking close at his heels. This single weakness Max determined to turn to account. How he did not know, he could not even imagine, but he had vowed to escape, and nothing should be neglected that could in any way assist him.

Time was pressing. What was to be done?

At the least sign of rebellion or flight, Max was sure of receiving a couple of bullets in his head. Even supposing they missed, he was still in the centre of a triple fortified line, guarded by a triple row of sentinels.

According to his custom, the former pupil of the Central School correctly put the situation in the form of a mathematical problem.

"Given, a man guarded by two unscrupulous ruffians, individually stronger than he, and armed to the teeth. The man must first escape the vigilance of these warders. This done, he must get out of a fortified place, all the entrances to which are strictly watched."

Max pondered this double question a hundred times, but always came to the conclusion "Which is impossible." However, the gravity of his situation seemed to sharpen all his faculties of invention. Whether chance alone gave the finishing touch or not would be difficult to say.

It happened that the next day, as Max was walking in the park, his eyes fell on a shrub, the appearance of which instantly attracted him.

It was a dull-looking, herbaceous plant, its leaves alternately oval, pointed, and double, with great red bell-shaped monopetalous flowers hanging by axillary stalks.

Max had merely studied botany as an amateur, but it immediately occurred to him that this shrub had the characteristics of one of the Solanaceæ order.

Quite at a venture, he gathered a leaf and slightly chewed it as he pursued his walk. He was not mistaken. A feeling of heaviness in his limbs, accompanied by a sensation of nausea, soon convinced him that he had close at hand a natural laboratory of

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belladonna, that is to say, the most active of all narcotics.

He strolled on until he reached a small artificial lake, which stretched away to the southern end of the park, and supplied a cascade, which, by-the-by, was evidently copied from that in the Bois de Boulogne.

"Where does the water of that cascade go to?" thought Max.

It first flowed into the bed of a little river, which, after describing various turns and bends, finally disappeared at the limits of the park.

There was evidently an outlet, and to all appearance the river escaped by filling one of the subterranean channels which watered the plain beyond Stahlstadt.

In this Max saw a gate of egress. It was certainly not a carriage way, but it was an opening.

"And suppose the channel is barred by an iron grating?" objected the voice of prudence.

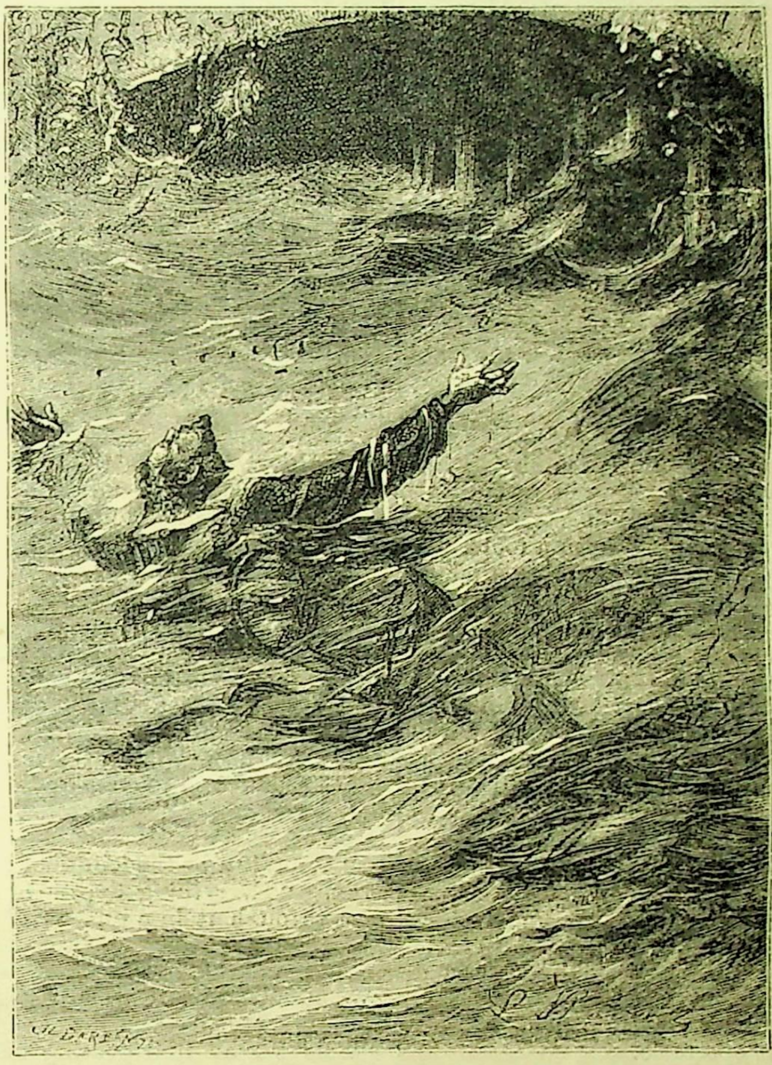
"Nothing venture, nothing have! Files weren't made to gnaw away corks, and there are capital files in the laboratory!" so answered another ironical voice, one that prompted daring resolves.

In two minutes Max's determination was made. An idea — as it may be called— had darted into his mind, one that perhaps could not after all be carried out, but which he would attempt, if death did not first overtake him.

He sauntered back towards the shrub with red flowers, and gathered two or three leaves in such a way that his guards could not fail to see him.

Then, returning to his room, he quite openly dried these leaves before the fire, rubbed them in his hands to crush them, and mixed them with his tobacco.

During the six following days, Max, to his extreme surprise, woke up quite well every morning. Had Herr Schultz, whom he had not again seen and never met in his walks, had he given up his plan of making away with him? No, it was not likely, any more than he would relinquish that of destroying Doctor Sarrasin's city.



MAX'S ESCAPE.

Max made use of this permission to live, and every day renewed his manœuvre. He took care, of course, never to smoke the belladonna himself, and therefore kept two packets of tobacco, one for his personal use, the other for daily show. His object was simply to arouse the curiosity of Arminius and Sigimer. Such confirmed smokers as these two ruffians were sure soon to notice the shrub from which he took the leaves, imitate the operation, and try how they liked the mixture.

This supposition was correct, and the result proved equal to his anticipations.

On the sixth day, the eve of the fatal 13th of September, Max, as he glanced carelessly behind him, had the satisfaction of seeing his guards collect a little store of the green leaves.

An hour later, he observed that they were drying them at the fire, rubbing them in their great horny hands, and mixing them with their tobacco. They seemed already licking their lips in anticipation.

Was it Max's intention merely to stupefy Arminius and Sigimer? No, that was not sufficient. Eluding their vigilance, he had still to pass down that stream, even if it should prove to be miles in length. But he had arranged his plan. It was true there were nine chances in ten that he would perish; but as he was already condemned to death, that did not much matter.

Evening came, with it the supper hour, afterwards a walk. The inseparable trio took the way into the park.

Without hesitating, without losing a minute, Max proceeded straight towards a building, standing alone, and which was no other than the workshop where all the models were made. He sat down on a bench outside, filled his pipe, and began to smoke.

Arminius and Sigimer, who had their pipes all ready, sat down on a neighbouring seat and soon were puffing away.

The effects of the narcotic were not long in becoming visible.

Before five minutes had passed the two ch

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giants were yawning and stretching like bears in a cage. Their eyes grew dim, a dull sound was in their ears; their complexions changed from red to purple, their arms fell useless at their sides, their heads dropped on their breasts.

The pipes slipped to the ground.

Finally, loud snoring, mingled with the twittering of the birds, who lived all the year round in the perpetual summer of the Stahlstadt park.

Now was Max's time. His impatience may be imagined when it is remembered that in the next night, at a quarter before midnight, Frankville, having been sentenced by Herr Schultz, would cease to exist.

He darted into the workshop. It was a large building, a perfect museum of models. Hydraulic machines, locomotives, steam-engines, portable engines, suction pumps, boring machines, ships, ship machinery, in fact, the masterpieces would be too numerous to mention. It was a collection of models in wood of everything made in the Schultz manufactory since its foundation, and you may be sure that many cannon, torpedoes, and shells were amongst them.

The night was dark and favourable to the young Alsacian's daring project. Besides accomplishing his escape he hoped to destroy the Stahlstadt Model Museum.

How he longed to annihilate that huge Bull Tower, with its destructive cannon and all it contained; but it was useless to think of that.

Max's first care was to seize a little steel saw, fit for filing iron, which was hanging from a tool rack, and slip it into his pocket. Then taking a match from his box he struck it, set fire to a heap of drawings and slight fir-wood models, and rushed out.

The fire spreading among all these inflammable materials increased with great rapidity, and flames speedily burst forth from every part of the building. The alarm-bell rang, the electric wire carried the news to every quarter of Stahlstadt, peals sounded, and firemen and engines hastened from all directions.

At the same moment Herr Schultz, whose presence was well calculated to encourage the workers, made his appearance.

In a very few minutes the boilers were under pressure and the powerful pumps at work. But in spite of the deluges of water which fell on the walls and roofs, the fire gained force, and it was soon evident that all hope of mastering it must be given up. It was a grand and terrible spectacle.

Crouched in a corner Max never lost sight of Herr Schultz, who cheered on his men as if assaulting a town. There was no necessity for giving a further helping hand to the fire. The Museum, standing as it did, alone in the park, would soon be entirely consumed.

Herr Schultz, seeing that the building itself could not possibly be saved, suddenly shouted out:

"Ten thousand dollars to whoever will save model number 3175, from the glass case in the centre!"

This was the very model of Schultz's famous cannon, and he valued it above all other things in the Museum.

To reach it, however, a person would be compelled to make his way through a deluge of sparks and falling wood, and an unbreathable atmosphere of ...se black smoke. It was ten to one that he would ... with his life. Notwithstanding, therefore, the magnificence of Herr Schultz's offer, no one answered to his appeal.

At last a man presented himself.

It was Max.

"I will go," said he.

"You!" exclaimed Herr Schultz.

"Yes, I!"

"It won't save you from the sentence of death pronounced against you, so don't imagine it!"

"I do not propose to avoid that, but to snatch your precious model from destruction."

"Go then," answered Herr Schultz, "and I swear that if you succeed the ten thousand dollars shall be faithfully made over to your heirs."

"I will depend on you for that," returned Max.

Several of the Galibert apparatus were brought to him. They were always at hand in case of fire, as they enabled men to venture into the densest smoke. Max had already made use of one when he tried to save from death Dame Bauer's boy, poor little Carl.

One of these was soon filled with air and placed on his back. He put the pincers on his nose, took the tube in his mouth, and darted into the smoke.

"At last!" said he. "This air will last for a quarter of an hour! Heaven grant that may be time enough!"

As may be imagined, Max had not the slightest intention of endeavouring to save Schultz's cannon model. His life, every moment in dire peril, he made his way across the smoke-filled hall, amidst a shower of blazing brands and charred beams. Mercifully none of them touched him, and just as the roof fell in with a fearful crash, Max escaped at the opposite side of the building.

To fly towards the stream, run along its banks till he reached the unknown opening and plunge in, was the work of only a few seconds.

The rapid current swept him along in a depth of seven or eight feet. He had no need to guide himself, for the water bore him as straight as if he had held Ariadne's clue.

He soon found that he had entered a narrow channel, a sort of pipe, quite filled by the overflow of the river.

"What can be the length of this tunnel?" thought Max. "Everything depends on that! If I do not pass through it in a quarter of an hour the air will fail and I am lost!"

He maintained his coolness and presence of mind. Ten minutes passed, when suddenly he was driven up against some obstacle.

This was an iron grating on hinges, barring the way down the tunnel.

"This is what I feared!" thought Max, simply.

Without losing a moment he took the saw from his pocket, and set to work on the bolt of the staple.

Five minutes' labour did not loosen it, the grating remained obstinately closed. Already Max breathed with difficulty. There came a buzzing in his ears, the blood mounted in his head, he felt he would soon lose consciousness.

He endeavoured, however, to make the most of the small quantity of air remaining, by taking breath as seldom as possible! Though half sawn through the bolt would not yield!

At that moment the saw slipped from his hands.

Grasping the grating with both hands, he shook it with the despairing energy given by the instinct of self-preservation.

The grating opened. The bolt had given way, and

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carried onwards the daring Alsatian, ..eated, yet still feebly struggling, as he ..ne last particles of air in the reservoir!

* * * * *

..next day, when Herr Schultz's men ventured into the ruins left by the fire, they searched in vain among all the *débris* and still smouldering cinders for any trace of human remains. It was therefore plain that the brave workman had fallen a victim.

His daring act astonished none of his friends who had known him in the different workshops.

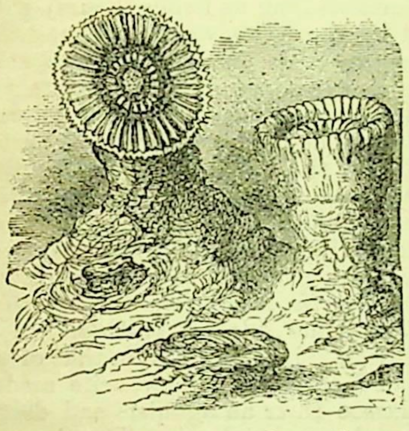
The precious model was not saved, but the man who was acquainted with the secrets of the Steel King was dead.

"I wished to spare him all suffering," said Herr Schultz to himself, in his usual serene fashion. "At any rate, as I know not his heirs, I am saved ten thousand dollars!"

Such was the only funeral oration pronounced by the philosophical professor over the supposed grave of our young Alsatian!

ANEMONES IN THE AQUARIUM.

BY A. LAWLER, CURATOR OF THE BRIGHTON AQUARIUM.



OF all the lower creatures which "live, and move, and have their being" in the great waters, none perhaps possess more interest to the general observer than the family of *Actiniadæ*, familiarly known as the sea-anemones, or, as the older writers and many fishermen call them, sea-flowers. For a very long time, indeed, this interesting group of animals was classed in the vegetable kingdom, an error which their great resemblance in shape, colour, and variety to the choicest gifts of Flora more than partly excused, and which, at all events, explains the names given to most of the varieties, as, for instance, the "sea torch thistle," the "studded sea-flower," the "sea fig-marigold," the "sea-carnation," and many others. By this time, however, the sea-anemones have indisputably won their place in the higher order of creation, even if that place must needs be a humble one, for their animal characteristics are of a very rudimentary nature.

A cylindrical body, composed more or less of muscular fibres, more or less elongate and capable of expansion and contraction; a very dilatable mouth, opening in the middle of the upper end of this cylinder, and surrounded with one or more rows of tentacles, or feelers; a nervous system, more or less susceptible to extraneous influences; powerful digestive organs; and singular powers of reproduction; are the features which lift the sea-anemones from the vegetable to the animal kingdom. But though animals, in their beauty of form and colour they run almost an equal race with terrestrial flowers.

One of the most splendid specimens of the group is the plumose anemone (*Actinoloba dianthus*), frequently met with in the North Sea and the deeper waters all round the coast, and brought in by the trawlers. Fully expanded, it rises erect to a height, when full grown, of from six to nine inches, with a diameter of about three inches, and its appearance then fully justifies a claim to its being considered pre-eminently the noblest of British anemones. Its colour, unlike that of the majority of the family, is confined to one particular line, though in different specimens this line will vary from a pure white to a dark mouse-colour, passing through successive stages of a delicate saffron, a deep yellow, a rich orange, and then to the still deeper colours. The graceful column is crowned with clusters of feather-like frills which cover the disc and overlap the sides in luxuriant profusion, giving the dianthus the appearance of a miniature palm-tree, the resemblance being perhaps heightened by the waving motion given to the feathery tentacles by the slightest agitation of the water. The dianthus, when in the full glory of expansion, seems, indeed, highly susceptible to the least movement around it, for even the passage of a shrimp through the water near it causes a responsive action on its part, in the instant closing, or rather withdrawal towards the centre of the disc, of the tentacles most exposed to the irritation. In a moment or two, however, they are again unfurled, though more slowly than they were contracted, ready to be closed again on the next momentary shock. A similar action is observable in the sensitive plant (*Animosa pudica*), the fronds of which close and droop on being touched, and then slowly revive again on the plant being left to itself. This great susceptibility to outside influences, even from little things, keeps the tentacles of the dianthus constantly on the move, whilst still greater shocks cause its entire collapse. Its handsome crest appears to shudder on all sides as the clusters of tentacles are withdrawn and folded into the least possible space, and then the graceful form shrinks and droops until what, a few moments before, was a tall and gorgeous "sea-flower" becomes an amorphous mass of unsightliness. Of the pretty column and the numberless tentacles nothing is left but a little heap of gelatinous fibres, as like as possible to an unpicturesque lump of putty on a glazier's slab. A remarkable transformation, indeed, but effected by very simple means.

The size of the anemone depends—subject, of course, to its age (and they live for years)—on the amount of water it absorbs, and this amount is regulated by its own will. If it desires to appear at its best, it distends itself with water. When it desires to shrink, the means of its borrowed glory is ejected and returned to the general store.

This explanation, and the interesting phenomenon of the sea-anemone's powers of expansion and contraction, helps also to solve the problem of how it moves from one place to another, for, though it is generally stationary in its habits, and though apparently destitute of all means of locomotion, it is far from being a mere "stay at home." When about to seek a fresh home it detaches its base from the rock or stone upon which it has hitherto flourished, and swells itself with water. It thus becomes almost as light as the volume of water it displaces, and the most gentle current or agitation is sufficient to impel it forward. Thus it travels onwards till it wishes to again fix itself, and then the pr...

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reversed. The anemone contracts, the water escapes, and it sinks to the bottom, where, as good or ill fortune may betide it, it finds a better or worse resting-place.

Nor is this the only means of locomotion the anemone possesses. For short journeys it has a readier method still, by simply detaching its base and allowing the force of gravity to do the rest. In other words, the little creature takes its chance of rolling or falling into a more suitable location. Failing the adoption of either of these two methods, it is able to reach a desired spot by another means, namely, by gliding along the face of a rock somewhat in the manner of a snail. Its hold on its original home is slightly relaxed, and the base of its column extruded in the direction towards which it wishes to proceed. The opposite portion of its column is then withdrawn, and slowly but surely the anemone makes its way forward. Its rate of progress is too slow to be perceptible to the eye, for, though it may on occasions travel more quickly, an anemone will sometimes occupy two or three days in moving an inch. This rate of locomotion is not a rapid one, it is true, but then the anemone, if it can think at all, which is open to doubt, has other matters to think about than merely covering long distances. It is when it is "on the move" that it most often helps to fulfil the great demand to "increase and multiply," for as it moves along tiny pieces of its body are broken away, which, minute and microscopic in size as they are, soon become nothing less than young anemones, with tiny tentacles of their own to wave, and tiny mouths of their own to fill. Like Moore's Irish heart, that "indignant breaks, to show that still she lives," the anemone severs itself to perpetuate its race, but with this act of self-sacrifice its solicitude ends, and the baby anemone is left without hesitation to do the best it can alone. This singular form of reproduction is best observed when the anemone is passing across the glass of a tank, in which case a row of young ones may be seen marking the track taken by their parent—living records of a tedious and devoted journey. Other species of the family are oviparous, or egg-bearing, the ova being extruded from the mouth of the older anemone, which altogether has to answer for a good many purposes than that for which it is used by animals of a higher development. The ova are roundish in shape, and are provided with vibratile cilia, enabling them to move through the water. After being flung from their parents they move about actively for several days, during which they undergo a slight modification in form. They ultimately relax their activity, and, absorbing the cilia, attach themselves to a shell or rock, passing through a series of forms, eventually arriving at maturity. In other instances the little ones are summarily shot, fully formed, but minute, from their parents' mouths, being literally "thrown on the world" one after another in succession; and still yet another means of reproduction is that known as "gemmation," or budding, which occurs most frequently in those zoophytes having a stony skeleton, like the corals. It is, however, noticed in the case of the dianthus, specimens of which have been found with two or more infant animals springing from their sides near the base. This anemone is known as the "sea-carnation," possibly from its tendency to become a double "flower," or from a fancied resemblance of its clusters of tentacles to the petals of the carnation, its habit of rending itself to pieces is frequently illustrated. On a recent occasion a fine specimen of the dianthus was noticed undergoing the process of dismemberment, or rather disruption. In shifting from one piece of rock to another it was compelled to span a slight depression, and, with half its base on one rock and the remainder on the other, it had preferred to break in half rather than complete its passage. Thus, slowly, two healthy anemones, at first joined at the head, but subsequently divided, appeared where before one only had been.

The part anemones fill in the economy of the ocean would seem to be to act in a small way as scavengers of the sea, for they do a useful, though a humble part of the work, in absorbing the particles of animal matter with which the water is more or less charged, and thus assist in promoting the well-being of all around them. They derive their nourishment solely, in fact, from animal food, and in securing this their tentacles do good service. No sooner does a shrimp or a sand-hopper, or any of the smaller crustacea, come within the reach of these siren-like arms than they instantly close upon it, and, involved in the convolutions of hundreds of writhing feelers, the luckless adventurer is dragged with resistless force to the gaping mouth in the centre of the disk, through which it at once descends into the anemone's stomach. Here the muscular lining does its work in extracting all the nutritive juices, and then, after a tardy process (lasting sometimes as long as twelve hours), the victim is disgorged by the same way as it entered, crushed into an irrecognisable mass. When roused by hunger, the larger anemones do not hesitate to grapple with higher game, for they have been known to envelope a large whelk and extract all the soft parts from the shell, and even the pugnacious soldier-crab has paid the penalty of too close acquaintance with these beautiful but ravenous "flowers." Though the anemones are thus not without means of defence, one or more species are also furnished with weapons of offence, notably the *Sagartia parasitica*, the *Sagartia miniata*, the *S. bellis*, and the *Adamsia palliata*.

The name "Sagartian" is adopted from that of a section of the army of Xerxes, whose favourite mode of fighting was to lassoo their antagonists and drag them towards them to be put to death. The Sagartian anemones, when alarmed by the approach of an obnoxious intruder follow a similar plan. Their bodies swell, and a row of tiny excrescences appears close to the base; from these are extruded in masses white thread-like filaments, which, falling like a shower of tenacious mucus on its foe, paralyses its efforts, and leaves it a helpless victim. Little crabs, shrimps, and the smaller mollusks are covered with this death-dealing shower in a few seconds.

Sea-anemones are found on nearly all parts of the British coasts, the species numbering between sixty and seventy. Some of the most beautiful come from the shores of Cornwall and Devonshire; but the rocks of nearly every sea-side town will yield numbers of highly interesting specimens to ordinarily careful observers. Next to the dianthus, the *Tealia crassicornis* is, perhaps, the most handsome of them all. Unlike that lordly "flower," it grows to only two or three inches in height, but is, on the other hand, much larger in diameter, sometimes being from six to eight inches across. The bodies vary in colour, ranging through all the most gorgeous hues imaginable, which the transparent tentacles, devoid, save, perhaps, of the slightest tint of colour, help to make, by contrast, the more effective.

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The *Anthea cereus*, or "torch thistle," is another fine variety, with medusa-like tentacles tipped with purple, which, by the way, are never withdrawn entirely from sight, as is the case with all other anemones. The smaller members of the family include the *Corynactis*, bright, tiny little creatures which gleam in the water like gems. Some are coloured with the brightest of emerald greens, with purple tentacles; others with a brilliant orange; and others again with a rich ruby hue with white tentacles. These tiny creatures, even when expanded to the full extent, can be covered with a threepenny-piece, and, when contracted, are scarcely bigger than a pea; but they also follow the example of their larger brethren in the matter of reproduction, and, at certain times, stretching themselves until they tear in half, become two distinct animals. Of the many other varieties, which go to make up this interesting group of the animal kingdom, much might be said. Their beautiful gradations of colour, their innumerable modifications of structure, more particularly as regards those important members, the tentacles, and their mode of life, all these help to make the sea-anemones objects which repay the closest study during a leisure hour at the Aquarium.

ADVENTURES OF MADAME GODIN.

MADAME GODIN DES ODONNAIS was the wife of a French astronomer associated with M. La Condamine, who, in 1745, was engaged in scientific observations in equatorial America. Rather than remain in Europe away from her husband she resolved to accompany him, and share his trials, and accordingly went to Quito, where for a time they lived happily together. But their tranquillity was destined to be abruptly disturbed, for M. Godin being summoned to Cayenne was compelled, by circumstances beyond his control, to leave his wife behind. For sixteen long years he was unable to return to Quito, or even communicate with his anxious partner, every letter having miscarried *en route;* but an opportunity occurring, he proceeded to the Amazons, with the intention of ascending the river, about two thousand five hundred miles, and then up one of its northern tributaries, and by a journey on foot through the forest, to reach his beloved. Scarcely, however, had he commenced his arduous undertaking when his health failed, and heart-broken he was obliged to relinquish a task for which he was constitutionally unfitted.

And now commences the history of Madame Godin's wonderful adventures. By some means or other a rumour reached her that a party was ascending the Amazons, with the expectation of meeting her upon its upper banks, and, notwithstanding the entreaties of many friends, she at once resolved to depart from Quito, and plunge into the unknown solitudes before her, and brave any and every danger, in order to again embrace her husband. Her courageous spirit aroused the enthusiasm of her brother, who determined to join her, and when every preparation had been made, the party, numbering nine in all—viz., three females, two children, three men (one of whom was her brother), and Madame Godin herself—started on their memorable journey, amid the tears, good wishes, and heartfelt prayers of friends.

Day after day they toiled through rocky passes, and descended the rugged slopes of the Ecuadorian Andes, now fording mountain torrents, halting while thunderstorms swept overhead, and the clouds discharged their tropical deluge of rain, and anon watching the gigantic condor floating with motionless wings at an elevation to which no other bird aspires; listening to strange noises made by the several denizens of the forest, and ever on the alert for the Indians, whose unearthly whoop might at any time prove their death knell. Having reached a river flowing south, they descended with the current, and after a slow, though uneventful voyage, entered the vast expanse of the Amazons proper. The appearance of the yellow, fresh-water sea, with a gale of wind lashing its bosom into boisterous waves, inspired the company with awe and gloomy apprehensions. Hitherto their frail craft had glided upon an even, land-locked surface, the towering walls of trees on either hand sheltering them from the violence of the wind, but now a stout boat and skilful navigation were required, neither of which they possessed.

Scarcely had they entered the Amazons when their inexperience nearly proved fatal, a sudden gust of wind causing their canoe to fill and go down, with the greater part of their provisions, themselves narrowly escaping a watery grave. The mission villages, where they had hoped to obtain succour, were found deserted, the Indians either having been decimated by small-pox or the dread of this awful scourge having led them to abandon their homes and flee far into the interior. As their position grew daily more serious, it was resolved to make another attempt to reach some civilised settlement upon the banks of the river, although the chances of success were extremely doubtful, on account of innumerable islands, and their ignorance of the course of the Amazons. With any quantity of timber at hand, they constructed a raft, by lashing a number of logs together with vegetable ropes which hung from the branches of lofty trees, and after imploring the protection of the Divine Being, they once more embarked, and pushing off from land drifted with the current among a labyrinth of channels, the verdant forest cliffs presenting an unbroken front, but so indifferently had their means of conveyance been built that it soon came to grief, being dashed to pieces by a snag against which it had struck. Again the party escaped drowning, and forcing a path through the rank grass and reeds which fringe the shores of the river, they entered the dark forest, and endeavoured to proceed on foot. With clothes torn to shreds by thorns, they clambered over the roots of trees, and waded through dreary swamps, living upon wild nuts and berries, the stronger assisting the weaker, and all being animated by the cheerful disposition and indomitable perseverance of our heroine. But spouting rains by day, drenching dews by night, and a steamy sickening malaria at all times, coupled with want of nourishment, exposure, insect pests, and the fear of wild beasts and deadly reptiles, soon told upon the enfeebled band, and one after another succumbed to fever, till at last the unhappy Madame Godin stood alone, surrounded by the dead bodies of her relatives and friends, alone in the largest forest on the face of the globe, nearly three thousand miles from the Atlantic, without a hand to help, word to cheer, or eye to pity!

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Overwhelmed with horror at her apparently hopeless condition, not knowing which way to turn, or what to do, she embraced the lifeless forms of those she loved, and, after several vain attempts to bury them, sank exhausted to the ground, and for two days gave way to uncontrollable anguish of heart and soul. The marvel is how she could survive such an accumulation of disasters, but, possibly, prolonged weeping relieved her system, and *the instinct of self-preservation* was awakened. Plucking the worn-out shoes off one of the dead, she partly shielded her torn and bleeding feet, and again commenced her uncertain wanderings, ever incurring the risk of being crushed to death by falling trees and branches, of being attacked by some loathsome boa or alligator, or bitten by a poisonous snake. After sunset she could hear the roar of the ferocious jaguar, the yell of monkeys, the hiss of serpents, and jeering croak of the frogs, while night-birds piped a mournful requiem, and the whip-poor-will made the arched forest re-echo with his plaintive notes. Naked and hungry, she still toiled on, stopping to rest when weary, when sometimes she would be lulled to sleep by the din of heaven's artillery, and streams of water pouring through the foliage above would lave her parching skin. Day after day her spectre-like form glided under fair plants, beautiful ferns and lofty palms, and now and then a flash of sunlight through a rift in the emerald canopy would reveal how much her once beautiful form had shrunken, and how deeply her lovely expressive eyes were sinking. Still onwards! forwards! and ever crying from her inmost soul, "Save me! Oh, my God, save me!" till, on the ninth day, she heard a noise which sounded like the paddling of a canoe. Cheer up, Madame Godin! Do not turn sick and faint now! If your heart continues beating like this it will soon come to a dead stop! Hark! some voices are nearing; surely your prayers are about to be answered! Now for it, brave French lady! Even death at the hands of a savage is preferable to this terrible living death; but still, trust in God! And away she bounds, tearing through the matted undergrowth, not feeling even the thorns which gash her tender limbs, and reaching the river's brink, where some Indians are startled by her apparition, she throws herself upon their mercy.

The poor red men were touched with compassion at her appearance, and readily complied with her request to be conducted to the nearest mission, though it was several days distant. Eventually she reached the village, where care was taken of her until she was well enough to continue her journey. Her voyage down the rest of the Amazons was attended with considerable delay, risk, and exposure; but in the good providence of God she was once again restored to her devoted husband, for whom she had braved and suffered so much, and after nineteen years of separation, they met to part no more until their Maker should call them to Himself.

At their earliest opportunity, M. and Madame Godin returned to France, where their declining years were spent in well-earned comfort and repose, the sympathy and love of a large circle of friends, in a manner, compensating for the sufferings they had endured. It is asserted that Madame Godin could never speak of her journey from Quito to Amazonia without intense agitation, and, consi-...clusly, the subject was never alluded to in her hab...

An Old Fable Re-told.

ONCE on a time, when birds talked Greek,
And poets often heard them speak,
A sweet-voiced lark, with feathery crest,
Deep in a cornfield built her nest;
And so it chanced, when autumn suns
The golden grain had perfected,
Fledged were Cassita's little ones,
And growing restless in their bed.

Forth when she fared to quest their food,
She bade them all be still and good,
And notice well whate'er occurred,
Reporting all they saw or heard.

Soon came the farmer and his son.
Said he, "These ears are full and white,
'Tis time that harvest were begun;
Go quickly, then, our friends invite,
Tell them their help we fain would borrow,
And bid them come at dawn to-morrow."

They went their way: Cassita came,
And found her brood in doleful frame:
"Oh, mother, mother dear," they cry,
"Make haste, we pray thee; let us fly.
'Tis certain that to-morrow morn
Their friends are asked to reap the corn."

"Nay, trouble not," said she, "my dears;
Groundless and premature your fears;
For if the harvesting depends
Not on the farmer but his friends,
To-morrow will not see them come,
Nor we be forced to shift our home."

Next day she goes on quest again:
The farmer waits, and waits in vain:
Bright shines the sun; but all for nought,
For still no reaper-friends it brought.

Then to his boy again he spoke:
"Our friends are sadly lazy folk;
No doubt our cousins and our neighbours
Would come to help us in our labours;
So go to them, and give them warning
To come betimes to-morrow morning."

This, too, the trembling brood report.
Their mother bids them cease from worry;
"Cousins," she said, "are not the sort
To come and work in such a hurry;
Yet mind you keep an open ear,
And recollect what next you hear."

Away she flew; the farmer came;
Quoth he, "I find they're all the same,
A cousin's faithless as a friend:
Let's go and get us sickles two,
That's one for me and one for you,
And thus ourselves the matter end;
For if to-morrow we begin,
We soon shall have the harvest in."

Cassita hears; says she, "No doubt
The time's arrived for clearing out;
For, as the master told his son,
Harvest will straightway be begun,
Since now they seek not help elsewhere,
But undertake their own affair."

C. W. BINGHAM.

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Varieties.

Sir Bartle Frere.—In reading the criticisms upon Sir Bartle Frere, who had the difficult task of deciding as to war without consulting with the Government at home, we are struck with the parallel position in which another Indian statesman found himself. In the "Life of the Hon. Mountstuart Elphinstone," we are told that "he hesitated for awhile whether the time had not arrived when he should commence hostilities, and order an attack on the prince (Bajee Rao, the Peshwa of the Mahrattas) in his palace; but motives of humanity, and regard for the unoffending inhabitants of a great city threatened with assault, supported the public considerations which made the Resident avoid the commencement of actual war without the direct authority of his Government. At the same time the general impression in both camps was that war was resolved upon by the Peshwa, and delay would only enable him to carry it on with more perfect preparation." His decision to attack the Peshwa saved India.

The Old Arctic Ship Resolute.—The good old ship Resolute, well known in the heroic story of Arctic discovery and exploration, has been broken up for firewood by order of the officials at the Admiralty. Various appeals were made to save the ship, and to have her moored at Greenwich as a training-ship. Mr. John Barrow, whose name recalls old days at Whitehall of better naval spirit, wrote thus:—"Independent of her having done good service in the Arctic seas, in search of Franklin, under the command of two highly distinguished officers, the late Sir Horatio Austin, K.C.B., and the late Sir Henry Kellett, K.C.B., there is a remarkable history attached to her. It will be remembered that after being abandoned in the ice she drifted 1,200 miles, and was picked up by Captain Buddington, of the American whale ship George Henry, purchased and fitted out by the American Government, who sent her to England, under Captain Harstein, and presented her to the Queen on December 16th, 1856, her Majesty having gone on board, with the lamented Prince Consort and several members of the Royal Family, at Cowes, and received her at the hands of Captain Harstein. An interesting engraving commemorative of the event, from a picture painted by Mr. Simpson, was published by Messrs. Colnaghi. It would be but a poor compliment to the United States, which so nobly and generously aided in the search, to break her up." An appeal of this kind might have been of use if made to naval lords, but was not understood by a "man of business." A portion of the timber was saved, however, to make a table for the White House at Washington.

An Old Australian Colonist.—In May of this year the death was announced at Adelaide of Mr. George Fife Angas, well known for nearly forty years in the city of London as a merchant and a shipowner, and equally well known for his connection with the colonisation of South Australia. Mr. Angas was born at Newcastle-on-Tyne on the 1st of May, 1789. He identified himself during the early years of his busy life with several religious and philanthropic institutions, more particularly the establishment of Sunday-schools and sailors' societies. He also originated the National and Provincial Bank of England. In founding and colonising South Australia he was the leading spirit. He established the South Australian Company, the Bank of South Australia, and the Union Bank of Australia, and was chairman of the London boards of direction of all these companies until he resigned on leaving England to settle in South Australia in 1850. Elected a member of the first representative Parliament in that colony, he continued to sit there for many years, and only gave up his seat in the Legislative Council when declining health induced him to retire to his country seat at Lindsay Park. Here he continued to take an active interest in public and private business affairs to the last.

Canon Beadon, the Centenarian.—Authentic cases of longevity to a hundred years and upwards are few and far between, simply because no legal registry of births existed so long ago. In this instance the Rev. Canon Beadon, of North Stoneham, was proved by documentary evidence to have reached the age of 101½ years when he died in June, 1879. He was born in London in 1777 at the close of the year, and succeeded his father at the rectory of the above parish, near Southampton, in 1811, where he officiated for sixty-eight years, respected by all his parishioners, and beloved by a numerous circle. Besides being a man of sound constitution, the even tenour of his life, and the healthy situation of his church and the surrounding country, no doubt conduced to his great longevity. Indeed there are few places in England that can compare with St. Nicholas Church at North Stoneham in these respects. Although not more than four miles from the northern suburbs of Southampton, it is environed with a noble park and gigantic trees, combining the charms of rural scenery and seclusion. Here he entered upon his duties with a genial disposition, and was a patron of the youthful games among the boys of his rectory. Only last summer the venerable clergyman was seated beneath an oak-tree planted by himself when he first assumed office, deeply interested in a cricket match played on his grounds. He was also a lover of horticulture, and sent to the local exhibitions choice plants of his own rearing. He likewise took an active part in all useful institutions, and was chairman and founder of the Southampton Savings Bank. When he reached his 100th year the town council presented an address to him, and the Queen, then at Osborne, sent him a letter. Thus a true instance is entered on the roll of centenarians. His experience, when asked the secret of longevity, was summed up sententiously in the advice, "Don't worry, don't coddle." He spent much time in the open air, and it is said rarely wore an overcoat till past his ninetieth year. He was Canon and Chancellor of Wells Cathedral.

Two Thomsons.—Professor Rutherford, of Edinburgh, has for a long period been engaged in experiments on living animals to test the effect of certain drugs on the secretion of bile. On one occasion, on reading a report of his researches before the Royal Society of Edinburgh, Sir Wyville Thomson was in the chair, and gave his opinion that "if a man in a public position felt that he had knowledge and nerve sufficient to perform these experiments, for lessening the suffering and prolonging the lives of men, even though they should involve a certain amount of suffering to the lower animals, he was not only entitled, but was bound to perform them." On another occasion Sir William Thomson, the President of the Society, was in the chair. He did not deem it right to interfere at the time, but on the following day published a protest in these terms: "As chairman, I did not feel that I had the right to express my opinion that experiments involving such torture to so large a number of sentient and intelligent animals are not justifiable by either the object proposed or the results obtained or obtainable by such an investigation as that described by Professor Rutherford. I feel this opinion very strongly after many years' serious consideration of the general question of the advisableness or justifiableness of experiments involving cruel treatment of the lower animals. My presence without protest might seem to imply that I approved of the experiments which were described."

Gas Companies' Profits.—During the recent discussion of the exorbitant charges and unfair accounts of the gas companies, an analytic chemist made the following statement: "A ton of gas-coal at Newcastle costs about 5s. 6d., and the gas companies get out of it about as follows:—9,500 feet of gas, at 3s. 9d., £1 15s. 7½d.; one chaldron coke and breeze, 9s.; ten gallons tar, at 1½d., 1s. 3d.; ammoniacal liquor sufficient to make 6 lb. sulphate ammonia, 3½d.; total, £2 6s. 2d."

Female Votes for Members of Parliament.—The petition on which Mr. Courtenay founded his motion was as follows: "The humble petition showeth: That the exclusion of women otherwise legally qualified from voting in the election of Members of Parliament is injurious to those excluded, contrary to the principles of justice, and to that of the laws now in force regulating the election of municipal, parochial, and all other representative governments. Wherefore your petitioners humbly pray that your honourable House will pass a Bill to remove the electoral disabilities of women."

The Spessart Forest.—Whoever wishes to get acquainted with the wildest German forest regions, let him visit the Spessart Forest. The sportsman is delighted with its immense hunting grounds, wherein still the wild boar and the stag are seen, and the draughtsman travelling through these solitary regions will find many a subject for his portfolio. The farmer, however, is scarcely rewarded for his labour bestowed upon that sterile soil. The peasant of the Spessart district is poor. Rye [illegible] wheat grow badly upon the hard soil he ploughs. H[illegible] has to subsist almost entirely on potatoes. Were [illegible] forest, how could he live? What falls from the [illegible]

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plies him with the wood for his hearth, with the straw for his stable, with the manure for his field. His axe is more to him than the plough elsewhere. He uses it either for the Government or for the dealer in wood. The children are sent into the forest to gather bilberries, which they carry on their backs in baskets to a great distance, to be sold in towns. The want and continual struggle against hunger and cares have always been customary. We hear with regret that since the last severe winter there has been actual famine among these poor people of the Spessart Forest. A committee of relief exists at Aschaffenburg, and Mr. H. Krebs, assistant at the Bodleian Library, Oxford, would gladly receive and forward any help given in England.

Mexico and its International Exhibition.—An international Exhibition is to be held in the city of Mexico in January, 1880. A circular from the Minister of Public Works announcing this says that "An international exhibition—the most proper means of bringing together the intelligent and enterprising men of all nations—must be favourable, by this mere fact, to the prosperity and development of the country, in so much as it will rectify the errors which are afloat regarding it, as well as because it will expand actual markets and open new ones to the products of Mexican agriculture and industry, thereby paving the way to the solution of the problem regarding the construction and operation of railways in Mexico; of the no less difficult one regarding colonisation, and of others which, directly or indirectly, depend on these, and which embody the secret of the peace and prosperity of the Republic."

Unanimity of Juries.—In a recent case in the Second Court of Queen's Bench, Mr. Justice Manisty sent for a jury which had been absent for some hours, and told them that he was very sorry to learn that they believed there was no probability of their being agreed upon a verdict. His lordship asked them to allow him to make a few observations on that subject. He then proceeded to tell them that the consequences of their being discharged without a verdict would be almost certain "ruination" to one of the parties, if not to both. This inability to come to an unanimous verdict was a great evil, and, he feared, a growing evil, which would lead to a change in the law. It was a scandalous thing that a common jury in the City of London, composed of such respectable and intelligent persons as he saw before him, should not be able to agree upon the conclusion to be drawn from the evidence laid before them. He adjured them "to give and take," and see if they could not by that means arrive at unanimity. Thus admonished, the "twelve good men and true," instead of retiring as they were invited to do, then and there, *coram judice, et coram populo*, laid their heads together and "gave and took" to such good purpose, that in less than a minute, when the officer of the court inquired, "Are you agreed, gentlemen?" the response came promptly and unhesitatingly, "We are. We find for the plaintiff, with damages £20." His lordship, having congratulated them on their promptness, relieved them from further duty.

Music-Halls.—While Mr. S. C. Hall was editor of "Social Notes" he inserted an article which passed a severe sentence on modern music-halls. The new editors declared that they had been to a music-hall and found it very amusing. This is rather a strange verdict to give in a journal that was started for the purpose of forwarding Temperance principles and reforming society. We should like to hear by what the editors were amused. In contrast to this it may be mentioned that some time ago the editor of a prominent literary journal sent a gentleman round to all the Metropolitan music-halls, with orders to write an unbiassed description of all that he saw. The series of articles was advertised to appear, but when the mss. came to hand the editor was obliged to confess that the description of what his commissioner had seen was totally unfit to place before his readers.—*The Echo.*

A South African Family.—In the journal of a recent visit to South Africa, by Isaac Sharp and other members of the Society of Friends, a remarkable family is mentioned, the founder of which was well known to Dr. Moffat in his early days—Andrew Murray (a Scotchman, we believe), who belonged to the Dutch Reformed Church in Africa. Isaac Sharp says:—"We reached Graaf Reinet, and were kindly met on the door-steps by Charles Murray, who bade us welcome to the parsonage. A letter from Theodore Harris, and introductory letters from the Colonial Office, to the civil commissioners or resident magistrates, awaited our arrival. Mary Murray, the mother ... host, is the widow of Andrew Murray, whose hospitality ... house recorded forty years ago. We have met with ... all in the ministry, and three daughters, the wives of ministers of the Dutch Reformed Church. These wonderful Murrays have exerted and still exert a powerful influence, educationally as well as ministerially. Charles Murray took us to his Sabbath-school, over three hundred present.

Corn Laws.—The following letter from Mr. Alfred B. Beaven, of Preston, contains historical facts which many of our readers will like to preserve:—"Wolverhampton returned as its first members to Parliament after its enfranchisement by the Reform Bill of 1832, Messrs. W. Wolryche Whitmore and Richard Fryer. Mr. Fryer brought forward the first motion against the Corn Laws in the Reformed Parliament. His colleague, Mr. Whitmore, had, when sitting for Bridgnorth in 1826, proposed their repeal, and was generally regarded as the Parliamentary leader of the Freetraders until his withdrawal from the House in 1834. Mr. Fryer's motion in 1833 was supported by only fifty members, inclusive of tellers, although that Parliament contained more than 400 adherents of the 'Liberal' party. The only survivors of that small minority are Sir S. Whalley, Lord Belper, Sir Edward Buller, and Mr. J. H. Lloyd. Among those who voted with them I notice the names of George Grote, Joseph Hume, Matthew Davenport Hill, James Silk Buckingham, Dr. Lushington, and Sir De Lacy Evans. Mr. O'Connell's name is not in the division list. Mr. Villier's first motion on the Corn Laws, in 1839, was rejected by more than two to one—361 to 172. Among Mr. Villier's supporters were the present Earls of Fife, Granville, Fitzwilliam, and Bessborough, Lord Alfred Paget, Sir George Philips, Mr. E. Ellice, Mr. F. J. Howard, Lord Kinnaird, Sir W. Hutt, and Mr. John Parker, all of whom survive. Among the opponents of free trade were Messrs. Gladstone and Milner Gibson, both at that time Tories, the whole strength of the Conservative party, and most of the leading official and representative 'Liberals,' as Lord Palmerston, Lord John Russell, the late Earl Fortescue, Lord Grey, Sir George Grey, Lord George Cavendish, the late Lords Monteagle and Northbrook (Whig Chancellors of the Exchequer), Mr. Lalor Sheil, Mr. Owen Stanley, Mr. Craven Berkeley, the Earl of Minto, Lord Vivian, the late Duke of Bedford, Lord Charles Russell, and many others. As Mr. Bright is never tired of denouncing the Tory party for its opposition to free trade in corn, it is perhaps worth while recalling the fact that not only Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Sidney Herbert, Sir James Graham, and the 'Peelites,' but representatives of such well-known 'Liberal' families as those of Berkeley, Russell, Vivian, Elliot, Baring, Cavendish, Grey, Fortescue, and Stanley of Alderley were found voting in the same lobby with the 'Tory monopolists' within seven years of the final collapse of Protection."

William Lloyd Garrison.—At Mr. Lloyd Garrison's funeral the following verses, by John G. Whittier, were read:—

The storm and peril overpast,
 The hounding hatred shamed and still,
Go, soul of freedom! take at last
 The place which thou alone canst fill.

Go up and on! thy day well done,
 Its morning promise well fulfilled,
Arise to triumphs yet unwon,
 To holier tasks that God has willed.

Go, leave behind thee all that mars
 The work below of man for man;
With the white legions of the stars
 Do service such as angels can.

Wherever wrong shall right deny,
 Or suffering spirits urge their plea,
Be thine a voice to smite the lie,
 A hand to set the captive free!

The Late Dr. Mortimer.—In a late number of the "Leisure Hour," in a notice of Dr. Mortimer, formerly of the City of London School, it is stated that Dr. Mortimer was educated by Dr. Lempriere. A correspondent writes: "Dr. Mortimer received his education at the Exeter Grammar School, as stated, but the head master during the whole time was my late father, the Rev. C. H. Collyns, D.D., who died Rector of Farringdon, Devon. Dr. Mortimer was never under any other master. Christ's Hospital and the City School were at one time presided over by Head-masters Dr. Jacob and Dr. Mortimer, both of whom were educated by Dr. Collyns, who had succeeded Dr. Lempriere at Exeter."

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᱾THE LEISURE HOUR.

BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND.
AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND.—*Cowper.*

A FALL OF SNOW.

STRAIGHT TO THE MARK.

CHAPTER XXIII.—AN OLD BRADSHAW.

When I that censure him do so offend,
Let mine own judgment pattern out my death,
And nothing come in partial.

—*Shakespeare.*

CHRISTMAS was over; New Year's Day had come and gone. Term had begun at Abbotscliff. The boys came back by the latest train available on the appointed day, and found their way up to the college in groups, leaving their portmanteaus and boxes to be sent after them. Most of them appeared to be in high spirits. It might have been thought that they were glad the holidays were over. If they felt any regrets they managed to conceal them from the public view. They talked together of the jolly time they had had at home, and of the [illegible] term they meant to have at school. Foot[illegible] athletics were the chief things which [illegible]

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their attention this term—the school work being taken for granted: it was not necessary to talk about that. There were a few new boys, who found each other out instinctively and herded together at first; but the old fellows greeted one another noisily, if not politely, and went to their studies and other accustomed places in their respective boarding-houses with cheerful looks and not very heavy hearts. Tables were spread with substantial joints of cold meat, to which the boys could help themselves as they arrived; but most of them had fared well already before leaving home and at the railway stations, and from that or some other cause were not hungry.

"Are all the fellows come?" some one asked, when they were about retiring to their dormitories. Of course no one could answer that question; but it was passed round, and notes were interchanged of boys who had been seen and others who had not been seen. There had been on former occasions some irregularity in the arrival of the boys. Although there were some parents who complained that the holidays were unnecessarily long, yet many of them would take a day or two more upon some pretence or other, and the form-work of the whole school was hindered in consequence. Dr. Piercey had therefore given notice that in future no boy who was not punctual to the day appointed would be excused, except in cases of illness. Everybody knew that the doctor meant what he said, and no little interest was manifested in the consequences which might be expected to ensue if any boy should venture to disregard his mandate.

"Where's Martin?" said one.

"Swallow? Oh, I saw him with Tom Howard, walking with their arms over each other's shoulders, like the Siamese twins," another answered.

"Has anybody seen Robinson?"

"Yes; Robinson is all right; and so is Brown, and the two Joneses, and the three Smiths, and White and Green."

"And Blue and Pink," a lively youngster suggested.

"Where is that fellow Chaffin?"

Nobody had seen Chaffin. Chaffin, it was well known, had always taken a day or two extra with his father's sanction, and had boasted that he should do the same still; many of them hoped he would. The question was passed about with excitement—Had Chaffin returned? Nobody had seen him; nobody wanted to see him; but there was a great deal of speculation as to what would happen if he should not appear and answer to his name at calling-over next morning.

Their anticipations were well founded. Chaffin had not arrived. Two or three others were absent without leave, and came in in the course of the day; but on the second night Chaffin was still absent. Dr. Piercey called up the boys who had arrived a day late, and, after a short speech, gave them an imposition and gated them for a week. One of them, named Barry, pleaded to be excused on the ground that it was not his fault that he and his brother were late.

"Whose fault was it?" the doctor asked.

"We missed the train, sir," said Barry major. "The time-table had been altered."

"Since when?"

"Since last month."

"...en you ought to have known it."

"...ir; but if you please, sir, I had an old habi..."

"You ought to have had a new one: to-day is the 21st of January; you might have procured one three weeks ago."

"I did not know that there would be any change in the trains, sir."

"You would have known it if you had used proper care."

"My father looked out the train for me."

"By doing so in an improper manner he exposed you to punishment. I cannot give him an imposition of five hundred lines; you are old enough to take care of yourself in such a matter, and it was your place to do so. You and your brother must take the consequences."

"It is very hard, sir."

"It will be a lesson to you."

There was nothing more to be said. The boys knew that they must perform their task, and were silent.

"I wonder what Chaffin will get," said one of them, after school. "He is two days late; he will have a thousand lines at least, and be gated half the term."

The third morning Chaffin was still absent. His name was called, but no voice answered. There was a buzz of excitement, some of the boys appearing to be very much delighted at the prospect of a scene. Dr. Piercey also, as it happened, was absent, which was a very unusual thing for him, especially as he had given no notice to his form, who were waiting for him.

"He is never ill," said one to another; "or if he is, he does not give in."

They remained in the class-room, expecting his arrival every moment, and were just going away, at the end of an hour, when the doctor appeared, looking very hot and uncomfortable as some of them thought. He took his usual place and went through the lesson hastily, but he was evidently preoccupied, and "absent still," as one of the boys whispered to his neighbour.

When the lesson was ended Dr. Piercey arose and moved towards the door; then paused, and returned to his place.

"I was late this morning," he said.

They knew that already, and were silent.

"Have you any idea how it happened?"

"No, sir."

"Come with me."

The doctor then led the way, looking rather downcast, as they thought, towards the great hall, where most of the boys were assembled at their work, and took his place upon the rostrum from which he had made his short speech about the absentees the day before. The boys were all attention. "Chaffin is come," they whispered one to another. A rumour had been current that the doctor had sent a policeman after him, and many of the "very young" among them expected to see the truant brought into the room presently in charge of a "bobby." Dr. Piercey was himself evidently oppressed with the gravity of the situation, and seemed, for the first time since they had known him, to have a difficulty in finding words to express himself. He hesitated, coughed, looked around him, let his eye fall towards the desk, and at length broke silence.

"I was late in school this morning," he said; "and after what passed yesterday, I feel called upon to tell you how it happened. I had occasion last night to go to Puddleford, and intended to return by the first

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train this morning. I was a few minutes behind time at the Puddleford station and the train was gone."

He paused, and there was a solemn silence, broken only by a little squeak from one of the Barrys, who hid his face behind a book and endeavoured to escape from observation.

"I—I—it was my own fault," the doctor continued. "I trusted to an old Bradshaw."

Another squeak! Two squeaks this time from the place where the two Barrys were sitting, and a general sensation throughout the room.

"Oh, I say!" was whispered from one to another with great delight, especially among the younger boys.

"Silence!" from the monitors.

"I have no excuse to make," said the doctor, proceeding with more fluency, now that the unpleasant fact had been proclaimed. "It was nobody's fault but my own; and if I were in your place, I should deserve—"

"Five hundred lines," said a small voice, not meant to be audible. The words were heard, however, with a distinctness startling to the speaker, in consequence of the absolute and very unusual silence which prevailed.

"Who said that?" one of the monitors asked, peremptorily.

No one answered. The question was repeated. Several of the boys glanced sideways at each other, especially those nearest the spot from which the voice had come; but no one spoke.

"Who was it that said 'five hundred lines'?" the doctor asked, quietly.

Still there was silence. The boys understood that in a case of this kind they were not required to tell of one another, but only to answer for themselves.

"I'm waiting for a reply to my question," the doctor said again.

Then Barry minor rose to his feet, looking very red and miserable, and stood up in his place speechless.

"Did you say 'five hundred lines'?" the doctor asked, gravely.

"Yes, sir; I am very sorry, sir; I did not mean it at all. I did not think anybody would hear."

"I suppose you did not," said the doctor. "You may sit down. It would be a great waste of time," he continued, half seriously and half in joke, "for me to write out five hundred lines; and such a task would be for me a much severer punishment than it is for you. Still I should wish to satisfy you."

"Oh, sir," Barry minor began, with a trembling voice, "I did not mean anything."

But Dr. Piercey proceeded without noticing him.

"If any one thinks I ought to have five hundred lines for using an old Bradshaw—"

"No, sir, no," from the monitors.

"*Fiat justitia*; but I really could not find leisure for the task myself." He paused.

"The king can do no wrong," said one of the monitors.

There was a general expression of approval, if not of the sentiment itself, of the present application of it. But Dr. Piercey, though he also seemed to be pleased with the incident, shook his head and said that would not do.

"Then, sir, if the lines are to be done, I'll do them for you," said another.

"And I, and I, and I," from half a dozen voices.

Diver whispered to a neighbour that he had got a lot of lines of his own composition, ready written; he wondered whether those would do.

"Thank you," said the doctor, looking round him. "But as I am not a royal personage, I am not entitled to a whipping-boy. The only thing I can suggest is that you let me off unconditionally. What do you say?"

He was smiling now, and there was a general feeling of amusement and satisfaction in the school. The boys expressed their approval by look and gesture, as well as with their voices.

"Thank you," said the doctor. "I shall be more careful another time, I hope." And leaving the rostrum, he walked down the schoolroom to the door, all the boys standing up as he passed, and clapping their hands.

"If you please, sir," said the elder Barry, with a comical look, "are we to do our impositions?"

"Yes; why not?"

The boy said nothing, but looked surprised.

"You think, because I am let off, you ought to be?"

"Yes, sir."

"I don't see that. My fault is no excuse for yours."

"What is fair for one, though," the boy began, "is fair for another."

"That is true; but your case and mine are not alike."

Barry was silent. He could not argue with the doctor, and would not have ventured to say so much if he had not been led on by his master's pleasant look, as well as by his well-known fairness and good temper.

"How many lines have you done?" the doctor asked.

"About half, sir."

"Then I'll remit the rest. There shall be a general amnesty; not because I have been guilty of the same error—that would be no just reason—but because I feel sure that you will avoid it another time, as I shall also. You will promise me that?"

"Yes, sir; thank you, sir; you may depend upon me," each boy answered.

"I do depend upon you."

Again there was applause, in the midst of which the doctor left the school.

That night Chaffin returned. It was with no little apprehension that he listened to the description which some of the boys gave him of the events which had occurred in the morning. He had usually taken an extra day or two; but a special warning had been issued at the end of last term against any repetition of such practices. He had not supposed that "Piercey" meant what he said, and had again transgressed. He was called up in public the next day to give an account of himself. Meantime he had thought the matter over, and finding how serious the result was likely to be, had prepared his defence. His father had given him leave to stay; that was his first answer. His father told him to stay; he was bound to "honour and obey his father and mother;" that, in substance and argument, was his second. When told that such excuses could not be received, and that the only thing that could justify his want of punctuality was illness, or inability to return, he unblushingly declared that he had been ill and disabled. Upon which Dr. Piercey dismissed him for the present, intending to write to his father for a certificate of the fact. Chaffin also [illegible]

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parents, telling them exactly what had passed, reminding them that he had had a headache one day lately, and begging them to send such a letter to Dr. Piercey as should get him out of his difficulty.

But Mr. Chaffin resolved to carry matters with a high hand. The tenor of his letter to Dr. Piercey was that he was himself responsible for his son's detention; he had given him leave, at his urgent request, to stay two or three days longer at home, and as he paid for the full term all the same, he should have felt justified in keeping him a month if he had thought proper to do so. As for his being sick or disabled, that was all nonsense.

The consequences which ensued to Chaffin junior need not be described. It was clear that he had again been guilty of falsehood; and for that, apart from the delinquency which had led to it, he was punished, not with an imposition of lines to write out, but by strokes of a more degrading kind upon his back and shoulders.

After that a lively correspondence took place between the elder Chaffin and Dr. Piercey; and then suddenly, one morning, the boy was seen to go away from the boarding-house in a fly, taking his luggage with him. The report spread that he was gone for good. Some said his father had sent for him; others that he was expelled. No tears were shed; his face was seen no more at Abbotscliff; and but for certain events which are to be related in our next chapter, his name would very soon have been forgotten in the school.

CHAPTER XXIV.—BELLA, HORRIDA BELLA.

Cry havoc; and let slip the dogs of war.—*Shakespeare.*

Ingenium par materiæ.—*Juvenal.*

"Oh, I say! hurrah! How jolly!"

"What? what? what?" from many voices.

"Just look out! Hasn't it just been snowing! Why, there are two or three feet of snow upon the ground at least."

"How splendid! won't we have a battle! It's a half-holiday too. Hurrah!"

The boys in the dormitories were hurrying into their clothes as if eager for the fight, only stopping now and then to feast their eyes from the windows upon the broad expanse of white which lay before them. Roofs, trees, roads, fields, everything was covered with the dazzling and delightful snow. All angles had disappeared; the buttresses of the chapel and other buildings were rounded off; the pinnacles were sheathed, and had lost all their sharpness; nothing but curves and lines of beauty appeared to the boys' eyes everywhere. The silence which reigned without was impressive; the milk-carts came and went like visions in a dream; the clang of their tins sounded more distinctly than usual, else it might have been supposed that they were phantoms. Two or three men were busy sweeping paths from the boarding-houses to the chapel and school-house. They might be useful, perhaps, for the masters, but it was not to be supposed that the boys would avail themselves of them, except to plunge so much the deeper into the "sweepings" on either side. A few snowballs were thrown as the boys went to chapel, but there was not much time to spare then. Not till the midday meal was over, and the half-holiday had …gun, could the battle to which they had been look… …ward be properly set in array. Even then it … …organised attack and defence, but rather a general scrimmage and saturnalia. The little boy delighted to pelt the monitors, and if a master, in passing, ventured to take up a snowball, the whole of the junior school would set upon him until he wa[s] glad to avail himself of the shelter offered behin[d] the ranks of the monitors, or meekly to surrende[r] and cry "Pax." At one time, the sixth form, with a master or two, were attacked by nearly the whole of the rest of the school. At another, the "Moderns" found themselves matched against the Greeks and Romans. It did not matter much how the ranks were formed or in what manner they were recruited; the battle raged more or less hotly during the greater part of the afternoon. Yes, hotly, as the red cheeks and glowing faces of the combatants testified, in spite of the coldness of the projectiles. Some of the boys would have thrown off their jackets, but that was forbidden. The air was "dark" with the crowd of white missiles. So, at least, Diver was heard to exclaim. Diver was in ecstasies; the whole scene was full of poetry.

The snowballs meeting in the air
Broke into fragments crisp and fair,
Like bursting shells; and everywhere
Fast poured the white artillery.

Such was Diver's account of it. It reminded him not only of Campbell, but of Homer, of Virgil, of Milton. Here an Ajax (Jackson major)—

on the field he viewed,
With sturdy limbs and giant strength endued,
Whose brawny shoulders and whose swelling chest
And lofty height exceeded all the rest.
A glistening mass upon his arms he bore
(Such mountains float around the polar shore
Such rolling heaps through Alpine glaciers roar),
Applied each nerve, and swinging round on high
With force tempestuous, let the snowball fly.

There a Hector (Jones minor)—

Collects the ammunition of the skies,
Inspires his host with animating cries,
Flames in their front, and thunders at their head,
Bursts on the foe by mighty Ajax led,
And drives them, struggling, back, with fleecy foam o'er spread.
The gen'rous Greeks recede with tardy pace,
Though avalanches thunder in their face.
None turn their backs to mean, ignoble flight,
Slow they retreat, and e'en retreating fight,
White as the ground they tread, all but their faces white.

While the battle was thus raging with inconceivable fury—we beg Diver's pardon—

While thus they strive with more than mortal might,
The tumult swelling, and the rage of fight

suddenly another army is observed approaching o… flank. The playground (battle-field) is invade… new enemy. A detachment of labourers, bu… boys, fly-drivers, fishermen, *et hoc genus omn…* have been persecuted during the day as the… pened to pass the college, have made common… and present themselves in a formidable and threa… ing phalanx at the gates. The hitherto opposing armies of Greeks and Moderns instantly make peace, and rush with one accord upon the new advance. Diver throws off his hat,—

Loose his hair
Streamed like a meteor to the troubled air;

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his cheek glows with inspiration, his eye in a fine frenzy rolls :—

> He joins not in the fray, but stands afar
> In the cold shelter of a door ajar ;
> Not his to hurl the snowball in its flight—
> His to observe and rhapsodise and write !

"Abbotscliff for ever!" is the cry on one side.

"At 'em boys! Go it my hearties!" is the defiant answer from the other.

Then the battle began in earnest. There was a tremendous struggle at the gate. Ammunition would soon have failed, but fresh supplies were constantly being collected and brought to the front by troops of small boys, the Swallow being prominent amongst them. One or two little ones fell and were trampled upon, but they picked themselves up, crying and laughing at the same time, and said it did not matter. A boy of ten had a finger dislocated, and was hurried away to the doctor, in great pain, but sustained by a feeling of pride in being wounded, and chiefly grieving at the mischance because it compelled him to leave the field.

At length a loud shout was raised by the collegians —"They fly! They fly!" It was true. Town was retreating, small blame to them, as their adversaries admitted, being overmatched and outnumbered. Gown pursued them, but not far; for the enemy, meeting with reinforcements, turned back upon them.

But "Abbotscliff for ever!" is still the cry. Abbotscliff is now outnumbered in its turn. Yet Abbotscliff must not yield an inch. The boys crowd together forming a compact body; but that does not help them; they are surrounded and receive half a dozen balls for every one they can return; each missile from their adversaries tells, while their own, gathered up with difficulty and thrown at a more scattered foe, are often wasted. Still they keep their ground, and will not think of a retreat. Now Hector again springs to the front, and at the same moment a tall, broad-chested fisherman in a jersey advances to meet him.

"Entellus and Dares," cries Diver, who has now shifted his post, and is following the battle regardless of personal danger, like "Our own correspondent." The combatants on both sides pause to watch the coming struggle. Great store of ammunition is offered to each of the heroes; for a minute or two they pelt each other furiously at the distance of only two or three yards.

> A storm of hail on each with fury flies,
> And plays upon their temples, ears, and eyes ;
> They heave for breath, they stagger to and fro,
> And clouds of issuing smoke their nostrils blow.
> One on his youth and pliant limbs relies,
> One on his sinews and his giant size ;
> Before, behind, the blows are dealt ; around
> Their aching sides the heavy thuds resound.
> With hands upraised the Fisher threats the foe ;
> The Grecian steps aside and shuns the blow ;
> The Fisher slides, he falls. His ample breast
> And weighty limbs the groaning earth oppressed.

"Charge, boys! Abbotscliff for ever!" is again the cry. Before the Town can recover from their surprise and mortification at the fall of their champion the boys divide, and attack them on two sides at once, with such impetuosity that they retreat, falling upon each other, and then once more take to flight. The boys again pursue, cheering and rushing on with exultation, and before the Town can rally the college bell is heard ringing out the hour for calling over. The victors then turn back, laughing and showing their wounds, bumps, bruises, scratches in plenty, but with more water than blood visible. The iron gates are closed, and with one triumphant "Hurrah!" they go in to their several houses.

But when the roll is called, soon afterwards, Diver is missing. Diver, it is discovered, has fallen into the hands of the Philistines. Diver has been taken, pencil and note-book in hand, while absorbed in the effort to find a rhyme for "snowball." He appears, by-and-by, none the worse for his captivity, but he has had to pay a gallon of beer by way of ransom, his captors having with one accord declared that they were very "dry," an obvious untruth. He has been spoiled of his notes also, and that is the reason that we have given our readers only such brief fragments of versification as he was able subsequently to recollect or to recompose, after the moments of first inspiration had been lost.

There was excitement of a different kind for the boys that evening. A newspaper was lying on the table in the common room, and one of the monitors, who took it up, began to read the leading article aloud. It began thus:

"The days of physical torture, the lash and the pillory, as instruments of punishment in our prisons, are well-nigh past, but it appears that a barbarous system of pains and penalties, little in accordance with the spirit of the age, is still practised in one of our oldest public foundation schools. Many of our readers may never have heard of such a place as Abbotscliff, but if it has not been particularly famous hitherto as a seat of learning, it has at length acquired for itself a less enviable notoriety. In another column of our journal will be found a correspondence between the head master of that school and a Mr. Chaffin, whose son appears to have been the subject of unjust, not to say barbarous treatment."

The article continued at some length in this strain, condemning the arbitrary conduct of the head master, the Reverend Dr. Piercey, who, as a clergyman, might have been expected to adopt a milder form of discipline, and to show a preference for gentler influences. The doctor's own unpunctuality was enlarged upon—a fault which he had recently been compelled to admit, and which ought to have rendered him more lenient in judging others. He was represented as a tyrannical and imperious pedagogue of the old school, to whom no sensible or humane parent would like to entrust the care of his child; and a great deal of cheap sympathy was expressed for the "young boy" Chaffin. After giving an absurdly exaggerated account of the punishment he had undergone, and misrepresenting the occasion of it, the article concluded by drawing a parallel between the flagellations and penances imposed, in old times, upon the monks and devotees of Abbotscliff, and the system which Dr. Piercey seemed anxious to revive. It warned parents and guardians to avoid schools in which the head master's sway was practically absolute, being uncontrolled, so far as discipline was concerned, by any governing body, and unrestrained by any sense of responsibility for antipathies in[dulged] or power abused.

To describe the indignation which this [article] evoked from all who heard it read al[oud is] impossible.

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"Who brought this paper here?" cried one of the monitors. "I'll break his head, whoever it was."

"It was the doctor," Mr. Grantly replied.

"Dr. Piercey?"

"Yes; he thought you had better see it. It could not be concealed in any case; and though he is, of course, much annoyed about it, he knew that it would do him no harm among his own boys."

"I wish I could find out who wrote it. I vote we go after Chaffin, father and son, and put them under the pump together."

It was Ajax who spoke, and the proposal met with instant approval. The whole school would have started at once to put it into execution if that had been possible. Calmer and wiser counsels prevailed after a time; and two or three of the elder boys were deputed to wait upon the doctor and express their sympathy with him and their burning indignation against those who had made him the object of their most unjust attack. The same boys afterwards drew up a letter to the papers, containing a denial of all the untrue or exaggerated statements, and declaring their admiration of Dr. Piercey, as a Christian, a scholar, and a gentleman, and their affectionate attachment to him as their friend and master. It was signed in the name of all the boys, who gave their consent by acclamation, and it appeared without comment in the public papers on the following day. Mr. Chaffin also wrote a short letter expressing his regret that he had in a moment of anger given up the correspondence to be published, and complaining that the writer of the article had made too much of the matter, and had put an unfair construction upon the facts.

It was lucky for old Chaffin, the boys said, that he had made this *amende*. Some of them would have met with him some day, and then they would have paid him out. They certainly would have tried the cold-water cure upon him the very first opportunity. Chaffin the younger was still under sentence; he must look out for himself; there would be watercresses growing in his red hair before they had done with him, if only they could get hold of him.

The boys' letter was so hearty, and so evidently genuine, that another paper, the "Weekly Scarifier," coming to the help of the first offender, threw out a hint that the whole correspondence from beginning to end might possibly have been got up for the purpose of advertising the College at Abbotscliff, as authors are supposed sometimes to review their own works, cutting them up unmercifully, by way of calling attention to them, and evoking favourable opinions in reply. It did the college no harm, at all events, and if there had been vacancies, which was not often the case under Dr. Piercey's reign, might have helped to fill them.

FLOWERS AND THEIR FOLK-LORE.

BY THE REV. T. THISELTON DYER, M.A., AUTHOR OF "ENGLISH FOLK-LORE."

VIII.

THE carnation, one of the choicest of our garden-flowers, was formerly called coronation, from its being used in chaplets. Thus Spenser, in his "Shepherd's Calendar," says,—

> "Bring coronations and sops in wine
> Worn of paramours."

Some, however, but incorrectly, derive it from the fresh colour of the flowers, and connect it with the Latin *carnis*. It has various nicknames, such as clove pink, gilliflower, sops-in-wine, piggesnie, and picotee. The term piggesnie occurs in Chaucer, applied to a lady, and it is explained by commentators as meaning a pig's eye. But Dr. Prior gives what seems to be the probable derivation—a Whitsuntide pink—from the German *pfingst*, and eye. Picotee is from the French word *picoté*, marked with little pricks round the edge, like the picots on lace: "Picot," says Mr. Ellacombe,* "being the technical term in France for the small twirls which in England are called 'purl' or 'pearl.'" The term sops-in-wine was applied to the carnation because in days gone by it was used for flavouring wine. At weddings, cakes, wafers, and the like were blessed and dipped into the sweet wine, which was always presented to the bride. In the "Taming of the Shrew," Shakespeare makes Petruchio at his own wedding to have

> "Quaff'd off the muscadel; and threw the sops
> All in the sexton's face, having no other reason
> But that his beard grew thin and hungerly,
> And seem'd to ask him sops, as he was drinking."

[illegible] too, writing in Edward the Third's reign, [illegible] "a clove gilofre to put in ale;" and in Blount's "Tenures," we read of "A sextary of July-flower wine." The flowers of the clove pink are still used to give colour and fragrance to a syrup used in medicine. The young Duke of Burgundy, grandson of Louis xv, was very fond of cultivating the pink. "On one occasion, a flatterer," says Miss Pirie,* "persuaded him (by craftily substituting other pots for those which the young prince had reared) that the pinks which he planted came up and blossomed in one night, and thus he succeeded in making the foolish prince believe that nature obeyed his will. One night, however, not being able to sleep, the prince wished to get up, but was informed that it was the middle of the night. 'Well,' answered he, 'I will have it to be day!' The continuance of the darkness soon taught and convinced him that he was not the master of nature, and that all things here on earth were under the control of a higher power." In Shakespeare's time the carnation seems to have been a favourite flower, for in his "Winter's Tale" he lets Perdita say,—

> "The fairest flowers of the season
> Are our carnations and streaked gillyflowers."

The honeysuckle with its fragrant blossom is another of our old English garden flowers, and derives its Latin name, *Lonicera*, from Adam Lonicer, a German botanist. Many tales and associations are connected with it, and poets have loved—and among them Shakespeare—to picture its beauty. Thus, in "Much Ado About Nothing" (Act III, Sc. 1), Hero says,—

> "And bid her steal into the pleached bower,
> Where honeysuckle, ripened by the sun,
> Forbids the sun to enter."

* [illegible] Lore of Shakespeare," p. 36.

* "Flowers and Shrubs," p. 157.

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There are three species of honeysuckle native in Britain. One of them is called the perfoliate honeysuckle, or goat's leaf; another name, also, is caprifoly, so called from the similarity of its leaf to that of the caper, and its growing about walls and rocks, which caused the northern nations to confuse the one plant with the other. It is also nicknamed "lily among thorns," because it "spredeth forth his swete lilies like ladies' fingers among the thorns." The woodbine of the poets (*L. Periclymenum*) is in all probability a corruption of *woodbind*, from its habit of twisting round the stems of trees. Mr. Ellacombe, in his excellent and able work on the "Plant Lore of Shakespeare," says, "There can be little doubt but that in Shakespeare's time the two names, woodbine and honeysuckle, belonged to the same plant, and that the former was applied to the plant generally, and the latter to the flower."

The little blue flower, forget-me-not (*Myosotis palustris*), about which so many romantic and sentimental associations have clustered, owes its name* to the legends told of its talismanic virtues. Its magic qualities are described in many of the German legends, the substance of which may be summed up as follows: A traveller on a bleak and lonely mountain unexpectedly picks up a little blue flower, which he sticks in his hat. Forthwith there appears before him an entrance into a magnificent hall, where rubies and diamonds and all kinds of precious stones are piled up in great heaps. Whilst eagerly filling his pockets with these, his hat falls from his head, and as he at length, heavily laden with his treasure, turns to go out, the little flower calls after him, "Forget me not." Bewildered, however, with his good fortune, he pays no heed to the voice of the flower, nor is he even conscious that his head is bare. As he passes through the doorway, the mountain closes amid the clashing of thunder, and cuts off his right heel. Once more on the lonely mountain top, he soon becomes aware of this strange adventure, and again searches, but in vain, for the mysterious entrance to the golden hall, which can never be found. Sometimes, says Mr. Fiske, it is a white lady, like the Princess Ilse, who invites the finder of the luck-flower to help himself to her treasures, and who utters the enigmatical warning. Mill, in his "History of Chivalry," quotes an old and well-known legend respecting the name of this flower. Two lovers were loitering on the margin of a lake one fine summer's evening, when the maiden espied some of the flowers of the myosotis growing on the water, close to the bank of an island, at some distance from the shore. She expressed a desire to have them, when her knight plunged into the water, and swimming to the spot, cropped a handful of the wished-for plant. His strength, however, was unable to fulfil the object of his achievement, and feeling that he could not regain the shore, he threw the flowers upon the bank, and casting a last affectionate look upon his lady-love, he cried "Forget me not!" and was buried in the waters.

Miss Strickland, in her "Queens of England," gives another origin. Speaking of Henry of Lancaster, she says: "This royal adventurer, the banished and aspiring Lancaster, appears to have been the person who gave to the myosotis its emblematical and poetical meaning, by writing it, at the period of his exile, on his collar of SS, with the initial letter of his *mot*, or watchword, 'Souveigno vous de moy,' thus rendering it the symbol of remembrance, and, like the subsequent fatal roses of York and Lancaster, and Stewart, the lily of Bourbon, and the violet of Napoleon, an historical flower. Few of those who, at parting, exchange this simple, touching appeal, are aware of the fact that it was first used as such by a royal Plantagenet prince, who was, perhaps, indebted to the agency of this mystic blossom for the crown of England."

One of our eminent botanists, disregarding such romantic tales as these, considers that the true signification of the name is due to the bright blue tint and yellow eye of this pretty flower, which, if once seen, is not likely to be forgotten. Thus Coleridge describes it:—

"By rivulet or wet roadside,
That blue and bright-eyed flow'ret of the brook,
Hope's gentle gem, the sweet forget-me-not."

The term "forget-me-not" was formerly applied to the speedwell, from its corolla falling off and flying away as soon as it is gathered,—"speedwell" being a common form of valediction in days gone by, and equivalent to our "farewell" or "good-bye." Another popular nickname of the forget-me-not is the mouse-ear scorpion grass.

The sunflower, which is much grown in cottage gardens for its showy appearance, is so-called from its resembling, says Gerarde, the radiant beams of the sun. Many fabulous properties are assigned to it, such as its flower turning to face the sun, a popular fallacy alluded to by Moore:—

"The sunflower turns on her god when he sets,
The same look which she turned when he rose."

It is said to be a preventive against fever, and has been grown on the Continent in fenny districts. The following paragraph is from the "Swiss Times":—"All those who live in malarial districts should, if possible, test the asserted influence of sunflower cultivation in removing the sources of fever. German, Italian, and French *savans* have testified as to its efficacy in this respect. An account comes to us from Holland of a landowner on the low banks of the Scheldt, who planted three or four plots of sunflowers a few yards from his house with such effect that for ten years there has not been a case of miasmatic fever among the tenants on his property,* though the disease continues to prevail in the neighbourhood. The seed of the sunflower is said to be a valuable food for poultry, and is believed to give it a gamey flavour. The early Spanish invaders of Peru discovered, in the Temples of the Sun, various representations of the sunflower in pure gold, "the workmanship of which was so exquisite as to far outvalue the precious metal of which they were made."†

The common vervain, which grows plentifully in the summer months by country roadside hedges, and frequently on old walls, was held sacred among the ancients, and entered largely into their sacred rites, as well as their divinations. Drayton alludes to the practice of the Roman heralds wearing a wreath of this plant when they were despatched with a message of war or peace to another country:—

"A wreath of vervain heralds wear,
Amongst our garlands named,
Being sent that dreadful news to bear,
Offensive war proclaimed."

* Fiske, "Myths and Mythmakers," p. 42.

* See "Once a Week," July 24th, 1869; December, [illegible]
† "'Flower Lore,' p. 210.

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It was anciently called "holy herb," because, says Dioscorides, it was considered "good in expiations for making amulets." It was also much used for decorating altars. Another of its popular names is Juno's tears. In some places it is still called pigeon's grass. Its reputation in Ben Jonson's time was sufficient for him to write,—

> "Bring your garlands, and with reverence place
> The vervain on the altar."

Dryden, too, from the following lines, would seem to indicate that it was formerly used for food:—

> "Some scattering pot-herbs here and there he found,
> Which, cultivated with his daily care,
> And, bruised with vervain, were his daily fare."

It is said to be an antidote against melancholy, and the accompanying Italian recipe "against melancholy" is amusing:—"In order that the melancholy man may be gay, take some leaves of vervain, and boil them in good white wine, and let him drink of this wine; or some of this plant may be put into his soup, and he will be always gay. Moreover, take some juniper berries, put them on hot embers, and inhale the smoke through the nose and mouth, and it will always make thee feel merry." The Germans, we are informed, even at the present day, present a hat of vervain to the newly-married bride. Aubrey, in his "Miscellanies," informs us that this plant was supposed to prevent the evil influence of witchcraft:—

> "Vervain and dill,
> Hinder witches from their will."

A flower that brightens up the cornfield with its bright blue blossom is the corn bluebottle, or as it is called in Scotland, blawort, or blue bonnet. It has been termed also "hurt sickle," because, says Culpeper, "with its hard wiry stem it turneth the edge of the sickle that reapeth the corn." It receives its Latin name, *Centaurea*, because, according to an old legend, the centaur Chiron cured himself of a wound received in the foot from Hercules. Another flower that gracefully adorns the cornfields is the red poppy, called sometimes the corn-rose. It has many nicknames, which vary in different counties. Some of its most popular names are headache, red-weed, corn-poppy, and canker-rose. The term headache is applied to it because its bright red colour is supposed to have injurious effects on the head. It has also been nicknamed "Joan's Silverpin," because, says Parkinson, alluding to its showy flower and staining juice, "it is fair without and foul within." According to Forby, the term "Joan's Silverpin" means, among "the East Anglians, a single article of finery produced occasionally and ostentatiously among dirt and sluttery." The ancients considered no cornfield good which had not a sprinkling of red poppies, and at a harvest thanksgiving the ears of corn and the seeds of the poppy were among the offerings presented to Ceres. It has generally been regarded as a symbol of death, and has hence been called "the sister of sleep." Spenser, describing the garden of Proserpina, says:—

> "There mournful cypress grew in greatest store,
> And trees of bitter gall, and heben sad,
> Dead-sleeping poppy, and black hellebore."

tha[illegible] mentions it once in his "Othello" (Act [illegible] curious legends and traditions are connected with the poppy plant. Theocritus tells us that the silken petals of the poppy prove talismans for Cupid, thus:—

> "By a prophetic poppy-leaf I found
> Your changed affection, for it gave no sound,
> Though in my hand struck hollow as it lay,
> But quickly withered like your love away."

The opium poppy was cultivated by the ancients in the time of Dioscorides, and Homer mentions it as being valuable for assuaging the agonies of wounded heroes. In the East, poppy seeds are frequently sprinkled on sweetmeats and cakes. Kitto supposes that the cracknels spoken of in the First Book of Kings, sent by Jeroboam as a present to the prophet Ahijah, were a kind of cake sprinkled over in this manner with poppy seeds.

The corn-cockle is often found in the cornfields along with the poppies. It is not a popular plant with the farmers, being said to do mischief to the wheat, because its seed gets mixed with the corn. It from the earliest times seems to have had a bad character. Job says, "Let thistles grow instead of wheat, and cockle instead of barley."* Shakespeare makes "Coriolanus" (Act III, Sc. 1) say—

> "We nourish 'gainst our senate
> The cockle of rebellion."

The idea here, of course, is that the cockle grows up with and chokes the corn. The same notion occurs in North's Plutarch:—"Moreover, he said that they nourished against themselves the naughty seed and cockle of insolency and sedition, which had been sowed and scattered abroad among the people." Spenser speaks in the same strain:—

> "And thus of all my harvest-hope I have
> Nought reaped but a weedie crop of care,
> Which when I thought have thresht in swelling sheave,
> Cockle for corn, and chaff for barley bare."

In Northamptonshire it is known as the corn-pink, and in some places is called the corn-campion.

* Some think the poppy is here alluded to.

SWISS HIGHLANDS AND DUTCH LOWLANDS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE REGULAR SWISS ROUND."

I.

I HAD so often passed by Holland, on my way to the Alps, that this last year, instead of rushing through France by express train, I determined to stop at Rotterdam and thence spend a week in the flattest before proceeding to the highest parts of Europe. And we were meteorologically so unfortunate in our Swiss tour—it rained so prodigiously in the valleys, and the clouds were so thick on the hills—that I came back with a disposition to see the worst in a country which I had often visited with pleasure. The loss of spirits caused by wet defiles, misty mountains, sloppy roads, slippery paths, damp tourists, disappointed climbers, and grumbling natives appeared to make me perceive the depressing influence which peaks, passes, and glaciers must have upon those who are continually surrounded by them, and have had to endure not merely occasional bad summers, but inevitable bitter winters, time out of mind.

Thus I found myself comparing Holland with

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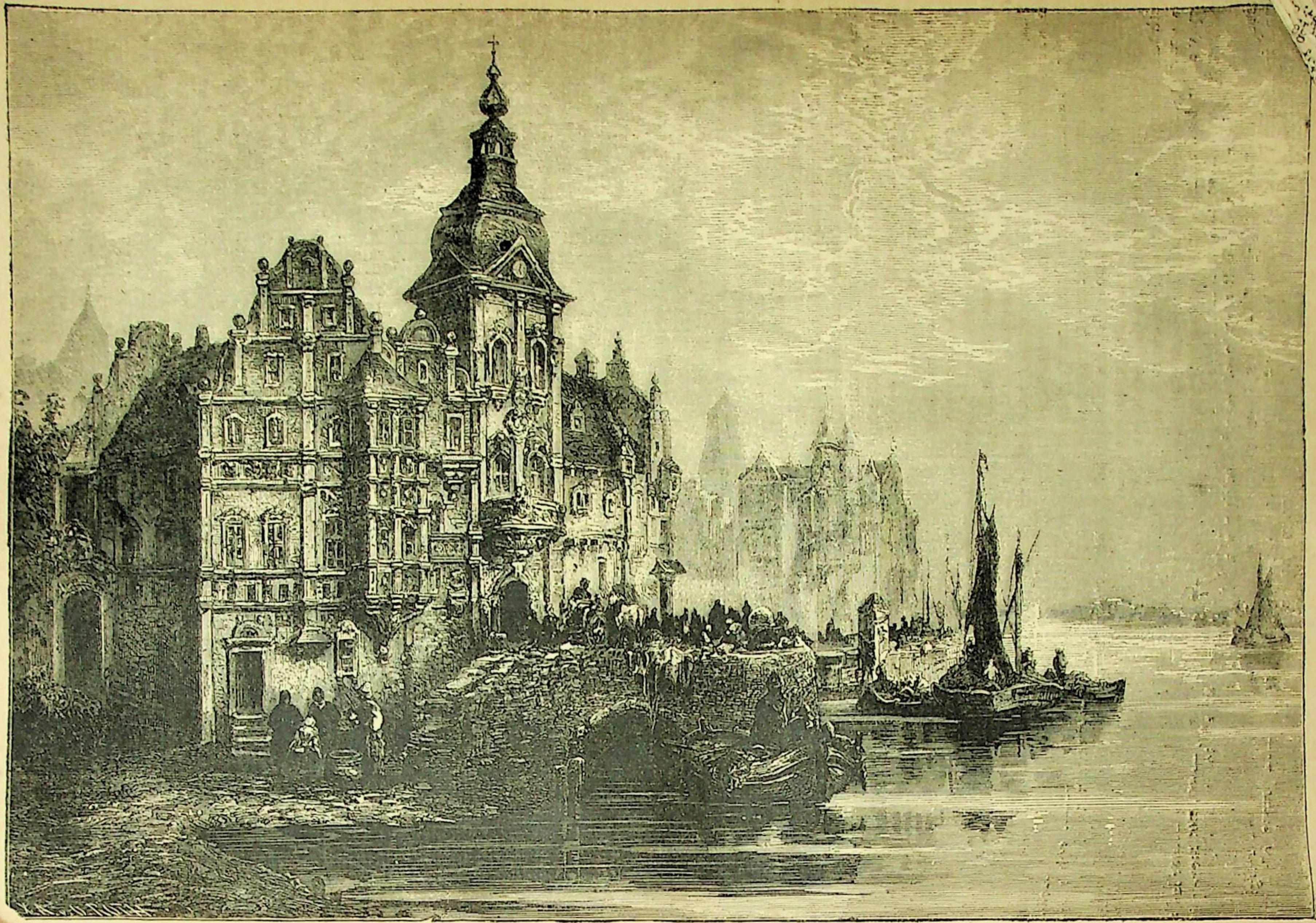

A SCENE IN AMSTERDAM.

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Switzerland, and thinking the inhabitants of the former country better placed than those of the latter. Before I venture on any expansion of this sentiment, which must seem grossly heretical to some who associate a visit to Switzerland with the most agreeable impressions they have received on the Continent of Europe, let me jot down a few of my Dutch ones. The country did not strike me as particularly clean. There are some show-villages always being scrubbed, and I certainly saw a woman wash the paws of a little dog before he was allowed to set foot on the deck of his master's barge after jumping ashore on the quay; but the prevailing idea of the whole place is muddy; and when mud is dry it means dust—and dirty dust too. Certainly there is plenty of water, and you have not to dig far to find an abundant supply of it. You fancy you have only to thrust the point of your stick or umbrella into the ground in order to create a little fountain. A man walking across the country with a wooden leg might, methinks, be tracked by a line of jets. Water over your head on the other side of the dams, ditches brimful of water instead of hedges, canals everywhere, water under your feet ready, it would seem, to squirt up on the least provocation. But the water itself does not look clean or smell clean. How can it, when every ditch, river, and canal has a bottom of several feet of soft black mud, which, especially in the neighbourhood of towns, is always being stirred up by the long poles of the bargemen? Holland is wholly made of mud. Part of this is dry enough to walk on, and grow grass which is munched by countless herds of piebald cattle all over the face of the country.

We will now pass from these general impressions to some other aspects of life which present themselves to the passer-by.

The trade of Holland is not what it once was, but, barring the Hague, the towns seemed to be busy. The first thing which struck us in looking out from the hotel in which we stopped at Rotterdam was the manifest business which still survived in the place. Close under our window was a canal—there is always a canal under your window in Dutch cities—with a bridge crossing it which was incessantly opening in the middle and tilting up its two halves to let some masted vessel through. Though this was done very quickly, the interrupted traffic of foot and wheel accumulated so rapidly on either side of the bridge, that on settling down again into its place it was immediately black with a crossing mob. There appeared, too, to be no idlers among the high-shouldered, broad-backed crowd; all had something to do, and were doing it. The next thing that struck me was the closeness of Dutch merchants to their business. The docks and the west end seemed to meet on the quays, the lower part of handsome, substantial houses being devoted to offices, while the families of not merely well-to-do but wealthy people lived above them. The merchant having commerce with the Indies can look upon his great ships from his drawing-room window, and have the men who empty and reload them literally under his eye. And whether it comes from this residential nearness of classes, or from a radically better state of morals among the shore-working population here than is found in London I cannot say—though I suspect it [fr]om the former cause—but certainly I failed to [see the d]egrading *entourage* which marks the docks [of our metr]opolis, and where even the office, much more the dwelling-house of the merchant, is far removed from the spot where his ships lie, and which directly represents the source of his wealth. I must say that, during a twenty-four hours' stay in Rotterdam, though I wandered about the quays and neighbouring streets, great and small, I did not see a drunken man nor any woman who, by her carriage at least, appeared to be otherwise than an honest one. Dutchmen are not teetotalers, and there was many a "Bier Haus" (or beerhouse) to be seen, but these latter had mostly an air of comparative refinement about them, which showed a marked contrast to the glaring gin-shops in the neighbourhood of the London Docks. There was no blear-eyed fringe of sots and idlers about the door nor noise of riot from within.

Surely the immediate propinquity of rich and poor dwellings, and the constant presence in the crowded streets of the members of the families of the upper commercial class, must have the effect of keeping a place at least outwardly decent. It is the wide separation of the East from the West of London, and the habit among those most engaged in commerce of living far away from their place of business, which creates much of what is called the squalor of many parts of our great city. And when once a place has anywise the character of being degraded, the few socially superior families who remain are the more tempted to flit. Then the master of the household, who runs in by train or omnibus, puts up with scenes of unseemliness which do not interrupt the transaction of business, knowing that he has a refined or quiet home, to which he returns from the rough surroundings of his work, of which his wife and children know nothing. Meanwhile the families of the decent poor are left to witness, by day and night, the grosser phases of life in such a neighbourhood as immediately surrounds, say the London Docks, with its fringe of sailors on leave, and are likely enough to have their perception of indecency more and more blunted as families of education and leisure are withdrawn from their midst. The sight of the handsome dwellings of the wealthy merchants of Rotterdam, whose upper windows looked upon the masts and yards of big ships, and whose households necessarily mingled with the busy crowd upon the quays, forced upon me a keen realisation of one of the most socially mischievous results which follow from the wide separation of great classes of the community in our metropolis.

The enormous size of London is fatal to its social communion. Its carcass is too big to have any *esprit de corps*. It is not a structure, but a heap of bricks. Here, in the Dutch cities, their old civic and commercial life was not spoiled by their material extension, and thus wholesome signs of social coherence survive. What I saw in Rotterdam to this effect, struck me also in the other chief cities of Holland. But busy though they still seem to be to a passer-by, one could not help feeling a sense of decadence in thinking of the almost inconceivable throes through which the inhabitants of this "low land, nether land, hollow land, or Holland" have passed, not merely in securing any dry place at all to stand on, but in taking a mighty position among the nations as the promoters of commerce, civil liberty, and religious freedom. Thoughtful Dutchmen must often be depressed at the suspicion that they live more in the past than in the present. The moss of history has begun to gather thick upon their walls and institu-

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tutions. We read with so much admiration of what Holland has done, that we perhaps expect to see more striking signs of life than we have any right to expect as we traverse its dead flats and look upon its silent canals. The precise resemblance between many of the ships two hundred years old which still sail on the canvas of pictures in its museums, and divers of those which are now being built in and launched from its dockyards, appears to suggest the presence of that repose which must needs follow long strains and sharp spasms of national energy. If any people have earned a deep sleep it is the Dutch. Still, as I have said, it was evident that much business was yet in hand, though this I thought showed itself more at Rotterdam than elsewhere. Anyhow, slow growth generally involves long life. Let us believe that this remains to Holland.

I was curious to observe what relics of protest against popery may be found in such equipment and use of churches as are patent to a passer-by, and thus bent my steps to the "Groote Kerk," or Great Church of Rotterdam, with much interest. This was consecrated in 1477, or, speaking roughly, some one hundred years before the yearnings for Dutch liberty, civil and religious, came to a head. It is "adapted" from Roman Catholic to Protestant use after an internal fashion which seems to rejoice in defying its original usage. The building itself is Gothic and spacious, though architecturally not to be compared with the best cathedrals of Belgium. Now the body of the church is filled with ugly pews, all looking towards a central pulpit, and surrounded by a high painted and grained hoarding, obviously intended to keep the draught from the unused part of the place out of the necks of the sitters. The building is not open for private devotion. Just inside the main door where on the Continent one expects to see a receptacle for holy water, sat a man at a table, smoking a pipe. He demanded twopence as we essayed to enter farther into the church. The choir or chancel was divided off by a double iron railing, within which the space once occupied by the high altar was æsthetically bare. A small wooden table was set in a corner, apparently for use at the administration of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. We all know the intensity of the earnestness and bitterness of the pains with which this part of the Low Countries repudiated Romanism, but the importunate internal ugliness of the Groote Kerk of Rotterdam seemed needlessly staring. At the same time a curious recognition of the past might be seen within its walls. There was high scaffolding in the choir, whereon masons were at work in the restoration of some of the capitals of the stone columns. It was not substantial but decorative repair that was going on, and yet there appeared no indication whatever, not the slightest conceivable, of any revival of what is called Catholic usage or sentiment in the belongings or treatment of the church. A party of the masons' children, who seemed to have brought in their fathers' dinners, were having a noisy game of romps about the old church screen, in a fashion which showed that they knew nothing whatever of any cassocked sacristan. The only visible attendant was the man who sat smoking his pipe inside the door. The church was glaringly whitewashed. An enormous organ spread itself over nearly the whole breadth of the west end of the nave, but the ear alone seemed to be regarded. No colour in window or on wall offered any accompaniment to this huge promise of sound. The pulpit was the focus of the place, the centre of respect. A canopy over it was fitted with a gas sun-burner giving straight down upon the preacher, so that, hindered by no upright standards, the congregation might have a full view of himself as they heard his sermon. This was the spot of brilliance in the building.

How significant of sentiment is the internal structure and fitting of a church! When this one was built the chief light was the lamp burning before the pyx, over the high altar. Now, in the course of religious revolution, the star has mounted over where the preacher is set. I wondered what the faint phase of that "renovation" meant which was evidenced by the workmen touching up the stone carvings of the chancel. Well, anyhow the industry and decency of the streets seemed to indicate that some wholesome moral influences were at work in Rotterdam. Having left the church, and presently standing back from the rain in an archway, I had a long talk with a native about the social state of the place, and especially the administration of charity. Though we saw no beggars, there are, of course, poor in the town, and my acquaintance, who told me that he was on an administrative charitable committee, said that the first test of applicants for relief was the attendance of their children at school. He spoke English very fluently, though with a curious misuse of words. He informed me that a fair, then being held, had been banished to some fields outside the town because the tramps who attended it had once brought "yellow" fever into the place. He meant "scarlet." And, on my remarking that the heels and toes of the horses' shoes were so much turned up as to give the animals the appearance of walking on pattens, he said that this was to hinder them from "sinking through" the stones. He meant "slipping on" them; but the use of the wrong word by one who spoke English without the slightest hesitation, and seemed to know even the formulæ of "committee" language, might give a qualm of self-reproach or suspicion to some who air their fragmentary ungendered French and German with confidence, and without producing even a smile in the faces of those whom they address.

One agreeable characteristic of Dutch towns is the abundance of trees by the side of the canals, but seldom with seats beneath them. Though we associate much "sitting down" with Dutchmen, I suppose they are too busy to do it out of doors.

We went to the Hague, Leyden, Haarlem, and Amsterdam by rail, stopping as we pleased. The train seems to have killed the track boats in Holland as it has the coaches in our own country. I wanted to have travelled part of the way at least by one of these passenger barges, but was told that they had generally been "taken off" the canals. One still runs, however, for the short distance between the Hague and Scheveningen, its watering-place, and we went by it. As a survivor of a race it enabled us to appreciate the exceeding quietness of this mode of travelling, which seems chiefly to arise from the great distance of the horse from the track boat he tows. Thus the boat seems to have no obvious and immediate mode of progression. You slip along without sail or steam. There is no pulse of the oa[illegible] no patter of the paddle, no wriggle of the s[illegible] The horse in front seems too far off to belon[illegible] You slide silently between mud banks [illegible] anglers, whose floats curtsey with [illegible] the wash of your track boat[illegible]

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drical and parallel holes. These bricks, when placed together thus, allowed the air to circulate freely throughout the walls of the building.* This arrangement had at the same time the valuable effect of deadening sounds, and giving complete independence to each apartment.

"The committee did not wish to impose a model on the builders. They were averse to a wearisome and insipid uniformity, and merely gave a certain number of fixed rules, to which the architects were bound to adhere.

"1st.—Each house to stand alone in a plot of ground planted with trees, grass, and flowers, and to be inhabited by a single family.

"2nd.—No house to be more than two storeys high: air and light must not be monopolised by some, to the detriment of others.

"3rd.—Every house must be set back ten yards from the road, and divided from it by a breast-high railing. The space between the building and the railing must be laid out as a garden.

"4th.—The walls to be built of the patent tubular bricks, similar to the model. All ornamentation to be left to the taste of the architect.

"5th.—The roofs to be in terraces, slightly inclined from the four sides, covered with bitumen, surrounded by a balustrade high enough to render accidents impossible, and proper canals made for the passing off of rain-water.

"6th.—All the houses must be built on a vaulted foundation, open on each side, and thus forming under the ground-floor a subsoil of aëration, as well as a hall. All water-pipes must be exposed, running up the central pillar, in such a way that it may be always easy to ascertain their state, and in case of fire, to be able to obtain the necessary water immediately. The floor of this hall, rising about three inches above the level of the road, must be properly gravelled. A door and a special staircase will place it in direct communication with the kitchens and offices, so that all household transactions may go on without offending either the eyes or the nose.

"7th.—The kitchens and offices will, contrary to the usual custom, be placed in the upper storey, and in communication with the terrace. A lift, moved by mechanical force, which, like artificial light and water, will be supplied at reduced prices to the inhabitants, will easily convey all loads to this level.

"8th.—The plan of the rooms is left to individual taste. But two dangerous elements of illness, regular nests of miasmas and laboratories of poisons, are pitilessly prescribed—carpets and painted papers. The floors, beautifully inlaid with valuable woods by clever workmen, would be quite wasted were they hidden under a woollen cloth of doubtful cleanliness. The walls, lined with polished bricks, present the brilliancy and variety of the inner apartments of Pompeii, with a luxury of colour which painted paper, charged with its thousand subtile poisons, could never reach. They are washed as windows are washed, and rubbed like ceilings and floors. Not even a germ of anything harmful can be harboured there.

"9th.—Each bedroom is distinct from the dressing-room. It cannot be too much recommended that this [illegible]artment, where a third of a man's life is passed, [illegible] be the largest, the most airy, and at the same [illegible]ost simple. It must only be used for sleep; four chairs, an iron bedstead, supplied with two frequently-beaten mattresses, is the only necessary furniture. Eiderdown quilts and heavy coverlets, powerful allies of epidemics, are excluded as a matter of course. Good woollen coverings, light and warm, and easily washed, replace them well. Though curtains and draperies are not absolutely forbidden, it is recommended that, if used, they should be made of washing materials.

"10th.—Each room may be warmed, according to fancy, by wood or coal; but to every chimney is a corresponding opening to the outer air. The smoke, instead of issuing through the roof, is led away by subterranean pipes to special furnaces, established outside the town, at the back of the houses, at the rate of a furnace to every two hundred inhabitants. There it is deprived of the particles of carbon which it bears, and is discharged in a colourless state into the air, at a height of thirty-five yards. Such are the ten rules imposed on the building of each particular house.

"The general arrangements are no less carefully studied.

"The plan of the town is essentially simple and regular, the roads crossing at right angles, at equal distances of a uniform width, planted with trees, and numbered.

"Some of the roads being wider, are then called boulevards or avenues, and leave on one side rails for tramways and metropolitan railways. Public gardens are numerous and ornamented with fine copies of the masterpieces of sculpture, until the artists of Frankville have produced original pieces worthy to replace them.

"Every industry and trade is free.

"Any one wishing to have the right of living in Frankville must give good references, be fit to follow a useful or liberal profession in industry, science, or the arts, and must engage to keep the laws of the town. An idle life would not be tolerated there.

"There are already a large number of public edifices. The most important are the Cathedral, chapels, museums, libraries, schools, and gymnasiums, fitted up with the luxury and hygienic skill worthy of a great city.

"It is needless to say that from the age of four years all children are obliged to follow physical and intellectual exercises, calculated to develop the brain and muscles. They are also accustomed to such strict cleanliness, that they consider a spot on their simple clothes quite a disgrace.

"Individual and collective cleanliness is the great idea of the founders of Frankville. To clean, clean unceasingly, to destroy the miasmas which are constantly emanating from a large community, such is the principal work of the central government. For this purpose, all the contents of the drains are led out of the town, condensed, and daily transferred to the fields.

"Water flows everywhere in abundance.

"The streets are paved with bitumated wood; and the stone footpaths are as spotless as a courtyard in Holland. The provision markets are subject to strict surveillance, and any merchants who dare to speculate on the public health incur the severest penalties. The man who sells a bad egg, damaged meat, or a pint of adulterated milk, is simply treated as the poisoner he really is. This necessary and delicate office is confided to experienced men, who receive a special education for it. Their jurisdiction

* [illegible] as the general idea, are borrowed from Doctor [illegible] Fellow of the Royal Society, London.

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extends to the very laundries, which are on a large scale, provided with steam-engines, artificial dryers, and, above all, with disinfecting rooms. No body-linen is sent back to its owners without being thoroughly bleached, and special care is taken never to mix the washing of two families. This simple precaution is of great value. Hospitals are few in number, for the system of house nursing is general, and they are reserved for homeless strangers and exceptional cases. The idea of making the hospital larger than any other building, and of putting seven or eight hundred patients under one roof, so as to make a centre of infection, would not enter the head of the founders of this model city. They try to isolate the sick as much as possible. This is the plan pursued in the houses, the hospitals being merely for the temporary accommodation of the most pressing cases.

"Twenty or thirty patients at most, each having a separate apartment, are put into these light barracks, which are built of fir-wood, and burnt regularly every year. They have, besides, the advantage of being easily carried from one part of the town to another as they are wanted, and, being all on one model, can be multiplied to any extent.

"Another ingenious innovation is that of a body of experienced nurses, specially trained for the purpose, and always at the disposal of the public. These women, being carefully chosen, are most valuable and devoted aids to the doctors. They bring into the bosom of families that practical knowledge so necessary and yet so often absent; in the time of danger it is their mission to prevent the spread of the disease as well as to tend the sick.

"We should never finish were we to attempt to enumerate all the hygienic perfections inaugurated by the founders of this new town. On his arrival each citizen is presented with a small pamphlet, in which the most important principles of a life regulated according to science are set forth in clear and simple language.

"He is there told that the perfect equilibrium of all the functions is one of the necessities for health; that work and rest are equally indispensable; that fatigue is as necessary for the brain as for the muscles; that nine-tenths of the illnesses are owing to contagion transmitted by air and food. He cannot surround his dwelling and his person with too many sanatory precautions. To avoid the use of exciting poisons, to practise bodily exercises, to conscientiously perform every day some appointed duty, to drink pure water, to eat fresh meat and vegetables simply prepared, to sleep regularly seven or eight hours a night, such is the A B C of health.

"Beginning from the first principles laid down by the founders, we have been led on to speak of this singular city as already finished. It is indeed so; the first houses built, the others rose as if by magic. A man should have previously visited the far west in order to realise the wonderful change. The site that was a desert in the month of January, 1872, contained six thousand houses in 1873. In 1874 it possessed nine thousand, and all public edifices complete.

"Speculation has certainly had its part in this unheard-of success. The ground having cost nothing, the houses could be sold or let at very moderate prices. There being no taxes, the political independence of this isolated little territory, its novelty, and the pleasant climate, all contributed to induce emigration. At the present time Frankville contains nearly a hundred thousand inhabitants.

"But to us the most interesting part of it is that the result of the sanatory experiment is conclusive.

"Whilst the annual mortality in the most favoured towns of Europe or the New World has never been less than three per cent., in Frankville for these five years the average has been one and a half. Even this figure was increased by a slight fever epidemic during the first summer. That of the last year was only one and a quarter. And a more important circumstance still, is that, with but a few exceptions, all the deaths actually registered were due to specific and hereditary affections. Accidental illnesses have been at once infinitely rarer, and less dangerous, than in any other great centre. As to epidemics, properly so called, nothing has been seen or heard of them.

"It will be interesting to follow the development of this attempt, and certainly curious to discover if the influence of this scientific *régime* may not in the course of a generation, or, more likely still, after several generations, weaken hereditary and morbid predispositions.

"'It is assuredly not too much to hope,' as one of the founders has written, 'and if so, what may not be the grandeur of the result! Men living to ninety or a hundred years, and then only dying of old age, as do the greater number of animals and plants.'

"There is something enchanting in such a dream! Nevertheless, if we may be allowed to express our sincere opinion, we have but an indifferent belief in the positive success of this experiment. We see in it an original and probably fatal flaw, which is its being in the hands of a committee in which the Latin element prevails, and from which the German element has been systematically excluded. It is a bad symptom. Since the world began nothing durable has been made but by Germany, and without her nothing perfect can be effected. The founders of Frankville may clear the ground, and elucidate some special points; though not on this spot in America, but on the borders of Syria, shall we one day see the true model city arise."

AARON OF YORK.

AT the Third Annual Provincial Meeting of the Law Institution, held at Manchester in October last, the members enlivened the routine of strictly professional subjects by some legal antiquarian lore, amongst which was a paper on "Mediæval Deeds." One of these, a release by Aaron of York, in the reign of Henry III, curiously illustrates a purchase deed of the prophet Jeremiah.

The first deed combined a mortgage of real estate, a bill of sale, as we should say, of chattels, and an obligation by Thomas le Lung, who was Serviens or Serjeant of the Prior and Convent of Durham, on their estates at Allerton, to pay interest, at about forty-four per cent. per annum, to Aaron of York, the Jew, for a loan of six pounds, which will bring to mind the Isaac of York in "Ivanhoe."

No. 2. A curious deed, or Jewish document, called a "Starrum," or "Starr," the meaning of which term I will explain hereafter.

"I Aaron the Jew of York acknowledge by [illegible] of my present Starr, that I have quit-claimed [illegible] moment. Prior of Durham and his successors, [illegible] and a little which at any time belonged to Th[illegible]

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of Alverton, in the vill of Alverton and in all other places. So that neither I the said Aaron, nor my heirs, nor any other Jew for us, anything against the said land, or against anything to the said land belonging can enforce, by reason of any debt, plaint, suit or demand in which the same Thomas was ever beholden to me by charters, indentures, or by any other instruments, either on his account or as surety for others, from the beginning of the world to the end of time, and especially by a certain charter which speaks under my name, and under the name of the said Thomas the Serjeant of Alverton, concerning six pounds sterling, from the term of the feasts of the Apostles Peter and Paul, in the year of grace one thousand two hundred and thirty-seven; and if it happen that a charter, foot-piece, tally, or any other instrument in my name and under the name of the said Thomas, be found in or out of the Archives of the Lord the King, that it shall have no force and be of no value. Be it also known that I, Aaron, am bound to enrol this quitclaim at the Court of our Lord the King before the justiciars assigned for the custody of the Jews.

"These being witnesses, Sir Richard Morin, Knight, Adam le Cerf, then Mayor of York, Richard de Vescy, then Constable of York, Sir Gilbert, Rector of the Church of All Saints in Usegate, and Stephen Sperri, John le Espec, then keepers of the archives of the Lord the King at York, Peter Noel, Geoffrey de Stockton, John, son of Henry the Goldsmith, then Clerks of the Jews, Jocey, nephew of Aaron, Mayrot and Benedict, sons of Jocey, Ursell, son of Mansell the Jew. In witness whereof I have signed this present writing in my Hebrew hand in the presence of John Gocelin."

"I, the undersigned, do certify, that all whatsoever is written above in Latin is true. Aaron of York, son of Jocey."

This "Starrum" is so drawn as not to require a seal, but one in the same series, and relating to the same transaction, has a seal, and the words, "Hoc est sigillum Aaron in testimonium."

As to the meaning of the word "Starrum," I cannot do better than quote what the Rev. Joseph T. Fowler, F.S.A., of Durham, has written on these documents. He says: "This word (Lat. Starrum, Fr. Estar) is of Jewish origin, and was imported into Rabbinical or mediæval Hebrew from the Chalde *sh'tar*, explained by M. Buxtorf to mean *Scriptu obligationis vel contractus*. It occurs three times in the Chaldee Targum or paraphrase of Jer. xxxii. 10-14, which records how the prophet bought a field of his cousin Hanameel."

The English version of the five verses runs thus :—

"And I subscribed *the evidence*, and sealed it, and took witnesses, and weighed him the money in the balances. So I took *the evidence* of the purchase, both that which was sealed according to the law and custom, and that which was open: and I gave *the evidence* of the purchase unto Baruch the son of Neriah, the son of Maaseiah, in the sight of Hanameel mine un le's son, and in the presence of the witnesses that ubscribed the book of the purchase, before all the Jews that sat in the court of the prison." He then charges Baruch, saying: "Take these *evidences*, this *evidence* [illegible]he purchase, both which is sealed, and this *evidence* [illegible] open; and put them in an earthen vessel, [illegible]ay continue many days."

[illegible]hat, some 1827 years before Aaron of York subscribed this evidence or "Starrum," the prophet Jeremiah subscribed a similar "Starrum" on making a purchase with almost parallel formalities.

Surely this is the earliest recorded instance of an evidence having been signed, sealed, and attested, and enrolled for safety so as to continue many days

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Varieties.

WAR CORRESPONDENTS.—The scenes of war have a brutalising effect even upon non-combatants, as may be seen in the style of the letters of the war correspondents of the press. It is true that they have to cater for readers the majority of whom are not generous or refined in taste, but for the honour of the literary profession we wish that the editors at home would exercise some judgment and good feeling in what they publish from these "gentlemen of the press." Many of us remember the jaunty way in which military correspondents in India wrote about "potting the Pandies" and "looting" natives who had taken no personal part in the rebellion. We are sorry to find the same style adopted in the African letters. A correspondent of the "Daily News" thus wrote just before the battle of Ulundi:—"Buller is scarcely the man to commit any default in any enterprise which experience proves to be so eminently congenial to his nature. Reaching the bed of the White Umvolosi on the first evening, by daylight on the second morning he engaged in the annexation of cattle. The people in charge of these made a feeble resistance, and were not warriors, but policy demanded that a certain number of them should die for the sake of creating an impression, and about a dozen of them fell under the fire of Buller's men. Some three hundred cattle were captured, also a man and a number of women." Unarmed peasants in charge of cattle are shot down "for the sake of causing an impression!" It is usually supposed that soldiers throwing down their arms in acknowledgment of defeat receive quarter, but the war correspondent tells how a noble British officer slew the fugitive Zulus as if he were "pig-sticking!"

FIJI ISLANDS.—We wonder how many of our readers are aware of the extent of "Fiji," as the colony is called. We certainly had in our own minds greatly underestimated it, and we venture to say most even of those who have watched the colony with interest have done the same. The lieutenant-governor, Mr. Des Vœux, in his annual message, delivered to the Legislative Council on January 29th of this year, stated that most people thought the islands about as important as the Scilly Islands, but "that a line drawn round the extremities of the colony would describe a figure of which the shortest diameter would be over 260 miles in length, the longest over 370 miles; and a steam-vessel passing over this line at ten miles an hour would occupy little less than five days and nights on the voyage. Of the eighty or more inhabited islands enclosed by this line, one is about as large as Jamaica, and considerably larger than Cyprus; a second would contain Mauritius three times, and Barbados ten times; and the aggregate area of the whole is greater than that of all the British West India Islands (Jamaica, Trinidad, and the Windward and Leeward Islands)." The islands will grow every sub-tropical product, and already, thanks to Sir Arthur Gordon's wise device of taking revenue in kind, are paying their own expenses.

ST. SWITHIN'S DAY.—Some one has taken the trouble to analyse the observations at Greenwich concerning St. Swithin's Day, in order to disprove the silly legend about its raining forty days if rain falls on that day. Here is the result for the last twenty years. There were six years in which rain fell on St. Swithin's Day. During the forty days immediately following the fifteenth of July in these six years collectively rain fell on 110 days. St. Swithin's was a dry day in fourteen of the twenty years. Rain fell, on the subsequent 14 × 40 days, on 267 days. Now 110 divided by 6 equals 18 and 14-32ds; 267 divided by 14 equals 19 and 3-42ds, so that more rain fell in the forty days following St. Swithin on an average in the years in which that day was dry than in which it was wet. Therefore the adage is naught in every view of it. At the same time the probability of a wet *season* being persistent gives plausibility to the superstition concerning the *day*.

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THE LEISURE HOUR.

BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,
AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND.—*Cowper.*

MARMADUKE CHAFFIN AGAIN.

STRAIGHT TO THE MARK.

CHAPTER XXV.—AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

Well, I will smite his noddles.—*Shakespeare.*
The truth shall be thy warrant.—*Raleigh.*

TOM HOWARD had no idea that the visit he had proposed to himself to pay to Captain Broad's friends at Sandy Frith would be expected by some of them with impatience. He did not know that Mr. Chaffin hade made their acquaintance, and had told them that it was likely he would come to see them at the shipyard; otherwise he would perhaps have contrived to go there earlier. The Easter holidays had come and gone, and he had entered upon his third term at Abbotscliff before a convenient opportunity occurred for him to fulfil this intention. There was a whole holiday, and, for some reason or other, the boys were not required to spend it, as usual, ...ing of cricket-field. Holidays were not unfrequ...e moment. college, but it was seldom that a day ...nd and a little

No. 1448.—SEPTEMBER 27, 1879.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

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munity from all engagements, indoors and out of doors, occurred. The monitors, however, had the privilege of asking for one such open day in each term, and they generally chose it for some special purpose of their own, and took care to have it on a fine day, if possible.

It was a very fine day on the occasion of which we write, one of the perfect days of June, when the summer is in the charm and freshness of its youth. The clear sky seemed to vibrate overhead as the sun shone through it, without a cloud to intercept its rays, and almost without a breath of wind to moderate its force. Some monitors and "naturals" had gone on walking expeditions by twos and threes. Boys who had friends in the neighbourhood, or within easy reach by rail, went to look them up and spend the day with them. Tom resolved, as soon as he heard of the holiday, to go to Sandy Frith by the first train, and asked and obtained permission for his friend Martin to go with him.

After an exciting run among sandhills and fields within sight of the seashore nearly all the way, the train entered a cutting, and presently afterwards emerged upon a new and very different scene. A bay, sheltered by two high promontories, with a village, consisting of two or three small streets and some scattered picturesque cottages, met their view.

"That's Sandy Frith," said Tom; "this is the place, I am sure. It is like what Captain Broad said. There are the boats—Mr. Dean's boats, very likely; and here—oh, here is the station."

The walls of the station shut out the view for the moment, and interrupted his speech; but the boys were very glad to alight, and ran off at once, without waiting to give up their tickets till stopped and recalled by the porter. They started afresh then, and kept on at a brisk trot till they approached the town.

"We must ask the way to the shipyard," said Tom, breathless with pleasure and excitement.

"We shall soon find it," the other answered. "There do not seem to be many streets; it is quite a little place."

"It's a very nice place," said Tom, "and none the worse for being small."

"It will soon be bigger; they are building in two or three places; large houses too; there, and there, and there." Martin pointed as he spoke to some blocks of scaffolding, where great numbers of workpeople were employed, and to smoke, which seemed to proceed from steam-engines.

"It's Chaffin," said Tom, "the contractor, you know. He told me they were going to make a watering-place of it; that is what they are doing now, no doubt. I hope they won't spoil it. Why, look there! Oh, I say! Talk of the—Dook, and he's sure to appear."

They both halted, and their countenances fell. Standing at the entrance of the Jolly Dolphin, leaning against the doorpost, with a cigar in his mouth, was their old schoolfellow, Marmaduke Chaffin! He looked two or three years older than when they had last seen him, though only a few weeks had elapsed. He was stylishly dressed, according to his idea of style—a sort of half-jockey, half-costermonger cut, but all new, as if he had at that moment been turned [illegible]ut of the tailor's shop. If he had been standing be[illegible] one of the great clothing emporiums of the [illegible] instead of at the door of a public-house [illegible] been taken for one of the wax effigies that [illegible]he admiration of the passengers, and which serve at once as specimens of the skill [illegible] the artist, and of the grace required in the wearer in order to do justice to their efforts. He had an elegant silver-headed cane behind him, passed under his elbows; his hair was parted in the middle, and his upper lip was in training for a moustache, and looked a shade darker than the rest of his face.

"Hullo, you fellows!" he cried, as soon as he caught sight of the two schoolboys; "where did you come from?"

They paused for a moment to look at him, and little Martin answered, "From Abbotscliff, to be sure."

"Abbotscliff! Poor little chaps!"

"You would like to be there yourself," said Tom, very indignant at this expression of affected pity, "if it were not for—" He paused.

"If it were not for what?"

"The pump and the watercresses."

"What do you mean?"

"If you meet with any of our fellows of your own size," said Tom, "they will soon inform you; so you had better look out."

Chaffin drooped visibly, and his cigar fell from his lips. "Are any of them here?" he asked—"any besides you, I mean?"

"No."

"Are you sure?"

"Quite sure. You need not be afraid this time."

"You are not telling me a lie, are you?"

Tom's eyes flashed fire, but he did not condescend to answer. It was not necessary; for Chaffin knew by his look that he had spoken the truth.

"What do you mean by 'being afraid'?" he said. "It is like your impudence to talk in that way. It would serve you right if I were to give you a good licking. But I don't want to quarrel with you; it's too much trouble. How is old Piercey, and all the rest of them? So you think I should like to be back at Abbotscliff, do you? No, thank you; I'm in business now, don't you see? I'm getting on capitally!"

"You don't seem to be very busy just now," said Martin.

"Oh, yes, I am. Do you see all those new buildings? They are all under my charge; I'm looking after them; and those workmen are all under me. I have to keep them to their work."

"And to set them a good example of industry," Tom suggested.

"Yes," Chaffin answered; "I go round every now and then and take notes. They are obliged to work when they see me."

"I wonder they don't leave off to look at you," said Tom, contemplating him from head to foot with pretended admiration.

"Ah! you may say that," said Chaffin, looking down at his boots, and then throwing his head and shoulders back, after the manner of his father. "No," he continued, "I have done with Abbotscliff, thank goodness! Piercey need not think I'm going back there."

"He would not have you at any price," said Tom; "you know that very well."

"Nonsense; he was very much annoyed, I know, when the letter came to say I was to leave at once. It served him right, though. He wanted to make out that I had told lies; but it was he that told lies, not I. He is an old brute!"

"Dr. Piercey a brute!—Dr. Piercey tell lies!" cried Tom, white with anger. "How dare you say so!"

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"How dare I? Why shouldn't I? It's all stuff for him to pretend to be so particular about the truth. He did tell a lot of—"

Before he could repeat the offensive word Tom gathered himself together and sprang at the tall bully like a tiger. His fist, though a little one, was hard, and the fierceness of his indignation gave strength to his arm, so that the blow which he delivered just under Mr. Chaffin's chin was a sharp one; the cigar which had been replaced between his teeth was bitten in two, and part of it went into his throat and nearly choked him, while the doorpost against which his head was impelled with some violence, returned the blow with interest by the inevitable law of action and re-action. Chaffin, as soon as he could recover from the shock, scrambled away coughing into the house, and stood ready for instant flight in case the attack should be renewed. But Tom had no intention of renewing it; on the contrary, he was already ashamed of having given way to his passion. Not that he was afraid of Chaffin. Chaffin could have overwhelmed him with a few blows from his great fists, but the boy did not think of that. He felt that he had lowered himself by entering into a quarrel with such a fellow; and having waited before the door for a minute or two, that he might not seem to shrink from the consequences of his rash attack, he walked slowly away, the Swallow keeping close behind and looking back continually to guard his friend from a surprise.

"I am sorry I hit him," said Tom.

"I'm glad, I'm very glad," said the Swallow; "if he had hit you again I would have gone at him myself."

The little fellow looked as if he were in earnest. His eye sparkled, and his chest heaved with indignation; otherwise it would have been ridiculous to hear him speak so.

"He deserved it," said Tom; "though I don't suppose he meant to say anything very bad after all. A fellow who can tell stories himself, and think nothing of it, would not understand how much any body else would hate to be accused of such a thing."

"Well then, that will teach him," said Martin, decidedly.

As soon as they were out of sight of the Jolly Dolphin they turned towards the shore and quickened their pace to a run. The aspect of the place was very different from what Tom had been led by Captain Broad's description of it to expect.

The contractor's boast to his directors of what he could accomplish in twelve months was in a fair way to be realised. The scene along the shore reminded Tom of a picture which he had once seen in an old Roman history, representing Romulus founding the city of Rome. In half a dozen different places buildings more or less substantial were being erected. Here the foundations were laid for a row of houses, there the site of some public building was being excavated. At one end of the village a group of scaffold-poles stood out like network against the sky; at the other a cloud of smoke and steam arose from a temporary engine-house, while the sounds of sawing, hammering, and ramming disturbed the wonted tranquillity of the place, wherever they passed.

"Where is the shipyard?" Tom asked a labourer whom he met.

"You see that there iron shed," said the man; "that there's the shipyard—what's left of it."

They went towards the spot pointed out. Upon the shed in question was a board, with the inscription, "Daniel Chaffin, Contractor. Office." By the side of it was another board, with the same name, and the addition, "No admittance except on business." Carts were coming and going with bricks, of which large quantities were already stacked in the shipyard, and on every cart was the same legend, "Daniel Chaffin, Contractor."

"These are Mr. Chaffin's horses and chariots," said Martin; "and those," pointing to the carters and hodmen—"those are his servants."

But Tom could not laugh at the old joke.

"Hold your tongue," he said; "come round this way; there is a boat upon the stocks yonder, and that is Mr. Dean's house, I suppose."

One half of the old shipyard was still applied to its old uses, and a man was at work there caulking. The house did not look so neat or cheerful as when Mr. Chaffin paid his first visit to it; the garden was overgrown with weeds, and everything was smothered with lime and dust; even here some building materials had been laid down, and more were arriving. Tom threaded his way through carts and poles and ladders and drain-pipes, and walked up the garden path to the door.

CHAPTER XXVI.—CHANGES AT THE SHIPYARD.

Whip me such honest knaves.—Othello.

While Tom and his companion are making their way towards Mr. Dean's house, and are standing at the door waiting for it to be opened, we will cast a glance inside the dwelling.

Order does not appear to rule there any more than out of doors. The old mother no longer occupies her accustomed seat in the trim parlour, but spends the greater part of her time in a corner of the kitchen. Lucy is generally busy there with household duties, which devolve almost entirely upon her, as there is no longer any servant to assist. With all her industry she is not able to keep the place in such good order as she would like, and she goes about her work languidly, sadly, and as if she had no heart in in it or courage to go at it. Joshua does what he can to help her, but he, too, seems depressed and out of sorts. Altogether there is something wrong with the place, and with those who dwell in it.

Joshua Dean is of course to blame for this; but not, perhaps, in the way and to the extent that the reader may anticipate. Mr. Chaffin's "What will you take?" has done its work, and brought a great deal of sorrow and trouble upon the shipbuilder and his home; but Joshua Dean has got the mastery once more of his unhappy propensity, and does not intend ever again to place himself within the reach of temptation if he can help it. Things have been brought to a low ebb with him; and the shipyard, with the dwelling-house in which his mother and sister have their home, are sold, beyond the power of redemption, he fears. But he intends to make an effort to recover both his position as a respectable man and his property. He will labour and strive and starve to raise a sufficient sum, if possible, to induce Mr. Chaffin to forego his bargain; and he thinks he could be happy in enduring any privations for this end if he were himself the only sufferer. But it afflicts him to see [illegible]ea-mother deprived of her small comforts, and hi[illegible]ing of toiling from morning till night about the [illegible]e moment. suffering at the same time a heart-si[illegible]nd and a little can understand only too well, th[illegible]

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word to any one upon the subject, and does her best to hide it. Captain Broad is expected home soon, and Lucy cannot, under the altered circumstances of her own and her mother's lot, look forward to his return with that joy and comfort which the event would otherwise have inspired. She knows that nothing that has happened will cause any change in Captain Broad's love for her, or in the intentions he has so long cherished, unless it be to make him, if possible, kinder and more devoted than before; but she has decided, nevertheless, that she must give up all thoughts of marriage at present, and that her suitor must be at liberty to leave her altogether if he will; that the engagement between them had better, in point of fact, be broken off.

And yet she has in her possession, in her bosom, a letter from the captain full of the most delightful plans and proposals, a letter which would have caused her heart to leap for joy if it had come at any other time or under any other circumstances. He was always thinking of her, he said; always afraid that something might occur to separate them as they had never been separated yet. Distance was nothing, as long as their hearts were one. A rolling ocean, half the world, between them would be nothing when they should be joined together by bonds which were beyond the power of man to put asunder; but he could not be easy or happy leaving her again and again, uncertain what might happen. This was the nearest hint he gave to that failing to which, as he well knew, her brother, her only natural protector, was liable. He had known it before he left home, for it had even then been a matter of notoriety; but Joshua was supposed to have got the better of it, and had done so for a time. A rumour of his having gone back again to his old excesses had reached him in India, but he made no reference to that in his letter. The object of that letter was to urge his darling Lucy to fix an early day for their marriage, and to be ready for him as soon as he should return from his voyage. She need not leave her mother—that was not to be thought of. She might remain in her brother's house if she wished it; it would perhaps be better for them all that she should do so; but he begged and hoped and trusted that the marriage might not be postponed.

And to this earnest, affectionate letter, which she had shown to no one, Lucy felt that she must answer "No." She did not think that she could even give her reasons for a refusal. Captain Broad would perhaps guess them, or he might be too much offended to trouble himself about them, though that was not likely. The only thing that she was sure about at present was that she could not marry him now, and that it was not unlikely she might never marry him at all. Of course, her brother Joshua was the chief cause of this decision on her part. He had sold his house and land. The shipyard had ceased to belong to him, and he had not succeeded in procuring another site for carrying on his business. The small sum of money which he had received in the sale of his property was, part of it, gone to pay debts or in other ways. Mr. Chaffin had persuaded him to accept bonds, or shares, in the Sandy Frith Company for the bulk of the purchase money, and these were still in his possession, but brought in no return; they [illegible] be very valuable by-and-by he was told, and [illegible] no account part with them. He could [illegible] that if he had wished it ever so warmly, [illegible] that, [illegible]market for them. Meantime he had to pay rent for the house and yard. Lucy Dean was entitled to a small sum of money under her father's will, but this had remained in her brother's hands, "in the business," as it was said; he had paid her interest for it, and continued to do so, but there was no certainty that he would ever be able to pay the principal. Her mother was, according to the same will, to occupy the house as long as she should live, and her son was to provide for her out of the profits of the business. A great deal was expected from the business, and the business would have been quite equal to all requirements if it had been properly carried on; but under existing circumstances it was quite possible, as Lucy felt, that they might all be turned out of house and home, and that her mother might be left dependent upon her even for the necessaries of existence. She did not doubt that she should be able to earn enough to keep them both, whatever her brother might do; but she was firmly resolved not to impose such a burthen upon a husband.

Mr. Chaffin, it will be seen, had not kept strictly to the terms of his bargain with Joshua Dean. Mr. Chaffin considered himself a very fair dealing and honourable character in all business matters. There was not a more straightforward man in England than himself, according to his own opinion. He had never broken a contract, never taken an unfair advantage of any one with whom he had engagements. "I like to have everything in black and white," he used to say; "and then we know where we are." To do him justice, he kept to the black and white fairly enough; but conditions implied, and not included in the written agreement, were apt to be forgotten. Thus, although he had told Dean that he would not turn him out of the shipyard or cottage, he looked upon him as a yearly tenant, and gave him to understand that of course he could not expect to keep it for ever, as if the place were his own. He wanted first a corner of the land for his office; then a bit more for his "plant;" and at length taking offence at something that he had said or done, threatened him with notice to quit next quarter-day.

"Circumstances altered cases," he said; the only thing that could not be altered according to Mr. Chaffin's idea was a written deed or covenant, with a proper stamp upon it. Everything beyond that was of the nature of temporary arrangements, and might be modified as occasion required. Half the shipyard was occupied already by Mr. Chaffin's "plant," and there was no knowing how soon circumstances would render it necessary for him to occupy the rest. Joshua Dean never received a letter by post without a painful apprehension that it might be from Mr. Chaffin with a notice to quit; nor ever heard a knock at the front door without a fear that the contractor was come in person to impose some new demand. He loathed the sight of Mr. Chaffin, and could scarcely trust himself to speak to him when he met him in the street, regarding him as the chief cause of his unhappiness and of his moral degradation.

Thus it happened that while Tom Howard plied the knocker at the green door, wondering why no one came to open it, Joshua Dean was hurriedly putting on his coat with the intention of slipping away; and when at length Lucy appeared, the two boys could not help being struck with the unpleasant expression of her countenance. The anxious look and the incipient frown passed away when the boy told her who he was and why he had come; and she

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invited him and his companion to come in, though still not very cordially, as they both thought.

"I wish you had come last summer," Lucy said. "I looked for you then."

"Did Captain Broad write to say I was coming?" Tom asked.

"He did mention your name, but we heard of you before that. A person of the name of Chaffin told us about you; a great friend of yours, he said he was." Lucy remembered that first visit of Mr. Chaffin only too well. She had been so glad then to see him, and to hear, though only at second-hand, some tidings of the captain. She had expected Tom's visit daily, and had planned a pleasant entertainment for him. But now she could not help associating him with Chaffin. Tom explained that he knew little or nothing of Chaffin, and declined altogether to acknowledge him as his intimate friend.

"He said you told him to call," Lucy remarked.

"Then he said what was not true," said Tom; "but it does not signify."

Lucy thought it did signify very much indeed. If they had never made Mr. Chaffin's acquaintance they might have been still prosperous and happy. But she would not say a word about that to her young visitors. Joshua came in as soon as he found that nobody more formidable than the two boys were there, and he and they soon became very friendly. Tom told all he knew about the ship Neptune, and his short trip with Captain Broad, and Lucy's heart warmed towards him.

"Are you fond of the sea?" Joshua asked.

"I should think I am," said Tom. "I would rather be a sailor than anything else in the world. Have you got any boats?"

"I have one boat," said Joshua; "would you like to see it? You can have a sail in it if you like. I can spare time to-day. Have something to eat first, and then I'll take you out."

Joshua said this to please his sister; he thought she would like him to be kind to Captain Broad's young friend; and he was very anxious to consult her wishes in trifles since he was conscious of having done her an injury in greater things. It need scarcely be said that Tom responded to his proposal with great joy. A cruise on the sea! It was the very thing he had been hoping for, yet scarcely daring to expect. They swallowed a hasty meal, and went out into the shipyard. The man who was at work there left his task to accompany them, for the "boat" was a good sized fishing smack, and required two hands at least to manage her, and they hastened down to the beach. Tom clambered over the side without much difficulty; Martin was lifted in; Dean followed. The other man, whose name was Bowley, put his back to the boat, and with the assistance of two or three others, who were loitering about, got her into the water. Then, with a vigorous shove, she glided down the shore, Bowley leaping in, wet up to his knees, at the last moment; sail was set, and they stood out gaily, with a light breeze from the land.

VISIT TO JUAN FERNANDEZ.

AMONG the many places of interest visited by the Challenger during its voyage of scientific exploration, one of the most attractive for general readers is the famous island associated with "Robinson Crusoe." Mr. Moseley, the Naturalist of the Expedition,* has given a valuable report of the present state of the island, and of its natural features.

It was with the liveliest interest that we approached the scene of Alexander Selkirk's life of seclusion and hardship, and an island with the existence of which, in the case of most of us, the very fact that we were at sea on a long voyage was more or less distinctly connected. The study of Robinson Crusoe certainly first gave me a desire to go to sea, and "Darwin's Journal" settled the matter. Defoe was obliged to lay the scene of his romance in the West Indies in order to bring in the Carib man, Friday. He thus gained the parrot, but he lost the sea-elephants and fur-seals of Juan Fernandez, one of the latter of which would have made a capital pet for Crusoe.

The island is most beautiful in appearance. The dark basaltic cliffs contrast with the bright yellow-green of the abundant verdure, and the island terminates in fantastic peaks, which rise to a height of about three thousand feet. Especially conspicuous is a precipitous mass which backs the view from the anchorage at Cumberland Bay, and which is called from its form, "El Yunque" (the anvil).

There are upwards of twenty-four species of ferns growing in this small island, and in any general view the ferns form a large proportion of the main mass of vegetation. Amongst them are two tree-ferns, one of which I only saw amongst the rocks in the distance, but could not reach. The preponderant ferns—especially the tree-ferns—give a pleasant yellow tinge to the general foliage. Curiously enough, the almost cosmopolitan common brake fern (*Pteris acquilina*) does not occcur in the island. Four species of the ferns out of the twenty-four present are peculiar to the island; and one (*Thyrsopteris elegans*) is of a genus which occurs only here. The appearance of this fern is very remarkable, for the cup-shaped sori hang down from the fronds in masses, looking just like bunches of millet-seed.

Everywhere, for the first few hundred feet, trees are absent, the wood having been all felled. In 1830 a large quantity of dry old sandal-wood still remained in the valleys; but even then there were no growing sandal-wood trees remaining.* No doubt the general appearance of the vegetation is very different now from what it was when the island was first visited.

I landed and climbed with a guide a stee[illegible] ...he ...plea-...nking of ...of the moment. ...e wind and a little

* "Notes by a Naturalist on the Challenger." By H. N. Moseley, F.R.S. Macmillan & Co.

* "Narrative of the Surveying Voyages of [illegible] Beagle," vol. i. p. 302. London, 1839. Visit [illegible] Adventure, accompanied by Signor Bente[illegible]

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leading directly up from the bay to Selkirk's monument. The island is rented from the Chilian Government as a farm by a Chilian, who employs a number of labourers and rears cattle, and grows vegetables, doing a very fair trade with passing vessels, the crews of which, like our own, after a voyage from such a port as Tahiti, long for a little wholesome fresh food. A considerable sum is also realised by the sale of the skins of the fur-seals. Close to the farmhouse at the bay still remain a row of old caves dug out in the hill-side by the buccaneers.

In ascending the path, the first tree was met with at about seven hundred feet altitude; all below had been cut down. We passed through a hollow, overgrown by a dense growth of the gigantic rhubarb-like *Gunnera chilensis*. Darwin remarked on the large size of the leaves of this plant and height of its stalks, as seen by him in Chile.* The stalks of the plants he saw were not much more than a yard in height. In this hollow the stalks must have been seven feet in height. We walked through a narrow passage cut in a thicket of them, with the huge circular leaves above our heads. The leaves catch and hold a large quantity of rain-water. The size attained by the *Gunnera* varies with its situation. In many places the leaves are very conspicuous on the hill-slopes, crowding closely as an undergrowth, and not rising high above the ground.

It was now spring in Juan Fernandez, as at Tahiti. Most excellent strawberries grow wild about the lower slopes of the island, and especially well on banks beneath the cliffs close to the sea-shore. The strawberries are large and fine, but white in colour, being, I believe, a Spanish cultivated variety. If so, they have not at all reverted to the parent wild form, either in colour or size; a few only were just beginning to ripen.

At this time of the year the foliage of the myrtles, though evergreen, looks half dead, and these trees thus show out conspicuously amongst the rest. Here and there examples of the magnoliaceous tree "winter's bark" (*Drymis winteri*), a tree common in the Straits of Magellan, were covered with showy white flowers, and large patches of a small species of dock (*Rumex*) in full flower showed out red amongst the general green, whilst a white-flowered Iris, growing socially, formed well-marked patches of white. A tall bignoniaceous shrub, which was very common, was covered with dark blue tubular flowers.

Hovering over the flowering bushes and trees were everywhere to be seen two species of humming-birds, one of which (*Eustephanus Fernandensis*) is peculiar to the island, whilst the other (*E. galeritus*) of the same genus occurs also on the main land. A further closely-allied but peculiar species occurs in the island named by the Spaniards "Mas-afuera," or farther out, because it lies ninety miles to the westward of Juan Fernandez, and so much farther from the Chilian coast.

The humming-birds were extremely abundant, hovering in every bush. In the species peculiar to the island of Juan Fernandez the male is very different in plumage from the female, being of a chocolate colour, with an iridescent golden-brown patch on the head, whilst the female is green. So different the two sexes that they were formerly supposed to be two distinct species, as has happened in so many other birds. This endemic humming-bird seemed more abundant than the continental one. Any number of specimens might have been shot.

In skinning some of the birds which I killed, I noticed that the feathers at the base of the bill and on the front of the head were clogged and coloured yellow with pollen. The birds, no doubt, in common with other species of humming-birds and other flower-frequenting birds, such as the *Myzomelidæ*, are active agents in the fertilisation of plants. I noticed, as has been already mentioned, pollen attached in a similar manner to a bird at Cape York.* Mr. Wallace concludes that the presence of these birds, as fertilisers, accounts for the abundance of conspicuous flowers in Juan Fernandez.

There are very few insects in the island, according to the observations of Mr. E. C. Reed, and only one very minute species of bee. Flies, of which there are twenty species, form the most prominent feature of the entomology of the island. Some fertilisers, either insects or birds, must act on a very comprehensive and effectual scale all over the island, as follows from the abundance of fruit yielded by various introduced plants.

Strawberries, cherries, peaches, apples, and figs bear well—strawberries and peaches, at all events, very abundantly. The wild peaches are spreading everywhere. These, the cherries and the apples, are possibly fertilised by the birds, but one would hardly suppose that the strawberries would be also thus pollenised, though at a height of 9,000 feet in the Andes I have watched humming-birds—possibly the same species as that at Juan Fernandez—hovering over the low mountain flowers quite close to the ground, where nothing like a bush was growing.

It would be very interesting, if it proved to be the case, that humming-birds have in this distant island adapted themselves to the fertilisation of our common garden-fruits. Besides the fruit-trees, there are many introduced plants, with well-developed flowers, which thrive in the island. A thistle is very abundant and luxuriant, as if eager to remind travellers to what race the world owes the immortal Selkirk, and a wild turnip is rapidly spreading. Possibly the abundant flies take some share in the fertilising work.

It must be remembered, with regard to insular floras, that a plant which had developed showy flowers to attract certain insects on some main land or other place where insects were abundant, might, when transferred to an island devoid of insects suitable to its requirements, nevertheless retain its gaudy flowers, little or not at all impaired, for an indefinite period, just as animals which have taken to deep-sea life have, some of them, retained their colours, though living in the dark.

Selkirk's monument is placed on the crest of a short, sharp ridge in a gap in the mountains, at a height of about 1,800 feet above the sea. From this a steep descent leads down on either side to the shore. Here Selkirk sat and watched the sea on both sides of the island in long-deferred hope of sighting a sail.

Here we rested for some time, enjoying the view. Juan Fernandez is only ten miles in length and twenty square miles in area; and from this elevated point nearly the whole extent of the island could be overlooked. Yet this tiny spot of land contains birds,

* ...rnal of Researches," p. 279.

* A. R. Wallace, "Tropical Nature," pp. 270, 271.

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land-shells, trees, and ferns which occur nowhere else in the vast expanse of the universe but here or in the neighbouring Mas-afuera. One could almost count the number of trees of the endemic palm (*Ceroxylon Australe*) and estimate the number of pairs of the endemic humming-bird existent, at a bird for every bush. Two of the species of land birds, and all the twenty species of land-shells of the island, are endemic.

The temperature at the monument at 11 a.m. was 65° Fah. A small bat, possibly disturbed by the sound of the gun, was seen to fly past. The common sow-thistle (*Sonchus oleraceus*), the ubiquitous weed, has climbed up the pass and grows by the monument. The endemic palm has been almost exterminated, excepting in nearly inaccessible places, as on a rock above the monument, where a group of the trees can be seen but not reached.

The terminal shoot of the palm, especially when cut just before the tree flowers, is excellent to eat, the developing leaf mass being quite white, and tasting something like a fresh filbert. It seemed to me more delicate than that of the shoot of the cocoa-nut. The guide knew where there was a tree remaining in the woods, not far above sea-level, and I went with him to it hoping to find it in flower. As it was not, I cut it down for eating, for the guide was only waiting to let it develop further before felling it for that purpose himself. A few seedling palms grew near by. Palms of the same genus occur in the tropical Andes.

Most remarkable in appearance amongst the composite endemic trees are the species of the genus *Dendroseris*, allied to our chicory. The specimens which I saw in flower were rather large straggling shrubs than trees, but with thick woody stems and branches from ten to fifteen feet in height. The leaves are very like those of a dandelion in appearance, and the stem, which, when split open, has a curiously jointed pith, has just the smell of a dandelion root, and would no doubt yield chicory. It pours out, like the dandelion and allied plants, a milky juice when cut.

The flesh of the wild goats of the island is most excellent eating, no doubt because of the abundance of the feed. In some parts of the island, especially to the south-west, there are open stretches covered with long grass. Pigeons (*Columba œnas*), which are said to have been imported into the island, are common and feed on the hill-sides in flocks.

Fish are very abundant and easily caught, as are also rock-lobsters (*Palinurus frontalis*), which are very large, and especially good to eat. More than sixty were caught by means of a baited hoop-net put over the ship's side at the anchorage, and hauled up at short intervals. The meat of the tails of these lobsters is dried at the island for export to Chile.*

* For accounts of the island in old times, see "Anson's Voyage." Account given by Captain Woods Rogers. Funnel's (mate to Dampier) Voyage. London, 1707. Shelvocke's "Voyage of the Speedwell, 1719-1722." London, 1726,—and many others.

THE BEGUM'S FORTUNE.

BY JULES VERNE.

CHAPTER XI.—AT DINNER WITH DOCTOR SARRASIN.

TOWARDS the end of the 13th of September, although it wanted but a few hours to the time fixed on by Professor Schultz for the destruction of Frankville, neither the governor nor a single person among the inhabitants ever dreamed of the danger which threatened them.

Seven o'clock in the evening arrived.

Half buried in thick masses of oleander and tamarinds, the beautiful city lay at the foot of the Cascade Mountains, its marble quays gently caressed by the waves of the Pacific. The carefully watered roads, freshened by the breeze, presented a cheerful and animated spectacle. The trees which shaded them rustled softly. The velvet lawns were fresh and green. Brilliant beds of flowers exhaled their sweetness around the calm and smiling white houses. The air was warm and balmy, and the sky as blue as the sea, which glittered at the end of the long avenues.

A stranger arriving in the town would have been at once struck with the healthful look of the inhabitants and the activity in the streets. The academies of painting, music, and sculpture, and the library, all in the same quarter, had just been closed. Excellent public courses were given there to small sections, so that each pupil might get the full advantage of the lesson. Among the crowd issuing from these places, and naturally causing some stoppage, not an exclamation of impatience, nor an angry look, was heard or seen. The general aspect was one of calmness and satisfaction

Not in the centre of the town, but on the shores of the Pacific, had Doctor Sarrasin built his house. It had been among the first put up, and he had come immediately and established himself there with his wife and daughter Jeannette.

Octavius, the extempore millionaire, had chosen to remain in Paris; but he had no longer Max for a mentor.

The two friends had almost lost sight of each other since the time when they lived together in King of Sicily Street.

When the doctor emigrated with his wife and daughter to the coast of Oregon, Otto was his own master. He soon neglected college, where his father had wished him to continue his studies, and was in consequence plucked in the last examination, when his friend came out first.

Till then, poor Otto, who was incapable of managing for himself, had had Max for a guide. When the young Alsacian left, his companion directly began to see life in Paris. He passed the greater part of his time on the box of a four-in-hand coach, dri… its perpetually between the avenue Marigny, w…nd new had rooms, and the various raceco… For a time suburbs. …with quiet plea-

Otto Sarrasin, who, three …s, and thinking of scarcely manage to stick …enjoyment of the moment. hour, had suddenly … a little more wind and a little mysteries of hipp… from an Eng…

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and who ruled him entirely, in consequence of the superiority of his special knowledge.

Interviews with tailors, saddlers, and bootmakers, occupied the mornings. His evenings were spent at the theatres and in the rooms of a flaming new club, just opened at the corner of Trouchet Street, and chosen by Otto because the people he met there paid to his money a homage which his personal merits had not hitherto received.

The company seemed to him highly distinguished. A noticeable thing about it was that the handsomely framed list, hanging in the waiting-room, bore few but foreign names. Titles abounded, so that you might almost fancy yourself in the antechamber of an heraldic college. But on penetrating farther one might imagine oneself in a living ethnological exhibition. All the big noses and bilious complexions of the two hemispheres seemed to have met together there.

Otto Sarrasin reigned paramount among these worthies. His words were quoted, his cravats copied, his opinions accepted as articles of faith. And intoxicated with this incense of flattery, he never found out that he regularly lost money at play and the races. Perhaps certain members of the club, in their Oriental capacity, thought that they had some rights on the Begum's heritage. At any rate, they were able to gradually draw it into their pockets by a slow though continued process.

In this new life the ties which bound Otto to Max Bruckmann were soon loosened. At last, the two chums only exchanged letters at long intervals. What could there be in common between the eager hard-working man, solely occupied with bringing [illegible] intellect to the highest point of culture and [illegible] and the idle youth, puffed up with his [illegible] thoughts only filled with club and stable [illegible] two distin[illegible] Paris, first to keep a watch [illegible] no many oth[illegible] founded Stahlstadt, the [illegible] that [illegible] tually to enter the

For two years Otto led his useless and dissipated life. Then a weariness of these hollow and worthless pleasures seized him, and one fine day, after having wasted some millions of francs, he rejoined his father, thus escaping from moral and physical ruin. At the present time he was living in the doctor's house in Frankville.

His sister Jeannette was now a lovely girl of nineteen, to whose French grace her four years' stay in the new country had added all the good American qualities. Her mother said sometimes that before having her so completely to herself, she had never felt the charm of perfect intimacy.

As to Madame Sarrasin, since the return of her prodigal son, the child of her hopes, she was as completely happy as any one can be here below, for she associated herself with all the good her husband could and did do with his immense fortune.

On the evening of which we have spoken, Doctor Sarrasin had invited to dinner two of his most intimate friends, Colonel Hendon, an old hero of the War of Secession, who had left an arm at Pittsburg, and an ear at Sevenoaks, but who could hold his own with any one at a game of chess; and Monsieur Lentz, General Director of Instruction in the new city.

The conversation turned on the plans for the administration of the town, the results already obtained in the public establishments of all sorts, institutions, hospitals, mutual aid societies.

M. Lentz, according to the doctor's programme, in which religious teaching was not forgotten, had founded several elementary schools, where the cares of the master tended to develop the mind of the child by submitting it to a sort of intellectual gymnastic exercise, adjusted so as to follow the natural bent of its faculties. It was taught to love a science before being crammed with it, avoiding that knowledge which, says Montaigne, "floats on the surface of the brain," without penetrating the understanding, or rendering its possessor either wiser or better. Later, a well-prepared

FRANKVILLE.

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...lect can of itself choose its path and folllow it ...h profit.

The principles of health took a first place in this well-ordered education. Man should have equal command both of his mind and body. If one fails him he suffers for it, and the mind, if unsupported by the body, would soon give way.

Frankville had now reached the highest degree of intellectual as well as temporal prosperity. In its congress were collected all the illustrious and learned men of the two worlds. Artists, painters, sculptors, musicians, attracted by the reputation of this city, crowded to it. All the young people of Frankville, who promised some day to illuminate this corner of America, studied under these masters. This new Athens of French origin was on the way to become the first of cities. A good military as well as civil education was given in the colleges. All the young men were taught the use of firearms, as well as the first principles of strategy and tactics.

When this became the subject of conversation, Colonel Hendon declared himself delighted with all his recruits. "They are," said he, "already accustomed to forced marches, fatigue, and all kinds of manly exercises. Our army is composed of citizens, and when the time comes to prove them, they will be found trustworthy soldiers."

Frankville was on the best terms with all the neighbouring States, for she had seized every occasion to oblige them; but ingratitude speaks so loudly when people's own interests are in question, that the doctor and his friends resolved to rely on their own exertions.

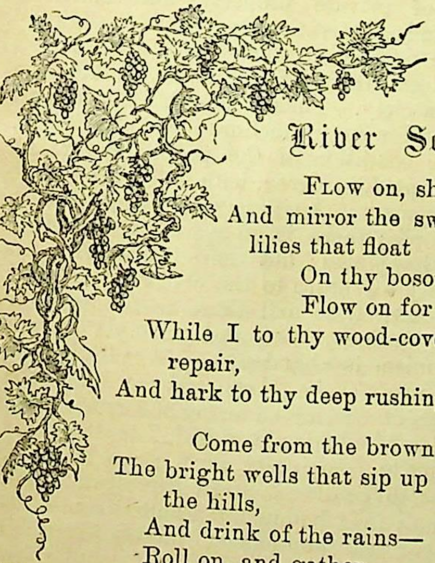
Dinner was over, the dessert was on the table, and, according to the usual custom, the ladies had just left the room.

Dr. Sarrasin, Otto, Colonel Hendon, and M. Lentz continued the conversation, and were attacking the higher questions of political economy, when a servant entered and handed the doctor his paper.

It was the "New York Herald." This well-known journal had always shown itself extremely favourable, first to the foundation, and then to the development of Frankville, and the principals of the city were accustomed to look in its columns for the possible variations of public opinion with regard to them in the United States. This agglomeration of happy, free, and independent people on their little neutral territory was envied by not a few, and if Frankville had many friends in America to defend her, she had also enemies who delighted in attacking her. At any rate, the "New York Herald" was on their side, and constantly expressed itself in terms of admiration.

Without interrupting himself in what he was saying, Doctor Sarrasin opened the paper, and mechanically cast his eyes on the first paragraph. Suddenly he stopped confounded, as he saw the following lines, which he read to himself, and then aloud, to the great surprise and greater indignation of his friends:

"New York, September 8th.—A violent attempt against the rights of men is shortly to take place. We learn from a certain source that formidable preparations are being made at Stahlstadt, with the object of attacking and destroying Frankville, the city of French origin. We do not know if the United States can or ought to interfere in this struggle, which will set the Latin and Saxon races by the ears; but, in common with all honest men, we denounce this odious abuse of strength. Frankville should not lose an hour in putting herself in a state of defence."



River Song.

FLOW on, shining river,
And mirror the swans and the lilies that float
On thy bosom so fair—
Flow on for ever;
While I to thy wood-covered margin repair,
And hark to thy deep rushing note.

Come from the brown heather,
The bright wells that sip up the dews on the hills,
And drink of the rains—
Roll on, and gather
The songs of the streams that rejoice in the plains,
The laughter of crystalline rills.

Come from the green gloaming,
The sweet-scented forest of beech and of pine,
And ripple and flow,
Round the land roaming;
And sparkle and gleam in the sunbeams, and go
To mingle thy sweet with the brine.

J. HUIE.

Lilies.

DOWN in the densest shade
That matted boughs have made,
The lilies float upon the reedy stream;
Amid the deepest gloom
They show their pearly bloom,
Lighting the darkness with a silver gleam.

No other light is seen,
No sun-shaft bright and keen
Now breaks the shadow of these silent bowers;
A dim mysterious place,
Its only touch of grace
Is the white glory of its stainless flowers.

Oh, ye who come and dream
Beside the gliding stream,
Bringing your maiden beauty to the spot,
God made you fair and bright
That ye might be the light
Of life's dark places where the sun shines not.

Tender and sweet and pure,
Your patient souls endure
The darkness, sad and still, of
Earth's dreary sh
With your w
God's gracious

...d-
...d its
...and new
... For a time
...with quiet plea-
...rks, and thinking of
enjoyment of the moment.
...a little more wind and a little

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UTOPIAN EXPERIMENTS AND SOCIAL PIONEERINGS.

BY THE REV. M. KAUFMANN, M.A., AUTHOR OF "SOCIALISM: ITS NATURE, ITS DANGERS, AND ITS REMEDIES CONSIDERED."

CHAPTER IX.—UTOPIAN EXPERIMENTS IN THE UNITED STATES.

MANY years ago a sad-looking traveller made his appearance in one of the branch settlements of the Oneida community, to gain information about its constitution. He received the sobriquet of "the Old Mortality of Socialism" from Mr. Noyes, because "he made it his melancholy business to wander from grave to grave, patiently deciphering the epitaphs of defunct Phalanxes." He was a Scotchman, and had been a follower of Owen in his early days. Made a wiser and a sadder man by experience, he resolved to write a work on Extinct Communisms, which was never published; but he tells us in the preface of his MS. what was his object in doing so. "At one time, sanguine in anticipating brilliant results from Communism, I imagined mankind better than they are, and that they would speedily practise those principles which I considered so true. But the experience of years is now upon me; I have mingled with 'the world,' seen *stern reality*, and now am anxious to do as much as in me lies to make known to the many thousands who look for a 'better state' than this on earth as well as in heaven, the amount of the labours which have been, and are now being, performed in this country to realise that 'better state.'" He determined to write a book "to waken dreamers, to guide lost wanderers, to convince sceptics, to re-assure the hopeful." He only succeeded to gather valuable materials, which have been incorporated with "Noyes's History of American Socialisms," and as such form the basis of the present paper. Some of our more sanguine readers will probably be impressed with the same feelings as was Macdonald when brought face to face with the facts of these Utopian experiments, and this sadness may be toned down to a deeper hue still as they compare the results of these experiments with the great expectations of those who engaged in them, when the ideals are contrasted with the realities, and the hopes with the performances. But those who wish to have a complete and correct view, so as to form a well-balanced judgment on the subject, must follow us to the bitter end in these our inquiries into the nature of Utopias theoretical and practical.

We have already alluded to the disappointing character of the Icarian Commune, founded by Cabet,* and the unfortunate pioneerings to which his voyage to Icaria gave rise. We must now address ourselves to the two groups of Owenite and Fourierist attempts of a similar nature in America, together with some minor attempts, independent of these two, and so, in a rapid sketch, present our readers with those latest efforts of social regeneration, before we bid adieu to Utopian experiments, to give a short account of more practical social pioneerings in co-operation, and so conclude the series.

[illegible] have already given a full account of Owen's [illegible] career as a social reformer,† but have [illegible] and [illegible] his work in Europe. We must [illegible] the Owenite movement and [illegible] which began in 1824, and [illegible] occupies altogether a short though eventful period in the history of Communistic experiments.

The followers of Rapp had prepared the way for Robert Owen, and it is from them, as we saw in a previous paper, that he bought "New Harmony" in Indiana, to be converted into a home for his own community, which, however, differed radically from the earlier occupiers in one point, namely the rigorous exclusion of every positive form of religion. The "industrious and well-disposed of all nations" were invited by Owen to New Harmony. In six weeks a population of 800 persons had been drawn together on the banks of the Wabash, and a few months later they numbered 1,000; but among them it is allowed there were a good many "black sheep, . . . a proportion of needy and idle persons, who crowded in to avail themselves of Mr. Owen's liberal offer; and . . . did their share of work more in the line of *destruction* than *construction*." The number and nature of changing constitutions which succeeded one another in marvellous rapidity show the instability of the undertaking. The settlement begins as a "Preliminary Society," but is soon converted into a "Community of Equality," whilst the government passes from the hands of the executive council into Robert Owen's sole management. Presently this mode of imperialistic government leads to discontent and disintegration, and the community breaks up into several separate societies. Owen makes his celebrated declaration of mental independence, which abjures ancient ideas of private property, and marriage founded on it, and all "irrational systems of religion." The result is a new constitution, which abolishes all officers and elects three dictators to conduct the affairs of the society. Then a month later a new plan is proposed for the "Amelioration of the society, to improve the condition of the people, and make them more contented." Owen, with four joint-rulers, heads the movement. A sifting process takes place among the people; there is an appearance of order and increased happiness; but there is also with it a general tendency to return to the "old style," and people settle down here and there to follow their calling in the ordinary way, the principle of absolute Communism is abandoned, and "Individual Sovereignty" resumes its place. Great had been the expectations of Owen on starting the community. "Our principles," he had said, "will, I trust, spread from community to community, from state to state, from continent to continent, until this system and these *truths* shall overshadow the whole earth, shedding fragrance and abundance, intelligence and happiness, upon all the sons of men." But how different the result! Three years after its establishment we hear of the general break-up of the New Harmony, which in the meantime had become a new discord, and the same happened to other similar societies, which all died a premature death, founded as they had been on a total misapprehension of human nature.

The disinterested industry, and the disappearance of self-seeking in the acquirement of exclusive property, of which Owen had dreamed, were not to be found among the thousand democrats whom he had

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* [illegible] that [illegible]

† [illegible] that, [illegible] Journal of Researches, [illegible]

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...d around him, and whom no religious bond ...together. They had taken possession of the 30,000 ...res of land and the ready-made village bought from the Rappists, but being little better than a rough set of adventurers they possessed none of the virtues of endurance, energy, and frugal self-devotion, which are required to make a social scheme of this kind moderately successful. The absence of unanimity of counsel among such a heterogeneous body, and the unwillingness to obey constituted authorities, speedily gave the deathblow to the Utopian experiment.

The following extract, describing the gradual decline of one of the more promising settlements founded by Owen, called the Yellow Springs Community, may serve as a type of all the eleven which owed their origin to that strange philanthropist in Indiana and New York, in Ohio, Tennessee, and Pennsylvania: "For the first few weeks all entered into the new system with a will. Service was the order of the day. Men who seldom or never before laboured with their hands devoted themselves to agriculture and the mechanic arts with a zeal which was at least commendable, though not always according to knowledge. Ministers of the gospel guided the plough, called the swine to their corn, instead of sinners to repentance, and let patience have her perfect work over an unruly yoke of oxen. Merchants exchanged the yard-stick for the rake or pitchfork. All appeared to labour cheerfully for the common weal. Among women there was even more apparent self-sacrifice. Ladies, who had seldom seen the inside of their own kitchens, went into that of the common eating-house, and made themselves useful among pots and kettles; and refined young ladies, who had all their lives been waited upon, took their turn in waiting upon others at the table. And several times a week all parties who chose mingled in the social dance in the great dining-hall.

"But notwithstanding the apparent heartiness and cordiality of this auspicious opening, it was in the social atmosphere of the community that the first cloud arose. Self-love was a spirit which could not be exorcised. It whispered to the lowly maidens, whose former position in society had cultivated the spirit of meekness, 'You are as good as the formerly rich and fortunate; insist upon your equality.' It reminded the favourites of former society of their lost superiority, and, in spite of all rules, tinctured their words and actions with the love of self. Similar thoughts and feelings soon arose among the men. . . It is unnecessary to descend to details; suffice it to say that at the end of three months—*three months!*—the leading minds in the community were compelled to acknowledge to each other that the social life of the community could not be bounded by a single circle. They therefore acquiesced, but reluctantly, in its division into many little circles. Still they hoped, and many of them no doubt believed, that though social equality was a failure, community of property was not. But whether the law of *mine and thine* is natural or incidental in human character, it soon began to develop its sway. The industrious, the skilful, and the strong saw the products of their labour enjoyed by the indolent, the unskilled, and the improvident, and self-love rose against benevolence. . . . For a while, of course, these jealousies were only felt, but they soon began to be spoken also. It was useless to remind all parties that the common labour of all ministered to the prosperity of the community. *Individual* happiness was the law of nature, and it could not be obliterated; and before a single year had passed this law had scattered the members of that society, which had come together so earnestly and under such favourable circumstances, back into the selfish world from which they came. . . . "They admitted the favourable circumstances which surrounded its commencement, the intelligence, devotion, and earnestness which were brought to the cause by its projectors, and its final, total failure. And they rested ever after in the belief that man, though disposed to philanthropy, is essentially selfish, and that a community of social equality and common property is impossible."

Ex uno omnes disce. Well begun—sadly ended, is the epitaph for every one of the Owenite settlements in North America.

Massachusetts has been called "the great mother of notions," and among the large progeny of "isms" to which she gave birth was Socialism. Several Communistic experiments took rise on her soil. Of Brook Farm we shall have occasion to speak farther on, but one or two anticipatory experiments to Fourierism we must mention in this place.

Hopedale was founded by the Rev. Adin Ballow, and owed its origin to the religious impulse of Universalism. It was intended to be a "miniature Christian Republic," and its object was to harmonise individual freedom with social co-operation. It was intended to expand into a grand confederation of similar communities, "a world ultimately regenerated and Edenized." Mr. Ballow was first President, but was superseded by a more business-like organiser, E. A. Draper, who managed, by degrees, to buy up three-fourths of the joint-stock, and had legal control over the property. Things went on unsatisfactorily; loans were incurred, and capital sunk in unprofitable enterprise. Draper paid the debts of the society, and, we presume, became owner of the property. The Hopedale experiment terminated in a failure. Another and similar Yankee attempt and forerunner of Fourierism was the North Hampton Association. It was established with the usual flourish of trumpets by a small but enlightened set of religious Nothingarians. Labour was to be remunerated equally, both sexes and all occupations receiving the same compensation. A community family and a common table were instituted for those who preferred it, a "Preamble and Articles of Association" was adopted in 1843, tending towards consolidation and Communism, and a department of education was organised, in which it was designed to unite study with labour, so as to encourage both physical and mental development. In the course of the third year, people interested in the subject of social reform were solicited to subscribe to a loan of 25,000 dols., to support the society in its struggles. This appeal was not responded to, and pecuniary difficulties set in accordingly, which produced disunion and distrust, aggravated by religious discussions in the community, and so hastened its downfall.

The excitement produced by the anti-slavery m...g ...receding ment came to its climax in 1843, and serv... and its powerful feeder of the Socialistic fervour ... old and new writings of Fourier, as interpreted by ...shore. For a time were producing in the Unit... sat with quiet plea- Collins, an active Abolition... bulwarks, and thinking of the Skaneatales Comm... tual enjoyment of the moment. dangers which had ...ked a little more wind and a little ties, they too...

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class of mind," and looked out for men of "stability of character, industrious habits, physical energy, moral strength, mental force, and benevolent feelings," as indispensable characteristics of the "valuable Communist." They recognised that at first there should be as few non-producers as possible, single men and women and small families, and accordingly the experiment did not fail through pecuniary embarrassment. On the contrary, when the community had reached the third year of its foundation the value of its property had been doubled. Nevertheless it was dissolved, partly because its two chief leaders could not agree, and partly because the freedom and enjoyment of home-life was constantly spoiled by the over-virtuous desire of every member to be an example of abstemiousness to his neighbour; it became a most uncomfortable community where everybody, by precept and example, wished to prevail on everybody else to adopt his own mode of life as the best, and so in less than three years the community was dissolved.

These settlements were, so to speak, the prelude to the introduction of the Fourierist Phalanx. They had their own independent theory of social architecture, but obeyed the common impulse to social reform, produced by the spread of Fourier literature, aided by the religious and political excitement of the period.

The "New York Tribune" opened its columns to the propounders of Fourierist theories. Horace Greeley, its chief editor, became a warm supporter of the Socialist propaganda. From March, 1842, to May, 1843, Brisbane was engaged in beating the drum, and the consequence was that in the summer of 1843 "phalanxes by the dozen were on the march for the new world of wealth and harmony." Western New York responded most vigorously to the call, and great successes were reported from what has been called the "Volcanic District." A practical attempt was made to organise a *confederation* of associations. A league was formed, called the "American Industrial Union," and several Phalanxes were established on Fourierist principles.

The first of these was the Sylvania Association. There was no lack in enthusiasm at the starting of it, nor absence of talent in the promotion of its interests. Warm friends of the cause in New York and Albany procured a favourable site in Pennsylvania, with 23,000 acres of arable land; temporary buildings were erected for the 150 settlers who took possession of it, and who appeared contented and happy in their new domain, and gratified with the novel modes of life. But presently jealousies crept in, discipline was disregarded, the working community was found to be deficient in intelligence, idleness and greediness told unfavourably on the resources of the association, and all engaged in it incurred loss. The capital expended on the experiment was estimated at 14,000 dollars; the result obtained, *nil*. A speedy dissolution followed.

A similar story might be told of a good many other [illegible]tions of the same sort, all ending in general [illegible]tion, and [illegible]ment, the causes assigned being the acqui[illegible] [illegible]vourable sites or insufficient training [illegible] of those engaged in them, more [illegible] among the members. To [illegible] two distinct [illegible] which would occupy more room [illegible] no many other [illegible] occupy weary the reader [illegible] [illegible]lude our account [illegible] comparative

view of the famous trio of Fourierist associations, the Wisconsin Phalanx, the North American Phalanx, and Brook Farm.

The first of these was founded by the zeal of many leading citizens of Racine County; it was not burdened with a debt, and its organisation according to groups and series as recommended in Fourier's system appears to have worked admirably at first. Only members of promising character, physique, and means were admitted to the association; and in it the principles of Christianity were recognised as a means for the elevation of individual character, and a harmonising influence in society. The development of mind by the refining process of education was attended to with care, and for a time the industrial association prospered, so much so that at the division of property when it was finally dissolved a premium was paid on its stock, instead of sustaining loss as in other similar experiments. What then was the cause of its dissolution?

Selfishness it was feared from the first would become the principal obstacle of progress; and so it proved in the end. Many members had accumulated private property; the prosperous condition of the society, as in the case of some friendly societies in the present day, led to a general desire to divide the profits. Differences of opinion as to the future policy of the community furnished another pretext for a speedy dissolution, and so the experiment was abandoned because "its leading minds became satisfied that under existing circumstances no important progress could be made, rather than from a want of faith in the ultimate practicability of association." It was a deliberate suicide. The attempt had been highly successful from a pecuniary point of view. Its success became the cause of its failure as a society.

A still more successful undertaking was the North American. It was the test-experiment, as its proud name implies. Horace Greeley was Vice-president of the society, and being situated near New York, and under excellent management, it was intended to be the model Phalanx, and actually surpassed the rest in success and longevity. Literature and the press had paved the way, persons of importance, impressed by the sublime promises of Fourier and the vista of potentialities in social improvement held out by his interpreters, formed themselves in a body under the name of "The Albany Branch of the North American Phalanx," and began the work of the association with an aggregate subscription capital of 8,000 dollars. The framing of the constitution proved a great difficulty at first, which caused much labour and anxiety. A controversy arose whether the association was to be a joint-stock co-operation, or a Phalansterian or serial organisation. The latter was finally adopted. A graduated hierarchy of orders was appointed for the purposes of administration, although the principle of personal liberty was recognised as indispensable for the purpose of encouraging full individual development. In fact, progressive development of man and society was one of the chief articles of belief of the association. Their immediate duty they conceived to consist in establishing true social relations, and harmony in association to enable the labourer to acquire the means of comfort, education, and refinement, and a distribution of property on the basis of religious justice.

For this purpose the association was started with the capital subscribed by the promoters, and seventy-seven persons, including women and children, formed its entire population in 1844. Eight years later it

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..d risen to 112, and its property was now estimated at 80,000 dollars, *i.e.*, ten times the amount originally subscribed.

No wonder that the review of their past success inspired the promoters with pride and confidence. They claimed to have paved the way for the final unification of society, by practically carrying into effect Fourier's formula, "Equitable distribution of profits." They claimed to have fairly "closed the first cycle of our societary life efforts," and to have "laid the germ of living institutions, of the co-operations which have perpetual life . . . . which only need a healthy development to change without injustice, to absorb without violence, the discords of existing society, and to unfold, as naturally as the chrysalis unfolds, into a form of beauty, a new and higher order of human society."

All they required was larger means, to extend the work so fairly begun, and additional numbers of people *who were willing to work for an idea.*

A picture is drawn of the "enchanting domains" of the interesting society in 1845, when it was visited by some of its New York patrons, which leaves no room for doubt as to the unsurpassed prosperity and capacity for refined enjoyment among the members of the Phalanx. But the skeleton in the household was discovered here, too; for too soon want of sufficient working capital hampered progressive development; grumbling was heard among the members on account of insufficiency of reward for labour rendered; the wages question, if we may so call the dispute, led to secession of some, who formed a society of their own, less Communistic in its tendencies; religious dissensions, occasioned or fomented by emissaries from without—these and similar causes undermined the harmonious well-being of the society. The people who would work for an idea could not be found in sufficient numbers to develop the resources of the land. The character of those already located in the settlement had begun to deteriorate, culture and education were neglected, the desire for animal gratification increased in proportion, the society got heavily into debt, a destructive fire consumed a considerable amount of its property and hastened on its dissolution. "Each for himself," became the common cry, and after the experiment had been tried for little more than twelve years, like the rest, it too, promising above measure as it had been at one time, came to an inglorious end.

Hawthorne, Dr. Channing, and Theodore Parker are mentioned in Emerson's "Reminiscences of Brook Farm" as the most distinguished members of that small literary band of socialistic transcendentalists, who, after the manner of Ruskin's Society of St. George, engaged in a tentative system of social regeneration in the parcel of land called "Brook Farm." They established a sort of joint-stock community, which afterwards was converted into a Fourierist Association. Some of the social idealists, like Hawthorne, who first took an interest in it, after a time abandoned the enterprise as impractical; others, carried away by the Fourierist enthusiasm of the time, helped in turning it into a Fourierist Phalanx, according to the law of groups and series, as the basis of the new industrial organisation. The society was divided into three primary departments of labour—agricultural, domestic, and mechanical—and great expectations were entertained as to its future success.

In the National Convention of Associationists, which assembled at Clinton Hall, New York on April 4th, 1844, speakers compared the prospects of association to the tokens of approaching land which cheered the drooping spirits of the crew of Columbus. The friends from Brook Farm were the birds, and those from other places the flowers that floated on the waves. A representative from Brook Farm, Mr. Dana, spoke of the favourable results, after a few years' trial there, of the association principle, such as the abolition of domestic servitude, and the raising of manual labour to "its just rank and dignity in the scale of human occupations." Referring to the disputes between capital and labour outside, and comparing it with the just distribution of work and wages in Brook Farm, the speaker went on to say:

"We have established a true relation between labour and the people, whereby the labour is done not entirely for the benefit of the capitalist, as it is in civilised society, but for the mutual benefit of the labourer and the capitalist. We are able to distribute the results and advantages which accrue from labour in a joint ratio.

"These, then, very briefly and imperfectly stated, are the practical, actual results attained. In the first place, we have abolished domestic servitude; in the second place, we have secured thorough education for all; and in the third place, we have established justice to the labourer and ennobled industry. . . . we have by actual facts, by practical demonstration, proven this, viz., that harmonious relations, relations of love, and not of selfishness and mutual conflict, relations of truth, and not of falsehood, relations of justice, and not of injustice, are possible between man and man."

It was hoped that Brook Farm would form the nucleus of fraternal co-operation throughout North America, and was destined thence to spread far and wide, and so bring about "the final establishment of happiness and peace among the nations of the earth."

The "Brook Farm Association for Education and Industry" changed now its name, and became the "Brook Farm Phalanx," starting with a new constitution in 1845, and serving as the virtual centre of the Fourierist propaganda, and the head-quarters of the American Union of Associationists, having for its motto—

"Unity of man with man in true society;
"Unity of man with God in true religion;
"Unity of man with nature in creative art and industry."

The programme published on this occasion concludes thus: "We are sure to conquer. God will work with us; humanity will welcome our work of glad tidings. The future is ours. On! in the name of the Lord."

Emissaries went forth to establish affiliated societies. Meetings were held to persuade the public. The "Harbinger," as the organ of the new society, became a vigorous exponent of the new views; but within a year from the time when it announced this
task of propagating Fourierism, a disastrous fire-ing
prostrated the energies and hopes of the associa-reced-
Still, there was as yet no interruption of th bay and its
harmony, and the "Harbinger" stilgs old and new
fully of the brotherly love and de shore. For a time
prevailing among the membout sat with quiet plea-
however, signs of rapidoulwarks, and thinking of
and death followed actual enjoyment of the moment.
tinction of Foliked a little more wind and a little
tongues"

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literary spiritualistic tendency, which began in religious transcendentalism, and ended finally in Swedenborgianism, and the verbal controversies and impractical sentimentalism to which they gave rise, are said to have been among the reasons of this most conspicuous failure in the latest form of Utopian experiment.

There are other minor associations, such as the Brocton Community, near Lake Erie, which combined Spiritualism and Socialism, which might be described, but our limited space forbids us from further details. The result in all these cases is the same. After a flourish of trumpets and a few years' trial they came to a speedy end. "It crowed cheerily in its time," says the historian of American Socialisms of one of them, and then he describes its premature decay. The epitaph of another runs like this, and is applicable to all: "It effected but little, and was of brief duration. No further particulars." It is the same story throughout slightly diversified. Lack of faith in the experiment, a want of funds and the proper spirit in the members of the association, disharmony and distrust, quarrels over title-deeds, and suspicion of the "money-bags" (*i.e.*, the contributions of the capital), indolence, and ignorance as to the principles of association, bad selection of the soil for pioneering purposes, and want of good management after it was got, the self-seeking of the managers, in some cases, following out their own private interest, and neglecting or disregarding that of the association, the standing danger of returning to the "flesh-pots of Egypt" (*i.e.*, the ordinary modes of industry after the accumulation of property and profit), faulty distribution and unforeseen disasters—these are some of the main causes of failure and the inherent disintegrating infirmities of such societies.

If such be the result of the most promising associations in the most favourable soil of North America, with its wealth of territory and popular enlightenment, with its peculiar constitution and mode of government, encouraging the spirit of free association according to the national motto, "*E pluribus unum*," what may be expected of similar experiments in the Old World, with its land-famines and over-populated districts, and the many corrupting social influences which are not yet prevalent in the New World? If the attempt to establish complete harmony in confederation and combined effort on a new basis failed in the presence of so much religious and moral enthusiasm under the most favourable circumstances, are we not entitled to say that the logic of facts has pronounced an unfavourable verdict upon such and similar Utopias?

It has been said that Fourier's system never had a fair chance in America, that his experimenters and followers did not understand fully or carry out faithfully his principles, and that, therefore, he is not responsible for their failure. In answer to this we reply that, as far as they were able, they followed out his magnificent theory, and if their pioneerings ended in discomfiture and despair, the attempted verification b[illegible] the theory, as far as in goes, is unfavourable to accoun[illegible] hypothesis as to the forces and capabilities [illegible]tion, an[illegible]ture, and the resisting forms of life fer[illegible] have al[illegible] proceeding inductively with the fore- late co[illegible] career [illegible] we cannot help coming to any [illegible] the head, [illegible] his [illegible] that whilst the principle of [illegible] the two sexe[illegible] of the [illegible] [illegible] bent two distinc[illegible] which [illegible] most anxious consider- [illegible] no many oth[illegible] occu[illegible] improved system [illegible] that [illegible] of this prin- [illegible] that, [illegible]

ciple, according to Owen, Fourier, and Cabet, [illegible] proved a decided failure, as a tentative effort in the wrong direction, a premature anticipating by many stages the moral and social development of humanity, founded on a hasty and erroneous generalisation in sociological science.

HUSBAND'S LIABILITY FOR WIFE'S DEBTS.

IN a New Zealand paper we find the report of a decision at Dunedin, which is stated to be "important to traders," but which we quote as a curious instance of British law ruling in islands at the Antipodes, where nothing but club law existed a century ago. The famous New Zealander who is to visit London in future ages would feel at home in our law courts, if they have not shared the ruin of London Bridge and St. Paul's. Here is the report: "A decision, important to traders, was given by Mr. Bathgate, R.M., to-day. The plaintiff in the case sued to recover £18 4s. for goods supplied to the defendant's wife from January to October, 1878. The accounts were rendered quarterly to the defendant's wife. He himself had never authorised his wife to purchase the goods, and did not know anything about the account till January, 1879. He made her a regular dress allowance for the express purpose of relieving her from the necessity of obtaining drapery goods on credit. He therefore contended that he was not liable. In the present case the account was incurred by the wife without her husband's authority and against his will, he having supplied her with a sufficient allowance. There was, therefore, revocation of any authority she might have had to purchase drapery goods on credit as his agent. I am of opinion (said Mr. Bathgate) that, in the circumstances, the plaintiff cannot recover. This may be deemed a hardship to plaintiff, but it was in his power to inform the defendant of the currency of the account, by rendering the account to him instead of to the wife. It is sound policy that the law should place some limit on the facilities afforded in the way of credit, whereby a man might be ruined without his knowledge by a thoughtless or extravagant wife. This decision does not impeach the principle that a husband is liable for necessaries,—the fact of the defendant having allowed his wife a sufficient sum for the wants of herself and family protects him from liability. The plaintiff will be nonsuited."

This decision may have more novelty in some of our colonies than at home, but it happened strangely that the very day we received the New Zealand paper the law reports gave a similar decision at the last Assizes at Lewes.

Mr. Justice Grove, in summing up the case, said that it involved a question of considerable importance, not only as regarded the liability of husbands for articles supplied by tradesmen to their wives, but also to the public in general. Some tradesmen seemed to be under the impression that when a married woman went to their shops they might supply her with anything she chose to ask for, because they believed that her husband would pay for them under fear of exposure or for some other reason. He was bound to tell them that this was not the law. Under certain circumstances, and for articles that were necessaries, a wife was regarded as the agent of her husband; but this did not apply to the case where articles were obtained of an extravagant character,

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a tradesman could not recover the price of such articles if he had reason to believe that the wife had no authority from her husband to purchase such articles, or that the husband had prohibited the tradesmen from supplying them. His lordship then referred to the facts, and said that if the jury believed that the defendant had prohibited his wife from dealing with the plaintiff (a milliner), and she (the plaintiff) was aware of that prohibition, she could not recover in the present action.

Varieties.

SHEFFIELD.—The following errors have been pointed out to us in the article on Sheffield in the August Part. In the list of educational institutions, the People's College should be omitted, as it has lately ceased to exist. The Ranmoor Almshouses are stated to be the gift of *the late* Mr. Mark Firth. Mr. Firth is still living in the improved form of Mr. Alderman Firth, referred to on page 555. He has just built Firth College, at a cost of £20,000, but it is scarcely yet completed. At the last census the population was 239,946. The present estimate is nearly 300,000. In the list of parks Hyde Park should be omitted, as it is not a park in the same sense as Weston and Firth Parks. It is private property, and is chiefly used for pigeon shooting, rabbit coursing, and other degrading amusements. The Botanical Gardens belong to a company, and only those who pay a certain yearly subscription are entitled to frequent them, except in the case of visitors residing more than seven miles from the town, who are admitted free on presenting a recommendation from a proprietor. There are three or four galas held during each year, when the gardens are open to all upon payment of a small charge. Western Park and Museum should be Weston.

MUSICAL COPYRIGHT.—We have received a note of explanation from the Rev. J. Curwen relative to a paragraph in our Varieties for July 5th, p. 432. We regret that we quoted the statement from a contemporary—the "Echo"—as it makes Mr. Curwen appear to have acted harshly, whereas the very opposite is the case.

The simple facts are these. The Sunday School Choir printed, without permission, some 7,000 copies of "The Comrades' Song of Hope." This piece is not an "old French song," but the work of a living French composer, M. Adam. The French words are military and warlike. The "Comrades' Song of Hope" is an *original poem* by Mr. J. S. Stallybrass, written at my request for the song, and paid for by me at the time. It is entirely different in spirit from the French words, and has proved very popular. When the trespass came under my notice I wrote to the choir, and the reason I asked them how many copies they had sold, and whether they were still selling them, was to enable me to show them what a serious injustice they had done me. They replied very courteously, expressing their "annoyance" and "regret" that the piece had inadvertently appeared. I named £2 as a nominal acknowledgment of the trespass, and the secretary in sending it said, "I thank you in the name of the committee for the lenient manner in which you have treated us." All through the conduct of my public work I have avoided even the suspicion of hard dealing or mere money getting, and the appearance of such a paragraph in a publication such as the "Leisure Hour" is very distressing to me, as the *impression* which it conveys is erroneous. I at once consented to allow the choir to sell off the remaining copies of the piece. Had I allowed the affair to pass unnoticed the piece would have been regarded as common property, and copied from one book into another until I had lost all control of it. I was bound to act in self-defence.—J. C.

QUEER RELIGION.—They have a queer sort of a church in a beautiful village called Florence, near Northampton, U.S. It is a free debating society rather than a religious institution, and it has just made a deliverance of its opinions on matters and things in general. This is one of them: "How much better for mankind if all the time and thought which have been given to useless ceremonies and speculation about a world of which we know nothing had been spent in learning the best means of drawing out the resources of the earth; of multiplying the comforts and lessening the ills of life, finding out the best way to reclaim swamps, subdue wild land, and bring the soil up to its highest fertility, and above all, to learn the laws of our own being, the cause, cure, and prevention of disease, and how to cultivate those moral and humane sentiments which civilise and ennoble mankind." The "New York Express" very aptly remarks on this sagacious stuff: "Christian nations have done more to draw out 'the resources of the earth, and multiply the comforts and lessen the ills of life, to reclaim swamps, subdue wild land, and bring the soil up to its highest fertility,' than all the others." Of the many kinds of "cant," none is more offensive than the cant of secularism.

CHINESE GRATITUDE.—Mr. Walter Hillier, one of her Majesty's consular officers in China, and one of the best and most fluent foreign speakers of Chinese, on returning from a long tour in the famine districts, published a graphic report of the present state of the country. On the question of gratitude he writes, in a tone that shows how little the idea of disinterested beneficence has place in the minds of average Chinamen. It is the more necessary to bring to them the Christian religion, which teaches true and unselfish charity. "To any one," says Mr. Hillier, "who has had a long and varied experience of the character of the Chinese it is hardly necessary to say that gratitude is not one of their strongest features, and that thanks from them are so rare, that if an opinion had to be formed upon verbal expressions of appreciation, I am afraid I should have to say that all that was done was accepted as a matter of course. We must look to other indications of gratitude where Chinese are concerned. If we start with the supposition that in the eyes of every ignorant Chinaman a foreigner is a barbarian to be grinned at, hooted at, and yelled at—and this was the treatment I invariably received in Honan—a marked difference is to be observed in the attitude of the people of Shansi, who have been the recipients of foreign relief, showing that they have reached a higher appreciation of the foreigner. Even to myself, a 'barbarian' pure and simple, in the genuine barbarian dress, perfect civility was shown in and around P'ing-yang Fu, while to Messrs. Richard Hill and Scott, it appeared to me, the respect was very marked. The Chinaman, I venture to believe, is a sceptic in the matter of disinterested charity. He cannot grasp the idea that it is possible for a man to do a purely charitable act, and when the handling of much money is concerned the acceptation of the theory becomes still more difficult to him. That a number of persons whom he has never seen or heard of should spontaneously send him aid with no ulterior object or design is utterly beyond his comprehension; and when he has at last brought his mind to accept the fact that it is so, he has yet to swallow the still more difficult theory that the agents they employ for its distribution are men of absolute integrity, who are actuated by the noblest motives and are perfectly clean-handed. 'Squeezing,' as it is popularly called, in some shape or form, is so essentially bound up with Chinese life, public or private, that perfect honesty is a virtue which a Chinaman reads about but does not understand."

INDIAN EXPENDITURE AND THE SILVER BULLION QUESTION.—In the debate on Indian currency and the value of silver, Mr. Cross, Member for Bolton, made some interesting statements as to the lessened absorption of specie and the causes of the diminution. For a long time India had been a great absorbing country. In four years of a period India had absorbed £210,000,000 of specie, but in the last eight years of that period she had only absorbed £50,000,000. India had lost her absorbing power, and the question then arose, What was the reason that India had ceased to absorb? It would be the natural thing to say at once that our exports must have fallen off in proportion to our imports. But this was not the case. Our exports had increased in proportion to our imports, yet in 1869 India absorbed £59,000,000 of bullion, whereas in 1877 India absorbed only £20,000,000 of bullion. They should try to find out why India could not absorb in the way she did a few years ago, and it was only when hon. members came to look into the finance accounts that they would find the reason clearly written. They would find there that the home charges were going on increasing year by year. In 1868 it required only 84,970,000 rupees to
satisfy the indebtedness, but in 1879 it requires 189,000,0 all
rupees. This was a monstrous increase. It was perfe vering
possible that India could stand it and keep above wly reced-
was necessary the country should look into this bay and its
as possible. What was the cause of it? Things old and new
difficulty. India sends us a very lar he shore. For a time
profits. She sends us nearly £20, but sat with quiet plea-
send her in merchandise. Indi bulwarks, and thinking of
her returns in silver, sa the actual enjoyment of the moment.
take all kinds of t ve liked a little more wind and a little
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never go near her. He was not blaming any particular Government; he had shown that in 1868 the home payments amounted to a sum equal to 43½ per cent. of the land revenue, and that in 1879 they required a sum equal to the whole net land revenue. This showed an increase of annual charge upon India of 104,000,000 rupees in eleven years. The evidence of Indian officials showed how some of this increased charge arises. Men of great distinction were examined before the Indian Finance Committee in 1873, and they gave very telling evidence. In reply to a question, General Pears said: "Every regiment in India has its colonel—usually a general officer, not an effective officer with the regiment, but at home. We pay that, as he belongs to and is a member of a regiment which is serving in India." So that colonels did not appear to be with their regiments in India, but in London, though India had to pay for their services. Then as to the cost of recruits, General Pears said that under the Company it was £42 per head, whereas now it was £82 per head. The hon. member for Hackney asked the same witness the following question: "According to the figures you have just given, one-fourth of all the officers belonging to the Indian Army, for whom India is paying, are in England?" The reply was, "Yes; I think that would not be very far from the mark." On the same subject Sir John Strachey, an Indian official whose opinions were entitled to great weight, had ended a strong protest against the existing system by urging that it was the duty of the Government of India, by economising, to provide for the charges that became due on account of military services in the country.

Asia Minor.—We lately published a statement by Professor James Bryce as to Turkish tyranny and misrule in Armenia. Mr. G. Barkley says that from private letters he knows things are getting worse and worse: "The 'organised brigandage' of the officials is more openly and shamelessly carried on than ever before, and unofficial brigandage is now common where, a few months ago, it was almost unknown. Doubtless the people are docile and long-suffering to a remarkable extent; but they are capable of and liable to outbursts of passion that deprive them not only of prudence, but almost of reason. Conversations with men of all classes, soldiers and civilians, in Asia Minor, Mesopotamia, and Armenia, make me believe that the temper of the people is strained to such a degree that any trifling cause might plunge the country into anarchy."

Crows' Courts.—An eye-witness sends the following note from Paisley:—"Between two and three o'clock in the afternoon of the 19th June, a number of crows (about twenty or thirty) were observed coming over the north part of the town, and flying in a very excited manner. On their approaching, it was noticed that they were all taking turn about of attacking one, which seemed very much exhausted. In trying to get out of their reach, it struck against a chimney, and fell to the ground, upon which they all flew down, and, without alighting, gave it another dab, which killed it. After sitting for a minute on a house close by, looking at it, they flew away in the direction in which they had come, seemingly quite satisfied. When the dead crow was picked up, the head was found to be covered with wounds, and a great many of its feathers pulled out. The execution was witnessed by about 100 persons. On the same day, in the opposite part of the town, another encounter, by a like number of crows, was seen, where the unfortunate victim was also killed in the same way as the other. Both crows appeared to belong to the common kind. The cases of killing single crows, which have been mentioned in your papers, have all taken place during the pairing season, and had an apparent reason; but the destroying of their own kind, and after the young ones had come to maturity, seems quite unaccountable, except on some principle of revenge or justice or other motive.—D. K. P."

Sir Bartle Frere and the Zulu War.—In a speech at Cape Town, June 17th, Sir Bartle Frere gave the following defence of his policy in bringing on the Zulu War: When I went to Natal I found great difference of opinion as to the state of affairs in existence. There were prophets of evil, and men [illegible] prophesied smooth things, but I felt convinced that they [illegible] living on the brink of a volcano. Every part of the [illegible] in imminent danger of a horrible war, owing to [illegible] races. It has been said that my conclu[illegible] [illegible], armed, but I would ask those who have [illegible] proceeding [illegible] history whether their conviction [illegible] that the position of the Natal [illegible] I have heard the same [illegible] and Australia, who [illegible] Natal as a field for [illegible] of what I had long before been told, viz., that the condition of our fellow-colonists was based on an extremely hazardous foundation. Everything I saw and heard pointed to the same conclusion, that throughout the whole of South Africa a movement originating with the Zulus had stirred to the hearts the whole of the native population. All they wanted was some movement to bring about the supremacy of the black races and the expulsion of the Europeans. Our measures were strictly directed to defence, and it appears to us quite impossible to defend the Natal border with the forces in the colony. It was only by carrying the war at once into the enemy's country, by posting columns within the enemy's borders, by meeting them on their own ground, that they could prevent an invasion. This is my justification for the act which you have been pleased to-day to confirm. I feel convinced that when our countrymen at home, even including the critics, come to look at this business in the light of history, they will say that we did no more than was necessary for the safety of the colony. Perhaps the verdict will not come in my time. All history points to similar cases of men who have done their best and who have received justice only long after they were dead. This is what has sustained me in what has passed. I do not judge from mere surmise, but from the acts of Cetewayo himself for the last eighteen months. He had repeatedly stated that his power was founded in blood, and that it was necessary for the maintenance of that power that he should be unrestrained in his ability to slay his subjects. He had asked for leave to wash spears in white men's blood, and I knew it was impossible for him to do so without killing British subjects, and those who had allied themselves with us for protection. I thought no risk too great as compared with the paramount duty of doing my best to protect her Majesty's subjects.

Wet Seasons.—The following extracts from the "Diary" of Pepys for the year 1663 may have some interest for those who are calculating cycles and making forecasts, or they may show the despondent that the country has emerged from similar atmospherical disturbances such as those with which we have been this year afflicted:—

"July 1.—This morning it rained so hard, though it was fair yesterday, and we are therefore in hopes of having some fair weather, which we have wanted these three months.

"July 7.—In Mr. Pett's garden I eat some of the first cherries I have eat this year.

"July 8.—I hear not what will become of the corn this year, we having had but two fair days these many months.

"July 21.—This day the Parliament kept a fast for the present unseasonable weather.

"August 28.—Cold all night and this morning, and a very great frost, they say, abroad, which is much, having had no summer at all almost."

Evelyn, in his "Diary" of the same year, only mentions the subject once. Under date of July 16, he says:—"A most extraordinary wet and cold season."

Darien Railway Scheme.—Captain James B. Eads, who is constructing the jetties to deepen the channel at the mouth of the Mississippi river, has written a letter to the "New York Tribune," in which he proposes to substitute for the contemplated ship canal across the Isthmus of Darien a railway by which the largest vessels may be conveyed across. This project he claims to be entirely practicable, and says it would cost considerably less than the canal, and might be completed in three or four years. Captain Eads says that for a sum not exceeding one-third of the estimated cost of the canal (or about 50,000,000 dollars) a railway can be constructed by which the largest ships entering the port of New York can be transferred, when fully loaded, with absolute safety across the Isthmus within twenty-four hours. Such a railway would not require steeper grades than are in use on our chief lines; and the roadbed need not be over 40 feet wide, nor have more than eight or ten rails laid upon it to sustain the cradle upon which the ship is placed. The ship could be raised by a lock and the usual hydraulic methods, and he suggests two methods that are practicable, and with precautions to prevent straining. He recommends turn-tables instead of curves in the railway where changes of direction are necessary. The car, or cradle, to carry the ship should be built in sections, each about 100 feet long, and each section supported by about 200 wheels, some of them driving wheels moved by engines. The weight of the largest merchant steamers and their cargoes would not exceed 10,000 tons. Such a vessel Captain Eads would place on five of these sections, supported by 1,000 wheels bearing on eight or ten rails, so that each wheel would support about twelve tons. He thinks his plan entirely practicable, and urges it very strongly.

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...ole, to all
...birds hovering
...coast slowly reced-
... of the bay and its
... buildings old and new
...pon the shore. For a time
...s spoke, but sat with quiet plea-
...over the bulwarks, and thinking of
...beyond the actual enjoyment of the moment.
...would have liked a little more wind and a little

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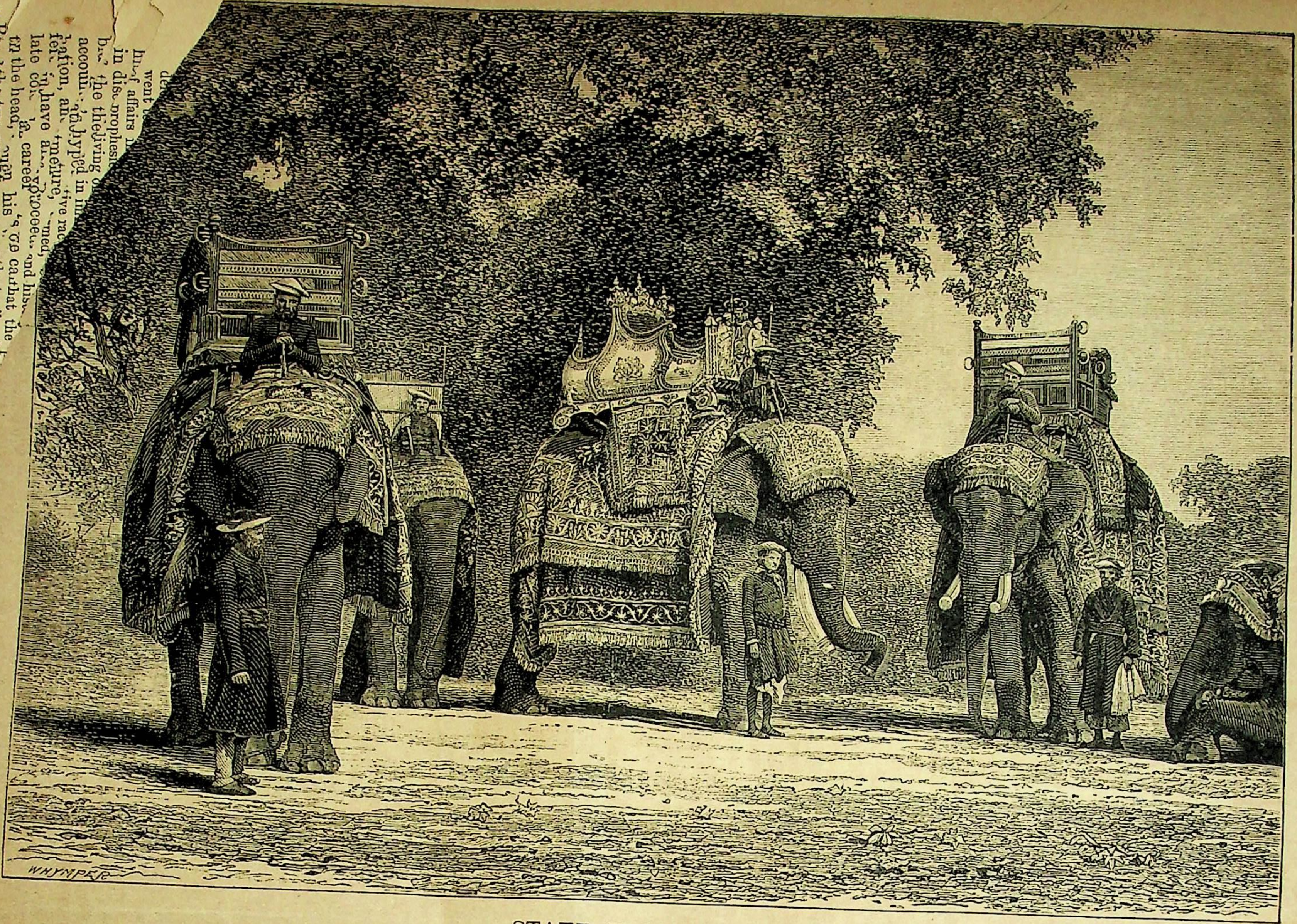

STATE ELEPHANTS.

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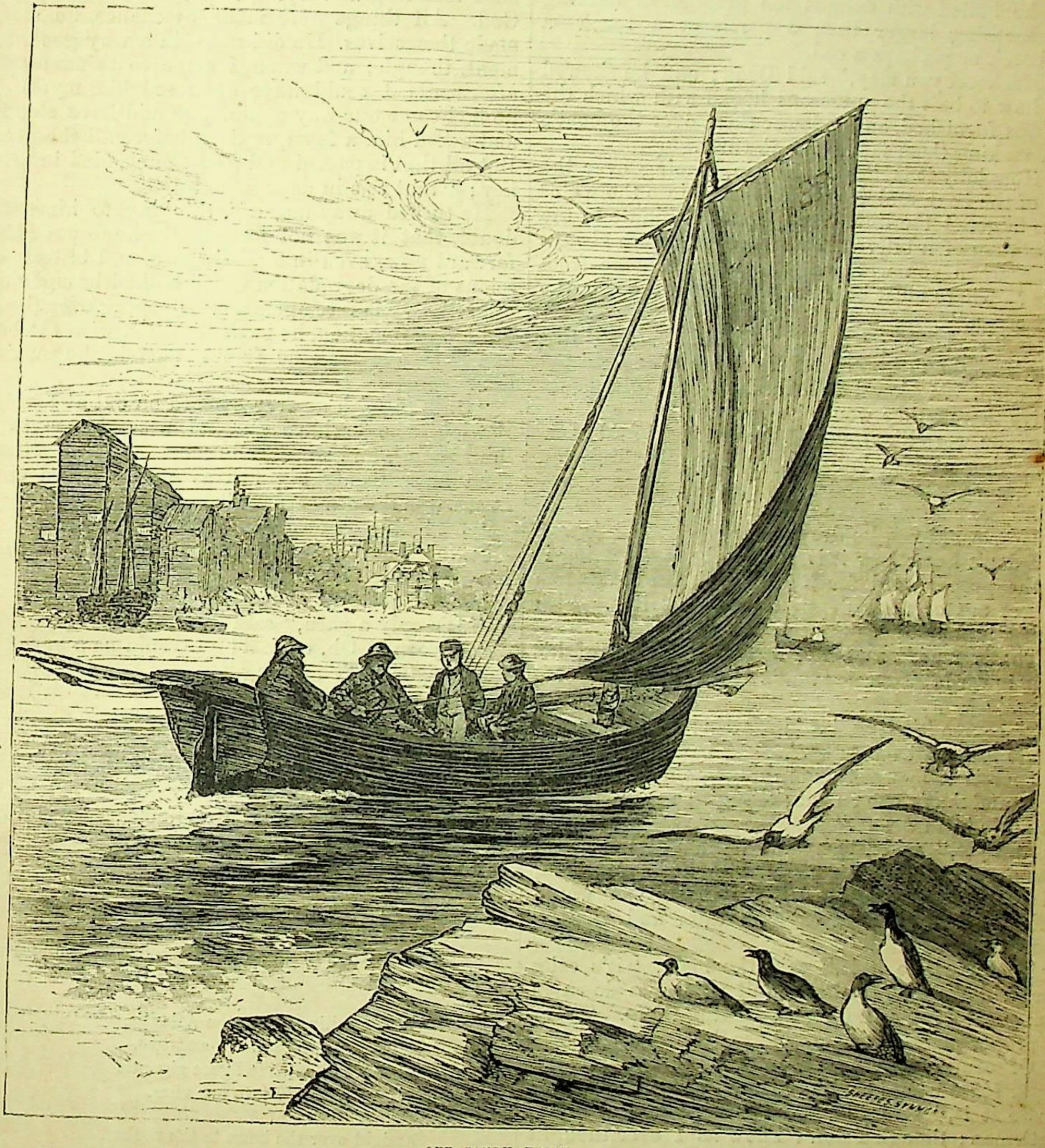
THE LEISURE HOUR.

BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,
AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND.—*Cowper.*



OFF SANDY FRITH.

STRAIGHT TO THE MARK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BOY AND MAN," "LOMBARDY COURT," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVII.—A BIT OF A CRUISE.

Here is another ballad of a fish.—*Shakespeare.*

IT was a delightful sensation, creeping slowly along before the wind over a smooth sea, and looking out, now at the distant horizon, where two or three ships with all their sails set were visible, to all appearance motionless, like huge sea-birds hovering upon their wings; and now at the coast slowly receding, and displaying the outline of the bay and its surrounding hills, with the buildings old and new dotted here and there upon the shore. For a time neither of the boys spoke, but sat with quiet pleasure gazing over the bulwarks, and thinking of nothing beyond the actual enjoyment of the moment. Tom would have liked a little more wind and a little

No. 1449.—OCTOBER 4, 1879.

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more excitement; but he was very happy; and to Martin it was all new and romantic and delightful.

"Where are we going?" he asked, after they had been half-an-hour at sea.

"Anywhere you like," was the answer. "A bit of a cruise I suppose, out and home again. There are some lines in the boat, and some bait, if you would like to have a bit of fishing."

Martin was fond of fishing with a rod and float, and he hailed with delight the prospect of hauling in something larger than a perch or a roach—a mackerel, or perhaps a cod.

"Mackerel you may," said Dean; and he showed him how to bait the numerous hooks with which the line was furnished, and to lower them over the boat's side, making them fast to the thwarts.

"How jolly it is!" said Martin, leaning over the side of the boat, and dipping his hand into the water as he fingered the line, trying it every minute in the expectation of a bite. "I suppose you were always fishing when you were on your voyage home from India? There must be some very big fish out in the great ocean."

"No," said Tom; "a distinguished 'natural' like yourself ought to know that there are no fish in the great deep. Mackerel and herrings and soles could not live there—they would be drowned."

"If you were like some of the fellows," said Martin, looking at him doubtfully, "I should think you were greening me."

"*Ne joco quidem*," Tom replied.

"How could fish be drowned?"

"I don't know how it is, and perhaps drowning is not the proper word for it; but I know that when fish get out of their depth they cannot live. Fish are mostly found near the coast."

"That's true," said Bowley, with a jerk of his head towards Tom—"that's true enough. He knows."

"Of course it's true," said Martin; "but it seems strange to me all the same."

"There's a many strange things going," said the man, "and that's one on 'em; though I never thought of it afore in that way."

"And yet," said Tom, "the bottom of the ocean at its greatest depth is covered with little shell-fish, and they can live—tiny delicate shells, you would think they could only exist in calm and shallow water."

"That's where it is," said the man; "it's calm enough down there; there ain't no waves down in them great depths; nothing a-stirring there. That's the proper place for them, that is."

"Of course," said Tom; "everything is in its proper place where God has placed it."

"So it is," said the man; "right again, young gentleman; though I don't know as I ever thought so much of that afore."

"But there are big fish in the ocean, are there not?" Martin asked; "whales and leviathans, and that sort?"

"I never seed a leviathan," said the man; "but whales keep near the shore as a rule. They don't venture very far from it."

"It would take a great deal of water to drown a whale."

"Well, you see, there is a pretty good deal of it in the ocean. Not but a whale might be able to live there, for aught I know, if he had a mind; only there would be no little fish for him to feed on. Whales could not live on them tiny shell-fish the young gentleman was talking about, I take it; so they keep near shore, where their food is. Yes; there's a place for everything, and everything in its place, and there's One above as puts 'em in it, that's clear."

"Yes," said Dean, who had been listening to the conversation, with his hand upon the tiller. "That don't seem like chance, does it? I heard a fellow once lecturing and trying to prove that there was no God. All things were made by chance, he said, or made themselves. He did not spin a very good argument, though; and when I came to think about it afterwards, I could have answered him myself. If he had come our way again, I should have stood up and asked him a few questions before all the people. But all that is passed and gone," he added in a lower key; "that was in days gone by."

He turned away moodily, thinking to himself, no doubt, that it was not for such as he to put himself forward now, even in a good cause, and bitterly conscious of the degradation which he had brought upon himself by his intemperance. Leaning over the side to hide his emotion, he busied himself with the hooks and lines, and took no further part in the conversation.

"Only big fish as ever I heard on out at sea," said Bowley, who perhaps guessed what his mate was thinking of, and wished to divert the boys' attention from him—"only big fish as ever I heard on out at sea war the sea-sarpent."

"Oh! did you ever see it?" cried Martin.

"No; I never seed him; can't say as I did; but I have heerd tell on him."

"Tell me all about it, do."

"It's only a yarn," said the man.

"A yarn! Oh, capital! Do spin us a yarn!"

"Leastways it's a song."

"Oh, then, sing it."

"But you'll perhaps be offended?"

"Why?"

"'Cause it's only meant for land-lubbers and such."

"Never mind; go on."

The man being thus urged, cleared his throat, fixed his eyes upon the deck, and began in a husky voice as follows:—

"Come listen to me, ye land-lubbers,
I'll sing you a song of the sea,
While the wind high aloft, through the scuppers,
Comes whistling up over our lee.

'Twas a-sailing across the Atlantic,
North longitude forty-and-two,
When a sarpent-like figure gigantic
Hove suddenly into our view.

Straight over the bows to the nor'ard
He lifted his p'isonous head,
And under the starn, right for'ard,
The bight of his tail was spread.

'Furl the main yard!' cried the captain,
'Run for'ard and dowse the spanker!
Lay out on the signal halyards,
And take a reef in the anchor!

'Bring up the best bower, and load her
With canister, grape, and shell;
Fill her up to the muzzle with powder,
And prime her and p'int her well!'

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But as soon as the snake set his eyes on
The cannon run out at the fore,
He dived underneath the horizon,
And never came up any more.

But he lashed with his tail on the water
Until it were all of a bile;
And it took him a day and a quarter
The whole of his length to unkile.

And at night, in our mess, we was trying
To reckon the length of the beast;
And, as sartin as here I'm a-lying,
'Twas forty odd knots at the least."

"Bravo! capital!" said Tom, when he had finished.

"Well, but," said Martin, "you are not lying; you are sitting."

"Then, if I an't a-lying, young mister, it's all true, every word on it, of course."

"Oh, I see; I see."

"But you needn't believe it if you don't like, you know."

"That's like Chaffin," said Martin.

"No," Tom answered; "because nobody could be deceived in this case. It's a yarn from beginning to end, and does not pretend to be anything else."

"A yarn for land-lubbers," said the singer, with a look of much satisfaction. "Wind blowing aloft through the scuppers, up from our lea; north longitude; starn right for'ard; reef in the anchor. Haw! haw! haw!"

Martin did not see all the force of the joke, and the questions he asked added much to the entertainment, and provoked frequent repetitions of the Haw, haw, haw, in which he joined merrily, though without knowing why.

"How I should like a dip?" Tom said, presently, looking down at the water, upon which a ripple was beginning to play.

"Can you swim?" Joshua Dean asked.

"Oh yes; I have bathed from the Mersey—the ship I came home in from India. The captain used to have a boat lowered in calm weather, and the sailors used to bathe. I could always swim; at least as long as I can remember."

He had thrown off his jacket by this time, and was preparing to go overboard. Martin came aft in a great hurry and caught hold of him.

"We are a long way from the shore," he said, "and the water must be a mile deep, at least."

"Nonsense! Besides it would make no difference if it were. I like deep water to plunge into. Here goes!"

"But even a fish cannot live in deep water," cried Martin.

The only reply to this was a good-humoured thrust which floored the "Swallow," and the next moment Tom went over the side, head first. By the time the younger boy was on his feet again Tom was also up, puffing and panting, and dividing the sea manfully with his arms. Dean had thrown off his jacket and shoes, and stood watching the swimmer, ready to spring after him if it should be necessary, and Martin, though still a little alarmed at his friend's daring, was contented to watch him as he dived and swam, and felt not a little proud of him.

Suddenly a thought struck him. "I hope there are no sharks about here," he exclaimed.

"No," said Dean, with a laugh.

"Because I have read such dreadful stories about sharks, and we are so far away from the shore."

"No fear; sharks don't come this way. But look yonder."

A rippling sound was heard to leeward, and a small boat under sail was seen running towards them. Two men were sitting on the gunwale, and the boat, which carried a good deal of canvas, was bending to the breeze as it freshened, blowing off shore. Near the bow was a large Newfoundland dog, standing in an attitude of attention, and with his eye fixed upon some object not far off.

"What a fine dog!" said Martin.

"Yes," Bowley replied. "It's Resky. He's a good dog, Resky is. He has saved a many lives, Resky has. Everybody knows Resky."

"He is looking at Tom," said Martin. "There he goes."

Rescue had caught sight of Tom Howard's head in the water, and after a few moments of reflection had come to the conclusion that it was a case for him. He had plunged in, therefore, upon his own responsibility, and was swimming with all his power towards the bather.

Tom was a little alarmed when he saw him approaching, for he did not know what sort of animal it was, little more than his head being visible. He began, therefore, to swim towards Dean's boat; but Resky gained upon him, and before Tom was aware caught him by the shoulder, but so gently that his teeth were scarcely felt, and began to draw him towards the boat from which he had himself descended. A struggle ensued, Tom trying to liberate himself from the dog's grip, while the dog persisted in its attempt to hold him fast and safe. Dean put an end to the contest by running his boat to the spot, and then going overboard himself to the boy's assistance. Tom was very glad to find himself safe on board again, for he was exhausted and half drowned by poor Rescue's well-meaning efforts. The adventure caused them a great deal of amusement, though it had not been without its alarms at one moment.

"You had better go and change your clothes," said Tom to his friend Joshua. "You'll catch an awful cold if you don't."

"I will," said the man; "though the wet would not hurt me; salt water never does, nor fresh water, neither. It an't the water," he muttered to himself, as he disappeared under the hatchway of the half-deck.

"You should have let him have his own way, master," said Bowley, referring to the dog. "He would have brought you alongside famously."

"But I did not want to be brought alongside," said Tom.

"A friend in need is a friend indeed," said the man."

"But I was not in need."

"That makes all the difference, of course. Even a friend may be one too many sometimes; or he may do you a mischief even when he means to be kind. I don't know as ever I thought of that afore."

"It's true, though," said Dean, who had shifted himself by this time. "Save me from my friends, I say."

He looked so serious that Tom felt a little hurt. It seemed as if Dean had intended some reflection upon himself or some one belonging to him. "Why do you say that?" he whispered.

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"For good cause," was the answer.

"What friends do you mean?"

"Never mind," said the man. "I don't mean anything that you need care about."

Poor Joshua was thinking of the man who, under a show of hospitality and kindness, had tempted him to drink, and afterwards persuaded him to part with his property; but Tom knew nothing about that.

Meanwhile the dog kept swimming about near the smack, as if anxious to come on board and see how his patient was getting on; but being repeatedly called away by his master, he left them at last, with evident reluctance.

"I love a dorg," said Bowley, "next to a human being; and many on 'em deserve it a deal more than some humans as I could name."

"More than that fellow Chaffin, for instance," said Martin. But Tom did not want to hear any more about Chaffin, and bade him hold his tongue.

"Oh, I say!" cried Martin, going to his line after this rebuff; "here's a fish at last!" He began to pull in his line as rapidly as he could, and after several of the hooks had been brought on board with the baits untouched, a bright shining object was visible approaching the surface of the water, and he felt its weight and its struggles.

Tom ran to his side and watched him.

"It's only a dorg," said Bowley.

"Another dog?" cried the boy; "where?"

"A dorg-fish, I mean. It's good for nothing; pull up, though; there's more beyond."

The dog-fish was landed, and after him a fine mackerel; then another dog, then more mackerel. Martin was in great delight, and Tom went away to pull in his own lines, which were equally well furnished.

"I wonder what o'clock it is," said Martin, suddenly, after they had been for some time engaged in this way.

"It's about three o'clock or after by the sun," said Dean.

"Oh, I say! our train goes at five, and we are ever so far from the shore. How quickly the time has passed!"

"We had better put about at once," said Tom.

"Goes at five, does it?" Dean replied. "And suppose you were to be too late for it, what then?"

"It's the last train that stops at Abbotscliff," cried Tom. "We should not be able to get back to-night. Oh, I say, do go about."

The thought of Dr. Piercey's displeasure, and of the scene which had occurred not long ago with Chaffin, rose up in the boy's mind, and his agitation was so great that Dean could not help observing it, and said, "They keep you very strict at the college, don't they?"

"They are very particular, of course," Tom answered; "and I should not like to be late. Make all the haste you can, please."

"I am afraid we shall not catch the train," said the man; "for though the wind is freshening, it's off shore. But I'll tell you what we can do. We can run round the point, and land you within a mile of the college before nightfall; we are part of the way there already, and can lay our course well."

"Oh, capital! I should like that so much," said Tom; "lock up is at nine."

"We'll be there before nine," Dean answered; and in a few minutes sail was set, and they were standing towards the point which they were to double.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

What's done we partly may compute,
But know not what's resisted.—*Burns.*

THE wind freshened, and the sea began to be a little rough as they stood out; it was nearly high water, and a swell had come in with the tide. The Swallow ceased to twitter after his usual lively manner, and stretched himself upon a sail which lay at the bottom of the boat. Joshua Dean threw a coat over him, and left him to go to sleep, if he could. In due time they doubled the head, and steered their course for another point westward, beyond which the lighthouse and tower at Abbotscliff were visible upon the heights, though still some miles distant. The sea was rougher here, and even Tom Howard began to feel a little queer, for it was some months since he had been upon the water; but he said nothing about it, and seating himself upon the deck, tried to think how pleasant it was to feel the lifting of the vessel beneath him, and the fresh breeze upon his face. Certainly the fresh breeze was pleasant enough, but he looked pale, and the man Bowley, noticing this, came and asked him how he felt.

"Some people would recommend brandy," he said; "but there isn't such a thing aboard. We go on the tee-too-total principle here," nodding his head towards Dean, "except nows and thens. There's never a drop of spirits comes aboard, whatever happens ashore. It's a good job too," he added, "considering. He's the right sort, he is, when he *is* right. It's a great pity that a man like him should ever be overtook."

"What do you mean?" Tom asked, in a state of bewilderment.

Bowley raised his elbow square with his shoulder, opened his mouth, and made a gesture to imitate the emptying of a glass down his throat.

A light burst upon our hero; he was sorry he had asked for an explanation.

"That's at the bottom of it," said the man. "I thought you knowed, else I wouldn't have said nothing. But he has took the pledge, and has not been like the same man since. He never goes outside the shipyard if he can help it, except into the boat."

Dean came and interrupted them. Tom looked at him now with a strange kind of interest—pity mixed with admiration. He remembered Chaffin's "What will you take?" and set him down at once as the author of Joshua Dean's fall. He had heard how difficult it was for one who had so fallen to raise himself again, and it appeared that Dean had accomplished it. He longed to tell him of the sympathy and respect he felt; but of course he could not do that; so he began to talk about something else.

"Captain Broad will be surprised," he said, "when he comes back, to find so much building going on. You expect him soon, don't you?"

"Yes," said Dean.

"I don't suppose he will like it," Tom continued.

"Like it! I am afraid not." It was sadly spoken.

"Are they going to build on your shipyard?"

"It's not mine; I've sold it." He spoke as if in anger. He did not mean to spare himself even to this boy, if he asked him any questions.

"Yes, I've sold it—like a fool, if not worse."

"I'm so sorry."

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"So am I; but it's no use being sorry now."

"Has Mr. Chaffin bought it?"

"Yes; he persuaded me to let him have it; and now he means to turn me out of it, contrary to his promise. But it serves me right. If it was only *me* it would not signify. I sometimes think I might get it back again. A lawyer at Puddleford told me he thought I could."

"How?"

"Why, you see, the will—my father's will—says that the old mother is to occupy it as long as she lives; that gives her a sort of right to it."

"Then I would make him give it up, if I were you."

Dean did not answer, but looked moodily at the water. He might have contested the sale with Mr. Chaffin on this point, if he had been able to return him the money he had paid; but without doing that he could not in honour claim to have the property restored to him, either on his mother's behalf or on his own.

"I suppose he gave you a lot of money for it?" Tom remarked.

"Not much money; he gave me bonds chiefly—bonds in this new company. If I had not been mad, or something worse, I should never have done it. He told me the bonds would soon be worth double the money. I should not have trusted him altogether, but he referred me to a gentleman in London who is up to all such business, and has a lot of shares himself, and he said the same. Darville his name is."

"Darville! Louis Darville?"

Tom recollected having seen Louis in company with Mr. Chaffin at the South-Western terminus, and the few words which had passed between them on the subject of investments were still fresh in his memory.

"Yes. Louis Darville, that was the name. Do you know him?"

Tom explained that Mr. Darville was one of his dearest friends; at least, Mr. Darville's brother was, and they were both respectable and honourable men, he was sure, and thoroughly to be depended upon.

Joshua Dean pricked up his ears at that, and grew more cheerful.

"Then, may be, it's all true," he said, "and I shall get the money for these bonds after all. 'Better than bank notes,' he said they were. If I could sell them now this minute so as to get the property back I would do so."

"I wish you could," said Tom, thoughtfully. "I dare say Mr. Darville could do it for you."

"No, he can't; anyhow, he won't. I have written to him, and he tells me it would be foolish to part with the bonds just now; they will be worth a great deal more money if I keep them a few months longer, he says."

"I don't know so much about Mr. Louis," said Tom. "His brother Victor is my great friend. I'll write to him if you like, and ask him all about it."

"Will you, though? Well, if it is not too much trouble."

"No trouble at all," said Tom.

"And I'll give you the bonds to send up to him."

"Oh, no," said Tom, alarmed at the thought of such a responsibility. "At all events, I'll write first, and you shall know what he says."

Mr. Dean was quite in good spirits at the unexpected opening which appeared to be made for him in his difficulties, and took a pull at the sheet, with a "Yo ho!" to let off his excitement. Bowley was surprised to see him so animated and so like his former self. Towards nightfall the boat ran into the little cove near Abbotscliff. Martin was roused from his retreat where he had been lying, a small, uncomfortable, half-unconscious heap for the last hour or two, and was very glad to find they were going ashore again. He had had enough of the boat for the present. The boys were carried to the beach upon Bowley's back, and shook hands with their friends warmly at parting.

"I think you were sent to me express for a good end, my lad," said Dean to our hero. "I feel as if you had done me good already; and if anything comes of it with these bonds I shall be a man again —a *man* mind!" He turned away, muttering to himself, "Not a beast; no, never any more. A beast! Why, it's a libel upon the beasts to talk so!"

"Oh, the fish! the fish!" cried Martin as the boat was shoving off again. "Can't we have some of the fish?"

"Yes, to be sure," Dean shouted; "hold on a bit. All of 'em if you like."

The mackerel were quickly strung through the gills and brought ashore.

"Will that do?" Dean asked, seeing that Martin looked at them rather doubtfully. There were more mackerel than he wanted; but he was anxious to have one or two of the dog-fish. Mr. Grantly or some of the fellows might like to keep them as specimens. The "dorgs" also were brought ashore therefore, and, laden with their spoils, the two boys toiled up the hill.

"Won't the fellows wonder where we have been? said Martin. "What a jolly day we have had! I shall never be anything but a sailor; I have quite made up my mind about that. You and I will sail together all round the world."

Tom had the same feeling; he *could* not be anything but a sailor, but he had misgivings on the subject, knowing that his parents had other hopes and expectations for him.

"What fun it will be to tell all the fellows about Chaffin!" Martin said, presently.

"You had better not say anything about him."

"Why not?"

"Oh, I don't know. I would rather you did not. Promise me you won't."

"Oh, I can't promise. I don't think I could keep it in. I am so glad you gave him that cracker under the chin."

"I am not," said Tom, and the subject dropped.

Before they went to bed that night Tom Howard noticed little Martin, surrounded by an excited group, performing a sort of pantomime. He saw him leap up, with his fist doubled, at the face of one of his tall listeners; and he knew that the history of his adventure with the Dook was being told. Before he could retreat he was seized by half a dozen of his schoolfellows, patted on the back, and applauded in the most enthusiastic terms for his zeal and courage.

"It was not courage," he said; "it was passion."

But it was all the same to them; and it was with difficulty that Tom Howard could escape the honour of being chaired round the Common room.

The next day there was broiled mackerel for breakfast, and for many days after that certain "very ancient and fish-like smells" were perceptible in the studies of some of the members of the Naturalists' Field Club.

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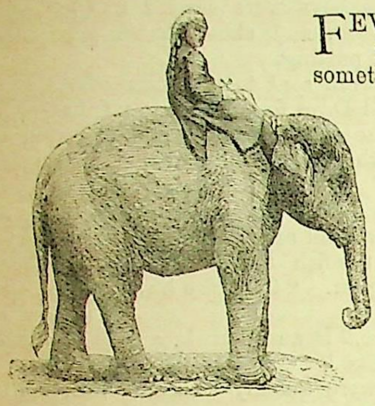
THE ELEPHANT IN CAMP.

BY A COMPANY'S OFFICER.



FEW that have been in India but have something to tell of that noble and wonderful creature the elephant. The first I saw of them in camp was in the second Punjaub campaign, where three fine-looking animals, ridden each by a "mahout," were harnessed to a large twenty-four pounder gun, and walked along the road at three or four miles an hour, pulling it after them as if it cost them no effort. When the day of battle came a curious scene occurred. It was well-known that these wise creatures would under no conditions consent to go into action and pull the gun about under fire. Four-and-twenty pairs of large bullocks were therefore brought out and harnessed to the gun in their stead. Each pair required a man to drive them, so that twenty-four men and forty-eight bullocks, with a terrible amount of yelling and whipping, were required to do the same work that these three men and three elephants did so easily and quietly.

At one point of the advance towards the enemy the bullocks had dragged the gun up to the side of a steep embankment, the top of which looked as if it were used as a village road. Handspikes, ropes, and all the strength of the artillerymen attached failed to get the wheels over this obstacle. At last it was determined to break down the wall with spades. The men, casting their coats, began to work with a will, but they attained but little speed, for the earth was beaten hard down and stiff. It looked as if the few spades they had would not get through the job for a long time, and the army was fast moving on ahead. One of the gun elephants came up shortly, and an officer who knew something of what the animal could do if his mahout and he liked, asked the man to stop him and help them to get the gun over the difficulty. The mahout brought his elephant to one side of the gun, and with very frequent repetitions of "Dut! dut! dut!" the favourite word of all his species, got him to lay hold of the axle. Presently he raised the wheel from the ground and placed it on the top of the embankment. The English gunners, watching with wondering eyes, were not slow to help the elephant, for the moment the wheel was up they, by handspikes and ropes, fixed it so that it could not get back. The animal was then led round to the other side, and with as great apparent ease lifted the second wheel, with the entire body of the gun, on to the top of the bank. This was secured next, and the elephant not being longer required passed on. There was no time to keep marvelling over the feat of strength and intelligence at the time. The gun was pushed down the less steep bank on the other side, and the twenty-four bullocks being again harnessed began their weary drag forwards at about two miles an hour.

The elephants, though useless for fighting purposes, were, however, abundantly welcome friends to a few of the less severely wounded, who came out of the fight near where these animals were standing. Getting on their backs they were quickly and easily conveyed to the field hospital, where their wounds were dressed and themselves comforted.

The next time I met the elephant in camp was when the Maharajah Dhuleep Sing was coming down from Lahore to Futtehghur, attended by his tutor, Sir John Login, some of the sirdars, and a large escort of cavalry, infantry, and guns. He had handsome large tents for himself and his suite, and elephants were required for carrying them. After depositing the tents in Futtehghur the escort was returning to Meerut accompanied by the elephants that were no longer required. With these was a motley group of servants, etc., also not wanted. Along with them was a fine middle-aged Sikh Fakeer who had fared well while in the retinue of the Maharajah, but on the return he was not in such good company, and found himself rather hard up. He therefore thought he could not do better than help himself to one of the cakes, a quarter inch thick and one foot in diameter, a pile of which was supplied every evening to each of the elephants. He was too sacred a character for the mahout or any other native to interfere with, and as long as no European eye was upon him he found it quite easy to supply all his wants from this source. One evening, however, he tried the experiment once too often. As was his wont, he went carelessly up to the pile that had been set before a small female elephant and took up one of her favourite cakes. Whether remembering his former offences or not it is hard to say, but she caught him in the act, pulled him down with her trunk, and put her foot upon him. A number of men saw what happened, but it was all too suddenly and unexpectedly done to be avoided or prevented. On running up they found the man grievously hurt and unable to move. He was put into a dhoolie at once and carried to the hospital, where he presented a very remarkable appearance. He was blown out to an enormous size with air under his skin. His arms were almost as large as thighs, and his lower limbs and body were proportionately distended. His face was so swollen that you could not have recognised him. His lips and cheeks were so distended and tight that he could not speak; and his eyelids firmly closed through both upper and lower lid being swollen and tense. He could bend no joint in his body, but lay stiff and straight on his back. The elephant was said to have put her foot on his chest, but there was no external mark of injury. It was clear, however, that she must have broken some of his ribs

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and driven the ends of one or more of them into his lungs. Acting on this belief the man's chest was bandaged up. In a few hours the good effect of this was seen, for the swelling over the whole body had gone down and the man could speak. He also took some liquid nourishment and was bandaged up again more tightly. In the morning the swelling was greatly reduced, and it was found that eight ribs on one side of the chest had been broken, and some of them must have pierced a lung. We had to march, and as there was no one to leave him with, he was carried along day after day in a dhoolie. He continued to mend, and, thanks to a grand constitution and great patience, was able to start for his home in six weeks. It is hardly likely that he or his friends sought to interfere again with the much-prized "chuppatrie" of the elephant's evening meal.

Another affair with elephants occurred in the camp of a battery of artillery, under escort of which some elephants were proceeding down country. Strolling out of our tents one afternoon towards the guns, which were in front, another officer and I saw a small elephant coming along at a racing pace from the rear, pursued by a larger one in no very quiet mood, with his trunk in the air. The little one made straight for the nearest soldiers' tent, and running among the ropes, snapped some of them like strings, and drew the pegs of others out of the ground. She then turned in among the horses, who, thoroughly scared, broke from their head and heel ropes, and commenced racing about, fighting, kicking, and neighing. The soldiers' tent, which fell over, gave the men a scare, and they came rolling out as fast as they could. The native horse attendants were set off screaming and yelling, and altogether there was the greatest confusion, a bewildering Babel of voices and noise.

In less time than it has taken to read these few last lines, the elephants who doubled back came past at a great pace, the little one still leading. As she advanced, the mahout of the larger elephant came rushing forward, with his long black hair streaming out behind him. His eyes were glaring, and his face dark with fury. In his hands he had a short spear, which he carried at the charge. He passed the smaller elephant unnoticed, and without hesitation or halt, met his, the larger elephant, at charging pace, and struck the lance of his spear into the side of his trunk. The shock of the charge made him reel, and the elephant threw himself back on his haunches and stood still. The spear was withdrawn, followed by a very little blood, and the man spoke to the animal in some familiar tones. It immediately put down its trunk; the man stepped upon it, and was at once lifted over the animal's head till he slipped on to his usual seat on its neck. He then rode it quietly to the rear. The submission, under such circumstances, to punishment, and the spirit of loyalty to the man who daily fed, watered, washed, and clothed it, was touching in the extreme. Considering the strength and courage of the elephant, its having been born and bred a wild beast, and its natural hostility to man, one could not but believe that the man who thus conquered must assuredly have formerly gained its affections through kind and considerate treatment. We were glad when we saw that the spear, wielded in a moment of excitement and fury, had inflicted a wound so free of danger. No doubt, too, the mahout himself was more than thankful that his elephant had escaped serious injury. He thereby retained his life-long occupation—almost friend—and source of dignified and easy employment. The camp had not escaped an upset, and several of the horses had received severe kicks in the *melée*; but, by the plucky and determined way the offending elephant was stopped, no further injury happened to man or beast.

The next scene was a very sad one, and happened at Peshawur, where a large elephant was passing along the road, heavily loaded with irons, and in a dangerously excited state. Some other elephants were in company to control him if necessary, and his mahout, afraid to mount him, walked on his left side. On the elephant's other side walked the "coolie," or second attendant, who fetches the food and does all the hard work in connection with the supply of an elephant's daily wants. Without any apparent special provocation at the moment, the animal put out his trunk, caught the coolie by the ankle, and swinging him round over its head, dashed him down on the road. The man was killed on the spot, his skull broken and his thigh dislocated by the violence of the wrench and blow. It was all the work of a second or two. None of us could have helped him. The elephant rushed on, conscious of his guilt, but was headed and taken charge of by the others till he was secured. The man's body was picked up at once and taken to the hospital, where it was made over to his friends. The mahout, who was equally near, was untouched, and except for the temporary fury of the beast no explanation could be given of the sad occurrence.

It is, however, on grand occasions of state in camp that the elephant comes forward with the greatest importance. The handsome state carriages of Europe are never seen on these occasions, for there is a sad shortcoming of roads in some places and total absence of them in others, fit at least for delicate springs. The stately-marching, howdah-carrying elephant is, therefore, an essential element in the great gatherings of princes in camps and all state ceremonials in the east. The larger and taller the elephant is the more valuable he is on these occasions. No rajah can bear to see his inferior perched on an elephant taller than his, and all sorts of artifices are used for padding the saddle, etc., consistent with appearances, to heighten the look of the animal.

When the Viceroy is in camp, and holds a durbar of native chiefs, he has with him a few very large elephants, and one of them is said to be the tallest that can be found in the country. Some of the maharajah's elephants are draped in gorgeous cloths of gold and silver, with numerous precious stones worked into the surface of them.

The greatest display of elephants I witnessed was at Lucknow some ten years after the mutiny. There more than a hundred gaily caparisoned elephants formed in procession, accompanied by horsemen and all the attendant display of eastern pomp. The people riding on them were the rajahs and principal men of the late kingdom of Oude, the home of the old Bengal Sepoy who mutinied, and the greatest stronghold of England's enemies in India. It had been arranged that on a certain day these chiefs should do homage to England's queen in the person of the Viceroy, Lord Lawrence.

The spot chosen for the ceremony was the side of "the Residency," so famous in the story of heroism when the Lucknow garrison suffered and triumphed so nobly. On a rising ground, not many yards from

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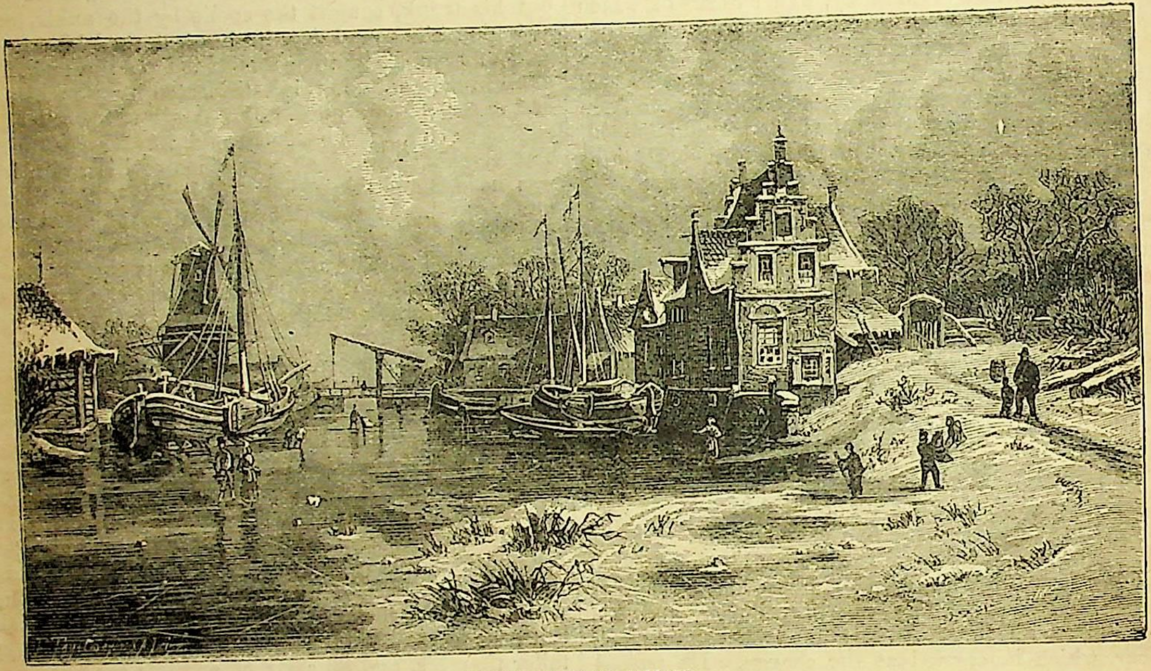
the spot where his dearly loved brother "Henry" was killed, the younger brother "John" stood surrounded by a brilliant staff of general and commanding officers and all the chief civil governors and officers of the country. Past him filed the long line of maharajahs, nawabs, rajahs, and chiefs, on their elephants, with their officers of state and attendants, and in the name of her Majesty they were formally reassured of forgiveness and friendship. One could not help sympathising with the personal feelings of the Viceroy, whose inmost heart must have been very full as he thought of the change of scene at that place, hallowed as it ever will be by the remembrance of his noble Christian brother, whose tombstone close by records the life-long history of the man "who tried to do his duty."

SWISS HIGHLANDS AND DUTCH LOWLANDS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE REGULAR SWISS ROUND."

II.



WINTER SCENE IN HOLLAND.

IT is interesting to pass from hence straight to the high Alps and note some points of contrast and resemblance between the Hollander and the upland Swiss. The natural position of both is exceptional. They have both to fight with nature for life, the one having to win and hold his bare standing-ground from the sea, and the other to keep body and soul together amid regions of rock and ice. Thus they are so far similarly situated as to be under the necessity of doing battle with the elements in a way unknown to dwellers in ordinary lands. Curiously enough, too, they are alike in being both keepers of cows and makers of cheese. The Alps of Switzerland and the flats of Holland are the dairy-farms of Europe. The battle, however, is much the hardest for the toiling upland Swiss. While the Hollanders have won wide districts from the sea, and converted them into pasture, the Swiss have rather shown their energy by utilising the sweet grass in unlikely spots upon the mountains. They sometimes even drive their cows over glaciers in order to reach these high meadows. The Dutch have driven the sea itself back.

I am writing this little paper at Mürren. The enormous cliffs of the Jung Frau rise sheer up before my window. A thunderstorm has just passed up the gorge between them and the crest of the hill on which our inn is perched, and thus has travelled beneath us. After a flash, the echoed roar of the peals grew and grew, till sound itself seemed to be exhausted. A few yards from our balcony is a sheer rock precipice, some two thousand feet in depth, and the road among the pastures at the bottom of the valley, when the clouds break below us to show it, looks no bigger than a piece of string lying on the grass a few yards beneath the window. It is a most magnificent scene. A few minutes ago the passing storm cut off the peaks of the great snow mountains so that they seemed to be lifted up far above the earth, and belong wholly to the air, like structures in the sky. Fine weather is, no doubt, best for walking, but then of necessity you see that even the highest mountains have their low base. Clouds, however, give a mystic airiness to height. As I look up from my paper I see peaks seemingly close by, as there is only one gulf, half filled with white cloud,

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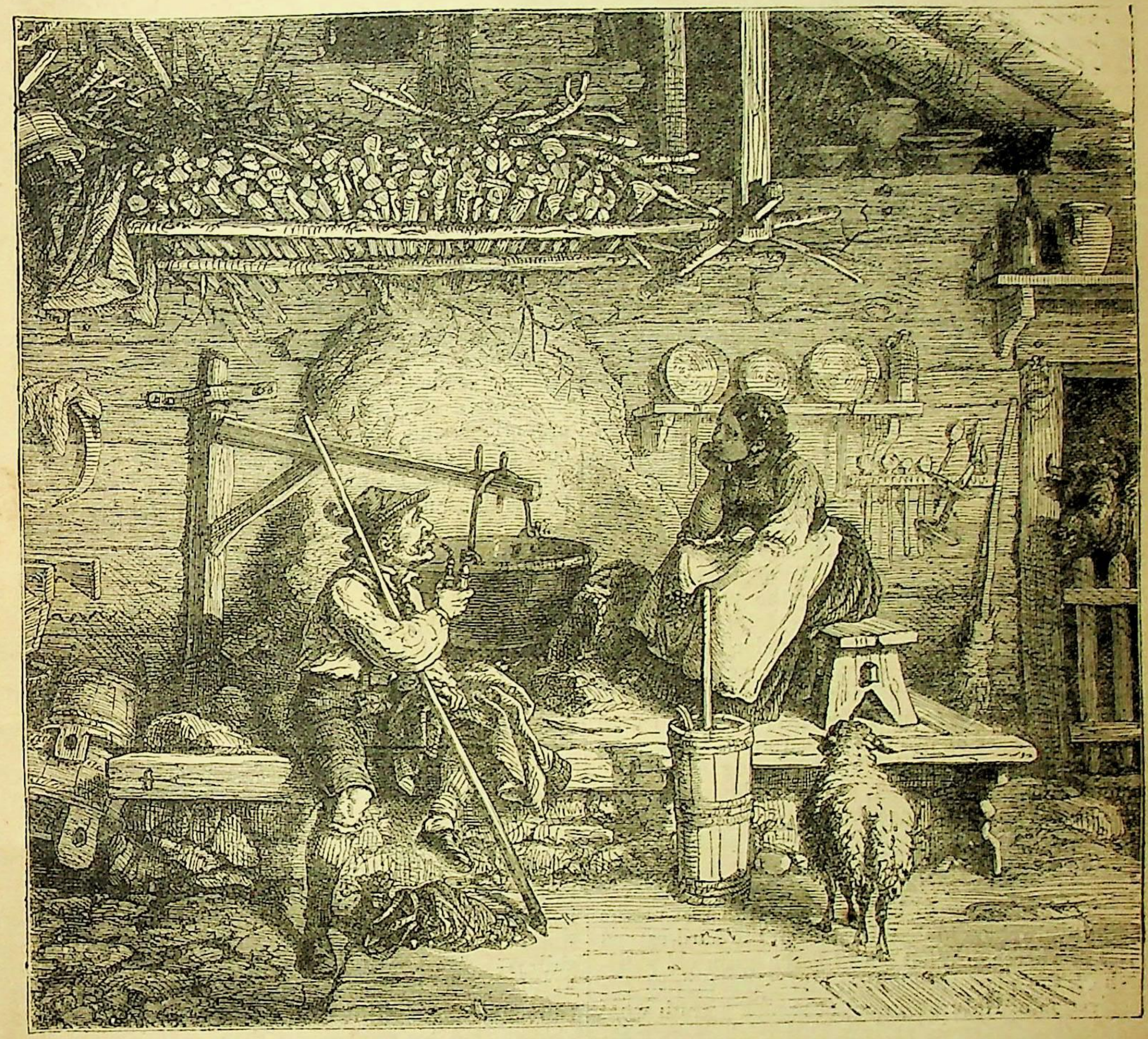
between me and them, but they are about as distant as Rotterdam is from the Hague, to which we travelled by rail through flat pastures filled with countless herds of cows. I dare say that those yellow-faced Swiss peasants who are sitting under the eaves of a châlet hard by, hoping that the rain will clear off and let some of them earn a few francs as porters or guides, would be pleased enough if the whole of this grand range could be flattened, mucked, and sown with corn. You may fill the mind, but not the stomach, with "views." We get the most magnificent scenes in nature at sore cost to the poor tillers of the soil. Snow-peaks are beautiful to the well-fed eye, but they mean barrenness, shadow, and storms to those who try to live among them by the sweat of the brow. They harbour the ice and shut off the sunshine. They draw the tempest and flood the valley. They interdict the civilising influences of intercommunication. These people at Mürren have been found out, as it were, only within the last few years. Their weather-worn, small-windowed châlets, built to shut out cold and shut in warmer air—which is poisoned not only by enclosed second-hand human breath, but by dungheaps at each door—show that they have lived here long. This, their nest of a hamlet, may have been here for centuries. Probably it has. They, especially the women and children, are hideously yellow. No doubt they are physically strong. In the course of generations, which have ever gone on carrying heavy burdens up and down hill, their legs and backs have come to be wonderfully enduring. Weak hearts, in process of time, have been weeded out; they have had no chance of becoming hereditary. Weak loins have succumbed to the exigencies of daily toil. In divers valleys a curious phase of infirmity has shown itself in the persons of numerous idiots, useless for the winning of bread, as if nature must exhibit some forms of impotence; but in the mountain hamlets the weakest seem simply to have gone to the wall, and there the result is, so to speak, a breed of human cattle, at any rate a highland race with much that is characteristically human bred out of them.



INSIDE THE CHÂLET.

What these people here really think of the tourists who cram the two hotels now built by their hamlet I should like to know. Probably they consider them to be under the influence of some inscrutable delusion which leads them to desert the luxuries of the city

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for the comparative discomfort of Alpine inns. Many times as I have been to Switzerland I cannot recall any expression of genuine enthusiasm or admiration on the part of Swiss highlanders at the beauties of nature. Guides will point out views which they have found that other tourists or climbers admire, but this tribute to scenery is a mere echo of the guide-books. They did not begin to climb peaks till they found they would be paid for it as guides. If they looked to the mountains, it was for chamois, not views. Their Alpine explorations were suggested by hope of fresh pasture, and thus more cheese. The incoming of an alien crowd into their Alps, emptying its pockets into landlords' tills, must have led many of them to think it simply a crowd of useful money-spending fools, however respectably athletic some of them might be. But we have a notable company under our roof at present, for this is a focus of rare scenery, and just now they are all kept in by bad weather. I was lounging in the ground floor verandah an hour ago. Those two gentlemen who were playing at chess are well known bankers in London and Berlin. One who paced up and down restlessly, smoking a cigar, is a Prussian potentate. That one who was watching the weather that he might sally forth to sketch is an eminent Nonconformist minister. That is a distinguished English general officer, whose name has been well-known in campaigns. That is a barrister of great legal repute. That one who stood apart under an umbrella is a famous British statesman. There, leaning on his alpenstock, was the head master of one of our large public schools. A dozen others, who may be widely known, were chatting with one another, or with baffled Alpine Club men, under the porch. They somehow looked men of mark.

A few yards off across the road, under the dripping châlet eaves, sat a line of villagers, yellow, clad in coarse homespun brown frieze, smoking large foul pipes, and staring at us in silence, relieved by an occasional flicker of growl that ran up and down the line, or a glance at the disappointing sky. The grandfather of the hamlet, a gaunt old man with a wonderfully furrowed face, his knees up to his chin, and a dirty nightcap on his head, sat at the end of the row. When he was young, Mürren knew no place in "Murray." There was no "Murray." There was nothing to be got out of the rest of the world by dwellers in that hamlet but the hard-earned price of cheese. What does he, the grim old patriarch of the place, think of it all? We talk of the inspiration of Nature's grandest scenes. With what are these cadaverous natives, sitting there, now inspired, except it be with the hope of being allowed to carry a heavy portmanteau two thousand feet down to or up from Lauterbrunnen for a few francs, and so cutting out the modern horse proprietors? We drove from Interlaken along the gorge to Lauterbrunnen, which the sun hardly ever reaches except for a few hours in summer, and where a few patches of corn, which look no bigger than carpets laid out to be beaten, are green in August. Then we rode up the hill to this place. Before we shifted from the carriage to the saddle, a man had walked by the side of our creeping vehicle for half an hour, begging to be allowed to carry a large carpet-bag, which was tied on behind, up on his back. He had waylaid us this half hour down the valley, to get, if possible, the promise of employment before we should reach the inn, where horses could be obtained. From this inn the path, as I have said, rose two thousand feet, and was in many places not only very steep, but heavy with a week of rain. The bag weighed nearly sixty pounds. Let any one of my readers take up a four-stone weight, fifty-six pounds, and, if he lives in a house of several storeys, carry it from the hall to the garret. To him it will seem to weigh a ton if ever he gets it to the top of the house. Well, our persistent Swiss, born and bred in this land of inspiration, was deeply chagrined because I would have a horse for the luggage. I did not relish the sentiment of riding at ease with a heavily-laden man grunting up behind me. I doubt, however, if he would have grunted. He would have plodded up, with wind enough left to smoke his pipe all the way, and, taking his own time, would hardly have turned a hair. I passed an Englishman, half way up, sitting on a stone by the wayside, stripped to his shirt, blowing like a goods train, and with his head streaming as if he had dipped it in a bucket. He had, in the exuberance of youth, insisted on carrying his own fair-sized knapsack, but having probably come straight from Charing Cross to Lauterbrunnen by wheel and axle, without having ascended anything steeper than Cornhill during the last twelvemonths, was thus exhausted. The lifting power and endurance of these Swiss peasants is prodigious, and I don't like to call the ambition of our appealing porter brutal, but it argues a low condition when men are found to plead for such sheer toil as this man would have undergone for something better than the wage of local labour. But, as I have said, he would have made no bones of our carpet bag. He inherited a mighty back. The incessant presence of these glorious mountains, and his familiarity with them, had made him as strong as an ass. Where are the prophets, poets, and seers from these inspiring hills? What contribution have the highlands of Switzerland made to the leaders of humanity?

It must be admitted that, though experts say that William Tell is a myth, these mountains have certainly bred patriots, and, in a small local way, engineers. But the love of country which they have shown has been much that of goats for their crags. Even Tell has had to be sung by the German Schiller, and the chief specimens of native home-grown engineering are seen in the little trenches which bring water down from the hills for the use of those in the valleys. Most mountain paths are such as would have suggested themselves to cows. Indeed, it is an eminent characteristic of your Alpine Swiss to be able to find his way among the mountains *without* a track. The grandest Alpine passes are the relics of Roman greatness, or have been made by others for the passage of alien armies. The peaks and glaciers which attract thousands from without crush those that live continually amidst them, and stunt the Swiss mountain brain. What does it produce that suggests art but monotonous wood carvings, copies of copies? The "artist" revels in large spoons, nutcrackers, and fragile little models of châlets. When he carves a chamois his chief object seems to be economy of wood. And the animal is almost always represented as looking over its shoulder. This is done that it may be the more conveniently packed in a square box for carriage. There is no "life" or "movement" in this Swiss art. Of course it must be understood that all this that I am saying refers to the mountain tribes. They have no doubt

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been "independent," but that is mainly because nobody has been able to get at them in the strife of nations, and when they have been reached there has been nothing to be got. Most of such soldiers as they have bred have spent their courage in foreign lands for pay. Your Swiss has been the European mercenary. He has, indeed, worked hard in his own Alps; the "playground" of Europe is the scene of its heaviest toil, and yet this toil has sufficed only to keep together the souls and bodies of the toilers. It has had no superfluous accompanying energy wherewith to contribute to the intellectual stores of mankind. The battle with mountains is too much for man. Though he has had dominion given to him over the earth, some places on its surface have been and must remain unconquered for the purposes of tillage whereby man lives, and for the planting of towns wherein he learns the thoughts of his fellow and the great facts of the world. Your mountain tribes have never had that faculty developed which enables men to meet and contend with others on an original equality. They have always had their hills at their backs to which they could retreat. The dweller on the plain is the strong man. He has learnt to rely upon himself. The hillmen are those who have hidden themselves, or been shoved up in retreat, or they are the unreached remnants of a race which has been swept off by another stronger than itself. The original hillmen have really never been tested in the great trials of humanity. They have indeed had the goat-like physical capacities of the human frame developed to a wonderful degree, but their contest has been with matter, not mind, and in getting such advantage as they have got over matter they have become intensely material. They have been left up in the cold, hardly touched by the forces of sentiment, science, and art.

Your Dutchman, on the contrary, who has waged war with the sea, and won his soil therefrom with infinite labour and patience, has eventually produced a land accessible on all sides, not merely because of its flatness, but because of its being penetrated and traversed by artificial waterways. He became open to those who arrived by foot and keel, by wind and horse, by wheel and oar. From the year in which the reclaimed land could bear a foot it has been marched upon, and his intercourse with man, combined with the severe probation involved in his winning of the soil on which he lives, left him strong to fight by sea and land, and yet with brains and fingers to spare for his fellows. A country must have its cities accessible from all sides, and its fertile plains to breed the best of men. Some measure of flatness is needful for the brain and soul to grow. And where a country fulfilling these conditions has been wrested from nature by its inhabitants, they would seem to acquire some special increment of power above those who have merely inherited a land favourable to civilisation. Of course there are countries in which have grown the arts of war and peace which are far from flat in the Dutch sense. And no doubt it would be better and pleasanter for Dutchmen if they had a few hills, but these huge Swiss mountains so bar intercommunication that man's faculties are almost wholly used in cultivating such likeness as he may possess to the chamois. He has no opportunity for refined pursuits, sublime though his surroundings be. At any rate, such geological formation and geographical situation as involves easy human intercourse is necessary for the growth of high civilisation and power. There must surely be some Divine perfection intended in the promise, "Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be brought low."

If we look at the man-created country of Holland, and begin to reckon up what this little flat has contributed to the well-being of man, we might be astonished did we not realise what might have been expected from a country so created and placed. And the feats of Holland, the "Hollowland" of Europe, may be more clearly appreciated as we compare it with that part of Switzerland which is the European "Oberland." The one is flat to ugliness, the other so superbly picturesque as to be a focus for the eyes of the world. But handsome is that handsome does. What Swiss artist of time past has been found to paint the grandeur of his home? Your Dutchman, on the contrary, has put upon canvas all that he could see. There was not much magnificence of nature about him to be painted, but such as he could perceive, storms and waves, he has portrayed with wonderful spirit and fidelity. Turning from that, who like he has painted flowers and domestic procedure? What artist has produced an animal like Paul Potter's bull? What wonderful portraits are there in the Dutch museums? While Swiss scenery has been left to be put on canvas by alien artists, Holland has done its best to immortalise Dutch life in its pictures with infinite perception, patience, and reserve of thoughtful leisure.

It is not merely in world-wide exploration and commerce and naval force that the Dutchman has won fame, nor in blocking the tide of aggressive religious tyranny, but in many of the arts of peace. The soil that once held the roots of seaweed alone has been made by him to produce the rarest flowers of the earth. The perfection of horticulture was reached in Holland while the highland Swiss only sought grass for his cow.

As to scholars, bankers, and men of science, Holland has brought them forth in profusion, while the mighty backbone of Europe seems to have crushed rather than inspired the intellectual capacities of at least those who lived in the midst of its peaks, passes, and glaciers. Switzerland has, indeed, of late years been visited by increasing numbers of the most intelligent, energetic, and influential inhabitants of Europe and America, and it is curious to note the result of this contact of the world upon Swiss ambition. It is true that these visitors have come for recreation, but in fact the effect of their presence has been to develop Swiss subservience to the rest of the world. Innkeepers, waiters, porters, and guides are multiplied prodigiously. And it is remarkable that the innkeepers do not merely form a class convenient to the traveller, but represent the leading interest in the legislature of the country. The landlords, or owners of hotels, are at present, I believe, its great men, and the mercenary spirit in the lower orders chiefly finds its vent in a supply to Europe, not, as once, of soldiers, but of waiters. They have changed their military uniform for black coat and white ties, and the most conspicuous banner that they wave is a napkin. These, however, are the aspiring spirits of its lower lands. Those yellow, strong-backed natives sitting in a row under the châlet eaves opposite our inn devote themselves to such service as can be rendered out of doors. No doubt they render it well, but they seem little able to get beyond climbing and carrying, especially since their eyes have been opened

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every one standing. All the faces were cheerful. Perfect health, an active and regular life, and a quiet conscience, placed them above any unruly passion of alarm or anger.

At exactly half-past eight the president rang his bell, and silence fell on the assembly.

The colonel ascended the tribune. There, in sober but forcible language, without useless ornament or oratorical pretensions—the language of a man who, knowing what he is talking about, clearly expresses himself—Colonel Hendon related the inveterate hate which Herr Schultz bore against Frankville, Doctor Sarrasin and his work, and the formidable preparations, announced by the "New York Herald," destined to destroy their city and its inhabitants.

"It is for you to decide what is best to be done," he continued. "Some people, possessing neither courage nor patriotism, might perhaps prefer to give up the land, and leave the aggressors to do what they wish with their new home. But I am certain beforehand that such a pusillanimous proposal would find no echo among my fellow-citizens. Men who are able to understand the greatness of the object aimed at by the founders of the model city, men who have accepted its laws, are necessarily men of heart and intelligence. Sincere representatives of progress, you will do everything to save our incomparable town, the glorious monument raised by science to ameliorate the fallen condition of man! Your duty, therefore, is to give your lives for the cause you represent."

Thunders of applause greeted this peroration. Several speakers supported Colonel Hendon's motion.

Doctor Sarrasin, having impressed the necessity of constituting a Committee of Defence, which was to take immediate measures, with all the secrecy indispensable in military operations, the proposal was adopted.

A member of the Civic Council then suggested that five million dollars should be voted for the works. A show of hands ratified this measure.

At five-and-twenty minutes past ten the meeting was over, and the citizens of Frankville were about to leave the hall, when an unexpected incident occurred. The empty tribune was suddenly occupied by a stranger of most curious appearance. He had sprung up as if by magic. His face showed that he was labouring under frightful excitement; but his attitude was calm and resolute. His torn and muddy clothes, his bleeding forehead, told of something extraordinary.

At sight of him every one paused. With an imperative gesture, the stranger commanded silence.

Who was he? Whence had he come? No one, not even Doctor Sarrasin, ventured to ask him.

"I have just escaped from Stahlstadt," he said. "Herr Schultz had condemned me to death. God has allowed me to reach you in time to attempt to save you. I am not unknown to you all. My venerated master, Doctor Sarrasin, can tell you, I hope, that in spite of my appearance, rendering me unrecognisable even to him, some confidence may be placed in Max Bruckmann!"

"Max!" exclaimed both the doctor and Otto at once, starting towards him.

He stopped them by a sign.

Max had been, indeed, miraculously saved. After forcing the grating, just as he was almost suffocated, the current swept him onwards, and two minutes later threw him on the bank, outside Stahlstadt, indeed, but almost lifeless.

For several hours the daring young fellow lay stretched motionless in the darkness, far from all help, on the lonely desert. When consciousness returned, it was daylight. He thanked God that he had escaped from that horrible Stahlstadt! He was no longer a prisoner. The next moment his thoughts were concentrated on Doctor Sarrasin, his friends, and fellow-citizens.

"I must save them!" he repeated.

By a supreme effort he got upon his feet. He was thirty miles from Frankville, and he had thirty miles to traverse on foot, for there was no railway in that direction, not even a cart or a horse to be got, for the whole country round the terrible Steel City was shunned. He pressed on, however, without taking a moment's rest, and at a quarter-past ten arrived at the city.

The placards which covered the walls told him all. He found that the inhabitants had been warned of the threatened danger; but they were not aware of its frightful nature, or that it was immediate.

The catastrophe premeditated by Herr Schultz was to take place on this very evening, at a quarter to twelve. It was now a quarter past ten.

Max had not a moment to lose, he sped through the town, and at twenty-five minutes past ten, as the assembly was about to break up, he scaled the tribune.

"Not in a month, my friends," he cried, "not even in a week, must you expect the danger! But in an hour, this awful catastrophe, a rain of iron and fire will burst upon your town. An engine, worthy the invention of a fiend, which will carry thirty miles, is at this very moment pointed against us. I have seen it. Let the women and children seek shelter in the deepest and strongest cellars, or let them instantly leave the town and take refuge in the mountains. All the men must prepare to combat the fire by every possible means. Fire will for the time be your only enemy. Neither armies nor soldiers will march against you. The adversary who menaces you disdains all ordinary modes of attack. If the plans and calculations of a man whose power for evil is well known to you are realised, unless Herr Schultz is mistaken for the first time in his life, fire will suddenly break out in at least a hundred places all over Frankville. We shall presently have to face the flames at a hundred different points! Whatever happens, the population must be saved first; such of your houses and monuments as cannot be preserved, or even the whole town, time and money can restore!"

In Europe Max would have been thought mad. But in America it is not wise to refuse to believe in any miracle of science, however unexpected; so, by Doctor Sarrasin's advice, the young engineer was listened to and believed in.

The crowd, awed as much by the accent and appearance of the speaker as by his words, obeyed, without even dreaming of disputing his commands. The doctor answered for Max Bruckmann, and that was enough.

Orders were immediately given, and messengers sent out in every direction.

As to the inhabitants, some withdrew to the cellars of their dwellings, resigned to suffer all the horrors of a bombardment; others on foot, horseback, or in carriages, hastened out into the country, and ascended the steeps of the Cascade Mountains. In the meantime the able-bodied men brought together in the

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square, and in different places pointed out by the doctor, everything that would serve to subdue fire, that is to say, water, earth, and sand.

In the hall the deliberation continued.

Max was evidently beset by some idea which filled his brain to the exclusion of every other thought. He muttered to himself:

"At a quarter to twelve! Is it really possible that that villainous Schultz will destroy us with his execrable invention?"

Suddenly Max drew out his pocket-book. He made a gesture requiring silence, and then, pencil in hand, rapidly put down several figures on one of the pages. As he did so his brow cleared, his face became radiant.

"Ah! my friends!" he exclaimed, "my friends! Either these figures are liars, or else all that we fear will vanish like a nightmare before the evidence of a problem in the science of projectiles, the solution of which I have till this moment sought in vain. Herr Schultz is mistaken! The threatened danger is but a dream. For once, his science is at fault! Nothing of what he foretold will come to pass. It is impossible! His formidable shell will fly over Frankville without touching it, and if there is anything to fear, it will be only in the future!"

What could Max mean? His friends did not understand!

The young Alsacian then explained the result of his calculation.

In his clear ringing voice he explained his demonstration in such a way as to render it luminous even to the most ignorant. It was light succeeding darkness, calm following agony. Not only would the projectile leave untouched the doctor's city, but it would touch nothing whatever. It was destined to lose itself in space!

Doctor Sarrasin acknowledged the correctness of Max's calculations, and then, pointing to the luminous dial in the hall:

"In three minutes," he exclaimed, "we shall know whether Schultz or Max Bruckmann is right! Whatever happens, my friends, we need not regret any of the precautions we have taken, and we still must neglect nothing which can baffle the inventions of our enemy. If his design fails for the present, as Max has just given us reason to hope, it won't be the last. Schultz's hate will never be stifled or arrested beyond repulse."

"Come!" exclaimed Max.

All followed him into the square. Three minutes passed in breathless suspense. The quarter before twelve was tolled forth from the great clock!

Four seconds after, a dark mass was seen high above their heads; quick as thought it rushed onwards, and with a sinister hiss soon disappeared far beyond the town.

"A pleasant journey to it!" shouted Max, with a burst of laughter. "If Herr Schultz's shell keeps up that speed it will never again fall upon terrestrial soil!"

In two minutes a roar was heard like distant thunder. This was the report of the cannon in the Bull Tower, the sound reaching Frankville a hundred and thirteen seconds after the projectile had passed at the rate of four hundred and fifty miles an hour.

Varieties.

NICARAGUAN CANAL SCHEME.—M. Lesseps is only carrying out an idea often proposed, once by a man who became afterwards famous in the world. "The junction of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans," he wrote, "by means of a canal cutting the centre of the New World, is a question of acknowledged importance. It will diminish by three thousand miles the distance which separates Europe from the western coast of America and Oceania; it will render the communication with China, Japan, New Zealand, and New Holland speedy and easy by means of steamboats; it will elevate immediately to a prodigious degree of prosperity those countries through which such an undertaking must draw annually two or three thousand merchantmen; it will open new channels to the introduction of European produce; in a word, it will advance by several centuries the progress of Christianity and civilisation throughout half of the globe." Shortly after the publication of his pamphlet the writer was relieved from his difficulties, in so far as he contrived to escape from the prison in which he was confined. He came to London, desperately pressed for cash, and in 1847 made strenuous attempts to float his favourite object. He proposed to launch a joint-stock Nicaragua Canal Company, with a capital of four millions sterling. A friend introduced him to a solicitor; the solicitor brought him in communication with a capitalist to whom the promoter showed his statistics and his estimates of costs, and his plan of the course of the proposed canal, drawn by his own hand. There was some talk of the promoter taking a trip to Central America to survey the regions to be traversed by a waterway; but 1848 arrived, and in due course came February the 24th. It occurred to the sanguine promoter that there was a scheme of a far more important nature to be floated in France, whither he repaired without delay, and the Nicaragua Canal Company (Unlimited) came to nothing. The name of the promoter was Prince Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, the prisoner of Ham, the exile of Chislehurst, the Emperor Napoleon III.—*G. A. Sala.*

AMERICAN TOWNS AND THEIR NAMES.—Postal communications occasionally go astray in this country owing to two or more towns being named alike, but this species of annoyance must be much more common in America, if one of Cousin Jonathan's gazetteers which we have just dipped into is anything to go by. In England, including the Isle of Wight, we have three towns called Newport; in America they have thirty towns of that name. Cousin Jonathan is also blessed, or puzzled, with thirty Oxfords, thirty Bloomfields, thirty Burlingtons, and thirty Greenfields. Of towns named Concord he can count thirty-six; of Colombias, forty; of Salems, fifty-four; of Springfields, sixty-one; and of places called Jefferson and Liberty, he can reckon no less than seventy-two each. As might be expected, towns and villages with the name Franklin, or Jackson, or Washington are not few in number. There are of the first ninety-six, of the second one hundred and fourteen, and of the third one hundred and forty-six. To add to the confusion, or chances of confusion, counties of the same name are by no means uncommon in the United States, for there are seven Cumberland counties, fifteen Jacksons, nineteen Jeffersons, twenty Franklins, and twenty-seven Washingtons. We may add that we have not enumerated a tithe of the instances of this kind that we might have done. What we have given will no doubt lead the reader to conclude that our Transatlantic friends are, as far as names of places go, an unsuggestive race.

GIVE IT TO THEM IN LATIN.—It is an oft-spoken jest—and possibly something more—that the doctors give their prescriptions in Latin so as to afford their ignorant patients the benefit of a little imagination. *Bolus panificus* sounds a good deal more important than "bread pill." Some years ago, in the Rhode Island Legislature, a member moved to translate all the Latin phrases in the statutes, so that the people could understand them. A Mr. Updyke took the ground that it was no advantage to have the people understand the laws. He said they were

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not afraid of anything they understood; that it was the Latin words they were afraid of, and proceeded to illustrate his position as follows: "Mr. Speaker, there was a man in South Kingston about twenty years ago who was a perfect nuisance, and nobody knew how to get rid of him. One day he was hoeing corn, and he saw the sheriff coming with a paper, and asked what it was. Now if he had told him it was a writ, what would he have cared? But he told him that it was a *capias satisfaciendum*, and the man dropped his hoe and ran, and has not been heard of since."

Russian Exploration.—In connection with recent travels and explorations in Asiatic Russia, it may be mentioned that at a meeting of the Imperial Russian Geographical Society it was resolved, on the proposition of M. Sibiriakov, and at his cost, to undertake an exploration of the River Angara and its rapids, with a view to ascertaining the requirements of navigation on it. After its discovery by Kurbat Ivanov in 1643, the Angara, in spite of its frequent rapids, became an important highway of traffic, and the number of settlements formed along its banks by Russian colonists subsequently to the foundation of Irkutsk in 1652 showed the importance of the river for intercourse in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. At the present day, however, its waters are scarcely navigated at all, except between Irkutsk and Bratskoi-ostrog, about three hundred miles down from Lake Baikal, so that an exact knowledge of the capabilities of the remaining portion would be of great value. Since this first proposal was adopted, M. Sibiriakov has laid a second scheme of much grander proportions before the society. He has stated his willingness to expend a very much larger sum if the society should think it advisable to examine into the possibility of uniting the great rivers Obi and Yenisei by canalising the River Ket (west of Yeniseisk), and similarly to join the Lena to the Angara by the Ilim. The magnitude of the scheme will be appreciated when it is understood that if it admits of a satisfactory solution a waterway can be made from the north-western frontier of China, by the Baikal Lake, the Angara, Yenisei, Ket, Obi, Irtish, and Tobol, all across Siberia nearly to the boundary of European Russia.

Alpine Weather in July.—Among the records of the abnormal weather of 1879 the following is worth preserving:—"Tempted by a letter which appeared in 'The Times' from Zermatt, I left my comfortable hotel at Glion, 1,000 feet above the Lake of Geneva, for this place, 6,700 feet above the sea, and bitterly repent it, for it is bitterly cold, was snowing yesterday, is snowing to-day, and, as far as appearances go, will snow again to-morrow. Professor Tyndal, who has a house near this hotel, says it is the most dreary summer he ever experienced in Switzerland. I arrived from the Pyrenees in June; it was the same thing there—hotels empty, or nearly so, and guides standing idle all the day long, hands in their empty pockets and pipes in their mouths. It was snowing when I left England in February; it was snowing when I left Spain in April; it was snowing when I left Luchon, in the Pyrenees, in June; and it is snowing now as hard as ever at Bel Alp on the 23rd of July. *Jam satis nivis.* "F. P.

"Bel Alp, July 23."

Captive Balloon at Coney Island.—The captive balloon at Coney Island, New York, is not so large as Giffard's balloon at Paris, but has a capacity of 150,000 cubic feet, and as it is inflated with hydrogen, prepared by passing steam over red-hot iron, it has the maximum lifting power for its size—about 1,400lb. The retaining rope is 1,215ft. long, with a telephone wire running through the centre. The trial "trip" was made to a height of between 300 and 400 feet, but on the second attempt the balloon was allowed to reach an altitude of 700 feet. At this height the view was described as magnificent, all the ocean approaches of New York harbour lying at the feet of the voyagers, while the numerous towns and villages along the Bay and the Sound were clearly discernible over a space of sixty miles.

Duke of Kent.—A correspondent sends the following anecdote:—"Among your 'Varieties' in the 'Leisure Hour' of July, I notice a very interesting anecdote of the late Duke of Kent, our good Queen's father, and I am able to supply a pendant to it, which I do not think has ever appeared in print. When the Duke of Kent had resolved to bring his duchess to England, so that the presumptive heir to the throne should be born within the kingdom, he lacked the necessary funds, and was probably as impecunious as a royal duke could be. In this strait he applied to an old and valued friend, a Nonconformist minister in the South of London (Dr. Collier, of Hanover Chapel, Peckham). Dr. Collier was a man of considerable means, and for many years had been on terms of confidential friendship with the Duke of Kent, and with his royal brother the Duke of Sussex. He readily responded to the appeal, and advanced £1,000 from his private resources to enable the duke to return to England. The duke gave a bond for the amount, adding the characteristic note that he would never be able to repay the loan during his life, but that he would impress upon the mind of his unborn child the duty of refunding the loan should he or she ever be in a position to do so. This promise was not forgotten, and one of the first acts of our present sovereign on her accession to the throne was to send for Dr. Collier and thank him warmly for his kindness to her father. The loan itself was repaid, I believe, with interest, eighteen years after, and Dr. Collier continued to receive marks of royal favour until his death, which occurred in 1861. This anecdote was related by a gentleman who had acted as Dr. Collier's secretary for many years, and of its authenticity there can be no manner of doubt. It is perhaps strange that the duke did not have recourse to his friend Sir (then Mr.) Moses Montefiore, but it is very likely that he was at that time already heavily indebted to the Jewish capitalist, his large pecuniary liabilities in various quarters being perfectly well known. It is possible, too, that Mr. Montefiore had not then the reputation of possessing great wealth, as the incident occurred sixty years ago, when Mr. Montefiore was a comparatively young man."—T. E.

[Our correspondent's anecdote is quite authentic, and we can add to it a pleasant postscript. The duke had several times entertained Dr. Collier at dinner, and was surprised one day by getting a decided refusal to his invitation. Being asked the reason, the doctor said he was rather a proud man, and did not like accepting hospitality when he could not return it. "Why can you not return it?" said the duke. "Because I could not entertain you in a style befitting your highness's rank." "Oh, nonsense!" said the duke, "it will give me great pleasure to dine with you if you will let me have a dish I am very fond of, and seldom get—boiled leg of mutton and trimmings, with caper sauce, you know." So the day was arranged, and the kind duke enjoyed a homely dinner with Dr. Collier.]

Tombs of Foreigners in Westminster Abbey.—The tombs of the foreigners in Westminster Abbey, or their monuments, have been brought into prominence (says the "Echo") by Dean Stanley's not altogether discreet excursion upon the subject. They are ten in number. The first is that of Isaac Casaubon, a Luther of his time; next—and this is among the strangest circumstances in history—that of St. Evremond, who, according to Dean Stanley himself, or Atterbury, as he quotes him, "died renouncing the Christian religion." Grabe's memorial, too, is there—the memorial of a man who deserted from both Geneva and Rome, and thought he had found an abiding place in the Church of England. The Duke of Montpensier's statue was admitted for a dynastic reason, not more logical, perhaps, than will be the intrusion of the late Bonapartist prince's effigy into the historical corner, should unwise counsels prevail in placing it there. The other foreigners thus honoured in their deaths and memories had each a claim of its kind upon the recognition of the world. Ezekiel Spanheim, a Genevese by birth, but also a student of Leyden and professor at Heidelberg, died in England as the representative of Prussia at the Court of St. James's. He was the Swiss Professor of Eloquence at the age of twenty, and assisted at the Conferences of Oppenheim and Spire, and the Congress of Breda. Courayer, another Luther also, in his way, was called by Dean Stanley himself "the Blanco White of the eighteenth century." Then, in the Chapel of St. Andrew, close to the Nightingale monument, lie the remains of Theodore Phaliologos, descended from the last inheritors of the Eastern Roman Empire, who fought in St. John's regiment at Naseby. The celebrated explorer of Persia, Sir John Chardin, born in France, and writing in French, has his name commemorated among the tablets of Westminster Abbey. So has Pascal Paoli, the hero of Corsican independence, though he is not buried beneath the cathedral pavement, as his remains were first interred in the Roman Catholic cemetery at St. Pancras, and ultimately transferred to a grave in his native island. Then we have, in the East Cloister, a memorial dedicated to Steigerr, a young Bernese noble, concerning whom history has little to say; another to a nephew of the great Turenne, "who had learned from his uncle how to devastate, if not to conquer;" and a third to Armand de Bourbon, who with the infamous Charlotte, plotted a second massacre of the Huguenots all over France.

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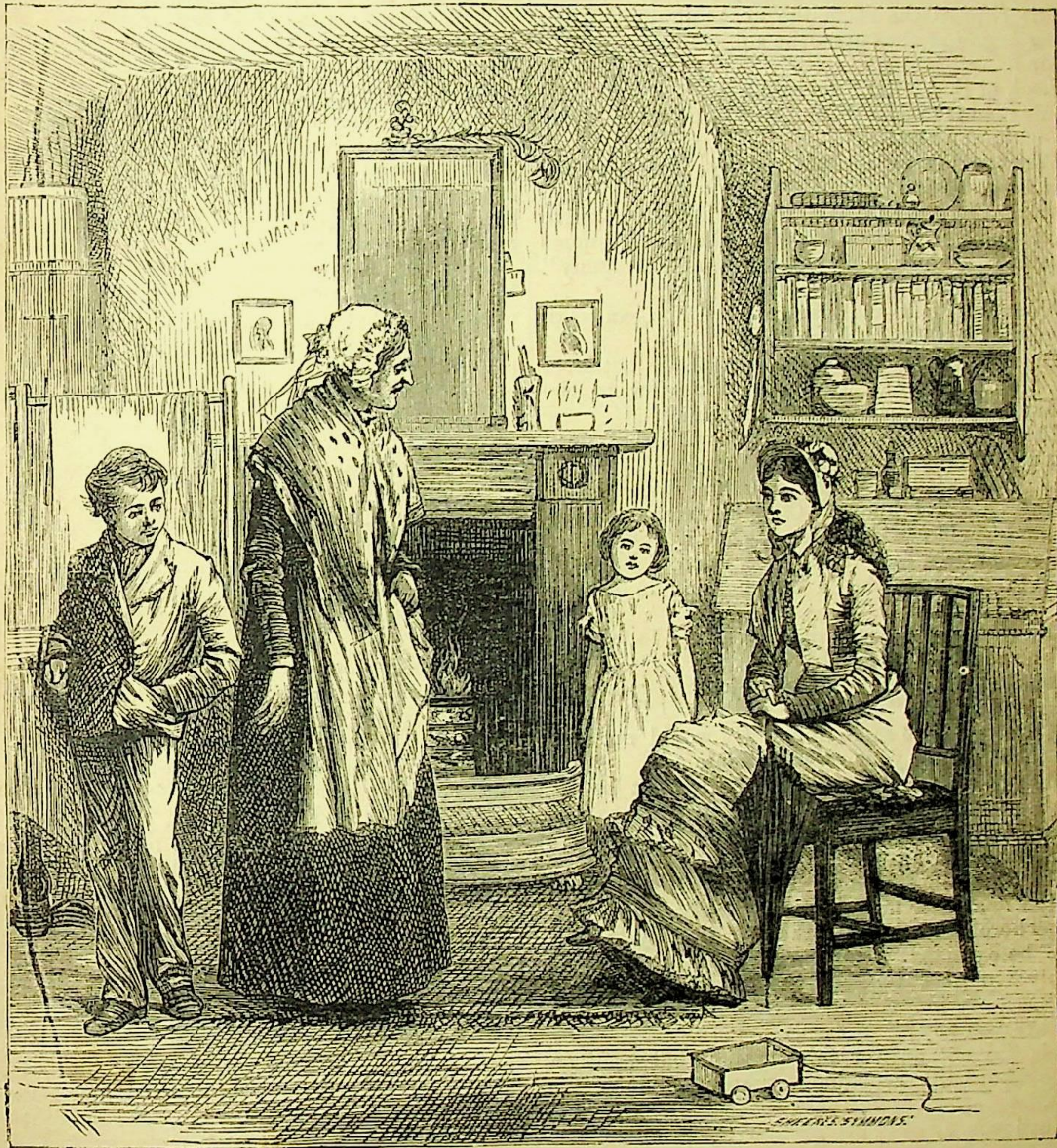
THE LEISURE HOUR.

BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND.
AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND.—*Cowper.*



MISS BEVERLEY'S CALL.

STRAIGHT TO THE MARK.

CHAPTER XXIX.—AN EXPLANATION.

The shame hereof will make me hide my head.
—*Shakespeare.*

VICTOR DARVILLE, arriving at his place of business a day or two after the events related in the last chapter, found a letter lying on his table among others addressed to himself, with the word "private" in the corner He was at no loss to guess from the handwriting who had written it, and he opened it with a look of pleasure, which, however, faded away before he had read half the contents, and gave place to an expression of great wrath and indignation. It was from Tom Howard, telling him that Dean had sold the shipyard to Mr. Chaffin, and had received payment for it in shares of the Sandy Frith Building Company, which had been recommended to him by Louis Darville as better than bank notes; and asking him to get Louis, who knew all

No. 1450.—OCTOBER 11, 1879.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

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about the company, to change the shares for bank notes as soon as possible, and to send the amount to Mr. Dean.

Victor Darville struck the table with his fist, as soon as he had finished reading this letter.

"So he has been buying shares again," he said to himself, "regardless of his promise to me to avoid such risks. I hope he has done it with his own money this time, but I scarcely know how that can be. I wish he would come. I could talk to him now. I would have it out with him at once."

Louis entered the room the next minute, and his brother began at once upon the subject uppermost in his mind.

"Look at that letter," he said.

Louis read it in silence, and put it down upon the table without a remark.

"What is this swin—this *company*, that this poor fellow has got mixed up with?"

Although he had not given utterance to the abusive epithet which was upon his lips, the contemptuous emphasis with which he uttered the word "company" was too marked to pass unnoticed.

"What is it?" Louis answered. "You can learn all about it from the secretary."

"The less any of us know about it the better, I think," said Victor; "except with a view to the recovery of Mr. Dean's property for him."

"The company has nothing to do with that. He sold it to Chaffin, not to the company."

"How came it to be paid for then in stock?"

"How should I know? Chaffin bought the property and Chaffin paid for it. He had a lot of shares for his contracts, and transferred them, I suppose, instead of paying cash. I had nothing to do with it."

"Did you not advise this man Dean to take the certificates instead of cash?"

"Advise? Well, no. I told him my opinion of them; that was all."

"It comes to the same thing. He would not have taken them but for your recommendation."

"He will be glad enough by-and-by that he did take them. The shares will go up tremendously as soon as Sandy Frith becomes known. It will be one of our best watering-places."

"What are the shares worth now?"

"Now? at this moment? Oh, nobody can tell you. There is no open market for them yet; it is not to be expected. Those who have them should be only too glad to keep them, and should buy more."

"Have you any?"

Louis did not answer this question, but went on talking about the probable increase in value of the shares.

"Have you any?" his brother asked again, but still he did not answer.

"I ask you for the third time, Louis, have you any of these shares?"

"That is my affair."

"And I suppose that is my answer. Do you remember making me a promise that you would not embark in such speculations again?"

"I don't call this a speculation."

"Have you kept faith with me? Tell me that."

"Yes—virtually."

"According to your idea of the term."

"Yes; and you would say the same if you knew as much about this company as I do."

"I know only that you promised, and I believed you; and that your ideas of truth and honesty are very different from—from what I had expected."

"Well, well, well; it will all come right. I have got some shares, and expect to make a lot of money by them. It was awfully kind of you, I confess, to lend me that money last Christmas."

"I did not lend it to you, I paid it to make good your defaults, and to save you from disgrace, and myself also."

"You need not have taken that view of it; I looked upon it as a loan, and of course I mean to pay you; I told you I should at the time. These shares will help me to do it by-and-by. It was with that idea partly that I went in for them."

"I wish you could be satisfied," Victor said, "to go on patiently and steadily, without any of this gambling and hastening to be rich. See what a capital opening there is for us both in this business. Stick to work! Not one in a thousand has such a good start as you and I."

Louis sat down to his desk and began to turn over his books and invoices, but it was with an absent mind. He hated business, as he had said only too truly. The good resolutions he had formed had come to nothing; he had broken his promises and gone on nearly in his old way of idleness and speculation. He could not resist the temptations thrown in his way from time to time of making money rapidly, and he was again more deeply involved than he liked to acknowledge. Mr. Beverley looked in, according to his custom, and nodded approval as he saw both the young men in their places, but he would not have been so well satisfied if he could have known what was passing in the mind of the younger of them. Here was a case in point, Louis thought to himself; here was Beverley, an oldish man, with a wise-looking face, a hooked nose like an owl's, a corpulence, and a pair of thin legs, coming to business day after day, as he had done regularly for forty years or more, spending a great part of his time in a half-dark room in Bread Lane, looking through rows of figures, and writing letters about superfine silks and velvets, and then going home again to sit in an easy-chair and read the papers or play backgammon. Such was the career—the noble career—open to himself. Of what use would it be to him to grow rich if he must be tied all his life to a stool in Bread Lane? It might do for Beverley, but it was a poor look-out for Louis Darville. At Beverley's age he would perhaps have Beverley's room, Beverley's white, wrinkled face, Beverley's bird-like appearance, Beverley's daily journey to and from the City, Beverley's dreary evenings to close the day; in short, he would be another Beverley. Louis Darville pitied Beverley. He thought himself worthy of a better and more exalted career than Beverley aspired to. He would do a great deal to please his brother, but Victor had no right to exact promises from him which might be fatal to his own interests. If he could only have a stroke of luck such as he was constantly anticipating, he would give up the business to his brother, repay all that he had "borrowed," and cut the concern altogether.

Yes, he must repay what he had borrowed. He was afraid to think of that; money which had been entrusted to him had again been misapplied. He would not for the world that Victor should find out that; and he felt almost sure that he should be able

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to replace it without a second exposure. But the thought troubled him; and Joshua Dean's anxiety to sell his stock did not tend to reassure him. If people once began to sell, the stock would go down instead of up. Water was the only thing wanted to ensure the success of the Sandy Frith Company, and water, Mr. Chaffin had assured him, had been found in one place, and would be found in others—there was not a shadow of doubt about it, he said. Mr. Chaffin was boring in two places, and as soon as his borings should be finished, the whole thing would be floated and go on swimmingly. Yes, Louis Darville had made up his mind to be a rich man, without the drudgery of business, and the time was not far distant when his visions would be realised; and then, among other pleasures, foremost of all, he should have the great satisfaction of recompensing his brother Victor for the service he had received from him six months before, and for all the anxiety and trouble he had caused him since. He would do something very handsome for Victor, he said to himself, in addition to the mere payment of his debt.

The elder brother also was occupied with his own reflections, rather than with his letters and accounts. He could not help fearing that Louis had again been playing with money that was not his. He dreaded to ask him—dreaded it both for the answer he might receive, and also for the offence which such a question would give if the suspicion were groundless. He could scarcely believe that Louis would so soon forget all that had passed between them, or that he could be so lost to all upright and honourable feeling; but he had never seemed to feel the humiliation of his fault as he ought to have done, and his promise had been broken or evaded in the matter of new speculations; therefore it was not likely that he would be restrained by it in anything else.

"I must ask him," Victor muttered to himself. "I must put the question to him; if he is offended I cannot help it. I ought to do it, and I will."

A knock at the door came at this moment to interrupt their cogitations; and Mr. Pyper, one of the clerks, entered, bringing in a boy from the warehouse, in whom Victor recognised young Raffage, one of his own special *protegés*. Raffage was employed as a packer and errand-boy, and had been taken into the warehouse at the instance of Miss Beverley. His mother, it may be remembered, was a respectable widow, living in Miss Beverley's district, and Victor had frequently been in her house, and took a great interest in all that concerned her, as much for the visitor's sake as for her own.

"What is the matter, Pyper?" he asked, seeing that the boy was in trouble.

"It's young Raffage," Pyper answered.

"I see it is. What is the matter, Raffage?"

Raffage would not speak, but stood with the sleeve of his fustian jacket before his eyes, giving vent to an occasional snub or sniff, as if he were crying.

"I never thought much good of him," said Pyper, "and now he is found out."

"Never mind what you thought," said Victor; "what is his fault?"

"Peculation, sir; spending what don't belong to him. He was taken on without any regular character you know, sir; so it is not to be wondered at."

"It was his first place," said Darville, "and I had reason to think well of him. What has he done?"

Mr. Pyper then brought forth his proofs. The boy had been entrusted with money for some of his errands, and had given in a false return.

"What have you done with this money?" Mr. Darville asked.

"It was only ten shillings, sir."

"Ten shillings or ten pounds, it makes no difference; what have you done with it?"

"Lost it, sir."

"Where?"

"In the street."

"No, Mr. Darville, that won't do," said Pyper, "the young villain came home with that story one day last week, and the men in the warehouse believed him, and made a subscription for him out of their own pockets to set him right."

"Is that true?" Mr. Darville asked, addressing the defaulter.

Raffage confessed it by a movement of his head and a louder sniff than before.

"And do you pretend that you lost this ten shillings also in the street?"

The boy again sniffed an affirmative.

"That is very strange. Can you tell us whereabout?"

"Corner of Crib Street."

"I'll tell you what, sir," said Pyper; "I believe he means the betting-shop. I suspected there was something of the kind going on there. There are a lot of idle fellows standing about at that corner every day."

"Is that it, Raffage?"

Raffage answered "Yes," and the truth being now exposed, looked up over his sleeve and began to speak.

"They made me do it," he said; "they said as there was no risk, and I should be safe to get a sovereign for ten shillings; they named all the hosses, and Phenornomy was certain to win, and they almost took it out of my hands in spite of me."

"Phenomenon, he means," said Pyper; "an ignorant boy like him ought not to meddle with such things."

"Leave him here a few minutes, Mr. Pyper," said Victor. "I must talk to him."

"Talking is no use," said Pyper, turning reluctantly to quit the room. Mr. Pyper himself was suspected of having had dealings with betting people; and though he had not risked any one's money but his own, some reported successes of his, and the stylishness of his apparel in consequence, might have been indirectly the cause of Raffage's desire to try a similar game.

"Let him off this time," said Louis to his brother. "I'll put down the ten shillings for him, and he won't do it again, I dare say. You'll promise, won't you?"

Raffage began at once to promise "faithful," but Victor interrupted him.

"I am afraid his promises would not be worth much," he said. "The boy has told so many falsehoods. Since he has been in this room he has said repeatedly he had lost the money in the street."

"So I did, sir; that was where it went; it was quite true, sir, that was."

"You see," said Victor, turning to his brother, "the poor boy does not know what truth is; he elaborates a lie, and calls that truth."

"Well," said Louis, "I'll leave you to deal with him;" and taking his hat he went towards the door. He did not feel that it was a case in which he could

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say much, and was anxious to get out of the way. But just at that moment Mr. Beverley, who had heard a rumour of what had happened, came to the room, and Louis was obliged to remain. Mr. Beverley took a decided view of the case. Peculation or embezzlement was a fault he never would overlook, especially when backed up and defended by a lie. He had a great mind to send for a policeman. As for allowing the felony to be compounded, he was surprised that any one should think of such a thing. Raffage must be dismissed; that was the least that could happen to him—and let him never show his face in Bread Lane again. Victor would have interceded for him, but he knew that it would be useless. The boy was sent away from the door there and then, and Mr. Beverley, hurling a severe reprimand after him as he descended the stairs, turned back, and said solemnly to the two Darvilles, and to the clerks who were standing by, "That is one of my maxims, gentlemen. Dishonesty—embezzlement is bad enough; but, under certain conditions, I can conceive it possible that it might be overlooked; I don't say it ought to be, but still, where the temptation has been strong, and the previous character of the offender good, I should be disposed to make allowances; but fraud, when it is covered by falsehood, is hopeless; it shows a corrupt mind. I have had two or three painful cases of this sort in the course of my experience, and I never overlook it. I am sorry for the boy's mother, but I could not, under the circumstances, do otherwise than send him away at once, disgraced and without a character."

As soon as Mr. Beverley had withdrawn, Victor Darville turned the key in the door of the room, in which he and his brother remained alone, and going up to Louis, who was standing before the empty fireplace examining the almanack, laid his hand upon his shoulder, and said, "Louis, you heard what Mr. Beverley said?"

"Of course I did."

"What do you think of it?"

"It's a shame."

"It seems hard upon a young boy like that to send him away without a character; and yet I am not surprised. The lie was the chief offence; the prevarication and the artfulness, shallow as it was, sealed his fate, and, I think, rightly. Now, Louis, answer me one question, and do not be offended with me for asking it. Are your accounts straight at this moment?"

"Yes," said Louis, promptly and impatiently.

"You know what I mean. You have been speculating again; you have bought those Sandy Frith shares. Where did you get the money for that?"

"I thought you knew," said Louis. "The Abyssinian Bank shares were not altogether a failure; I had a dividend from them at last."

Victor had heard of this, and was surprised at the time that his brother had not brought the money to him, as he had promised to do repeatedly.

"Then you are straight?" said Victor.

"I have told you so," Louis answered. "Why do you bother me?"

"I beg your pardon," Victor answered, gently. "I felt a little uneasy, but I have done you wrong. You have relieved my mind."

"You need not be uneasy on my account," said his brother. "Let me alone and I shall come out all right."

He was still looking at the almanack, passing his finger up and down the calendar. It was a way he had when speaking about anything that embarrassed or displeased him, to turn his eyes away and to occupy his hands in trifling. Victor would have liked to have looked him straight in the face, but that was impossible. Soon afterwards Louis turned and left the room, and was seen no more in the counting-house that day.

CHAPTER XXX.—A CASE IN POINT.

Every hair has its shadow.—*Jacula Prudentium.*

VICTOR DARVILLE was so much concerned about the fate of young Raffage, that he called at Mulberry Lawn the same evening to tell Miss Beverley what had occurred. He was often drawn to the same spot about the same hour by events of much smaller importance; and it was a matter of course that he should go there two or three times a week at least. He had begun again, latterly, to be a little strange, Joan had fancied—absent in mind though not in person—as if the secret which she had resolved not to think any more about was still causing him some embarrassment. She wondered what it could be, that secret. She was not to know it, not to ask about it, not even when she should be his wife. It was very odd that he should be so reserved upon this one point, being, as she had always found him, so open and candid about everything else. But she was not to think about it, and she would banish it altogether from her mind. She was to trust her Victor implicitly, and she resolved that she would do so, if he had fifty secrets. Perhaps it had nothing to do with her; it was another person's secret, he had said. She wondered whose it could be, and of what sex that other person was. She wished very much that he had never told her that he had a secret, but that would have been one secret more; it was a proof of his candour and confidence that he had revealed so much.

With reflections and arguments such as these Joan Beverley would try to dismiss from her thoughts the secret which curiosity, and perhaps a more anxious feeling, brought back to her continually, in spite of all her efforts.

Miss Beverley had heard already of young Raffage's dismissal. She had met him going home in a very disconsolate and shamefaced manner, and had gone with him to his mother's house, which was near at hand. The account which the boy had given of himself was very far from being correct; he had had a misfortune, and had lost some money, and Mr. Pyper had made a tale about it, and he had been dismissed; that was all he would say. Miss Beverley accepted the account with reserve; and as soon as her father returned applied to him for particulars. She knew, when she had heard all, that it would be useless to intercede with him for the culprit, and, after his repetition of the falsehood, did not feel inclined to do so, but being very sorry for the poor widow, she thought she might persuade Mr. Beverley to take a younger brother into the warehouse in his stead. She had just made this proposal when Victor Darville was announced.

"We were talking about that unfortunate boy," Mr. Beverley said. "Joan wants me to have another of the same family, but I say decidedly no. I don't think it would be right to do so."

"I am sorry," said Victor.

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"It has always been a rule of our house to avoid having any one about us whose connections are not thoroughly respectable. There are plenty of people whom one can trust wanting situations, and it is better to recruit from them. Don't you agree with me?"

"It is a prudent course to take, no doubt," Mr. Darville answered. "I dare say you are right."

"You don't seem to like it, though," Mr. Beverley remarked, observing Victor's hestitating manner, and the faltering of his voice as he spoke. "What is the matter?"

"Nothing—nothing. A little indisposition; that is all."

He rose and moved towards the door. There seemed to be a mist before his eyes, and though his face had flushed up but a moment before he was now deadly pale. He sat down in the hall for a few moments, and then said he was better; he would go into the garden and breathe the fresh air; that was all he wanted.

Miss Beverley went with him, and sat by his side in silence for some minutes.

"I am sorry I have alarmed you," he said.

"What was it, Victor? Have you ever been taken ill like this before?"

"It was not illness."

"What then?"

"I don't know. I can't tell."

"Has anything happened to annoy you?"

"Yes."

"Not here, Victor?"

"No; not here; at least, not so much here as at the counting-house."

"About that boy, do you mean?"

"Partly."

"You could not help it if he was dishonest."

"No; but it has vexed me."

"Of course; and I am vexed too, but you can't mean that it was what my father said about him that made you ill."

"Yes; and yet not that alone."

"I cannot understand you."

Victor made no answer.

"I wish you would explain yourself. I am afraid you are ill, or that something is the matter."

"I am not ill and nothing is the matter, I hope."

"But you are anxious about something. Oh, Victor, tell me what it is. I have a right to share your troubles."

"No one can share them. I don't know that there are any to share; I hope not. I have been very weak and silly to give way in this manner."

Miss Beverley could not believe that the man whom she loved was weak or silly. She felt sure that he had not been moved as she had seen him without a valid cause. She was annoyed and hurt that he would not take her into his confidence.

"Are you better now?" she asked, without looking at him, and in a tone of voice which was not sympathising.

"Yes," he replied; "I am very well now."

"Then we may as well go into the house."

She rose as she spoke and left him. He followed her, but she did not look back. He entered the room after her. She took up a book, and appeared to be absorbed with it. He sat for some time near her, but she did not speak to him, except to answer with a monosyllable any remark that he made, and when he at length rose and wished them good night she scarcely raised her eyes from her book, and he went forth alone.

"How dull Mr. Darville seems to-night!" Mrs. Beverley said when he was gone. "Joan, my dear, can you account for it?"

"No;" she said. "Mr. Darville does not tell me his secrets," and with that she went away to her own room, and did not appear again that evening.

THE MARCH OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT TO INDIA.

I.

THE events of the last few years have raised many questions as to the frontiers of India, and the possibilities of an invasion from the north. The famous march by which Alexander the Great first carried the arms of Europe to the banks of the Indus has now a curious interest. The conditions of warfare are changed, the aims of nations are different, but the history, which has all the incident and movement of a wild romance, suggests both contrasts and parallels that are worthy of study.

By the death of Darius, Alexander was left on the throne of the world without a rival. One great object of his ambition remained to be achieved—the invasion and conquest of India. India has in all ages been a coveted prize. Its wealth and fertility had a fabulous fame in ancient days, and were supposed to excel by far the riches of the western world. Alexander, led away by his greed of conquest and of fame, determined to be the first European conqueror of this golden land. By its subjugation the son of Philip of Macedon hoped to rival in military fame the two great Greek heroes, Hercules and Achilles, and at the same time to add to the enormous wealth the Greeks had already captured in Persia.

After the battle of Arbela Alexander had followed on the track of the fugitive Persian monarch. He now advanced to Hecatompylos, the ancient capital of the Parthians, so named by the Greeks from its being the centre where many roads joined. Probably it was situated on the same spot as that on which the town of Damgan now stands. From this point we commence our narrative. Here occurred the death of Nicanor, son of Parmenio, who had held high commands during the previous campaigns, but fell a victim prematurely to the excessive exertions of his military career.

Alexander, as soon as he had reassembled and refreshed his troops, started to invade Hyrcania. This province embraced the district lying between Mount Taurus and the Caspian Sea—*i.e.*, the modern Persian districts of Astrabad and Jorgan and part of Mazanderan. In a short space of time the natives were subdued, and the mountains cleared of the freebooters, or bandit tribes, which infested them. During

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this expedition deputies from the Greek mercenaries, who had served Darius, and had after his death taken refuge in the mountains, arrived in the presence of Alexander. The king briefly told them no pacification could be granted them, but that they must submit unconditionally to his will. This they agreed to do. Accordingly, on his return from the Hyrcanian expedition, Alexander found them along with the legates of the various states who had accompanied Darius in his flight. Those of the Greeks who had enlisted under the Persian banners before the king's father, Philip, had been elected captain-general to lead the Greeks into Asia, were allowed to depart where they listed. The remainder were offered a *free* pardon, provided they agreed to enlist in the army of the conqueror. This condition they were only too glad to accept. Thus some of the Greek mercenaries of Darius became part of the forces destined for the invasion and conquest of India. The Macedonians next advanced to Zarda Carta, a town a few miles south of the Caspian Sea, where they devoted themselves for fifteen days to gymnastic games and public festivities. Their next march was in an eastward direction through Parthia to Susa, or Susia, a city in the province of Areia, now known as Khorasan.

While at Susa, Alexander received information that the traitor, Bessus, had assumed the tiara and the robe of white and purple, only worn in Persia by the sovereign. Furthermore he was informed that Bessus had claimed the supreme power in Asia, that he was supported in his pretensions by the Bactrians, who inhabited the district between the Oxus and the Paropamisus, and that a large force of Scythians, the most warlike of the barbarous races of Asia, was on the point of joining him.

On the receipt of this alarming news, Alexander resolved on the invasion of Bactria. But while he was making the necessary preparations he was suddenly told that Satibarzanes, a Persian officer whom he had pardoned and confirmed in his satrapy, or government, was, with the avowed intention of supporting Bessus, collecting an army at Arta-Coana, a town in Areia (Khorasan), supposed to be the modern Herat. This was the first instance of any Persian noble rebelling after being pardoned by Alexander and admitted into his service. Accordingly, the conqueror decided to make an example of him. By a rapid march he entered Arta-Coana before the rebel had any knowledge of his having departed from Susa, and so confounded all his arrangements. Satibarzanes fled from the city, abandoning his adherents to the mercy of his sovereign.

Being taught by this rebellion that the advancement into Bactria would be perilous, while the important provinces of Areia on his right flank, and Sogdiana (the district to the north of the Oxus) on his left, remained hostile, Alexander altered his previous intention, and marched into the province of Drangiana (the modern Zarang), situated on the northern bank of the great River Etymander, or Heermund. During the stay of the army in this province, the king discovered the traitorous plan of Philotas, the son of Parmenio, one of his highest officers. Philotas was tried and found guilty by the assembled Macedonian army, in which alone, in times of war, the power of inflicting capital punishment was, under the Macedonian constitution, vested, of having concealed a conspiracy formed against his sovereign, of which he had been informed. The traitor and his accomplices were, therefore, pierced to death by darts. Had the plot succeeded, Philotas, who was the commander of the cavalry, would undoubtedly have been elected to the command of the army; and as his father, Parmenio, was the governor of Ecbatana, where all the treasures of the Persian monarchs had been collected, the whole empire would have fallen under the sway of the father and his son. The suspicion against Parmenio being strong, orders were dispatched to certain of his subordinate officers to put him to death. These orders were implicitly obeyed. Thus the career of Parmenio, who had accompanied Alexander during nearly all his great campaigns and shared his fatigues, came to a premature and inglorious end.

The king's former unbounded confidence in his officers was rudely shaken by the discovery of this treasonable conspiracy. He accordingly resolved not to entrust to any one individual the post of commander of the companion cavalry, or royal horseguards. This illustrious band of veterans was from this time divided into two bodies. Cleitus was appointed general of one, Hephæstion of the other.

On quitting the province of Drangiana, the Macedonian army followed the course of the River Heermund, or Etymander. Part of its route lay through the country of the Agriaspæ, or, as they were then called, the Evergetæ—*i.e.*, Benefactors. This noble title they had gained from Cyrus, the founder of the Persian monarchy, in consequence of their having fed and rested his soldiers when worn out with hunger and fatigue. Alexander, struck with admiration at their disinterested conduct towards Cyrus, whom he held in the highest estimation, treated them with kindness, even offering them an increase to their territories. This, with a moderation seldom exampled in history, they refused, with the exception of a small corner of the offered land.

While, after leaving the country of the Agriaspæ, the army was continuing its march towards India, news was brought that the province of Areia had been invaded by Satibarzanes, and that a formidable rebellion was being concerted. Part of the troops were accordingly sent back to suppress it. A long-contested engagement took place, which was not finally decided till Satibarzanes fell, pierced by the lance of the Macedonian general, Erigyus. Notwithstanding this insurrection, Alexander with the bulk of his troops continued his march eastward.

The mountains of Candahar now appeared before them, covered with snow. These they succeeded in crossing after some delay and with great labour. Continuing their advance, they now arrived at the southern foot of the great range of mountains stretching from the Caspian to the Himalaya range. On this spot Alexander, during the two months he rested there, founded a city, which he called Alexandria, after himself. This city must have been about 200 miles from the modern Cabul.

At the first appearance of spring the king resumed his march and led his troops across the mountains into Bactria. This district comprised the territories lying between the River Oxus and the Caucasus, or Paropamisus mountains. On reaching the northern foot of this mountain range, Alexander discovered that Bessus had devastated the whole of the country in the hope of deterring by this means the Macedonians from their undertaking. But even this extreme measure was of no avail to the traitor; for, to borrow the words of Arrian, "Alexander marched

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rd :in spite of the devastation, with difficulty, it e, in consequence of the deep snow and of the ab- of all necessaries; but still he advanced." When nhappy Bessus discovered that his stratagem had , and that his enemy was not far distant, he, iring of success, fled with his adherents across iver Oxus into the district of Sogdiana. Soon vards Alexander entered in triumph Bactria modern Balk) and Arnus, the two capitals of rovince of Bactria, and so completed its sub- iom.

hile Bessus was at liberty, Alexander felt that uld not with safety achieve the great object of xpedition eastward — the conquest of India. dingly he determined to cross the Oxus (Jihoon) seek for the traitor in Sogdiana. But here a difficulty presented itself. The Oxus was t half a mile broad, and in no part of its course ble. Many attempts to construct piers on its were made. As the banks were formed of a sandy soil, the piles were soon swallowed, and no work could be constructed. But the conqueror great king was not to be deterred from his prise by a river. Floats were made of skins, inflated or stuffed with hay, and rendered proof. By means of these frail rafts, within ays the whole army had crossed the wide-flow- xus.

hen it became known that Alexander had entered ana, the satrap of that province, Spitamenes, egates to the king, promising to deliver up Bessus, illed a body of Macedonians were sent to assist A select troop was accordingly dispatched. Spit- es informed the commander that Bessus was in a walled town, almost without a guard. There the ant of the throne of Asia was arrested and kept se confinement, pending the arrival of instruc- from Alexander as to how he was to be treated. king's orders were that Bessus should be deprived s arms, and be led with a rope round his neck et his conqueror. When the two met, Alex- r asked the traitor "Why he had assassinated us?" He replied he had done it in order to the gratitude of the victor. This was held to n invalid excuse. The unfortunate Bessus, after g scourged before the army, was relegated to ria, there to await his final doom.

he onward march was now continued, and a short afterwards the Macedonians entered Maracanda. city still exists as one of the largest of Central under the slightly altered name of Samarcand. situated about midway between the Oxus, or on river, and the Jaxartes or Sihoon, in one of most fertile and delightful regions of the world. ander, charmed with the spot, rested his army some time here. During his stay the king was rely wounded in the leg by an arrow while at- ng a small mountain fortress. As he could not in idle for long, he was carried about in a litter, so superintended the military movements. Such the love and admiration with which the Mace- ans regarded their invincible monarch, that a ute actually arose between the cavalry and in- y as to which was entitled to the privilege of ying his litter. This dispute was only settled by king allowing himself to be borne by both of the esting parties in turns.

he whole Persian empire to its utmost limits had been subdued. In every important city and ghold a Macedonian garrison had been installed. The reign of peace seemed about to be re-established in the civilised world, when suddenly the natives of the recently-conquered provinces of Bactria and Sogdiana flew to arms, and either massacred or put to flight all the Macedonian garrisons. The insurrection originated thus. Alexander had summoned all the nobility and satraps of the country, with a view to determine the best mode of carrying on the government and of collecting the taxes. Spitamenes, the former satrap of Sogdiana, profited by this occasion privately to communicate to all who had been summoned that the conqueror intended to arrest and even massacre them all. The result of this communication was the rebellion of the Bactrians and Sogdians. These were the most warlike races that the Macedonians had as yet come in contact with; and worse than all, the mighty Scythian tribes, who inhabited the country to the north of the Jaxartes (Sihoon), had promised them assistance. But Alexander, on this, as on all other occasions, proved himself equal to the emergency. One of his greatest officers, Craterus, was ordered to march against Cyropolis, the chief city of the rebels. The king himself carried by storm five of the other seven towns which owned the authority of Spitamenes and his adherents in the short space of three days. He then immediately proceeded to join Craterus under the walls of Cyropolis.

This town took its name from the great Cyrus, who built it as a barrier against the inroads of the barbarian hordes of Scythia. It is in all probability the modern Khojend. Alexander, perceiving that its fortifications were very formidable, and hearing that its garrison numbered 18,000 soldiers, decided not to attempt to storm it, but to lay siege to it in the regular way. Trenches had already been dug, and battering engines constructed, when the king, by mere accident, discovered the channel of a stream which in winter ran through the town, but was at this period of the year almost dry. The opening between the city wall and the channel was found to be sufficient for one soldier to pass through at a time. A feigned attack was now made by the engineers on another part of the town to divert the attention of the besieged, while the king himself and a few chosen soldiers contrived to get into the city by the newly-discovered aperture. As soon as they had entered, they rushed to the nearest gate and admitted their friends. The garrison were not yet defeated; they charged the assailants, and almost expelled them from the city. The king was stunned by a stone, and Craterus was wounded by an arrow. The discipline of the Macedonians, however, finally prevailed. The rebels were forced to take refuge in the citadel, and finding themselves destitute of water, they surrendered the next day unconditionally to the conqueror. This precedent the seventh and last city held by the insurgents was not long in following. Thus, in an exceedingly short space of time, a wide-spread rebellion was put down by the energy of Alexander and the bravery of his soldiers, and not too soon, for almost immediately afterwards the northern bank of the Jaxartes was swarming with Scythian cavalry, who had come to the assistance of the rebels.

At the time of the appearance of these barbarians, Alexander was busily engaged in founding on the left bank of the Jaxartes another Alexandria, called by the Greeks, to distinguish it from the other towns called after the king, Alexandria Eschata, or remote.

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This city probably stood on the same spot as the modern Aderkand. The Macedonians, during the progress of the work, were daily interrupted and insulted by the Scythians on the other bank of the river. The barbarians were even venturesome enough to shoot their arrows at them across the stream, and to challenge them to mortal combat. This was too much for the conqueror of Arbela. Alexander determined to cross the Jaxartes, and to show the Scythians that he at least would not brook their overweening insolence. He formed his troops in battle array on the brink of the river, placing the engines in the rear. The barbarians were so frightened at these instruments, which discharged on them every kind of missile, that they withdrew out of their reach. The Macedonians immediately seized the opportunity to cross the stream, with their king, as usual, at their head. Once on the other side, they were not long in coming to close quarters with the foe. The Scythians, however, not only at first maintained their positions, but, by executing some of their usual evolutions, surrounded and severely galled the Macedonian cavalry. Alexander, as soon as he had discovered the Scythian mode of fighting, distributed his archers and light infantry among the cavalry. He then again ordered an advance, and when the lines were near commanded some of the cavalry and mounted archers to charge the enemy's flanks, while the remainder, forming into columns, attacked in front. The Scythians, being by this device prevented from executing their usual evolutions, were completely defeated, and fled, leaving 1,000 horsemen dead on the battle-field. Soon afterwards the victor was waited on by an embassy, which imputed the late acts of hostility to bandit tribes. The ambassadors also declared that the Scythians were willing to obey all the commands of their conquerors. Thus the hitherto invincible Scythians, who had even defeated the great Cyrus, acknowledged the supremacy of the Macedonians.

The joy caused by the defeat of the Scythians was destined soon to be dimmed. News almost immediately afterwards arrived that Spitamenes had completely annihilated an army of about 5,000 men which Alexander had sent to raise the siege of Maracanda (Samarcand) by the Sogdians.

This sad disaster did not cause any feeling of despondency to Alexander and his army, but stirred them up to vindicate the prestige of the Macedonian arms. The king, accompanied by his most active men, set out for Maracanda, which they reached on the morning of the fourth day, having marched in that time ninety miles. Spitamenes on their approach retired to the fastnesses of the desert, leaving the country to the mercy of its sovereign. After devastating the whole district, as a punishment on its inhabitants for rendering assistance to Spitamenes, Alexander, who pursued relentlessly the aims of his ambition, recrossed the Oxus to pass the winter in Bactria.

Thunderstorm in the Highlands.

THE hot sun is glaring and sultry and staring,
And burning and baring the hill and the plain;
But far on the mountains, o'er deep lakes and fountains,
Long rolling clouds darken in streamers of rain.

The summer's sun now dim is quenched in the cloud rim,
Fleet spreading, that shrouds him and beckons the storm;
Black squadrons are prancing, black phantom hosts dancing,
Retreating, advancing, they form and re-form.

The misty glooms gather on mountains of heather,
And wheeling together loom black on the plain;
The frighted vales sigh at the swirl and the riot,
And awfully quiet are waiting in pain.

Dense vapours are roaming, they darken like gloaming,
One gleam—it is coming—hush! hark to the roar!
The deep glens are waking, the pine woods are shaking,
The mountains are quaking along by the shore.

The tempest is striving, the cloud-wrack is driving,
And lightnings are riving the breast of the storm;
The black sky is falling, the thunders are calling,
And echoes are rolling the notes of alarm.

Quick fierce lights are glowering, thick rain-sheets are scouring,
And mountain-streams pouring a dashing tide o'er.
Through rocks rent asunder the brown waters thunder,
And darkness is under the cataract's roar.

The deep gloom is paling, the white mist is sailing,
The storm-skirts are trailing far off on the gale—
The clear sun is beaming, the wide earth is swimming,
And mountain sides streaming sing loud to the vale.

The swift waters tiding are hushed in subsiding,
And brightness abiding on moorland and glen;
'Tis pleasant to listen, to see the earth glisten,
Sweet song and smile chasing her groaning and pain.

Her face is the brighter, her life is the lighter,
Her charms are the sweeter, refreshed by the rain;
And over her mountains, her deep lakes and fountains,
Her valleys and woodlands, 'tis summer again.

J. HUIE.

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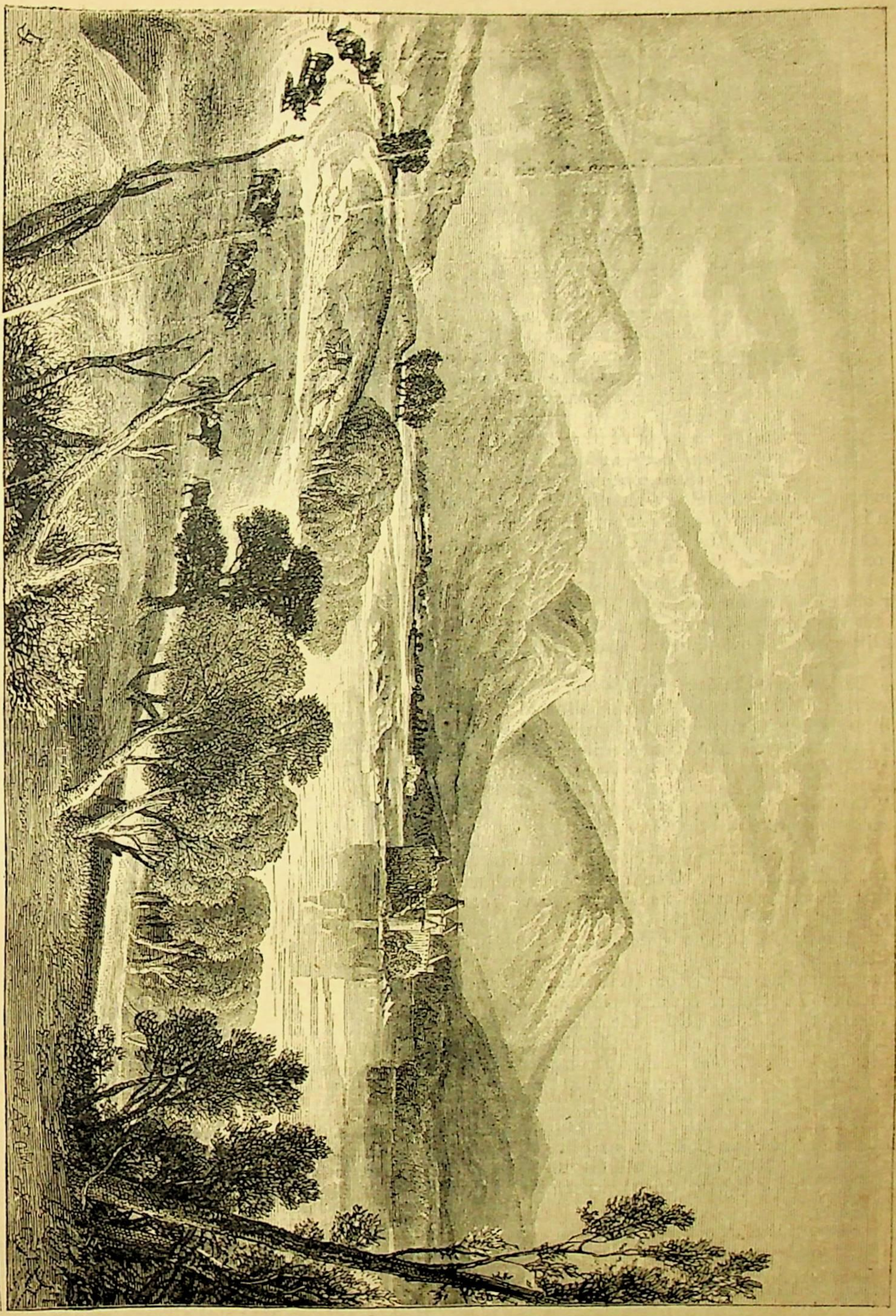

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FLOWERS AND THEIR FOLK-LORE.

BY THE REV. T. THISELTON DYER, M.A., AUTHOR OF "ENGLISH FOLK-LORE."

IX.

THE Snapdragon, which is frequently cultivated in gardens on account of its showy flowers, is, too, a favourite plant with children, from its corolla forming in lips which resembles the face of an animal. Hence it has received various nicknames, such as dog's-mouth, lion's-snap, toad's-mouth, and snapdragon. On pressing the sides of this flower it opens like a gaping mouth, the stigma appearing to represent the tongue. On removing the pressure, the lips of the corolla snap together, on account of which peculiarity it has also been termed "rabbit's-mouth" and "bulldog's-mouth." It is also known in some places as calf's-snout, from the form of its seed-vessel, and the French name is mufle de veau, on the same account. It was formerly supposed to possess a supernatural influence, and to have the power of destroying charms. In Russia it is cultivated for the sake of its seed, from which is obtained an oil little inferior in quality to that produced from olives.

The Michaelmas Daisy derives its name from the festival of Michaelmas, the association of flowers with the religious festivals of the Church being by no means uncommon. Thus, according to an old saying,—

> "The Michaelmas daisy, among dead weeds,
> Blooms for St. Michael's valorous deeds."

Some of its popular names are blue camomile, sea starwort, and blue daisy. Our forefathers believed that this flower changed its colour three times a day, being white in the morning, purple at noon, and crimson in the afternoon. Hence its scientific name, *Tripolium*.

A plant much in request from its delicate and sweet perfume is the Lavender. It derives its name from the Latin *lavare*, to wash, as being the plant in former times much used to scent newly-washed linen, whence originated the expression of "laid up in lavender," or, as Diez informs us, from its being used at the baths in washing the body. The old form of our laundress was a lavender. Spirits of lavender enter into the composition of eau-de-Cologne and *vinaigre aux quatres valeurs*. Shakespeare alludes to it in his "Winter's Tale" (Act IV, Sc. 3), where he makes Perdita say,—

> "Here's flowers for you,
> Hot lavender, sweet mints, savory, marjoram."

Spencer calls it the "Lavender still gray."

The Passion Flower, as its name signifies, is a plant full of interest, and has been from the earliest times an object of wonder and admiration on account of its marvellous structure, displaying, as it does, so fully the handiwork of the Creator.

> "All beauteous flower! whose centre glows
> With studs of gold; thence streaming flows
> Raylike effulgence; next is seen
> A rich expanse of varying hue
> Enfringed with an empurpled hue,
> And streaks with young Pomonas green.
> High o'er the pointal deckt with gold
> (Emblem mysterious to behold!)
> A radiant cross its form expands;
> Its opening arms appear to embrace
> The whole collective human race,
> Refuge of all men in all lands."

When the Spaniards settled in South America, and for the first time saw this lovely flower climbing up the forest trees, they at once recognised in it an unmistakable symbol of our Saviour's passion, and hailed it as a token that Christianity would triumph over heathenism. The five *anthers* were considered to bear a resemblance to the wounds of Christ; the *triple style* to the three nails by which He was nailed to the cross; the *central column* to the pillar on which He was bound; while the *rays* of the flower seemed to represent the bright rays of light which generally surrounded a representation of our Lord. Bosia calls it the "Flower of the five wounds," and the manner in which it was looked upon is shown by his remark that "It would seem as if the Creator of the world had chosen it to represent the principal emblems of His Son's passion, so that in due season it might assist, when its marvels should be explained to them, in the conversion of the heathen people in whose country it grew."

The Lady's Seal, or, as it is more commonly termed, Solomon's Seal, appears to have been a plant of great medical celebrity in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, for a writer of her time tells us how "the roots of Solomon's seale, stamped while it is fresh and green, and applied, taketh away in one night, or two at the most, any bruise, black or blues pots gotten by falls," etc. Hence, according to Gerard, originated its name. In France it is called sceau de Salomon, and signet de Salomon; and in Italy sigillo di Salomone, because it is said that on cutting the root transversely characters appear that have a resemblance to a seal. Formerly the French herbalists called it the "herbe de la rupture," which would seem to indicate that it was also in that country supposed to have healing properties. Some years ago, even in our own country, superstitious people thought, says Miss Pirie, "that the great botanist and naturalist, Solomon, had given this healing virtue to the plant, by stamping it with his seal, in proof of which the herbalist would point to the marks which are to be found on the knotted root." Another of its names is seal wort, and in some parts it is called white-root. Phillips, in his "Flora Historica," says that "the Turks, who have neglected to improve their country by cultivation, continue to eat the root of this plant as we eat asparagus."

The Larkspur, with its beautiful flowers, was once a favourite in our gardens, on account of the delicate

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colours of its blossoms, and from its graceful appearance. Its scientific name, *Delphinum*, is derived from the Greek *Delphinos*, a dolphin, because the flower-buds, before they are expanded, are thought to resemble that fish. In its wild state, the outer petals form a kind of horn-shaped nectary at the back of the corolla, which is similar to the spur of the lark's foot, hence the various names of lark-spur, lark's-heel, lark's-toe, and lark's-claw. Its French names are pied-d'alouette and éperon de chevalier. The Italians also honour it with the name of fios regio—king-flower. Gerard mentions it amongst the flowers which were cultivated in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

One of the sweetest of our wild flowers is the Thyme, filling the air with its fragrance, and cheering the eye with its pretty little blossom. Most of our readers are, no doubt, acquainted with those well-known lines of Shakespeare's in the "Midsummer Night's Dream" (Act II, Sc. 2), which describe the place of Titania's repose :—

> "A bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
> Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows;
> Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
> With sweet musk-roses and with eglantine.'

This plant, in all probability, derived its name from the Greek *Thumos*, from being used for incense in sacrifices. Amongst its popular names may be mentioned mother of thyme, pell-a-mountain, and penny mountain. In Northamptonshire it is called horse-thyme, the prefix being added on the same principle as in horse-radish. It has mostly been famous as a bee-plant, to which Spenser alludes when he speaks of the "bees-alluring thyme." It was on account of its wild thyme that in days gone by Mount Hymettus became so famous for its honey. In the west of Africa thyme is said to propitiate the spirits of those who have departed from this world.

The Elder is supposed by many to have supernatural attributes. It is said to be safe from the effects of lightning, in allusion to which the "Stamford Mercury," of July 19th, 1861, says: "This notion, whether true or not, received confirmation a few days ago, when the electric fluid struck a thorn-bush in which an elder had grown up and become intermixed, but which escaped perfectly unscathed, though the thorn was completely destroyed." Sir Thomas Browne mentions also the bay as possessing the property of protecting from the mischief of lightning and thunder, a quality common with the fig-tree, eagle, and skin of a seal. Speaking to some little children, says a writer in Chambers's "Book of Days," one day, about the danger of taking shelter under the trees during a thunderstorm, one of them replied that it was not so with all the trees, "for," said he, "you will be quite safe under an elder-tree, because the cross was made of that, and so the lightning never strikes it." This superstition exists in many places, and oftentimes, in consequence, woodmen look carefully into the faggots before they burn them, in case there should be any of this wood in them. The elder, too, has been supposed to be the tree on which Judas hanged himself. The elder was, in days gone by, supposed to be an excellent remedy for epilepsy. It is even nowadays, in many places, considered a good remedy for warts. The peasants, having procured an elder-stick, cut a nick or a notch for each wart, touch the wart with the notch, and then secretly bury the stick. As the elder-stick rots in the ground, so it is believed the warts will gradually disappear. Boerhaave, the celebrated Leyden physician, esteemed this plant with a superstitious veneration, and, on passing it, always took off his hat. The dwarf elder is said only to flourish in those spots where blood has been shed. A patch of it grows in a locality in Worcestershire, where the first blood was drawn in the Civil War between the Royalists and the Parliament. The Welsh call it llysan gwaed gwyr, or, "plant of the blood man," a name which corresponds to its English one of "deathwort."*

The wild Clematis, which so profusely adorns our country hedges, and makes the air fragrant with its sweet perfume, has had various nicknames ascribed to it. Gerard gives it the name of "Traveller's Joy," referred to in the following lines by Bishop Mant:—

> "The Traveller's Joy,
> Most beauteous when its flowers assume
> Their autumn form of feathery plume;
> The Traveller's Joy! name well bestowed
> On that wild plant, which, by the road
> Of southern England, to adorn
> Fails not the hedge of prickly thorn,
> On wilding rose-bush, apt to creep
> O'er the dry limestone's craggy steep,
> There still a gay companion near
> To the wayfaring traveller."

It is also known as Virgin's Bower, as suitable to be a bower for maidens, and with allusion perhaps to Queen Elizabeth, but not, as we might be tempted to imagine, to the Virgin Mary.† Peasants call it "Old Man's Beard," from its long white feathery awns; and from its habit of embracing and entwining itself round the hedges, it has been nicknamed "Love." Some of its other popular names are lady's-bower, smoke-wood, climbers, etc.

The cultivation of the Hollyhock is of great antiquity in this country. The derivation of its English name may be traced to the Saxon language—the old name of holyoak being the same as holihec. The French call it by various names, such as rose trémiere, rose d'Outre-mer, rose de Damas, etc. Botanists have named it alcea, from the Greek, on account of its supposed medicinal strength. A strong cloth has been made from the fibrous bark of the flower stalks of this plant, and in one year, says Phillips, in his "Flora Historica," about two hundred and eighty acres of land in Wales were planted with the common hollyhock, with the view of converting the fibres of this plant into thread similar to that of hemp or flax.

One of the prettiest sights in early autumn in many counties of England is the hop-field, which can even vie with the vine-clad lands of the Continent. Centuries ago Tusser, a celebrated writer on husbandry, sung the praises of the hop. "As thick as hops" appears to have been an old phrase, which, however, is not easily accounted for, says Nares, if the cultivation of hops be as recent as is generally supposed. Hops have narcotic properties, and persons troubled with chronic sleeplessness are occasionally recommended to visit hop-fields and to sleep on pillows stuffed with hops.

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* "Flower Lore," 1879, p. 35.
† Dr. Prior's "Popular Names of British Plants," p. 243.

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THE BEGUM'S FORTUNE.

BY JULES VERNE.

CHAPTER XIII.—NEWS FOR PROFESSOR SCHULTZ.

"*Max Bruckmann, to Professor Schultz of Stahlstadt.*

"Frankville, September 14th.

"I CONSIDER it proper to inform the King of Steel, that on the evening of the day before yesterday I succeeded in passing beyond the frontier of his dominion, preferring my own safety to that of the model in the blazing workshop.

"While taking leave, I should fail in my bounden duty were I not in turn to reveal my secrets. Do not, however, be uneasy on that account, I shall not require you to pay for the knowledge with your life.

"My real name is not Schwartz, and I am not a Swiss. Alsace is my country, and I am called Max Bruckmann.

"I am a tolerable engineer, if one may take your word for it; but first and foremost I am a Frenchman. You have shown yourself the implacable enemy of my country, my friends, and my family. You have entertained odious designs against everything I hold most dear. I have dared, and done all, in order to discover those designs; I will dare and do all to frustrate them.

"I hasten to let you know that your first shot has failed to take effect.

"It has not hit the mark, for, thank heaven, it could not. Your aim is not the less a wonderful one, though the projectiles which it sends forth will never do any harm to any one! They will fall nowhere. I had a presentiment of this, and to your great glory it is now an established fact, that Herr Schultz has invented a wonderful cannon, entirely inoffensive.

"You will hear with pleasure that we saw your perfect shell, at forty-five minutes and four seconds past eleven pass above our town. It was flying towards the west, circulating in space, which it will continue to do until the end of time. A projectile animated with an initial speed twenty times superior to the actual speed, being ten thousand yards to the second, can never fall! This movement, combined with terrestrial attraction, destines it to revolve perpetually round our globe.

"You ought to have been aware of this.

"I hope, moreover, that the cannon in the Bull Tower is quite spoilt by this first trial; but two hundred thousand dollars is not too much to have paid for the pleasure of having endowed the planetary world with a new star, and the earth with a second satellite.

"MAX BRUCKMANN."

An express was immediately sent from Frankville to Stahlstadt with this letter; and Max must be forgiven for not being able to resist the satisfaction of writing it to Herr Schultz.

Max was quite right when he said that the famous shell would never again fall on the surface of the earth, and also right when he hoped the cannon of the Bull Tower would be rendered useless by the enormous charge of pyroxile.

The receipt of this letter greatly discomfited Herr Schultz, and was a terrible shock to his self-love. As he read it he turned perfectly livid, and his head fell on his breast as if he had been struck with a club. He remained in this state of prostration for a quarter of an hour. When he revived his rage was frightful. Arminius and Sigimer alone witnessed the outbursts.

However, Herr Schultz was not a man to acknowledge himself beaten.

Henceforth the struggle between him and Max would continue to the death. Had he not still other shells charged with liquid carbonic acid, which less powerful but more practical guns could throw to a short distance.

Calming himself by an effort, the King of Steel re-entered his study and continued his work.

It was clear that Frankville, now more than ever menaced with danger, must neglect nothing by which it could be put into a perfect state of defence.

CHAPTER XIV.—CLEARING FOR ACTION.

ALTHOUGH the danger was no longer imminent, it was serious. Max communicated to Doctor Sarrasin and his friends all that he knew of Herr Schultz's preparations, and described his engines of destruction. On the next day the Council of Defence, in which he took a principal part, occupied itself with discussing a plan of resistance, and preparing to put it into execution.

In all this Max was well seconded by Otto, whom he found altered in character, and much improved.

No one knew the details of the resolutions passed. The general principles alone were regularly communicated to the press. It was not difficult to trace in them the practical hand of Max.

"In preparing for defence," said the townsfolk, "the great thing is to know the strength of the enemy, and adapt the system of resistance to that strength. No doubt Herr Schultz's cannon are formidable, but it is better to have to face these guns of which we know the number, calibre, range, and effect, than to have to combat unknown engines."

It was decided to prevent the investment of the town either by land or sea.

How this was best to be done was a question actively discussed by the Council, and the day on which a placard announced that this problem was solved, no one doubted it. The citizens hastened *en masse* to execute the undertaking. No tasks were despised which could contribute to the work of defence. Men of all ages, and of every position in life, became simple labourers on this occasion, and everything went on rapidly and cheerfully. Provisions sufficient for two years were stored in the town. Coal and iron also were brought in considerable quantities, the iron being requisite for manufacturing arms of

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all sorts, and the coal absolutely necessary both for warmth and for fuel to work the various warlike engines it was intended to employ.

In addition to the heaps of iron and coal could be seen gigantic piles, composed of sacks of flour and quarters of smoked meat, stacks of cheeses, mountains of preserved and dried vegetables, all stored in the market-places. Numbers of sheep and cattle were also enclosed in the beautiful gardens of the town.

When the decree appeared for the mobilisation of all men able to carry arms, the enthusiasm with which it was received testified to the excellent disposition of these soldier citizens. Plainly dressed in woollen shirts, cloth trousers and half boots, strong leather caps, and armed with Werder rifles, they drilled every day in the avenues.

Gangs of coolies banked up earth, dug trenches, raised intrenchments and redoubts at every favourable point. The casting of guns had been commenced and pushed on with activity, for the numerous smoke furnaces in the city were easily transformed into casting furnaces.

Max was indefatigable in all this. He was here, there, and everywhere in the thick of all the work. Did some theoretical or practical difficulty arise, he could immediately solve it. If necessary, he turned up his sleeves and gave a practical definition. His authority was always accepted without a murmur, and his orders punctually attended to.

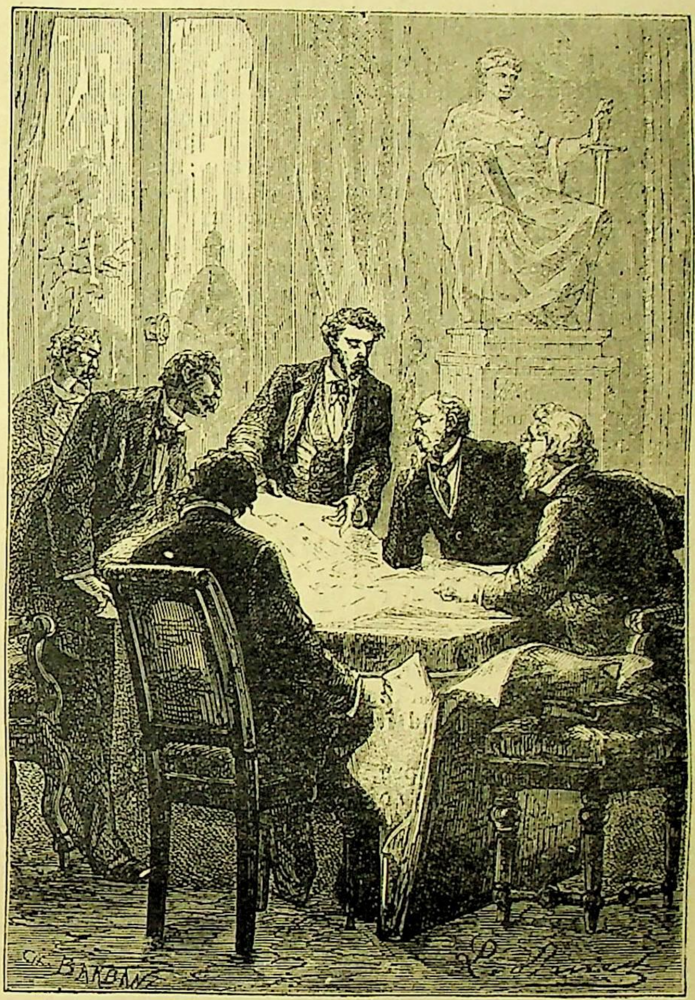
Next to him, Otto did his best. Although at first he had thought of ornamenting his uniform with gold lace, he soon gave up the idea, seeing that to set a good example to others he must be content to do the duty of a simple soldier.

He therefore took his place in the battalion assigned to him, and conducted himself like a model soldier. To those who at first attempted to pity him he replied :

"Every one according to his merits. Perhaps I should not have been able to command! The least I can do is to learn to obey!"

A report—which turned out to be false—gave a still more lively impulse to the works of defence. Herr Schultz, it was said, was now negotiating with some maritime company for the transport of his cannon. From that time these sort of hoaxes were the order of the day. Now it was that the Schultz fleet was off the coast of Frankville, and now that the Sacramento railway had been cut by Uhlans, who had apparently dropped from the clouds.

But all these rumours, which were immediately contradicted, were invented by the correspondents of newspapers, hard up for matter to fill their despatches, their object being to sustain the curiosity of their readers. The truth was that Stahlstadt did not give the least sign of life.



THE COUNCIL OF DEFENCE.

This perfect quietude, although it left Max ample time to complete his preparations, caused him a good deal of uneasiness in his rare moments of leisure.

"Is it possible that the ruffian has changed his tactics, and is preparing some mode of attack?" he thought.

However, the plans for checking the advance of the enemy's ships, and preventing the investment of the town, promised to answer well, and Max redoubled his exertions.

His sole pleasure and only rest, after a hard day's work, was the short hour which he passed every evening in Madame Sarrasin's drawing-room.

From the first, the doctor had stipulated that he should always come and dine at his house, unless he was prevented by another engagement; but, by some singular circumstance, no other invitation enticing enough to make Max give up this privilege had as yet presented itself.

The everlasting game of chess between the doctor and Colonel Hendon could not have been sufficiently interesting to explain the punctuality at which he presented himself every day at the door of the mansion. We are therefore compelled to beleive that there was another attraction for Max, and we might, perhaps, have suspected its nature, although, assuredly, he did not as yet suspect it himself. had we observed the interest which he took in the conversations between himself, Madame Sarrasin, and Made-

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moiselle Jeannette, when they were all three seated near the large table, at which the two ladies were working at what might be necessary for future service in the ambulances.

"Will these new steel bolts be better than those of which you showed us a drawing?" asked Jeannette, who was interested in everything connected with the defence.

"No doubt about it, mademoiselle," replied Max.

"Ah, I am very glad of that! But how much trouble and research is represented by the smallest industrial particular. You told me that five hundred fresh yards of the trench were dug yesterday. That is a great deal, is it not?"

"Indeed, no, it is not nearly enough. At that rate we shall not have finished the enclosure at the end of a month."

"I should much like to see it done, and these horrible Schultz people arriving! Men are very fortunate in being able to work and make themselves useful. Waiting is never so trying for them as for us, who are of no use."

"Of no use!" exclaimed Max, usually so calm, "no use! And for whom do you think do these brave men, who have left everything to become soldiers, for whom do they work, if not to secure the safety and happiness of their mothers, their wives, and those whom they hope may become their wives? From whence comes their ardour, if not from you, and to what would you trace their readiness to sacrifice themselves, if not—"

Here Max got rather confused, and stopped. Mademoiselle Jeannette did not urge him, and good Madame Sarrasin herself was obliged to close the discussion by saying to the young man, that a love of duty was doubtless sufficient to explain the zeal of the greater number.

And when Max, at the call of inexorable duty, tore himself away from this pleasant talk, in order to finish a plan or an estimate, he carried with him the invincible determination to save Frankville and its inhabitants.

Little could he conjecture what was about to happen, and yet it was but the inevitable result of a state of things so utterly unnatural as this concentration of all power in a single person, which was the fundamental principle in the City of Steel.

LORD LAWRENCE AND THE INDIAN MUTINY.

THE late Lord Lawrence was by common consent regarded as one of the greatest of Indian statesmen, but the peculiar services which he rendered during the Mutiny are not so well known. In an interesting letter Mr. Arthur Brandreth, who worked under him in the Punjaub during that terrible crisis, has published some of his recollections.

Few men of such greatness and such strength have been so singularly forgetful of self, so peculiarly quiet and retiring. I recollect well, says Mr. Brandreth, when I came home with him after the Mutiny, causing him real displeasure by a threat (uttered, of course, in jest) that I would let the Mayor of Dover know that he was coming; and it is owing to this dislike of his to any praise or even mention of himself, coupled with the non-publication of his despatches in the Indian papers, that we really know so little of the grandeur and completeness of his arrangements during the great Indian crisis. As I worked at the same table with him during the greater part of the Mutiny I had special opportunities of thoroughly observing his work, and wish I could give an idea of his extraordinary foresight which seemed to see the most distant results of any course taken—his earnest devotion to his work, the clearness and vigour of his orders, his wonderful knowledge of men and his care in selecting them for the various duties.

As soon as he heard the first news of the Meerut risings he wrote both to Lord Canning and the Court a despatch giving such a remarkably clear view of the probable course of the Mutiny that it must ever remain a monument of his foresight and sagacity. He then took a step which has been little understood, but which really saved Upper India. He sent for old Nihal Singh, Sir F. Currie's and his own Sikh aide-de-camp, and with him made out lists of all the Sikh chiefs who had suffered for the rebellion of 1848, and wrote at once to each, before they understood the news, urging them to retrieve their names and come down at once with their retainers, naming the number to be brought by each. As they came in he formed them into the 1st Sikh Cavalry (now the celebrated 11th Bengal Cavalry), and sent them off to Delhi. I well recollect the pains he took personally to inspect each retainer or recruit, and see how far he was fit for service, and how glad he was to secure any specimen of the old Sikh cavalry. He then took great pains, after long discussions with Macpherson, to select an officer for them who would have an influence over them, and sent them on to Delhi. It was fortunate that his foresight led him to take such a step. We soon found inquiries from most of the dangerous parts of the country for leaders to take advantage of this opportunity, but none could be found. They were at Delhi, and several intercepted letters from there showed that many of the chiefs felt the mistake that they had made, though they wrote that now that they were at Delhi nothing remained but to fight for the English.

One of his next steps was one which few men would have taken at such a juncture. He saw at once that Nicholson was the soldier needed for such special service, but Nicholson was the officer in civil charge at Peshawur, and he could ill spare him. Lawrence at once sent off his own tried and trusted secretary, Colonel James, to relieve Nicholson, and said that for his own work he would get on "with any one." The next step was the disarmament of the troops at Rawal Pindee, and I well recollect his anxiety about the arrangements so as to avoid, if possible, any bloodshed. He knew the native soldiers well, and recognised how few of them were really ill-disposed—how entirely the majority were led away by their ignorance and stupidity, which left them an easy prey to the designing emissaries of the Oude nobles.

That disarmament very nearly ended Lord Lawrence's career. The artillery had orders to fire the moment the mutineers broke, to prevent them obtaining the cover of their lines, where they could have defended themselves. Owing to the accidental discharge of a cavalry carbine, the mutineers were alarmed and broke, before Lawrence, who, with his usual disregard of himself, was standing in front of them, had time to address them, and the guns would at once have swept Lawrence and his party from the field but for the promptitude of the brigadier,

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Colonel Campbell, luckily an old artilleryman. The mutineers consequently got to their lines, but Lawrence at once galloped after them, and, regardless of the eagerness with which they were all loading around him, called to them to listen, and not to cause their own destruction. He thought nothing of his own peril in his anxiety to save them, and, with Colonel Barstow's aid, he was successful. It was curious, as we rode up and down the line, to see the frightened excitement of the men. All had by this time loaded, and a single mistake or false step would have led to the first shot, and then we could not have restrained them; but under the eye of such a chief every one did his best to restore confidence by reason and argument, and, as above mentioned, successfully. It was this eager personal work which led to so much of Lord Lawrence's success.

The same evening we received the news of the unfortunate failure at Jhelum, in spite of the very strong force which we had sent, mainly because, neglectful of Sir John's advice, the troops had attacked the mutineers from the front—where the lines were fortified—instead of taking them in the rear, as he who knew the lines so well had directed, or rather suggested.

At Rawul Pindee, of course, Campbell was helping most heartily, and when the Jhelum news came a council was at once held at Lawrence's house of all the commanding officers, and nearly half the force of the station was sent off almost within an hour with orders to do the sixty or seventy miles in two days, and to retrieve the disaster. I recollect our finding the supply of powder carcasses deficient, and Sir John at once decided to send off all with the reinforcements, leaving us dependent on what Colonel Cox could make up during the night as far as possible. It was always thus with him. The place where he was never seemed to him of any importance, and Mr. Thornton had to point out earnestly to him that the news of an accident to him would be a cause of serious evil to others before he could get him to take any care of his own safety. In fact, a few days after this, in spite of the Jhelum and Sealkote mutinies, we drove down to Lahore in the ordinary mail-cart, without even a mounted policeman as escort.

Lahore was very trying. Lord Lawrence was not well, suffering from overwork of years, and he had not been in plains because of the hot weather for some years. The rooms also had to be kept rather dark, owing to the heat, and he was already suffering from the pain in his eyes which subsequently caused him such serious illness; but he never gave in for an hour. Every morning, as the mail came in, every letter was at once disposed of, and we had to exert ourselves to see the orders carried out and all replies sent out that day without fail. It was a great boon to those who worked under him to know for certain that they would get their orders by return of post without a chance of delay, and the marvellous rapidity and decision of his work alone rendered this possible. The way he used to clear off the piles of paper we put before him, each one fairly taken and finished as it came, was very impressive. No difficult or troublesome reference was put aside till he had finished the lighter ones, which looked so inviting just below, and the vast piles of accounts of the Grand Trunk road, which were then coming in, were as carefully looked through and criticised as if no mutiny were occupying our attention. One of the great points of strength of the Punjaub was the steadiness and regularity with which the machine of government went on everywhere, in spite of the excitement. Lord Lawrence never allowed this as an excuse for any neglect of the most ordinary duty, and hence the Sikhs felt that we could not really be in much trouble, as we showed no neglect or anxiety.

When we received the news of the Gogaira rising it was nearly midnight, but Sirdar Nihal Singh was at once sent off to the city to collect every pony or vehicle he could find, and Lawrence drove down to the military cantonments himself, and saw the troops off before daylight with urgent orders from himself not to lose a moment, and the troops thus got into Gogaira an hour before the insurgents reached it. Had Sir John not exerted himself thus, the station must have been sacked, and every European in it murdered.

A much grander act, and one which should rouse the heart of every Englishman, was his express journey to Delhi, after its capture, when he heard of the excessive vigour of the tribunals. Regardless of the heat, he at once went down the 300 miles on the ordinary mail cart, and after carefully hearing on the spot all the reasons to be urged, decided to check this excessive vigour, as he considered that the example made was sufficient. Any one who has travelled in an Indian mail-cart in the hot weather of the dry Indian plains will know what a journey this was, and undertaken solely to save the lives of men believed to be rebels. But he was always careful of human life, even in such a time of excitement, and I recollect well the unhesitating way in which he refused to allow the disarmed troops at Lahore to be marched to the central gaol for safe custody, because he said it would drive them to unavailing resistance and cause needless bloodshed, and yet we could ill spare the strong force of Europeans needed to guard them, while their numbers were a constant source of danger to us; but, as I said before, he never thought of his own security.

Varieties.

The Legend of Loch Awe.—Kilchurn Castle, which gives so much life and interest to this beautiful lake, is a capacious structure of great antiquity and strength, remarkable as the *berçeau* of the Breadalbane family, and in itself one of the most picturesque ruins in Great Britain. It is built on a projecting rock, and, when the water is high, completely insulated. The shore immediately adjacent is low, but on the opposite side of the lake the rocky promontories of Ben-cruachan rise abruptly from the water, till the gradually expanding mass loses its desolate summits in the clouds. Of the building itself, the exterior walls are nearly entire; the circular towers, which project on the south and east, prevent the monotonous effect of a too-regular line, whilst the magnitude of the pile is such as to give the whole a characteristic baronial grandeur. This effect is particularly conspicuous in the view looking towards Dalmally. The entrance is by a small doorway, with the date 1693; but the principal building was erected early in the fifteenth century by the lady of Sir Colin Campbell, the Black Knight of Rhodes, during the absence of her husband in foreign wars. From the summit of the gigantic Ben-cruachan, which rises in solitary grandeur, issue those waters that supply the lake. Their source is called the fatal spring, a name originating in the following tradition. Bera was the daughter of Grianan, the sage, and dwelt in the cave of the rock. Long was the line of her fathers; large and fertile were their possessions. Hers were the beautiful vales below, and hers the flocks that roamed on the hills around. To her was committed the charge of that awful spring,

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which was one day to prove so fatal to the inheritance of her fathers and to her father's race. . . . Before the sun withdrew his beams, she was commanded each night to cover the spring with a stone, on which sacred and mysterious characters were impressed. One night, however, this duty was forgotten by the unhappy Bera. Overcome with the chase and the heat of the day, she was seized with heavy sleep before the usual hour of rest. The stone, therefore, remained unclosed, and the long-confined waters, rushing down upon the plain, expanded themselves in the Lake of Awe. The third morning Bera awoke from her fatal sleep. She flew to remove the stone from the spring, but, behold, no stone was there! She looked mournfully towards the inheritance of her fathers; she saw only the devastation of her plains. She shrieked; the mountain shook to its base; she fell prostrate on the heath; her spirit retired to the ghosts of her fathers in their airy halls. Such was the poetical origin of Loch Awe.—*Beattie's Scotland.*

The Late Lord Lawrence.—Dean Stanley, in the course of the sermon preached by him in Westminster Abbey on the funeral of the late Lord Lawrence, remarked that he belonged to that type of men of which the English race was so grand a representative. It was with good reason that when an illustrious artist wished to depict in the stately hall of one of our greatest palaces of justice a representative of the signing of Magna Charta, he selected the stern rugged countenance and magnanimous manly bearing of John Lawrence, as the likeness of the chief among the barons of England who, by their uncompromising independence, won for us our liberties against King and Pope.

The Napoleon Monument.—Public opinion in regard to the memorial in Westminster Abbey is not unanimous, as may be gathered from the following letter, one of many which have appeared in the newspapers:—In the letters from the lamented Prince Louis Napoleon now being published in Paris I find one addressed to a French general shortly before he set out for Africa. He says: "I have long desired to emerge from the obscurity in which I live in England; for to get a whole country to follow you it is necessary to show initiation and energy. Hitherto there has been no opportunity; but now there is one, and I embrace it." On reading this the old piece in our school reading-books occurred to me, about "Alexander and the Robber," showing how "one murder makes a villain, but thousands a hero." So, if one house is broken into, the culprit is called a burglar; but if a peaceful nation is attacked with fire and sword, the invader is rewarded with imperial honours. It is true that the poor young Prince, in breaking into France, would have been the mere tool of adventurers and blacklegs, such as those described by Mr. Kinglake as the prompters of the *Coup d'Etat.* But not the less was the Prince guilty in purpose of breaking into France "if he could emerge from obscurity." Happy for France that Providence prevented that purpose. One word as to Lieutenant Carey. There is a horrible "custom" in the savage parts of Africa that a number of victims are sacrificed when a prince or great person dies. Some Englishmen seem to wish that the lives of Carey and the rest of the troopers should have been thus sacrificed. When it was impossible to save the Prince, it would have been a blunder and crime to throw away other lives.—James Leith.

Zulus.—Mr. Frank Buckland, in an account of the "friendly Zulus" exhibited in London, says:—"There are six young men, all in the very prime of life, sound in wind and limb, and as active as cats. Their names are as follows: Dingandaw (chief), Possman, Magnbi, Nusan, Kikon, Oskei. They vary somewhat in colour; all of them are black, but not the jet-black of the West Coast African nigger. The smallest of the six, a lad of about seventeen, was light in colour. The hair is wool, in little tufts. They resemble in figure statues of black marble, or bronze figures one sees in the Paris shops. The physiognomy of these Zulus is by no means disagreeable. I could find many much worse faces in the slums of London. Being a disciple of Lavater, I read in their faces good-nature and a kindly disposition, mixed with a peculiar feature not present in European faces. If improperly handled or offended, the features indicate instant revenge and merciless retaliation. These two characteristics came out well in their performances. Their dances were emblematical of fighting, and victory to the death over enemies; whereas the representations of the marriage feast and their dinner-time outside their kraal showed that they were socially good-natured, merry, happy people. When they came down amongst the audience I was amazed to see the natural, polite manner in which these Zulus bowed, and with a natural *politesse* acknowledged the flowers that were presented to them by the ladies. One of the most marked characteristics of the Zulus was their amazing quickness of hearing and sight. Though silent, they seemed to see and hear everything that was going on, and to be ready for any emergency in a moment. They were most at home when throwing the assegai. These really are most fearful weapons; they are from four to five feet long, made of hard wood, and carry a blade or narrow spear of soft, pliable iron about five inches long, cutting with both edges. When using the assegai they cause it to quiver in the hand in a peculiar manner before they throw it. This gives it an impetus; it flies through the air as quick and as silent as an arrow from a bow, and it strikes the object with a peculiar sudden thud."

Colour-blindness and Railroad Accidents.—Dr. P. D. Keyser, surgeon of Wills Eye Hospital, of Philadelphia, has recently completed an examination of the visual powers of a large number of men employed upon railroads. He states that he has found that 3·5 per cent. of the men are colour-blind—that is to say, they mistake colours one for the other, while an additional 8·5 per cent. shade badly, which means that although they distinguish distinct colours, they are unable to distinguish shades of the same colours. The 3·5 per cent. who mistake colours had defects incapacitating them to fill positions with safety to those committed to their care. Tests were made to discover any defect in the refraction of the eyes, and of the number under examination, 79 per cent. were found to possess perfect vision, and 21 per cent. were found defective; but the defect of refraction was not invariably associated with colour-blindness. Of those afflicted with the latter defect, 50 per cent. were green blind, 44 red, and six blue. Of those defective in shading, 95 per cent. were so in greens, and 5 per cent. in reds. Dr. Keyser believes that the defect in shading might have been prevented by education, none of those so affected having ever been placed in a position where the distinction of colours was made a matter of study. Two of the men examined could not distinguish red from green, but declared bright-greens and other bright colours to be red. They would, therefore, not only stop a train when a bright red danger signal was exhibited, but would act similarly in case of a bright green signal, while dark reds were all green to them, so that a dull danger signal would be disregarded.

Praying to Saints.—In our churches I have seen a great many pictures of saints, with very little pretension to art, and which reflected but little credit on painter or engraver. Whose pictures they were I do not remember; but on Sabbath morning, an hour before mass, I have often seen the poor people, and even some more wealthy and refined, going on their knees from the one picture to the other, and counting their beads, and bowing before them with external acts of the most profound and sincere worship. Although then I thought differently, I have not now a doubt but that it was idolatry. But the idea that struck me was this: Here are some praying to Peter, or Paul, or John, or Mary; the same pictures are hung up in ten thousand chapels all over the world, and in all these chapels persons are praying to them. Can these good saints hear but in one place, or can they hear all everywhere praying to them? If they can hear all, then they are omnipresent; if omnipresent, they are gods. Thus we have as many gods as saints. But if they hear but in one place, then nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine out of the ten thousand are praying to an absent saint! This one thought very early in life impressed my mind, and was not the least powerful among the causes which led me eventually to reject the authority of your church.—*Kirwan's Letters to Bishop Hughes of New York.*

Gracefulness.—The beauty of motion has a charm peculiar to itself, more particularly when exhibited by an animated being, above all when exhibited by an individual of our own species. In these cases it produces that powerful effect, to the unknown cause of which we give the name of grace; an effect which seems to depend, in no inconsiderable degree, on the additional interest which the pleasing form derives from its fugitive and evanescent existence, the memory dwelling fondly on the charm which has fled, while the eye is fascinated with the expectation of what is to follow. A fascination somewhat analogous to this is experienced when we look at the undulations of a flag streaming to the wind; at the wreathings and convolutions of a column of smoke; or at the momentary beauties and splendours of fireworks, amid the darkness of night. In the human figure, however, the enchanting power of graceful motion is probably owing chiefly to the living expression which it exhibits; an expression ever renewed and ever varied, of taste and of mental elegance.—*Professor Dugald Stewart.*

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THE LEISURE HOUR.

BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,
AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND.—*Cowper.*

IN THE GAMEKEEPER'S LODGE.

STRAIGHT TO THE MARK.

CHAPTER XXXI.—BRAKELEY.

'Twas time and griefs
That framed him thus : time, with his fairer hand,
Offering the fortunes of his former days,
The former man may make him.

—*Shakespeare.*

"OH, I say, here's an adder! How am I to catch it?"

"Let it alone, Swallow, or you will 'catch it' in a way you will not like."

"But I want it for Mr. Grantly. Mr Grantly has a lot of snakes in bottles, and he would like to have this one, I know. Do tell me how I am to catch it?"

Young Martin and his friend Tom Howard were naturalising, as they called it, in the wood near Brakeley. They had been at the vicarage about a week, and had accumulated a great number of the

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fauna of that neighbourhood, the whole of which was intended for Mr. Grantly. If all his pupils had been equally zealous in their efforts to add to his collection, there would have been no room after the holidays for anything except ferns, fishes, hedgehogs, and adders in his little study. Fortunately most of the objects collected for his gratification came to a natural end before they could be conveyed to him. The adder, which had attracted young Martin's attention, was evidently not "fond of the bottle," and soon solved his difficulty how to catch her by withdrawing to her hole, upon which the boy immediately placed a heavy stone to prevent her escape.

"Now," said Martin, again, "how am I to catch her? I hope she won't burrow through the earth and get out."

"Through the earth?" said Tom. "That would be a very long burrow."

"You know what I mean. How am I to catch her? Oh, here's Hares, the gamekeeper; he can tell us."

Ayers, or, as he was more commonly called, Hares—so commonly, indeed, that the orthography of his real name was almost unknown—had been watching the boys, and when he approached they appealed to him for help and direction.

"I should let it alone if it was me," said Ayers, enigmatically. "They are nasty venomous things, them adders. But if you are kuriss about such things, I can show you one or two in my lodge. You are Mr. Martin's son, I think? You have grown almost out of memory since you went to school, but you know me, I reckon?"

"Oh, yes," said the boy, "you are Mr. Strafford's gamekeeper."

"Yes, I am; and I wonder what Mr. Strafford would say to me if he was to see you here, poking about in his woods, and trying to catch something as belongs to him, tho' if it be but a hadder! 'Poaching,' he would call it, I dare say. He don't allow nobody to come on to his ground if he knows it. He would give you the rough side of his tongue, I reckon, or perhaps a taste of his walking-stick."

"We shall not do any harm," said Tom.

"No; I don't think as you will," said Ayers, "but Squire Strafford is an odd sort of gentleman; very odd. I ought to know him, for I was born on the land, and have been in his service ever since. Ah, and there ain't another man about the place as can say that. He don't keep his servants many months as a rule; always changing he is, except one or two as is native to the place and don't want to leave it; and they have to put up with a deal, they have."

Martin had heard all this before. Squire Strafford was well known in the neighbourhood as a cross-grained, surly old man, mean and miserly in his habits. No one had a good word to say for him. He owned a considerable extent of land, which he kept almost entirely in his own occupation, not being able to get on long with any tenant; there were sure to be disputes about the cropping, about the game, and about the farming generally, no matter who rented it. One after another his tenants had thrown up their holdings and gone away impoverished, after having put up with their landlord's interference and oppression as long as they could for the sake of the capital they had invested; and the circumstances had at length attained such notoriety that no new tenants could be found to replace them. Squire Strafford spent most of his time in riding over his land upon a rough, half-starved pony, directing the labourers and grumbling to himself about their idleness and want of skill. He could get no good men to work for him, and there may have been just cause for his complaints, but he did not dare to utter them aloud, lest he should be left without any workpeople at all upon his farms. His fields were but half cultivated, his homesteads were slovenly and dilapidated, his cattle were neglected and ill-fed, and he himself, weary and miserable as he went his lonely rounds, looked, and perhaps was, the most unfortunate and pitiable object of them all.

"Have you seen the old gentleman lately, Mr. Martin?" the gamekeeper asked. "He gets thinner and sharper every year, I think. I can't but feel sorry for him sometimes, with all his wealth. I would rather be as I am, with my weekly wages, and not too much of them neither, and my bit of a lodge, which I have to keep in repair with my own hands, than be like him. Ah, poor old man! Not as I need pity him, for it's his own doing, and he might be different if he would."

"Has he not got a wife or children?" Tom asked.

"Never a wife living; and never a son as he knows to. He had both, but the wife died many a year gone by. He was a different man while she lived, and the son—well, the son went away somewhere, and is dead too, I suppose, by this time."

"Why did he go away?" Tom asked.

"Same reason as other folks go away, most likely. Couldn't stand the old gentleman any longer. He got into a mess, too, about some money, I believe. The old gentleman kept him very short, and he did something as he ought not in consequence, so it was said. My missis could tell you more about it than I can, for she took the young squire's part against everybody, and nearly got me turned out of my place in consequence."

They had arrived by this time at the keeper's lodge, which stood at the end of the carriage drive leading up to the Hall. It was a part of the wife's duty to open the gates for carriages; but no visitors ever drove up to the Hall now, and the gate was broken, and one of its hinges replaced with a piece of rope. The road was overgrown with grass, and the hedges on either side were choked with weeds and brambles, which straggled over half the footpath.

"If I lived here," said Tom, "I would soon trim up those hedges. I could not bear to see them in such a tangle. Why this might be quite a pretty place if it were kept in order."

"If you lived here," said Ayers, "you would have plenty to do without that. They call me the gamekeeper; but gamekeeping is only one of my jobs, and the smallest of them. The game looks after itself pretty much. I have all the timber to see to, and no end of things besides. It is 'Hares' here, and 'Hares' there, and 'Hares' everywhere. Whenever anything is wrong on any of the farms, Hares must go and see to it; or if anything is wrong at the Hall, as there mostly is, Hares's wife must go and see to that; so there ain't much time for cutting hedges or mending gates. The missis is out now, apparently," he added, finding that the door was fastened. He walked round to the back of the house and took the key from a secret hole, in which it was usually placed at such times, and having unlocked the door, invited the two boys to enter. He had a squirrel, a stoat,

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and a weazel stuffed, which they were anxious to see, and young Martin had a great desire to learn the art of taxidermy, and to procure from the gamekeeper similar objects for experimenting upon.

"Stoats! weasels!" cried Hares; "as many as you like. I wish you'd take 'em all. I have got a dozen or more nailed to my back door; they are too far gone for stuffing; but when I meet with another or two you shall have them fresh."

Martin was unwilling to believe that the specimens before him were too dilapidated to be carried away, and would have taken them with him if Tom had not protested against it.

"What do you do with all the game?" Martin asked.

"Do with it? sell it, every head, rabbits as well. It all goes to market, and the old gentleman grumbles because he can't have the skins sent back to sell over again. These was the sort of tricks him and his son fell out about; always a jangling they was. The young man was of a different sort altogether. They was always a-quarrelling, them two was, father and son; but the son was a gentleman, and took the right side as far as ever he could, always."

"Yes, he was a gentleman, and a kind-hearted gentleman, too," said a voice behind them; "but we shall never see him again, if it's true that he's dead, as everybody says he must be." The speaker was Mrs. Ayers, returned from the Hall. "I call it the 'all," she said, "'cause it always was the 'all, though it an't like a 'all at all. I thought to-day it looked more lonesome and melancholic than ever; the shutters was all shut in front, and nobody about but Mrs. Daunt, the woman as keeps house for the squire; they have got no servant again, except a gell they call Betsy, who came from a distance about a month ago, and who would like to be at home again if she could get. I've got to go up again this afternoon and help. Ah! it's poor work; and, as you war a-saying, the poor lad as went away was as different from his crabby old father as these two young gentlemen is from them there stoats and weasels."

"It seems very horrible and shocking," said Tom Howard, "that a father and his son should be always quarrelling."

"Well, sir, if you'll believe me, it would have been a deal more horrible and shocking if the son had always agreed with his father, being such as he is. I don't think the old gentleman can be right in his head to go on as he does. That's the only excuse I can make for him."

"Oh, his head's right enough," the gamekeeper said; "you may tell that when you come to reckon with him. Why, he'll want change for a farthing, and if you can't give it him will recollect it next time. No, my lass, there's nothing wrong with his head; it an't the head that's to blame."

"Well, poor old man! whatever it is I can't help feeling sorry for him, he do look so wretched and so desperate-like. It was a cruel thing of him to turn his son out of doors—his only child, too; he has never repented of it but once, and that's always. His heart an't altogether so hard as you'd fancy. Much as he may love his money, he would give a great deal of it, I think, if he could have that son come back to him—supposing he's alive, of course, not else."

"You knew his son, didn't you?" Tom asked.

"Yes, I knowed him; he used to come here after there had been a row down yonder, and would sit in that there corner, where you are now a-sitting, and would look at me with his bright, sparkling, blue eyes, half sad and half angry. I couldn't but be sorry for him; I mind well how he used to look. Bless us all!" she exclaimed, after a pause, during which she had kept her eyes riveted upon Tom's face. "It seems as if it was but yesterday. I could almost fancy you was him, sitting there and looking so unhappy along of his father's unkindness."

"Oh, don't say that!" cried Tom, moving away from the seat which had given rise to such unpleasant suggestions. Tom had a filial, if not a very tender recollection of his father, whom he had not seen for so many years; and it jarred upon his feelings to have such a comparison even hinted at.

"There again!" said the woman, speaking to herself; "deary, deary me! I have seen him flash up just like that! Twenty years agone, that was; he has been away nigh on twenty years now."

"How came he to go?" Tom asked.

"How did he come for to go?" Mrs. Ayers said, with an absent look and manner, her eyes still fixed upon the questioner, as if she were looking through him to some one beyond. "It was a curious tale. One of the tenants was in difficulties, as often happened; and it was said that the young squire borrowed money to pay his own father, and get the bailiffs out of the poor man's house; and old Mr. Strafford had to pay it back again, after all. And he was so vexed, and got to such words, that it was said he called his son a thief, and I don't know what else, before all the servants, and threatened to have him sent to gaol for robbing him. The young squire could not stand that, and flung away out of the house, vowing that he would never enter it again. 'He called me a thief,' I heard him say to himself over and over again—'a thief—a thief,' he said, just so, only in a low voice. The poor young gentleman came here, to this lodge, and told me all about it—for I had known him since he was a baby, and had him in my arms many a time. 'A thief,' he said—'me, his own flesh and blood!' He could not get over it, and said he would go away and get a berth on board some ship or other, and work his passage out to Australia or somewheres. And he stayed here all that night, meaning to go away next morning. But that very night the old squire's ricks were burnt down, and nobody could tell who did it; but it was laid to the young squire's door, and the police came after him, and they said he would be tried for it and transported, and not even Mr. Strafford himself could beg him off, if they once got hold of him. And he went away out of this house in the dark, my husband going a bit of the way with him, and his last words was he should never come back to Langdale never no more; and he never did. But, Hares, did you ever?—did you ever?"

"Of course it was not he that burnt the stacks?" said Tom, in a firm tone, as if he knew all about it.

"Of course not," the woman repeated; "but a good many people thought it was at the time. But, oh! look at him, Hares—look at him! Did you ever?"

Tom felt rather abashed at the woman's persistent appeal to her husband to look at him, and turned away from her own wondering gaze.

Mr. Ayers stared at his wife stolidly, as if she were gone out of her mind; and being quite at a loss to understand her, answered slowly that he did not know, he was sure.

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"Might I ask your name, young gentleman?" the woman said.

Tom gave it to her.

"And you are quite a stranger in these parts?"

"Quite."

"And you never heard the name of Strafford before?"

"No," said Tom; "and I should not mind if I were never to hear it again. Good-bye."

They shook hands with the keeper and his wife; the latter held Tom's hand in her own for some moments, gazing into his eyes the while, thoughtfully.

"It is wonderful!" she murmured to herself, when he was gone—"wonderful!"

"What's wonderful?" her husband asked, returning to the room, after he had seen the two boys depart.

"Wonderful what eyes some folk have!"

"Yes," he said, "that boy, the oldest, has very singular eyes, to be sure—so bright, so lively, so rapid-like; I warrant he's as sharp as needles. And they flashed up so when you said something about his father."

"Oh! you noticed that, did you? It was not *his* eyes that I was talking about, though. It was yours. I thought you hadn't observed anything. Now then, Hares, did he remind you of anybody?"

"Anybody in particular, do you mean?"

"Yes, of course."

"Well, no; I can't say as he did," said the keeper, shaking his head; "I did not see no likeness to nobody—notsumdever."

Mrs. Ayers turned away with a disappointed look, repeating to herself the same words as before, "Didn't see no likeness! What eyes some folk have, to be sure!"

CHAPTER XXXII.—LANGDALE.

> A kind of old Hobgoblin hall,
> Now somewhat fallen to decay;
> With weather stains upon the wall,
> And stairways worn and crazy doors,
> And creaking and uneven floors,
> And chimneys huge and tiled and tall."
>
> —*Longfellow.*

THE boys were hurrying home, talking eagerly together of the probability of having a squirrel or an adder, besides sundry other curiosities of natural history, to take back with them to Abbotscliff, when, just as they emerged from a copse where the footpath entered a turnip-field, they caught sight of a hare sitting upon her haunches, with her head raised and her ears erect, at no great distance from them. She had evidently been startled, not by their approach, but by some other intruder; for after listening for a moment she darted off at full speed, coming towards the spot where they were standing. She passed within a few yards of them, and Martin, who had a stick in his hand, yielding to the impulse of the moment, threw it at her with all his force. To his great surprise the missile took effect, striking the hare across her legs. The poor thing fell headlong, throwing a somersault, and lay upon the ground apparently lifeless. Martin, with a feeling of great exultation, ran to the spot and caught hold of her. It was a leveret, and was bleeding at the mouth.

"I wish you had not hit her," said Tom Howard. "What did you do it for?"

"Everybody kills hares when they can," Martin answered. "I never thought I should hit her though. I shall take it home and stuff it. What a weight it is!"

"The hare is not yours," said Tom. "Don't you know that it is poaching to kill a hare on another person's ground. The keeper would be very angry if he knew it. You had better take it to him."

"Why? To make him angry? I'll take it home to my father, and he can do as he thinks proper about it. I don't believe it is dead. I'll try to make it well and tame it. Cowper the poet had a tame hare which followed him about like a dog. Come along; make haste."

Cradling the poor creature in his arms as tenderly as if it had been an infant, Martin ran on as quickly as he could, and Tom followed him reluctantly and slowly. The latter had gone but a few paces when he heard a heavy footstep behind him, and before he could turn his head, the collar of his coat was grasped by a large firm hand, and a husky voice exclaimed, "So, then, I have got one of you at all events. I'll keep you safe till I catch the other. You shall answer for this, both of you."

The speaker was an old man, a very old man apparently, but active and vigorous for his age. He wore an old suit of dark broadcloth, with an old high-crowned or chimney-pot hat upon his head. His boots were old, with many patches, and his gaiters ragged and torn at the button-holes. Round his neck he had a white neckcloth free from starch, with many folds and creases, and through his half-unbuttoned waistcoat the ample cambric frill of an old-fashioned shirt, worn into many little holes, was visible. Everything that he wore looked old, and his form and features were in perfect keeping with his apparel. The skin upon his hands was white and loose; his figure was tall and thin, with an habitual stoop of the shoulders, which was made more conspicuous by the forward inclination of his head; his hair was white and scanty, and his forehead and cheeks wrinkled and bloodless in appearance. Yet he walked with a firm step, leading his prisoner along at a smart pace, regardless of his efforts to escape, and holding him fast in his clutch.

"Let me go!" cried Tom, indignantly, panting, and striving with all his force to unclasp the bony fingers, which pressed their knuckles painfully against his throat.

"Not I," was the answer. "You shall come with me before a magistrate, and that other young fellow too, whoever he is. He is gone off with my hare; he was too quick for me, but I'll find out who he is. I'll send after him and have him back."

"You need not hold me in that way," said Tom. "I am not going to run away. I'm not afraid of you, you old scarecrow. Swallow was not running away from you; you need not think so. He would have stopped if he had seen you." Tom was in a great rage by this time, and had forgotten the respect due to grey hairs, evidently.

Mr. Strafford, for he it was, gave his prisoner a shake at the word "scarecrow," and continued to haul him along without looking at him.

"Let me go, I say," cried Tom, after another useless struggle. "Take your hands off. I'm not a thief."

"An't you?" said the squire.

"No," said Tom, "I'm not. Let me go, I say; I won't be pulled along in this way. If you were not such an old man I'd—I'd kick you."

"Old!" said the squire; "old am I?"

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"Yes," said Tom; "if you were not so old—so old—" panting and puffing.

"You would kick me?"

"Yes, I would."

Mr. Strafford had stopped while this dialogue was proceeding, and loosened his grip a little. So old? That would have been a reason with some boys for doing it, he thought to himself, instead of for refraining. He was beginning to grow tired of holding this active, indignant boy; his fingers ached, and he was obliged to shift his hold. He began to wish that he had adopted an easier method with him.

"What is your name?" he said.

"I won't tell you till you let me go."

"Will you run away if I take my hand of?"

"No."

"Will you go with me to the magistrate?"

"I said I would, did not I?"

Mr. Strafford, holding his prisoner at arm's length, looked him now, for the first time, in the face. The boy was red with rage, flushed up to the forehead. His eye flashed, as with fire; his lips were curled with a scornful expression; and he looked without flinching straight into the old man's face. Mr. Strafford was struck with the fearless character of the child, and almost quailed before him as he met his indignant look; yet he could not take his eyes off him, and his gaze became more intent as he held his young prisoner before him and looked down into his face. His head hung forward, his lips, which had been firmly set together, parted, and seemed to tremble and shake as if at the caprice of some great emotion. Tom Howard felt the fingers gradually relax their grasp, then for a moment it was renewed, then again relaxed, until almost before he was aware of it he found himself free.

"Now I'll go with you," he said, directly. "I suppose you are Mr. Strafford?"

"Why do you suppose so?"

"Because I have heard what sort of man he is, and you are like the description."

"What have you heard of him?"

"A true account, so far as I can judge; but go on. If we are going to a magistrate the sooner the better."

"This way," said the squire; "walk before me."

"No," said Tom. "I am not going to be driven like a sheep." He placed himself by Mr. Strafford's side, at the distance of two or three yards, and they walked on together so.

"If I were not an old man," said Strafford, "I suppose you would run away from me?"

"You have no right to suppose so," the boy answered. "Have not I given you my word? What do you take me for? Do you think I would tell a lie?"

Mr. Strafford halted again, and fixed his eyes earnestly on Tom's face. He had been looking at him sideways as they walked along, and seemed to be fascinated with his appearance, though it would have been difficult to say from the working of his features whether he was pleased with what he saw, or the contrary. Presently he resumed his walk, stepping more feebly than his wont. His lips continued to tremble, as if he were muttering to himself.

"Where are we going?" Tom asked, after they had proceeded thus for some distance.

"This way," the squire answered, and went on murmuring to himself, "So old, so old!"

"That's your house," said Tom, as Mr. Strafford turned towards the Hall; "I am not going there; I did not promise to go there."

"Let us go in and rest awhile," said the squire. "I am tired. I am an old man, you know."

"Well, then, don't stop long," he answered. "I'll wait out here while you rest."

"Come with me," Mr. Strafford said, in a quiet and friendly tone.

"No, indeed."

"Come," he repeated, in a voice that was almost imploring.

Tom hesitated. He did not like to refuse, lest Mr. Strafford should think that he wanted to take an unfair advantage of him now that he confessed himself to be fatigued. So they went on towards the Hall, walking side by side as before.

They entered the house through the yard, and by the back door. An elderly woman was busy in the kitchen as they passed it, and Mr. Strafford stopped to speak to her. She looked at Tom inquiringly, and was evidently not very well pleased to see him.

"Not just yet," her master answered, in reply to her question about the dinner. "What have you got, though?"

She mentioned some not very appetising dish, and Mr. Strafford shook his head, and passed on to the parlour, Tom following him.

It was a large room, with two or three oil-paintings upon the walls representing ponies and dogs. The furniture was substantial, and had once been handsome, but was now old and worn. The window curtains seemed to have hung where they were for years, and although they had been good and costly, were now faded, and dusty, and limp. The carpet was in holes, and had been covered here and there with pieces of matting, which were also worn through. Everything about the place had an ancient and neglected appearance.

There are two aspects of age, both in persons and things. An old house, well taken care of, with bright panelled rooms, polished floors, an ample hearth, and a bright, cheerful fire upon it in winter, or a bunch of fresh evergreens in summer, with snow-white blinds to the windows, and ivy-berries or roses peeping in from outside, furnished with chairs and tables of dark oak, which shine, not with French polish or varnish, but with the glow of honest labour, the heavy carpet of quiet colours, and those well toned down, and if a little worn here and there the least conspicuous object in the room—such a house and such a parlour is more pleasing to the eye, and affords more real comfort and repose, than any of the smart modern villas fresh from the hands of painters and paper-hangers, with their new dining and drawing-room "suites," their reedy chairs, and their spring-stuffed "easies," in which one cannot sit down without lolling or reclining like an invalid, and from which one cannot rise without a struggle. But an old house, allowed to go to decay, the walls dusty and discoloured, the woodwork dropping from its position, and old furniture covered with dirt and stains, is, on the other hand, offensive both to sight and smell, and suggestive of still greater inconveniences. The newest of new places is greatly to be preferred to such a combination of antiquity and neglect.

It is the same with persons as with things. An old man or an old woman, nicely cared for, clean, fresh, and healthy in appearance, placid and comfortable, both in mind and body, may be very pleasant to look upon. Those even who have been plain and

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coarse-featured, and of awkward figure when in their prime, often grow handsome as they grow old; the furrows upon their foreheads, the shrunken cheeks, the white and scanty hair, and the thin lips, give an air of refinement and even dignity to the countenance, with which the quietude and repose of the form, yielding to its weight of years, and submitting patiently to the gentle burden, is in pleasant harmony; but an old man, slovenly, unkempt, careless of himself, and uncared for by others,—an old man, restless, impatient, petulant, weary of his life, yet loth to part with it,—an old man, parsimonious and stingy, denying himself the necessaries of his condition, and hoarding up his money to the last, only for hoarding's sake, is both mentally and physically as painful a spectacle as human nature can supply. Time is very gentle in his operations; Nature is kind. Our own faithfulness or indiscretion, our own care or neglect, in regard to the conditions of our existence, make all the difference.

Poor old Mr. Strafford, with his old house and its old furniture, were dreary specimens of the sordid, the mean, the miserable, and the disagreeable aspects of antiquity.

HOW TO MAKE A MICROPHONE

THE speaking telephone, the phonograph, and the microphone are familiar words in our ears now, although it is not yet three years since they were all unheard of, and, in truth, did not exist. The telephone allows us to speak to great distances. In Persia, Spain, and China, for instance, where the climate is so dry that the telegraph lines do not readily loose the electricity sent along them, it is not unusual for two persons to talk to each other five hundred miles apart. The telephone makes us hear afar off as the telescope makes us see far away. The phonograph enables us to mark down our speech and keep it for years, then reproduce it again. It takes a copy of our voice, or any ordinary sound, just as the photograph makes a picture. And the microphone lets us hear some of those tiny sounds which are below the range of our unaided ears. I have heard very distinctly, for example, the pattering of a common house-fly's feet as it ran about in the neighbourhood of a delicate microphone. Some have also heard the noise of a fly sucking a piece of loaf-sugar, and one gentleman declares that he has even heard a gnat snorting through its small proboscis, after the manner of an elephant. To keep up the analogy between sound and light, then, we may liken the microphone to a microscope.

The microphone was the latest invention of the three. The phonograph followed the telephone, and very likely would not have been invented had the telephone not come first. In the same way the microphone would not have been found out had it not been for the telephone. The discoverer of the microphone (Professor Hughes, a Welshman by birth, and well known as the inventor of the first telegraph instrument which marks the telegraph messages in Roman type) was amusing himself during last winter with a telephone, when confined to his house by a cold, and the end of his play was the invention of the microphone. I have seen his original microphones; they are rough, makeshift contrivances, made out of matchboxes, sealing-wax, and bits of charcoal, and he tells me that he did not expend more than twopence-halfpenny in order to make this great discovery.

Now to make use of a microphone three things are required, namely,—

The microphone itself,
A telephone, and
A galvanic battery.

These three things are connected together by wires in a proper manner. The battery supplies an electric current, which flows through both the microphone and the telephone, and on listening into the telephone you can hear the sounds which act upon the microphone. The reason why you can hear these sounds in the telephone is thought to be that the sounds in question agitate the microphone and disturb the electric current flowing through it in such a way that the ruffled current makes a noise in the telephone.

We will suppose that the reader possesses a speaking telephone; if not, one can be bought from the Telephone Company (36, Coleman Street, E.C.), and elsewhere.

A simple battery, sufficient for the rougher effects of the microphone—such as hearing the brushing of a feather, or a pin falling, or transporting the ticking of a watch from one flat of a house to another—can be made by taking a piece of sheet-copper, six inches square, and laying over it a similar square of blotting-paper, or linen cloth, soaked in salt-and-water; then placing over the cloth a plate of sheet-zinc of the same size as the copper. The electricity of this elementary battery is drawn from the zinc and copper plates by connecting a wire to each. Then, when the two free ends of the wire are placed in contact a current is found flowing through the wire *from* the copper *to* the zinc plate. If a similar pile of copper, wet cloth, and zinc be placed on the top of this one, with a square of wet cloth between, then from the undermost copper plate and the top zinc plate a current of double the strength may be obtained. Similarly, if three such sets be piled upon each other, the current may be practically trebled in strength. This form of microphone battery requires that the cloths be freshly damped with salt-and-water every time it is used, for the cloths must not get dry.

A more permanent battery, when once it is made, is what is called the "Sawdust" Daniell battery—after Professor Daniell, who invented it. Each element of it can be made by taking a white-clay jam-pot (P in fig. 1), and covering its bottom

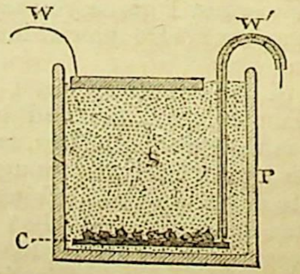

Fig. 1.

inside with a circular plate of copper (C). A copper wire (W'), coated with gutta-percha, must be soldered to C, and brought up to the mouth of the pot, as shown. Little bits of bluestone, got at the apothecaries', are then to be strewed over the copper plate,

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and over these a soft mass of sawdust, well moistened with salt-and-water, is to be packed into the jar until it is nearly full. A zinc plate is then to be laid upon the sawdust, and a copper wire (w)—which need not be covered with anything—should be soldered to it. These wires (w′ w) are intended to draw off the electric current from the cell. When two or three of these cells are to be joined together to give a stronger current, the wire from the copper plate of one cell should be connected to the zinc plate of the next cell. Thus the first wire (w′) and the last wire (w) are the *poles* of the cell as before, and when they are connected by a wire, a current will be found to flow in that wire *from* the copper *to* the zinc plate.

We have said that the microphone acts in some peculiar way by disturbing the current flowing through it—that is to say, the voice, or any other sound striking the microphone, agitates it so that the current flowing through it is *ruffled*. It will not be surprising, then, that the essential feature in the microphone is what electricians call a "shaky contact," or a "bad joint." The current passes across this shaky contact, and as the latter shakes under the influence of sound, the current varies in strength according to the shaking of the contact; or, to go further, according to the sound itself. Hence it is that one hears in the telephone a similar sound to the sound causing the shakiness of the microphone. Such a shaky contact can be got by a metal watch-chain, piled in a heap, or by three French nails, with two lying across them. If the chain or the nails be connected to the wires w w′ (fig. 1), so that the current flows through them, they will be rough microphones. A shaky contact between two surfaces of carbon is, however, much better than one between two surfaces of metal, and all the microphones now used are made of carbon. Fig. 2 shows what is

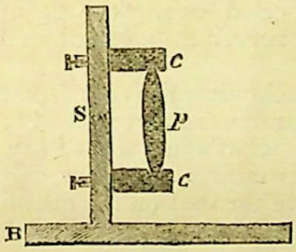

Fig. 2.

called the "pencil" microphone. A light support, consisting of a base (B), and an upright lathe (S), is made of dry pine-board. To S are fixed with sealing-wax two small brackets (C C)—say, half an inch long—of gas carbon, coke, or wood charcoal. The best of these substances is the first—namely, the carbon which is deposited in the interior of gas retorts, but clear crystalline coke answers very well. A little hollow, or cup, must be turned in the upper and under faces of the brackets to admit, very loosely, the pointed ends of a small pencil (P)—say, two inches long—of the same kind of carbon. Small binding screws, in metallic contact with the carbon brackets, are added to the back of the upright S, in order to connect the battery wires easily to the brackets; but these may be simply wound round the brackets themselves. The shaky contacts in this arrangement are the loose sockets between the pencil and the brackets (C), and any sound or vibration—such as a feather brushed across the base-board (B)—takes effect upon the current traversing them, and is heard in the telephone in circuit.

Having described this simple microphone (which can be readily made by any one), I will now describe a very sensitive microphone, which will require some little mechanical skill to make. Fig. 3 is a side view

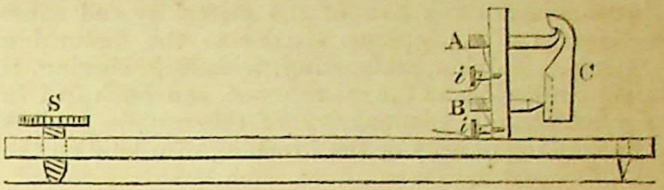

Fig. 3.

of it, and fig. 4 a front view, when the shaky piece

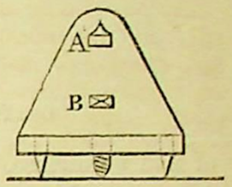

Fig. 4.

of carbon is withdrawn. It consists of a pine-wood base, as before, but mounted on three feet, one of which is a screw (S), so that it can be levelled. The upright support carries two projecting brackets (A B) as before, but the upper one is curved slightly up at the point, and the lower one is levelled to a knife-edge. Fine wires connect these brackets to respective binding screws (*i i*), to which the battery wires are brought. The shaky carbon (C) is shaped like a cleaver. It hangs from the upper bracket A, and rests its knife-edge against the knife-edge of the point of the bracket B. The contact between these edges is the sensitive point of this form of microphone.

There is another form of microphone, called the hammer-and-anvil form, which consists of a level bar, or hammer, of carbon, resting on a small block, or anvil, of the same material underneath. This is also a very good shape, and to make it serviceable for a variety of sounds, the pressure of the hammer on the anvil is sometimes regulated by a small wire-spring.

It remains yet to show how the battery, telephone, and microphone are connected up together "in circuit," as it is termed, so that the microphone effects may be heard. This is shown in fig. 5, where B

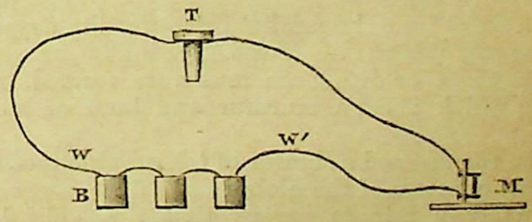

Fig. 5.

is the battery of three jam-pot cells, of the kind illustrated in fig. 1. M is the microphone, and T is the speaking telephone. The wires (w′ w) connect the battery to the telephone on the one hand, and to the lower bracket of the microphone on the other, while the upper bracket of the microphone is connected to the telephone by a third wire, which may be regarded as a continuation of the wire w. The electric circuit is thus complete—that is to say, the current setting out from the copper plate of the

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battery by the wire w' will enter the microphone by the lower bracket, traverse the pencil of carbon, and leave the microphone by the upper bracket, thence passing through the telephone and returning to the battery by the wire w. As it traverses the shaky contacts of the microphone the sounds agitating the latter disturb the flow of the electricity and cause noises in the telephone similar to the disturbing sounds. Talking, whispering, whistling, singing, if performed close to the microphone, can be heard in the telephone. Similarly very feeble sounds, such as the walking of a fly or the brushing of a hair on the base of the microphone, can, with a properly adjusted microphone of the kind shown in fig. 3, be distinctly heard in the telephone. And it must not be forgotten that the telephone may be a great way from either the microphone or battery—miles, if desired—the only condition being that the wires connecting the telephone to the rest of the apparatus be long enough, thick enough, and sufficiently well insulated from the ground to keep the electricity in. For this purpose they should be of cotton or silk covered copper indoors, and gutta-percha coated copper wire out of doors.

J. MUNRO, C.E.

THE BEGUM'S FORTUNE

BY JULES VERNE.

CHAPTER XV.—THE EXCHANGE OF SAN FRANCISCO.

THE Exchange of San Francisco, by which term is expressed, as it were, algebraically, immense industrial and commercial business, presents one of the strangest and most animated scenes in the world.

The geographical position of the capital of California imparts to its Exchange, as a natural consequence, the cosmopolitan character which is one of its most remarkable features.

Beneath its handsome red granite porticos, the tall, fair Saxon jostles the slight, active, dark-haired Celt. The negro meets the Finlander and the Hindoo. The Polynesian gazes with astonishment at the Greenlander. The Chinaman, with oblique eyes and long plaited pigtail, endeavours to outdo in trade his historic enemy, the Japanese.

Every tongue, every dialect, every jargon mingles there as in a modern Babel.

On the 12th of October this place of business opened in the usual way. At about eleven o'clock the principal brokers and men of business began to arrive, accost one another gravely or gaily, according to their several tempers, shaking hands, and going together to the refreshment bar to fortify themselves by "liquoring up" for the operations of the day.

One after the other went to open the little metal door of the numbered letter-boxes, which in the vestibule received the correspondence of subscribers. Enormous packets of letters were drawn forth and eagerly examined.

In a short time the market prices for the day were announced, when the crowd gradually increased. Groups more or less numerous were formed, from among which arose a murmur and hum of human voices.

Then commenced a shower of telegraphic messages from all quarters of the globe.

Scarcely a minute passed that the officials of the Exchange did not add a fresh strip of blue paper to the collection of telegrams placarded on the north wall, which was read forth in a stentorian voice, amid the now deafening buzz.

The commotion and hubbub went on increasing.

Clerks rushed in and out; the telegraph office was besieged; messages were sent out, answers received every instant.

All note-books were open, entries made, erased, or torn up.

At about one o'clock a contagious excitement appeared to take possession of the crowd. A mysterious sensation passed like the trembling of an earthquake through these agitated groups of human beings.

A piece of news, startling, unexpected, and incredible, had been brought by one of the partners in the Bank of the Far West, and it circulated with the rapidity of an electric flash.

Exclamations and comments were heard on all sides.

"Impossible! It's a trick—a hoax," said some. "Who is likely to believe anything so preposterous?"

"Well," said others, "there may be something in it. No smoke without fire, you know."

"But is a man in his position likely to fail?"

"People in apparently the very best positions fail."

"But, sir," cried one, "the fixtures, tools, and engines alone represent more than eighty million dollars!"

"Without reckoning the cast iron and steel, raw material, and manufacturing articles!" added another.

"To be sure! That's just what I say, too! Schultz is good for ninety million of dollars, and I'll undertake to be answerable for that on his demand!"

"Well, but then how do you explain this suspension of payment?"

"Explain! I don't explain it at all! I don't believe it!"

"Don't you? As if such things did not happen every day to houses of the most firm and established reputations!"

"Stahlstadt is not a house; it is a city."

"Of course! It is perfectly impossible it can have broken up so completely. A company will certainly be formed to carry on the business."

"But why on earth did not Schultz form such a company instead of declaring himself bankrupt?"

"Exactly, sir; and there's the absurdity! So absurd that the statement won't bear examination. It is neither more nor less than a pure fabrication, probably invented by Nash, who is desperately anxious for a rise in steel."

"A fabrication! Nothing of the sort! Schultz has not only failed; he has absconded!"

"Come! Come!"

"Absconded, sir! The telegram announcing it has this moment been posted up!"

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A formidable wave of humanity rolled towards the frame in which the despatches were placarded.

The last strip of blue paper bore these words :

"New York, 12.40.—Central Bank. Manufactory of Stahlstadt. Stopped payment. Liabilities, as far as known : forty-seven million dollars. Schultz has disappeared."

There was now no doubt about the truth of the astounding intelligence ; and conjectures and rumours were rife.

By two o'clock lists of failures consequent upon that of Schultz began to pour in.

The Mining Bank of New York lost most.

The firm of Westerly and Son at Chicago was implicated to the extent of seven million dollars.

The house of the Milwaukees of Buffalo, five millions.

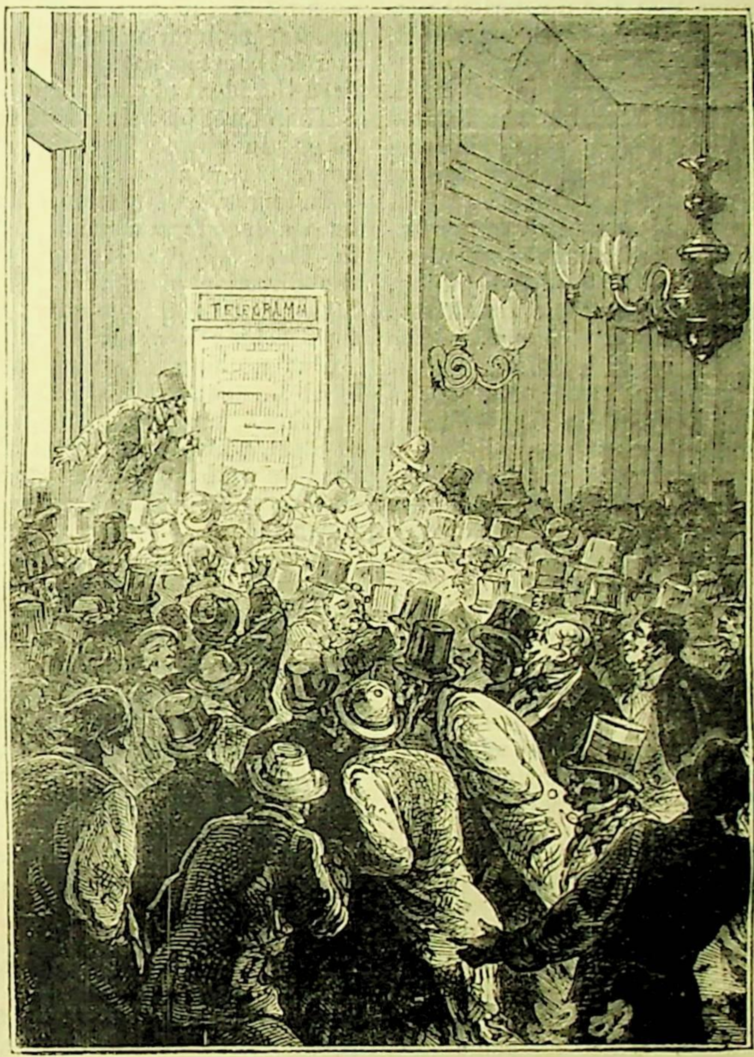
The Industrial Bank of San Francisco, a million and a half.

The names of numbers of minor firms followed with proportionate losses.

But, without waiting for this news, came the natural rebound.

The money market, which was so dull in the morning, was now not steady for two hours together. What starts ! what rises ! what fluctuations, what unrestrained speculation !

A rise in steel, and going up every minute ; a rise in coal ; a rise in the shares of all the foundries in the American Union ; a rise in the products of every kind of iron industry ; a rise in Frankville land.



THE LAST STRIP OF BLUE PAPER.

Although on the declaration of war it had fallen to zero, and disappeared from the list of quotations, it had now suddenly risen to a hundred and eighty dollars an acre.

In the evening the newspaper shops were perfectly besieged. But though the "Herald," the "Tribune," the "Alta," the "Guardian," the "Echo," and the "Globe" printed in gigantic characters the meagre information they had been able to collect, it after all amounted to very little.

All that was known was, that on the 25th of September, a draft for eight millions of dollars, accepted by Herr Schultz, drawn by Jackson, Elder, and Co., of Buffalo, having been presented to Schring, Strauss, and Co., the King of Steel's bankers, in New York, those gentlemen had stated that the balance to their client's account was insufficient for such an enormous sum, and had telegraphed this to him, without receiving any answer.

On referring to their books, they perceived with consternation that for thirteen days no letter and no bills had come from Stahlstadt.

From that moment drafts and cheques, drawn by Herr Schultz on their bank, came in daily, to undergo the fate of being returned with the words, no funds.

For four days inquiries, telegrams, and furious questions rained from one side on the bank and then again on Stahlstadt.

At last a decisive reply was given.

"Herr Schultz disappeared on the 17th of September," so said the telegram. "No one can throw the least light on this mystery. He has left no orders, and the coffers in every section are empty."

Since then it had been no longer possible to conceal the truth. Many of the principal creditors had taken fright and sent in their claims to the commercial court. Ruin spread rapidly in all directions.

At twelve o'clock, on the 13th of October, the total amount of failures was estimated at forty-seven millions of dollars. When everything became known it was likely to amount to sixty millions.

This was all that could be said, and all that the journals, with a few exceptions, could report. Of course they announced for the next day full and special particulars. And, indeed, to do them justice, each, within an hour of the first announcement, had dispatched a correspondent on the road to Stahlstadt.

By the evening of the 14th of October, Steel City was besieged by an army of reporters, all with open note-books and pencils in hand. Like a wave, however, they broke against the outer wall, for the sentries were in their places, and any attempt to bribe or soften them was uterly in vain.

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They, nevertheless, ascertained that the workmen as yet knew nothing, and that the routine of the sections in nothing had been changed. The overseers had merely announced the day before, by superior order, that no funds nor instructions had been issued from the Central Block, and that in consequence the works would be suspended the following Saturday, unless contrary orders were received.

All this only complicated, instead of throwing any light on the situation.

That Herr Schultz had disappeared for nearly a month before, there was no doubt. But what might be the cause and import of this disappearance no one knew. A vague impression that the mysterious personage might at any moment re-appear still prevailed, and seemed to lessen the general uneasiness.

For some days all work had gone on as usual. Every one had pursued his task within the limited horizon of his section. The salaries were paid from the strong boxes every Saturday, and the principal coffer had met all local necessities. But centralisation had been brought to too high a pitch of perfection in Stahlstadt; the master had reserved so absolutely to himself the superintendence of everything, that his absence could not fail in a very short time to cause a stoppage in the machinery. Thus, from the 17th of September, the day on which the King of Steel had signed his orders for the last time, up to the 13th of October, when the news of the suspension of payment had burst like a thunder-clap, millions of letters, a large number containing considerable bills, passed through the Stahlstadt Post Office, had been deposited in the box of the Central Block, and no doubt had reached Herr Schultz's study. But he alone had the right to open them, mark them with a red pencil, and transmit them to the principal cashier.

Even the highest functionaries in the town never dreamt of doing anything out of their regular department.

Invested with almost absolute power over their subordinates, they were each, in connection with Herr Schultz—as they were also with his memory—like so many instruments, without authority, without power of initiating, or a voice in any matter. Each fortified himself within the narrow limits of his commission, and waited, temporised, and watched the course of events.

The end came at last. This remarkable state of affairs was prolonged until the principal houses interested, suddenly seized with a panic, telegraphed, begged for an answer, entreated, protested, and finally commenced legal proceedings. This took some time. No one was willing hastily to suspect that prosperity, so firmly believed in, had been resting on an insecure basis. But the fact was now patent: Herr Schultz had fled from his creditors.

This was all that the reporters could gather. The famous Meiklejohn himself, famous for having extracted a political avowal from President Grant, the most taciturn man of his time; the indefatigable Blunderbuss, remarkable for being the first, although but a simple correspondent of "The World," to announce to the Czar the news of the capitulation of Plevna; even these great men in the reporting line had not this time been more fortunate than their brethren.

They were forced to confess to themselves that "The Tribune" and "The World" could not yet give the latest news of the bankrupt Schultz.

That Stahlstadt was indeed in a strange situation will be seen when it is remembered that it was an independent and isolated town, permitting no regular and legal inquiry. Herr Schultz's signature was, it is true, protested at New York, and his creditors had every reason to believe that the stock and manufactory would indemnify them in some degree.

But to what court should they apply to obtain an execution or a sequestration? Stahlstadt lay in a territory of its own, where everything belonged to Herr Schultz.

If only he had left a representative, an administrative council, or a substitute. But there was nothing of the sort. He himself was king, judge, general-in-chief, notary, lawyer, and the only commercial court in the city. In his person he had realised the ideal of centralisation.

Therefore, he being absent, there was absolutely no one in power, and the whole fabric fell like a house of cards.

In any other situation, the creditors would have been able to form a syndicate, substituting themselves for Herr Schultz, lay hands on the stock, and take the direction of affairs. To all appearance only a little money and regulating power was needed to set the machine to work.

But nothing of this was possible. The proper legal instrument to effect this substitution was wanting. There was a moral barrier round the City of Steel, which was if possible more insurmountable than its walls. The unfortunate creditors could see the securities for their debts, though quite unable to touch them.

All they could do was to unite in a general assembly, and agree to address a request to the Congress to ask it to take their case in hand, espouse the interests of its natives, pronounce the annexation of Stahlstadt to American territory, and thus include this monstrous creation in the common laws of civilisation. Several members of the Congress were personally interested in the business, the request was tempting to the American character, and there was reason to believe that it would be crowned with complete success.

Unfortunately the Congress was not then in session, so that a long delay was to be feared before the matter could be submitted to it.

Until that time nothing could be done in Stahlstadt, and one by one the furnaces were extinguished.

The consternation among the population of ten thousand families who lived by the manufactory was profound. But what were they to do? Continue to work in hopes of wages, which might be six months in coming, or might never come at all? No one was inclined to adopt this opinion. Besides, what work could they do? The source from which orders came was dried up as well as everything else. All Herr Schultz's clients waited the legal solution. The heads of the sections, engineers, and overseers, could do nothing for want of orders.

Numberless assemblies, meetings, and debates took place, though no plan could really be fixed on. The enforced stoppage soon brought with it a train of misery, despair, and vice. As the workshops emptied, the public-houses filled. For each chimney which ceased to smoke in the factory, a tavern sprung up in one of the neighbouring villages.

The wisest and most prudent among the workmen, those who had foreseen hard times, and had lain by for a rainy day, hastened to escape with bag and

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baggage; and happy rosy-cheeked children, wild with delight at the new world revealed to them, peeped through the curtains of the waggons, loaded with their father's tools and furniture, and the precious bedding dear to the heart of the housewife. These all were scattered east, south, and north, soon finding other factories, other anvils, other hearth-stones.

But for one who could thus depart, there were ten whose poverty nailed them to the soil! There they remained, hollow-eyed and broken-hearted! Selling their poor garments to the flock of birds-of-prey in human shape, whose instinct attracts them to scenes of great disasters, reduced to the last extremities in a few days, deprived of credit as well as of wages, of hope as well as work, and seeing before them a future of misery as black and dismal as the fast approaching winter!

SOCIAL PIONEERINGS.

BY THE REV. M. KAUFMANN, M.A., AUTHOR OF "SOCIALISM: ITS NATURE, ITS DANGERS, AND ITS REMEDIES CONSIDERED."

CO-OPERATION ABROAD.

We have done now with Utopian Experiments, and come next to consider the more practical questions of social co-operation. We have passed in review, not only many impractical schemes of improvement, but also many equally impracticable experiments.

It will be asked, what is the cause of failure in these Utopian experiments, from first to last throughout the historical development of European society? And we have no hesitation in replying, the error of trusting too much to immediate changes, and the premature introduction of social constitutions before men's minds were ripe for them. There has been unwarrantable faith in slap-dash revolution instead of cautious and tentative effort in the direction of social reformation. The great truth taught by all history, that human character and human institutions are slowly developed and adapted to existing circumstances in the course of ages, has been disregarded. Constitutions, social as well as political, to be lasting and effectual must be allowed to grow slowly and surely, and cannot be called into existence ready-made at the command of social idealists. The truth of the principle of association which lies at the foundation of all these schemes of social amelioration cannot be denied; in fact, it is as old as humanity itself. The error is to be found in its application as to time, place, and external surroundings.

A new system of industrial enterprise is now struggling into existence. The increase of joint-stock companies, and the efforts made, even in high quarters at home and in the metropolis, not only to utilise distributive stores, but also to establish common households by way of co-operative consumption, and numerous attempts of this kind abroad, together with many efforts at co-operative production besides, show that we are nearing another stage in the process of social evolution.

The chief value of co-operation may best be seen from examples, and to enumerate a few of them will be the most interesting, as well as the most instructive way of explaining the principle.

We may roughly divide the different kinds of co-operation into three classes, viz., 1. Humanitarian co-operation, which proceeds from the heads of firms or other philanthropists, and which is patronising in its main features. 2. Patriarchal co-partnership, which admits the working men to share the profits of the employers, whilst the latter still retain the chief management of the business, founded on the principle of mutual interests. 3. Fraternal co-operation, that is, the combination among the working men themselves to establish a business for which they are solely responsible, and becoming thus their own employers, combining the character of master and men in their own person. Thus these orders of co-operative enterprise mark the successive states of transition from capitalistic modes of industry to association labour.

Most persons have heard of Boucicaut's enormous general store in Paris, the "Au bon marché," which carries on twenty-four different branches of trade on the same premises, and becomes a sort of general provider for all sorts of customers, and so carrying on business on a large scale, having under its employ no less than 1,500 persons who receive among them a monthly salary on the average of 300,000 francs. This little army of persons employed is provided with board on the spot, and some reside there altogether. There are four dining saloons, in which 250 assistants can take their meals at the same time. They breakfast in turns between nine and eleven o'clock in the morning, and dine between six and seven in the evening. There is a special refectory for the ladies of the establishment, and another for the remainder of those employed on the premises. There are saloons and billiard-tables for the amusement of the young men in the evening, and lessons in music, languages, and fencing, as well as lectures on history and other subjects by the best professors, are provided by the employer. There is a ladies' saloon where similar advantages for self-improvement in literature and art are offered to the female section of the establishment.

All participate, in a measure, in the profits of the business, and the shares rise in proportion to the position attained by those concerned, according to the various grades of their employment. As all are directly interested, there is a general desire to please customers, and so increase the extent and enhance the profits of the business. Every one of the twenty-four "chefs," or heads of departments, are trusted and experienced men, and meet for consultation in urgent cases. The complex organism of so extensive a business requires a whole regiment of trustworthy cashiers, bookkeepers, secretaries, and others, who perform their task conscientiously and to the best of their ability, as their own personal interest is more or less linked to the prosperity of the firm. Here, then, we have an example of a practical as well as humanitarian effort at co-operation. The success of the undertaking is proved by the fact that

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M. Boucicaut, who is described as an entirely "self-made" man, left several millions of property on his demise about a year ago.

The "Women's Hotel" in New York has proved a failure as such,* but the sanguine statement of its first promoters is worth preserving. It covers 200 square feet of ground, and is seven storeys high, containing 502 private apartments tastefully furnished, a dining-room for 600 guests, and a kitchen fitted to provide for 5,000 persons. It was erected from purely humanitarian motives by the well-known millionaire, Stewart, to afford a comfortable abode for about a thousand young women of good character who have no homes of their own in the great city. The hotel combines the solidity, elegance, and comfort of private houses of the best class. It has a suite of handsomely-furnished reception-rooms, a library with 2,500 volumes, and, enclosed by the four blocks of buildings of which the hotel consists, there is an open square paved with mosaic work, decorated with flowers, with a fountain placed in the middle, to render the place attractive during the summer months. A park to be added to the premises was in contemplation. Pianos and valuable paintings and sculpture are placed in every one of the reception-rooms, so as to produce the impression of elegance and taste added to home comfort. And for all these advantages the charges are very moderate, *i.e.*, from four to five dollars a week. The cost of erection was two millions of dollars, which was borne entirely by the original founder. This is a case of co-operative action of a very high order, which admits of imitation elsewhere, raising the standard of life without degrading those benefited to the position of recipients of charity.

In the same way, but on a still more practical principle, the attempt has been made by M. Godin, of Guise, to combine the advantages of industrial co-operation with domestic association in his arrangements as to division of profits in his trade, and the erection of the Phamilistère, or common domicile, for his workpeople.

According to M. Godin's plan of dividing profits, capital receives fifteen per cent. interest, the workman his usual wages, and a sum is set apart to defray the charges of administration, and to reward mechanical inventions. The remainder over and above these outgoings from the available profits is apportioned one-third to the reserve fund, and the remaining two-thirds to capital and labour, in proportion to the fixed amounts payable to each from the earnings before the net profits were ascertained. The practical operation of the system is thus illustrated by Mr. Thomas Brassey, to whose work we are indebted for the details of M. Godin's system.†

Assume that the sum payable had been,—

Wages	£9,000.
Interest on £40,000 at 15 per cent .	6,000.
General charges	1,000.
	£16,000.

Then if £24,000 be the net profit, one-third, or £800, equal to 5 per cent. on the fixed expenditure, is set aside to reserve, and the balance of £1,600 is appropriated to capital and labour, in proportion to their respective shares in the fixed earnings. Thus the sum of £900 is added to the earnings of the wage receivers, the sum of £600 is payable as bonus to the capitalist, and £100 to the management.

Besides this, M. Godin finds a "social palace" for his employés, which is capable of housing no less than nine hundred people, with a variety of rooms to suit the purse and convenience of the inmates. The building, which is several storeys high, cost £40,000, and small shares are obtainable to induce workmen to become joint owners of the building, and so their own landlords. The rents of rooms yield a return of three per cent.

The social palace at Guise stands in the midst of extensive and well-kept pleasure-grounds on the banks of the Oise. It has a theatre where dramatic representations and concerts are frequently given by associations, formed for the purpose by the operatives. The internal arrangement is carried on by committees, consisting of persons of both sexes, and the general moral tone of the community is said to be superior to that of people in the same position living in isolated households.

The supplies of fuel and food, cooking and attendance, even the early nursing and care of children, are left to efficient persons appointed for that purpose at the charge of the whole community. The women of the committee of management supervise the quality of provisions supplied from the co-operative stores and butchers' shops connected with the social palace. They also attend to the management of children and the general arrangement of the household.

Here again we have the advantages of co-operative action in avoiding waste, and whilst securing good quality, combined with domestic economy, spreading comfort, and extending the amount of leisure where work is done systematically and by means of combination, instead of being done slovenly and irregularly with all the attendant waste and discomforts in the isolated household. The Phamilistère surpasses the Phalanstère, on the pattern of which it is founded, in granting full liberty whilst yet maintaining a thorough system of organisation such as Fourier aimed at.

But such institutions, excellent as they are, may be considered to be too much in the nature of patronising beneficence on the part of the employer. That mode of combination which assumes more independence on the part of the employed is co-partnership between masters and men, of which there are many interesting cases given in J. S. Mill's treatise on "Political Economy,"* of which we shall extract one by way of typical example. M. Leclaire, a Paris tradesman, who employed on the average 200 workmen, made the following experiment. After paying the usual wages, and assigning for himself a fixed sum for his labour and responsibility as manager, besides a certain percentage of interest on his capital, he divided the net surplus profits at the end of the year among all, himself included, in proportion to their earnings. This he found to be the best way of securing good and peaceable workmen, which gave stability in the management of his establishment (house-painting), and so led to pecuniary success. Community of interest thus became the bond of mutual goodwill, whilst the unusual punctuality and activity of those employed, owing to this fact, amply compensated the employer for the sacrifice of profits incurred. Others followed the example of M. Leclaire and with equally signal success.

* We believe it is to be tried as an ordinary hotel.
† "Lectures on the Labour Question," by Thomas Brassey, M.P., p. 148.

* Book iv. ch. viii. § 5 and ff. p. 461 *et seq.* (People's Edition).

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Mr. Brassey, in the work already referred to, mentions some co-operative foundries established in New York and Massachusetts, the birthplace of so many unsuccessful Socialistic experiments, on a similar principle. One of them was started in 1866 with a capital of £27,000 paid up. The shares were fixed at £20, and limited in number to 2,000. In the first year thirty-two men, in the second seventy-five, and in 1869 eighty five men were employed in the works. A dividend of 10 per cent. was made in the first year, and 30 per cent. more was paid on labour. The second year the dividends on stock and labour amounted to 89 per cent. In 1869 they reached 100 per cent. The most skilled trades earn, owing to their steady employment, 35 per cent. more than the same classes of workmen would earn at similar wages in a private foundry. The success is due to greater economy in the use of materials, and superior discipline of the men at their work.

But we pass on to the highest form of collective enterprise, that in which the men have been entirely emancipated from the tutelage of the masters, and conduct business on their own account, with their own capital, and under the management of persons chosen from among themselves. We know that this was the idea which inspired Louis Blanc, and to embody which he was induced to secure certain governmental loans or grants to the working classes in 1848. We have seen how and why they failed—they really never had a fair chance of success.

But there were at the same time, and there have been since, private attempts made in the same direction, which, beginning in a very humble way—often with only a few tools belonging to the founders, and small sums of money collected from their savings, or lent by other working people even poorer than themselves—have issued in fairly prosperous concerns. The struggles of these early pioneers of co-operation were of the most heroic nature, and led to very remarkable results.

"Often," says M. Fengueray, in a sketch of the history quoted by Mill, "there was no money at all in hand, and no wages could be paid. The goods did not go off, the payments did not come in, bills could not get discounted, the warehouse of materials was empty; they had to submit to privation, to reduce all expenses to a minimum, to live sometimes on bread and water. . . . It is at the price of these hardships and anxieties that men who began with hardly any resource but their goodwill and their hands succeeded in creating customers, in acquiring credit, forming at last a joint capital, and thus founding associations whose futurity now seems to be assured."

Here is the example of one of these. It was proposed to establish a pianoforte manufactory, and delegates of several hundred workmen asked the Government, in 1848, for a subvention of 300,000 francs to start it. The commission refused the grant, and the project was abandoned. But what happened? Fourteen workmen, the two foiled delegates among them, set up by themselves with neither cash nor credit to start the association. These fourteen men went to work with their tools, and each member with some difficulty contributes his share of ten francs as circulating capital. With the help of contributions from other working men not concerned but sympathising with the proceedings, the association was formed, their total stock amounting near to 229½ francs. This was on March 10, 1849. Two months elapsed before any wages could be paid. They lived, as workmen out of employ do live, sharing the bread of their comrades who happen to be at work, pawning such articles as they possess, and so forth. They executed a few orders, and received payment on the 4th of May. With this they paid their debts, and after dividing the rest into equal portions of five francs on account of wages, agreed to devote the rest to a fraternal repast by way of commemorating this first victory in the co-operative campaign. For some time they struggled on against fearful odds with a piece of good luck now and then to encourage them to go on, until at last, when taking stock at the end of 1850, the number of shareholders had increased to thirty-two. Large warehouses and workshops, at the rental of 2,000 francs, were no longer sufficient for the business, and the amount of their capital, after deducting all liabilities, left 32930.02 francs. Later on they separated into two societies, one of which alone, in 1854, possessed a circulating capital of 56,000 francs (£2,240), which had risen to £6,520 in 1863.

Other associations with a similar history and boasting of like successes were founded, and survived obloquy and opposition, standing monuments of the cause, determined not only to ensure prosperity for themselves but to promote the general adoption of co-operative principles by means of independent combination among the working people.

From reports of H.M.'s consuls in foreign countries, Mr. Brassey quotes several promising cases in favour of co-operative production abroad, notably in Sweden, where, we are told, the men willingly risked their savings for the sake of seizing an opportunity of rising from a dependent position to the freedom of co-operative industry.

I conclude this paper with a short account of the system adopted by Schultze Delitzsch, the great advocate of self-help, with a view of encouraging co-operative industry in Germany. We have already alluded to this philanthropist in our paper on Lassalle,* with whom he engaged in an unfortunate controversy not much to the credit of either of the combatants. But in his practical efforts to improve the condition of the German labourer by means of self-help, Schultze Delitzsch deserves the warmest commendation and unqualified respect from all those who take an interest in the subject. It is true that Schultze Delitzsch is too much *doctrinaire* in his desire to establish the principle of self-help, as his opponent, Lassalle, erred in the opposite direction of state-help, but there can be no doubt as to the practical good done by credit banks and the direct as well as indirect aid afforded to the spread of co-operation among the humbler classes of small shopkeepers and tradesmen, and the working classes generally.

Schultze Delitzsch is a man of legal training and habits, and for some time held Government appointments until his liberal tendencies, too freely expressed in the Prussian Parliament, led to obstructions which induced him at last to give up his appointment and devote himself entirely to the promotion of his pet schemes for the amelioration of the labourer's position. He commenced by establishing an association for the purpose of wholesale purchases of raw material and a credit bank, for the joint use of small tradesmen in his own town,

* See "Leisure Hour," 1878, pp. 746-47.

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Delitzsch (whence his cognomen, to distinguish him from others of the same name sitting in the Prussian Parliament). Later on, the principle of association was extended over a large area, to include not only credit banks and societies for the purpose of purchasing raw material and the acquisition of machinery, but also building societies, co-operative stores, and similar institutions, founded on the principle of combined effort more or less under the direction of a central organisation with Schultze Delitzsch at the head. There exist at the present moment in Germany alone about thirty provincial unions of such associations, each with its own organisation but in close contact with the central power. The results, up to 1873, are given by Schultze Delitzsch in the abstract of a report printed by him in the "Gegenwart" for 1875 as follows. There are—

2,409 credit associations, or national credit banks.
505 associations for procuring raw material, storing of manufactured articles in different industries, or engaging in productive enterprise.
973 co-operative stores for the distribution of articles of consumption.
49 building societies.

As, however, some of the newly-formed societies are not comprehended under this head, Schultze Delitzsch estimates the whole number of associations at 4,000, with a total of 1,300,000 members, possessing property of their own to the amount of about seven million pounds sterling, and additional working capital of from sixteen to seventeen millions entrusted to the associations by outside creditors as investments. It is surmised, however, that some of the members belong to a better class than those for whom the association was intended, and that that partly accounts for the large amount of capital subscribed. Be this as it may, the main credit arises from the fact that all the members are depositors to some extent, and that all subscribers are jointly and severally responsible for the liabilities of the associations. It is remarkable that the knowledge of this solidarity of interest has considerably augmented the credit of these associations, which has been good throughout, and has remained even unshaken in those years when a commercial crisis threatened the existence and security of the most trusted joint-stock companies in Germany. As to the proportion of labourers to other members belonging to those co-operative establishments, Schultze Delitzsch reckons 32,287 to 691 credit associations (which comprised only one-fourth of the whole number, the others not having made a tabular return as to qualifications of members), whereas 32,730 persons of the same description are connected with 140 co-operative store associations, *i.e.*, they constitute about half the number of members belonging to them. Upon the whole, Delitzsch calculates that from 280,000 to 300,000 of labouring people in one form or another share thus in the benefits of co-operation.*

There is an organ which represents the interests of association in the press, and there exists a public Association Bank, with a subscribed capital of a million sterling, in the capital of Germany, with branches elsewhere, to maintain intercourse with the business world outside. But all transactions between members and the association are carried on on the ordinary principles of trade and reciprocity, self-help, not benevolence, being the rule throughout. The profits are divided pro rata in proportion to capital subscribed within normal limits, and a large reserve fund is put aside yearly to provide for losses and fluctuations of trade. The admission of members is unlimited, and resignation of membership open to all by giving the ordinary notice, as is customary on such occasions.

It has been said that "the German co-operator sets up credit banks; the English co-operator sets up stores. The Germans lend money, the Englishman makes it." There are more credit banks in Germany because, owing to the peculiar economic condition of that country, small trade and agriculture on a small scale are still struggling on, and have not yet reached the brink of hopeless extinction, as is the case in this country; and it is the small tradesman and small farmer whom Schultze Delitzsch thought in the first instance to benefit, and in doing so brought the labourer also within the circle of capital enterprise.

Upon the whole, as to the results of co-operation, its great originator in Germany is able to report progress along the whole line. Not least among the harbingers of signal success he mentions the fact that several of the distributive associations set apart out of their proceeds a fund for educational and mental improvement purposes, the erection of educational establishments, such as technical schools and others to continue the training received in schools, and the creation of popular libraries. Among their objects are the acquisition of landed property and buildings for the production on their own premises of many articles of consumption required by working men. Co-operation is thus made a lever in raising those connected with it to a higher level, and enabling them to participate more freely not only in the material resources, but also in the intellectual wealth of the community.

* The same system has been also adopted in Russia, and in spite of difficulties raised by Government, is making progress among the people.

Varieties.

PARIS EXHIBITION LAWNS.—The statement in our article on "The Trees of Paris," as to the largest of the lawns at the late Exhibition and their ever brilliant verdure, ascribed the sowing to the wrong firm. The gold medal for grass was obtained by Messrs. James Carter and Co., of Holborn, who were alone in the first rank in this department of horticulture.

RIVALRY OF AMERICAN STATES.—Each State, from rugged Maine to sunny Florida, and from imperial New York to golden California, considers that no other one rivals or excels it. The citizens of each speak as if they had been placed by a kind Providence on the most favoured spot of the whole earth, and they regard the stranger who doubts whether their good fortune be wholly exceptional as a person who is utterly ignorant and inexcusably prejudiced. Indeed, a new-comer will ingratiate himself the most easily with the citizens of a particular State if he can look upon all others, for the time being, through their spectacles. I once said something to a Pennsylvanian, alike laudatory and merited, with regard to his State. He accepted the compliment as a matter of course, and replied, "That's so; Pennsylvania is best in everything." Travelling in Colorado shortly after the late total eclipse of the sun, I remarked, in the presence of several citizens, it was fortunate that the weather had been so favourable there for the purposes of observation. One of them told me in reply, "Sir, Colorado can beat the world in eclipses as in everything else."

A WILDFOWLER'S PARADISE.—In his recent work on Monghyr, in the Presidency of Bengal, Mr. Lockwood says that the waters swarm with wild fowl, and states that on one lake near Sakarpoor he computes that he saw no less than—wild geese, 5,000; red-crested pochards, 20,000; pin-tailed duck, 20,000; pochards, 50,000; teal, 20,000; garganey, 20,000; gadwall, 10,000; shoveller and ferruginous duck, 10,000;

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glossy ibis, 10,000; red-crowned ibis, 1,000; black-headed ibis, 100; curlew, 100; purple heron, 100; common heron, 200; egrets, 10,000; purple cock, 50,000; godwit, 50,000; stilt plover, 5,000; cormorant, 10,000; Indian snake bird (Plossus), 5,000; crested grebe, 100; dabchick, 200; osprey, 20; white-tailed eagle, 29; kite, 100; other birds of prey, 20. Mr. Lockwood describes the primitive fowling-pieces which he saw manufactured in this region. "Instead of steam hammers, tall chimneys, boring and other machines, the visitor will most probably see a little old man squatting with his nose resting on his knees, hammering a piece of Swedish iron into shape, whilst his still smaller son will be seen working the bellows to bring the scanty stock of charcoal into the required glow. Another man in the corner of the hut is filing up the gun locks which are firmly grasped between the manufacturer's toes, or he is chiseling out the stock from a rough block of sissoo wood. When the gun is ready it appears to European eyes a treacherous weapon, more dangerous to friends than foes, and inclined to burst on the slightest provocation. In reality it is stated to be a serviceable weapon, and certainly cheap at the modest price of twenty rupees, or two English pounds."

Indian Female Education.—I need hardly say that in thus supporting the cause of native female education we do not desire to revolutionise Hindoo society, or forcibly supersede its national habits and customs, any more than it is desired by the supporters of female education in England to revolutionise English society or destroy the national characteristics of English women. The fact is, however, that although educated men everywhere appreciate the advantage of social intercourse with educated women, still the education of women has nowhere kept pace with the education of men. That is the case in Europe as well as in India, and it is a great misfortune in the interest of both sexes, for women, whether educated or uneducated, wise or foolish, must always exert, for good or ill, a powerful influence over the characters of men.—*Lord Lytton, in Distributing Prizes at the Bethune School.*

Native Christians in India.—Bishop Caldwell, of Madras, in a paper on "Indian Converts to Christianity," says:—"Remembering that we never can know the private life of any class of people in England so well as we know the private life—if that can be called private which is perfectly public—of native Christians in this country, I maintain that the Christians of our Indian missions have no need to shrink from comparison with Christians in a similar station in life and similarly circumstanced in England or in any other part of the world. The style of character they exhibit is one which those who are well acquainted with them cannot but like. I think I do not exaggerate when I affirm that they appear to me in general more teachable and tractable, more considerate of the feelings of others, and more respectful to superiors, more uniformly temperate, more patient and gentle, more trustful in Providence, better church-goers, yet freer from religious bigotry, and, in proportion to their means, more liberal than Christians in England holding a similar position in the social scale. I do not for a moment pretend that they are free from imperfection; on the contrary, living among them as I do from day to day, I see their imperfections; daily and daily do I 'reprove, rebuke, exhort' as I see need, but I am bound to say that when I have gone away anywhere, and looked back upon the Christians of this country from a distance, when I have compared them with what I have seen and known of Christians in other countries, I find that their good qualities have left a deeper impression in my mind than their imperfections."

Gregorian Chants.—Mr. Spurgeon, in giving out a hymn to a well-known and popular tune at a pleasant anniversary meeting, told the following anecdote:—"'I hope you enjoyed our music this morning,' said a gentleman of the High Church to a Presbyterian friend who sat with him. 'Well, I cannot say I got on with your form of service at all.' 'No? But now you are, after all, a gentleman of musical taste; did you not very much enjoy that *introit?*' 'I don't know which it was.' 'You must have enjoyed that anthem,' repeated the High Churchman. 'Don't know; can't tell,' was the reply. 'Well, there was one tune very remarkable, didn't you notice it [describing it]? very remarkable indeed.' 'Oh!' was the response, 'I didn't enjoy it at all.' 'Well, now I am very sorry, because that is a very ancient tune; it is a tune that was sung in the early Church very often—indeed, I believe it was sung in the Catacombs. In fact, I have heard that this remarkable piece of music came from the Jews, and was no doubt sung in the Liturgical service of the Temple, for, you know, the worship of the ancient Temple was Liturgical, and not your Presbyterian form at all. There appears scarcely any doubt that that remarkable tune of this morning was originally sung by David himself when he played on his harp before Saul.' 'Dear me!' said the Presbyterian, 'I never heard that before, and it throws great light upon Scripture. I never yet could make out why Saul threw a javelin at David, but if that was the tune he played on his harp I can understand it, and justify it as well.'"

The Domesticated Cat.—One of the most singular proofs of the foreign importation, and perhaps of the late arrival in Europe, of the cat is, the "Daily News" remarks, to be found in its various names. "It is said that none of them came from the old Aryan source, from which most of our language is derived. Most of them, like the familiar *chat*, are connected with the late Latin *catus*, which took the place of the earlier *felis*, when cats drove out the former foes of rats and mice. It seems to follow that cats came into the West with the Romans, but whence did the Romans get the name and the animal? M. Pictet traces the name to the Syriac *qato*, and the Arabic *qitt*, out of which, by an easy and natural process, we make kitten. *Qitt* and *qato*, however, are not the primitive native forms of the cat's long-descended title, and we must go from Syria to Africa to find *gada*, *kadiska*, and *kaddiska*. As for the ancient Egyptian 'mau,' that is merely the 'mew cat' and the 'pussy mew' of English nurseries. Here, then, in Egypt is a native onomatopœic name of the cat, such as any human being might give it when he first heard the peevish, prolonged note of its voice. The Indian names of the cat are not very old, and they are easily explained. The cat is the 'house-wolf,' the 'rat-eater' (though snakes are the ratters in some districts), and the 'foe of mice.' The most endearing title of the cat comes from the land whence the most pleasing specimens of the race are also derived. The Persian cat, wild or tame, is 'puschak,' which the Afghans pronounce 'pischik,' and the Lithuanians—as old an Aryan-speaking race as any in Europe—'puije.' The English 'puss' is clearly of the same family of words. If 'puss' in the long run is derived from a Sanscrit word for a 'tail,' there is a curious coincidence between the word used by Herodotus for the Egyptian cat, 'the creature with waving tail,' and the term found in Persian, Lithuanian, and English. Many primitive peoples must have noticed that the cat, like that Cheshire one which met Alice in Wonderland, 'wags its tail when it is angry.' On the whole, the history of the cat as a domestic creature rather bears out the theory that its strange, secretive, and capricious nature is a survival from a wild condition not very remote in time—not so remote as the wild condition of the horse, dog, and ox."

Ayodhyá, the Sacred City of Ráma.—An American missionary gives the following account of Ayodhyá and the Great Festival of the Rámnanmi:—"The 'Rámayan' is the greatest of Sanskrit poems, the loftiest epic conception ever written. It commemorates the life and adventures of Ráma, a noble and pure Hindoo prince, born at Ayodhyá, and who conquered all invaders. He was to India what Wallace was to Scotland, or Tell to Switzerland. His followers canonised him, and he is to-day adored and worshipped as an incarnation of Vishnu (the Preserver). He is the most beloved and admired of all the gods. At one time in Ayodhyá there were 360 places rendered sacred by association with Ráma. The Ayodhyá of to-day contains only forty-two such places, and only 7,000 inhabitants, but the great Fair of the Rámnanmi, held here yearly, attracts over one million pilgrims. There is nothing to equal this celebration in all India. It is a mixture of Hagiology and Deo-worship. Religious fervour, ancestral pride and love of spectacle, combine to make this the most popular and exciting fair of modern Hindooism, and it is kept up with great and increasing enthusiasm. During this great fair pilgrims go very early daily to the river to offer flowers to the gods, and to bathe. Having finished bathing, they go from temple to temple, from shrine to shrine, the women hand in hand, chanting some minor-keyed refrain, and all pay their devotions at each sacred place, giving whatever money they can afford to the priests, fakirs, and beggars that swarm around each centre of interest. In 1877 this fair occurred at the time of a remarkable conjunction of planets, and at the auspicious moment over a million devotees rushed frantically into the river to bathe. Some six hundred were either drowned or crushed to death. I saw sixty-four lying stark dead upon the sands, unclaimed. This year the utmost care was taken by the police to prevent accidents. Those who plunge in the river at the exact moment obtain their reward. The period of metempsychosis is shortened, and each becomes a *cow* all the sooner. This is the final shape and condition previous to absorption into the Deity. In each place in Ayodhyá is localised some incident of the story of the great epic poem. There is a temple to mark where Ráma was born, and not far off is a fine archway, through which his soul passed into Paradise."

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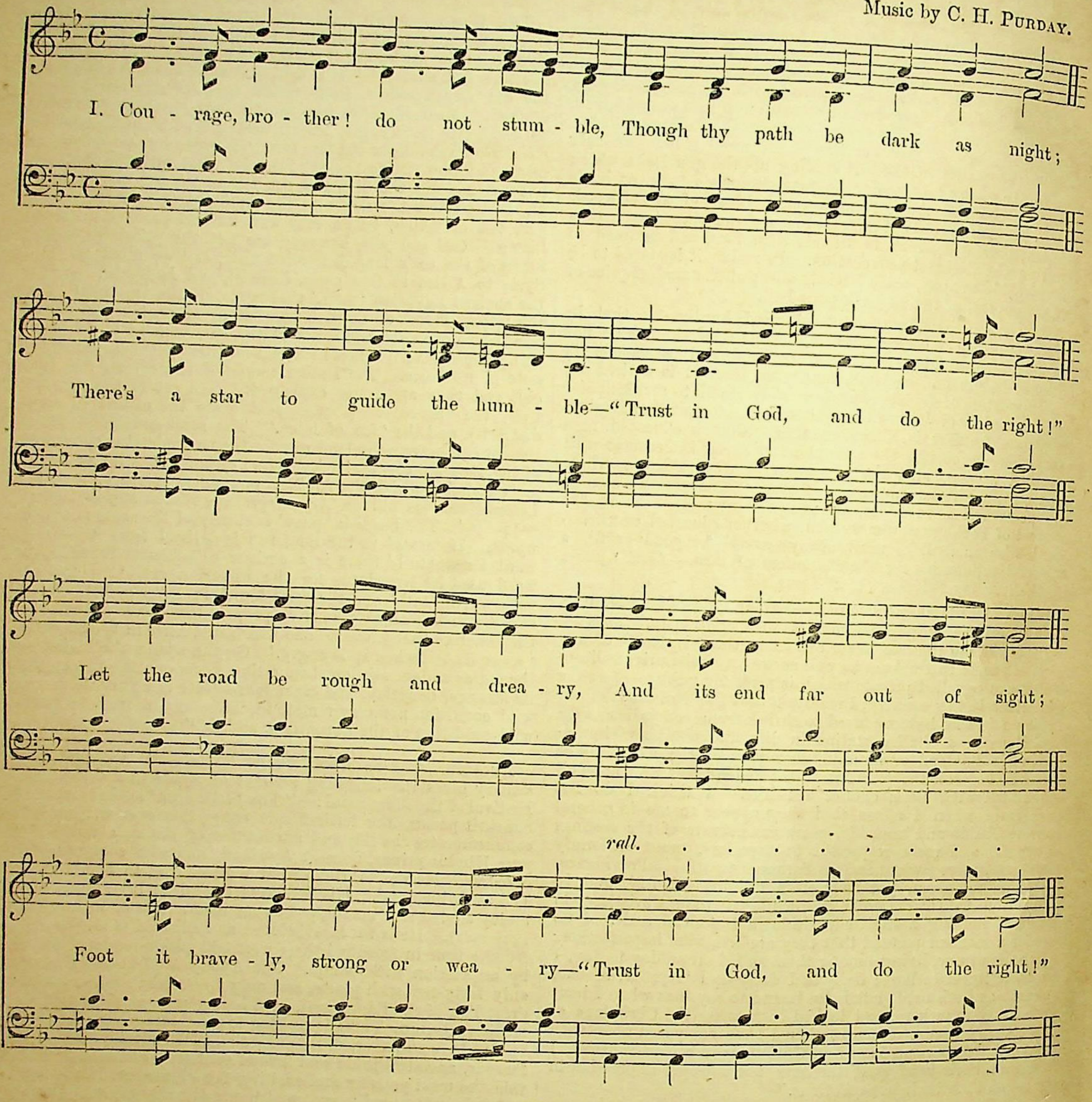
"Trust in God, and Do the Right!"

Words by Dean Alford.

Music by C. H. Purday.



II.

Perish policy and cunning,
  Perish all that fears the light;
Whether losing, whether winning—
  "Trust in God, and do the right!"
Simple rule and safest guiding,
  Inward peace and inward might;
Star upon our path abiding—
  "Trust in God, and do the right!"

III.

Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
  Some will flatter, some will slight;
Cease from man, and look above thee—
  "Trust in God, and do the right!"
Courage, brother! do not stumble,
  Though thy path be dark as night;
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THE LEISURE HOUR.

BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,
AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND.—*Cowper.*

KIND ATTENTIONS.

STRAIGHT TO THE MARK.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—THE OLD SQUIRE.

Strange is the heart of man, with its quick mysterious instincts.
—*Longfellow.*

"SIT down," said Mr. Strafford to his young prisoner, as he followed him with a flushed cheek and a defiant manner into the old, faded, dusty, fusty parlour.

"No," said the latter, decidedly; "not in this house."

"Why not?" the squire asked, without looking at him.

"You called me a thief!" said Tom.

"No, no, no!" the old man exclaimed, as if smitten with sudden pain.

"You said as much."

"I did not mean it; don't think any more of it; forget it. I said it in anger, in haste; I have repented

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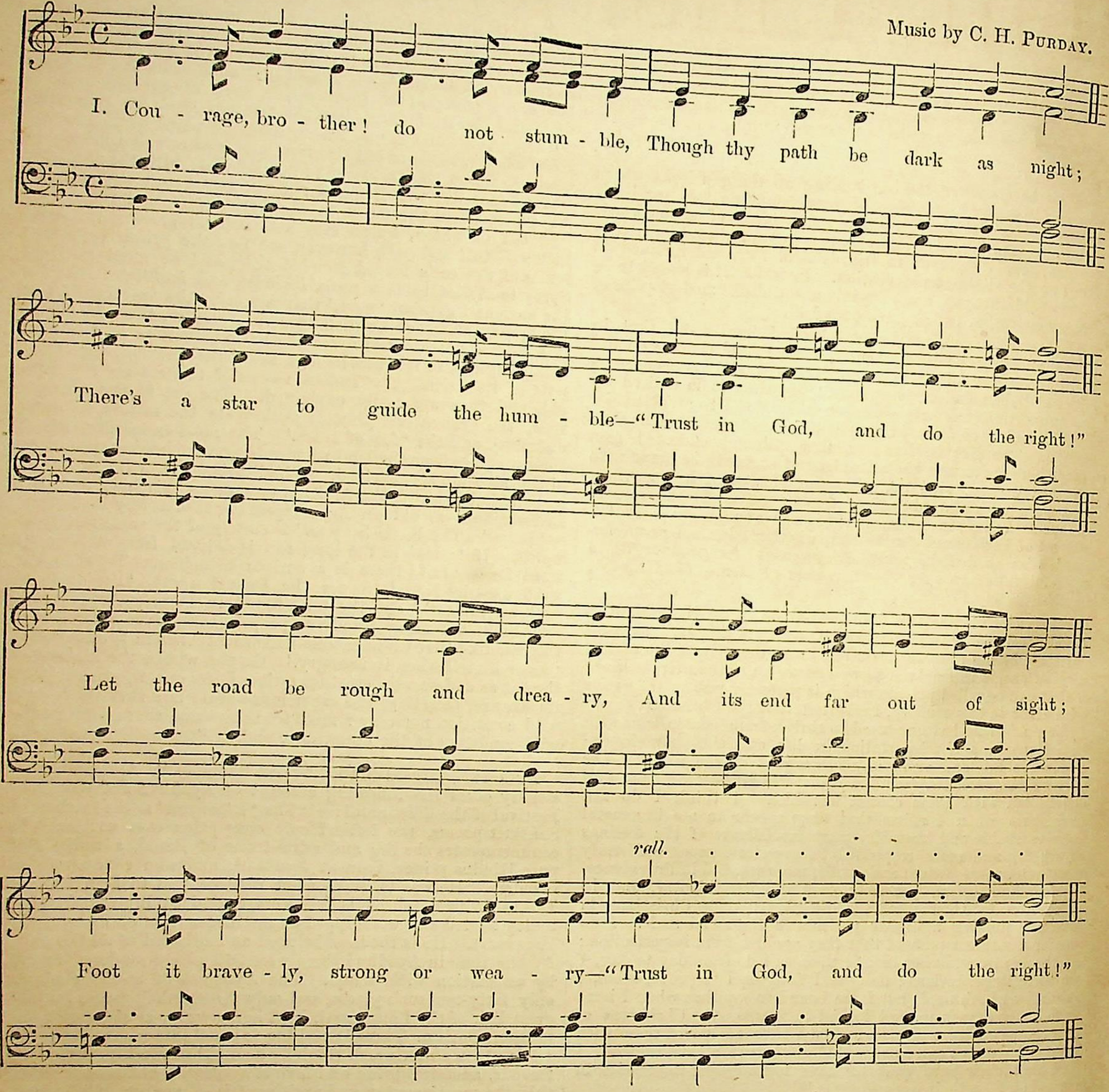

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of it ever since, ever since. God only knows how I have repented of it!"

He spoke in such an earnest and lamentable tone that it was evident his mind was wandering and recurring to some event long past. Tom Howard thought of what the gamekeeper had told him not an hour ago, about the old man's quarrel with his son and of his having called him a thief. He felt sorry that he had inadvertently recalled to his mind a circumstance which seemed to give him so much pain.

"Never mind," he said; "I shall not think any more about it."

"Well, sit down," said the squire, recollecting himself.

"I'm not tired," said Tom; "but I thought you were. You had better get rested, and then go on to the magistrate."

"No, no; I have done with that. I don't mean to go there now. You'll forget all I said about that, won't you? Forgive and forget, you know; forgive and forget. Sit down just for a little while, to please me; do."

Tom, being thus exhorted, seated himself on the corner of a chair, ready to start up again in a moment. The old man kept walking about the room, and looking into his drawers and cupboards as if searching for something, and yet hardly knowing what. Presently he shuffled out of the room, and Tom heard his voice at the kitchen door.

"Haven't you got anything at all in the house?" he said; "not a bit of cake or anything?"

"Not a scrap," the housekeeper answered. "Why Mr. Strafford, what has come over you? and what are you doing with that lad in the parlour? Send him away and let me get your dinner."

Mr. Strafford returned presently, and found Tom standing up, ready to depart.

"What are you going to do, Mr. Strafford?" he said. "Am I to go or not?"

"You can go," he answered, "if you will; but don't be in a hurry. I want to talk to you a little; sit down again just for a minute."

Tom resumed his seat. He began to feel very sorry for this old man and to wish he had not called him an old scarecrow.

"What is your name?" Mr. Strafford asked.

"Tom Howard."

"Are you quite sure of that?"

"Of course I am."

Mr. Strafford sighed; he had a habit of sighing quietly and almost inaudibly; he was quiet in all his ways and movements, except when anything occurred to disturb or irritate him. He was the loneliest, saddest-looking old man, Tom thought, that he had ever seen; and now that he was treating him with gentleness and kindness he felt his heart touched with compassion for him, and tears rose to his eyes. Mr. Strafford questioned him about his home, his friends, his parents, whence he had come, and where he was staying.

"India?" he repeated; "India? You never heard my name mentioned there did you?"

"No. I never met with anybody of the name before anywhere," Tom answered. He remembered that the gamekeeper's wife had asked a similar question and that he had answered it rather brusquely. Mr. Strafford looked so depressed and unhappy that he reproached himself now for having made such a reply. There was a pause for some moments, the old man keeping his eyes fixed upon the boy's face as if he would read every feature of it again and again.

"I must go," said Tom, shrinking at last under the scrutiny. "I must go now, Mr. Strafford; have you done with me?"

"Must you go? Well, but I was thinking—I have not got anything in the house. What a pity it is! But there is some nice fruit in the garden; boys like fruit. Come and gather some; and—Mary, Mary, bring a basket—you shall take some home with you."

Before Tom could protest that he would do nothing of the kind Mr. Strafford had hastened from the room, and his voice was heard in the kitchen.

"A basket, I say! a basket!"

"Basket! I've got no basket. What's come over you, I wonder? Cakes and fruit indeed! what next I should like to know? Fruit is money, an't it? it's all going to market: it's all bespoke. You don't like anybody to touch it; you know you don't."

This was true as a rule; there were often disputes between Mr. Strafford and his servant about the fruit and other garden produce.

"The young man had better go home," Mrs. Daunt continued; "we don't want strangers here; and there's nothing for them if they come."

"Hold your tongue, Mrs. Daunt, and bring me a basket, as I bid you."

"There then," she said, reluctantly, bringing him the smallest she could find. Tom entered the kitchen at that instant, and saw it.

"That won't hold a ha'porth," Mr. Strafford exclaimed. "Bring me a large one, I tell you."

"You will be sorry afterwards," Mrs. Daunt said in a lugubrious tone; "and then you'll blame me."

"Good-bye, Mr. Strafford," said Tom; "never mind the fruit. Thank you for it all the same." And he left the house.

"Stop! stop!" cried the old man, rushing after him. "The dog, the dog!"

Tom had observed a large dog in a kennel near the door as he entered the house from the yard; but the dog had taken no notice of him, his master being with him. Now, as he was running past, glad to escape from the gloomy atmosphere of Mr. Strafford's house, and thinking nothing about the dog, the brute sprang from his kennel, and leaping upon him rolled him over upon the stones. In another moment he would have seized him with his teeth, but Mr. Strafford bursting from the house uttered a yell, so harsh, so fierce, so altogether inhuman, that the dog was arrested in his onslaught, and the next instant the old man precipitated himself upon the brute, falling upon him bodily and clutching him by the throat with his old withered hands as if he would have strangled him. The dog shook him off in a moment, and seemed at first as if he would have attacked him, but recognising his master he slunk away growling to his kennel. Mr. Strafford followed him, kicking him and storming at him, and then suddenly turned back to see that Tom was all right.

"Are you hurt?" he exclaimed, looking at the boy with anxiety, and panting from the joint effects of his exertion and alarm. "Are you hurt?"

"No, sir," said Tom; "not a bit. But I am afraid you are. Did he bite you?"

"No, I'm not hurt, only put about; very much put about. If the dog had injured you I would have killed him."

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Tom took the old gentleman by the hand to lead him back to the house, and begged him to lean on him, seeing how much he was shaken. Mrs. Daunt also came to help him. He revived after a short time, and when Tom again proposed to go, said he would walk a little way with him and see him safe. Tom would have persuaded him to turn back after the kennel was passed and they were out of the yard, but Mr. Strafford continued to hobble along by his side, leaning slightly on his shoulder, more as if it pleased him to rest his hand there than for the sake of the support it afforded him.

"Oh, the fruit!" he said, presently; "you shall have some fruit. Come to-morrow and bring a basket; but come to the front door; be sure you come to the front door. I will have it open, ready for you."

"I'll come and ask how you are," said Tom; "to-morrow, if I can; or the day after at all events. I hope you will be quite well by that time."

"Yes, come and ask after me."

"And—and—" said Tom, "I want to say that I am very sorry for what I said to you in the field. I beg your pardon for it."

The smile faded from Mr. Strafford's face.

"Ah!" he murmured, "don't, don't; it was my fault, not yours; forget all about it; forgive and forget, forgive and forget. Here is your friend; why it is Mr. Martin's son, is it not?"

Little Martin came in sight at that moment with a basket on his arms. The hare was recovering, and Mr. Martin had sent him to set it at liberty near the spot where it had been captured, and at the same time to look for Tom, as they were entirely ignorant as to the cause of his absence. Martin was much surprised to see Tom and the squire walking side by side in the most friendly and sympathetic manner. When he first caught sight of the latter, he had felt inclined to throw down the hare and take to his heels, but he now stood still and waited for them. When Mr. Strafford learnt what was in the basket he seemed vexed.

"Bother about the hare!" he exclaimed. "Do what you like with it; I'll give it to you"—addressing Tom: "And you will be sure to come and see me, won't you?"

"Let us turn him loose," said Tom.

"No, don't," cried Mr. Strafford. "Keep him, my good boy; kill him and eat him; do what you like with him."

"Let us tame him," cried Martin, eagerly.

"All right," said Tom. "Thank you, Mr. Strafford; we will keep him and make a pet of him."

"Will you, though," said the old man. "It will not be easy, but I dare say you will succeed. Keep him and tame him and make a pet of him, and come often and tell me how you get on. I think I must go back now; I am stiffer than I thought I was."

The boys bade him good morning; Tom shook hands with him, which Martin did not offer to do, but looked on with mingled surprise and awe, and away they ran together. Before they had gone far they stopped to peep into the basket, and after a delightful inspection of the leveret, looked back towards the spot where they had left Mr. Strafford. He was standing still, leaning upon a spud which he had brought with him, and gazing at them. Tom waved his hand to him, and the old man returned the salute.

"Tame it!" little Martin cried; "I should think you will! You could tame anything; you could tame a lion; you could tame a bear; you could tame a deaf adder; you have tamed old Strafford. How did you do it, Tom? How *did* you do it?"

"I don't know," Tom replied. "He changed all of a sudden. He was going to put me in prison for poaching; he was as fierce and savage as any man could be; and then he wanted to give me cake and fruit and all sorts of things;" and he related all his adventures at length to his friend, repeating his former remark in conclusion: "He changed all on a sudden, but I am sure I don't know why."

CHAPTER XXXIV.—LEAP-YEAR.

> O, sir, you are old;
> Nature in you stands on the very verge
> Of her confine; you should be ruled and led
> By some discretion, that discerns your state
> Better than you yourself.
>
> —*Shakespeare.*

Mr. Strafford, returning by slow and painful steps to his dreary home, was met at the door by his housekeeper, Mrs. Daunt, known among the neighbours by the name of Weeping Mary, who, in a dismal voice entreated him to make haste, for his dinner was ready and would be good for nothing if he did not sit down to it at once, and it would be a shame and a pity, she said, for such good victuals to be wasted; it was enough to make anybody cry to see anything wasted; such were her feelings as the squire well knew. Mr. Strafford made no reply, but pointed to his coat, torn and dirty from his conflict with the dog, and she helped him to change it, while the girl Betsy brought in the dish provided for his refection. Mr. Strafford glanced at his hands as if he would have liked to wash them, but as Mary was urgent for him to set to, and took off the covers at once, he waived the question of cleanliness, as he had often done before, and took his place at the table. He said no grace before meat; he had discontinued that practice long ago. What would be the use of saying grace for himself alone? He could *think* it as well or better. If the choice must needs lie between utterance and intention the latter ought certainly to be preferred; but Mr. Strafford having ceased to repeat his grace, had also given up thinking about it, and had almost forgotten by this time that he had ever made use of either alternative.

"I cannot eat to-day," he said, after trying a few mouthfuls. "I have had a severe shake. That dog must be sent away."

"The dog!" said Mrs. Daunt. "Ah, poor thing! it was not his fault; he can't abide strangers. He keeps all the beggars off; not a tramp dares venture near the house when Ruffian shows himself. There's nothing for them here if they were to come; but he saves me the trouble of telling them so."

"I'll have him removed," said Mr. Strafford; "he gets too savage."

"He is no worse than he was, Mr. Strafford. I should not blame the dog if I was you. If you bring strangers here, it's only natural that he should fly out upon them. He thinks it is his duty. What boy was that, and where did you pick him up?"

Mrs. Daunt was on very easy terms with her master, and spoke her mind freely on all occasions, sympathising with him, outwardly, at least, in most things, and accommodating her humour to his, generally a very dismal humour. He put up with a great deal from her, believing that she was very careful of

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his interests, and feeling himself dependent upon her for his comforts and economies. She was surprised, therefore, when Mr. Strafford turned upon her angrily, and, in answer to inquiries about the boy, told her to "hold her tongue."

"It is for your sake I spoke, Mr. Strafford," she answered, in a whining tone. "I don't like to see you imposed upon by anybody, and children are so deceitful."

Mr. Strafford shook his head impatiently.

"I did not think you was one to be imposed upon," Mrs. Daunt continued; "especially by a bold-faced child like that. I heard him talking to you as if you had been an old beggar-man."

"Silence, woman!" Mr. Strafford exclaimed, more annoyed by her remark than she could understand.

Mary put her apron to her eyes and sniffed. It was this habit which had gained for her the sobriquet of Weeping Mary. Mr. Strafford took no notice of her this time. "I hope you don't feel any the worse for your fall," she said, lingering in the room, with a plate in one hand, while the other was still occupied with her apron and her eyes.

"Not much."

"Because a fall at your time of life might be very serious. A gentleman of your age ought to be very careful of himself."

"Go and get your dinner, and never mind me," said the squire, snappishly.

"I couldn't eat a morsel, Mr. Strafford; you have not ate a bit yourself." She dropped her apron a little, and swayed her head impressively. "You ought to take all the nourishment you can at your period," she continued. "What with being sorry for you, and what with being spoke to as if I was nothing to nobody, I have not got any appetite myself, and that's no wonder. I would be ashamed of myself if I had, though it's on the stroke of two, and dinner-time is one. But dinner! lor, deary me! what's dinner!"

"What is it?" said Mr. Strafford; "why, a boiled rabbit and bacon—good enough for anybody."

"I don't want anything better, Mr. Strafford, nor yet so good for myself. I would not put you to expense, as you know, Mr. Strafford, not if you were as rich as Judas in the play. It ain't dinner that I want; it's kind words, kind words from one that I have a respect and attachment for, and shall have, whatever he may say to me when he isn't quite himself, as is natural after such a shake at his period."

The last words were spoken in an undertone, as if in soliloquy, yet not so low but that Mr. Strafford could hear them. The old squire groaned with impatience and weariness.

"Can't I get you anything, Mr. Strafford?" Mary said, in a coaxing manner, coming to his side and looking him in the face. "It is my dooty to take care of you and to cherish you all I can; and dooty is a pleasure when you will let me do it. What *can* I do for you, Mr. Strafford?"

"Do? Leave the room, that's all I want; you worry me."

Mary sniffed loudly; she was too angry to weep, but dissembled her wrath and went. But as soon as she reached the kitchen she set down the dish with a bang, and bade the "gell" get out and go about her work, and not stand listening there. "He'll ring his bell presently," she said, to herself, "and be as mild as milk again; but I won't have that boy coming about the boy. I am not going to be thrown off like an old shoe after toiling and moiling and screwing and starving as I have done for him." Mrs. Daunt did not look much as if she starved herself whatever she might do for others; and, notwithstanding her want of appetite—which was not to be wondered at after the good luncheon she had eaten—applied herself in a furtive manner to the rabbit, eating from the dish as she stood. Mrs. Daunt regarded herself as rather more than a servant in that house, and had for some time past cherished the hope that she might one day be its mistress. Mr. Strafford had, she flattered herself, got used to her ways, and derived great comfort from her sad and sympathising manner. She was very attentive to him, and ministered to his comfort in many ways, and he had become so dependent upon her, that she fancied he could not do without her. She nursed him when he was unwell, cherished his infirmities, and, if the truth must be confessed, had obtained great influence over him. He would rather, perhaps, have lived entirely alone; but that was scarcely possible. He looked upon Mrs. Daunt as little better than a cypher, and, as long as she did not intrude too much, put up with her, and was obliged sometimes to acknowledge to himself that she was very useful to him. But he had no idea that she contemplated any nearer alliance between her master and herself than that which their mutual interests had cemented.

Mr. Strafford, as soon as he was left to himself, rose from his chair, and, notwithstanding his stiffness and fatigue, began to pace to and fro in his parlour. His hands were clasped before him, and his fingers played nervously with one another. He, like Mary, was thinking about the boy, and what the boy had said to him. The words, "If you were not such an old man I would kick you," rankled in his mind, though not with any feeling of anger against the speaker. On the contrary, the more he thought of them the more he admired the chivalrous spirit of the young child who refused to take advantage of his infirmity, real or supposed. Respect for his grey hairs could not have had much to do with it, for he had just before called him an old scarecrow. It seemed rather as if the child pitied and despised him. Was he then so very old? He felt himself older at that moment than he had ever felt before; his limbs ached, and restless though he was in spirit, he was fain to discontinue his pacing about, and lowered himself into a chair with a little cry. Was he so very old? That was the chief thought which racked him now. He had not yet reached the allotted span of three score years and ten. Was he so worn before his time as to attract the notice and compassion of a child? If so, the end might be not far off. If he were to die now what profit would there be of all his life? He could not but feel that he had had very little enjoyment—very little comfort even—for many years past. Labour and sorrow! labour and sorrow! Not much else even in his strength. He had been heaping up treasure, to be sure, and his strong box was full of parchments—mortgages and bonds—which represented large sums of money. He did not spend one-tenth of his income, and latterly these accumulations had been going on at such a rate that he would have found it difficult, with his parsimonious habits, to dispose of them if he had been so inclined. What was to become of them all? he could not take them with him. There was not a creature in this world to whom he would like to bequeath them.

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That woman in the kitchen had been harping upon the same string—his age and his infirmities. And what a waste his life had been! What a dreary time it was to look back upon! Forty years nearly of continual mortification! forty years of wrangling and jangling with his neighbours—of contempt and scorn on their part, of loneliness and ill-temper on his own! There was not a creature who respected him, not one who cared for him. And why should they? What good had he ever done to them? A generation had grown up round him to whom he was known only as Old Strafford, the screw, the miser. They envied him, no doubt. It was pleasant to think of that; and he tried to believe and to think, when he saw any of his neighbours with their children or their friends about them, that he did not envy them. He had always thought it would be a fine thing to die rich—all but the dying—to have his name and the amount of his fortune published in the local papers, with a neat paragraph! But, after all, what difference would it make to him? If the newspaper report should be ever so astonishing, he would know nothing about it. Or if, on the contrary, the printer should by accident omit a cypher, and so bring the amount down to something comparatively small, he would have no power to set it right. That was a very galling and exasperating thought! If it were possible to take his wealth with him, to start afresh with in the next world, there would then have been some reason in his parsimony, and some recompense in prospect. But now he was old—old suddenly, older than he had supposed—and his money, what had it done for him? what could it do?

He mused in this way for an hour or more, until he began to feel faint for want of food, and, ringing the bell, desired Mary to get a fire lighted on the hearth and to bring him his tea.

"That's right, Mr. Strafford," she said, pityingly. "You are out of sorts, and must be made comfortable. I know just how you feel after that fall; I tumbled over a chair myself once, and felt it for weeks afterwards. You must let me take care of you. I'll fetch a pillow to set behind you, and do you lean back and make yourself as easy as you can."

Mr. Strafford submitted to Mrs. Daunt's attentions sadly and wearily, while Weeping Mary displayed her sympathy in many a sigh and sniff. She brought in the tea-tray and the kettle, placed the buttered toast upon the hearth, where the fire was beginning to blaze up, and then, drawing a little table to her master's side, sat down opposite to him and poured out his tea. Mrs. Daunt had made a practice lately of taking tea with the squire. "It was company for him and for her," she said; "and she could wait upon him better. It was economical as well; tea for one was tea for two; and the gell could have the teapot when they had done with it."

When the meal was ended and the tea-things were removed, Mrs. Daunt came and sat down by her master's side, with some darning. For a long while neither of them spoke; but Mary gave frequent tokens of her sympathy by looks and sighs.

"Ah!" she exclaimed at length, "you must be more careful of yourself in future than ever you have been yet; and *I* must be more careful of you, too; unless anything should happen as I should have to go away and leave you."

"Leave me," said the squire, "why?"

"I don't know," she answered, with her eyes fixed pensively upon the eye of her needle. "I sometimes think as it will come to that; and, if so, the sooner I can make up my mind to it the better for us both."

"I don't understand you, Mrs. Daunt."

"You used to call me 'Mary,'" she murmured; but her master took no notice of the remark, and she proceeded, "I don't *wish* to leave you, of course."

"Then why should you talk about it?"

"Other folks will talk; and it is not to be wondered at, all things considered."

"Then let them."

"Yes, Mr. Strafford, it's all very well for you to say so; but it is vexing and worrying, besides being hardly right, for me. I have a duty to myself, and must not forget it neither."

Mr. Strafford was entirely at a loss to divine her meaning. Her conversation bored him, and leaning back in his chair, he closed his eyes, as if he were going to sleep. The pillow was very comfortable; Mary had done right to bring it.

"The neighbours have been asking me this ever so long when it is to be, and all about it. We cannot go on for ever as we are, you know. You a widower and me a widow."

Mr. Strafford opened his eyes and looked at her, wondering.

"I was in a manner engaged before ever I came here ten years ago, but I put the young man off, that I might take your place instead. I never repented it, though, and I dare say I never shall."

"I have heard you say so before," Mr. Strafford replied; "but why talk of leaving now? Is that engagement likely to come on again?"

"No, Mr. Strafford, you need not ask it." Mary wiped her eyes and face generally, and continued, "No, indeed; you know better than that. But it is time something was settled definite, after all the years as I have been with you, doing all for you and being all to you. You are not like other folks, you know. You have nobody to look to to nurse you, natural, if you was ill. No father, nor mother, nor sister, nor brother, as the hymn says; no daughter, no son—"

"Hush, woman, hush!" he murmured; but she was too much taken up with her duty to herself to hear him.

"No child of your old age; and you are getting old, you know—though not too old for me, Mr. Strafford. Mary will not forsake you as others have done; Mary knows how to honour old age; she esteems grey hairs, does Mary; she loves the very wrinkles on an old man's forehead. Years is her choice—her preference. There's nobody but Mary to do anything for you, Mr. Strafford, and no one else wanted at your period. But it's time it was all settled. Only yesterday a pedlar came to the door and wanted to fit my finger with a ring. So *he* had heard. Everybody talks of it, and it is not pleasant to be in everybody's mouth. In short, my dear Mr. Strafford, if it don't come off soon I shall have to go away and leave you, for my feelings will not bear it."

She paused and used her handkerchief, as if it had been a mop; then proceeded:—

"I am obliged to talk like this, Mr. Strafford, though it's an awkward thing for the likes of me to begin about. But it is leap-year, Mr. Strafford; and ladies have the privilege in leap-year, haven't they, Mr. Strafford?"

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She smiled at him tenderly as she spoke; but observing his look of amazement, the bland expression faded quickly from her face, and putting up her apron to her eyes, she wept audibly.

"Mrs. Daunt!" said the squire, in a voice husky with anger.

"Call me Mary," she interposed, misinterpreting the cause of his emotion.

"Mrs. Daunt," he repeated, "are you mad?"

"Mad, Mr. Strafford!" she exclaimed, dropping her apron, and looking him full in the face. "Mad! Oh, no, Mr. Strafford, I'm not mad."

"Then—then—leave the room this instant."

"What?" she exclaimed, laughing hysterically. "Leave the room, did you say?"

Mr. Strafford rose to his feet and pointed, with a look and gesture that could not be mistaken, to the door.

"If I leave the room," she said, "I shall leave the house also, Mr. Strafford."

Still he pointed to the door.

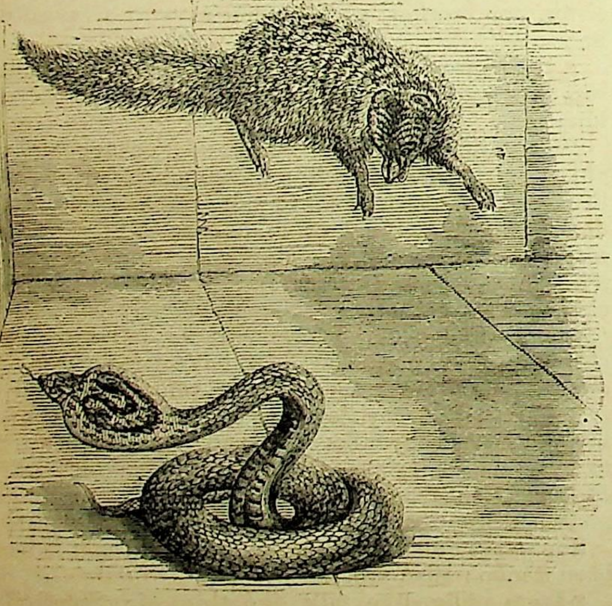
"I cannot stop here a moment, after what has passed; and there's nobody but that gell about to do anything. Do you mean, after all you have said, to turn me off in this way?"

"Leave the room instantly," he repeated.

"You will be sorry for this, Mr. Strafford."

He uttered but one other word, "Go." He followed her to the door as she at length moved towards it, and turned the key in the lock as soon as she had passed the threshold. Then with a faltering step he regained his chair, threw himself back in it, with his arms hanging down helplessly on each side of him, and remained in that position for nearly an hour, as one bereft of life.

FIGHT BETWEEN A MONGOOSE AND A COBRA.



It has been believed from ancient times that the ichneumon of Egypt (*Herpestes ichneumoni*) was not injured by the bite of poisonous serpents. The same immunity has been said to belong to the mongoose (*Herpestes griseus*), the Asiatic cousin of the ichneumon. It is supposed that in both instances the animal knows some plant which, when eaten, counteracts the snake poison. Others believe that the venom has no effect on the animal, and this is also said to be the case with boars and pigs, which destroy vipers and, in America, rattlesnakes without any risk. Whether there is any prophylactic or protecting power in the constitution, or whether the pig-skin is too tough to allow the fangs to penetrate, is matter of discussion.

With regard to the mongoose, some light is thrown on the question in the following account of a battle which took place with a fierce cobra. The fight was witnessed by several officers of the Indian army, and a report of it appeared in the Madras newspapers at the time, signed by K. Macaulay, major; C. J. Combe, captain; and H. G. Symons, lieutenant, 23rd regiment L.I., dated Trichinopoly, July 15, 1863:—

"The mongoose approached the cobra with caution, but devoid of any appearance of fear. The cobra, with head erect and body vibrating, watched his opponent with evident signs of being aware of how deadly an enemy he had to contend with. The mongoose was soon within easy striking distance of the snake, who, suddenly throwing back his head, struck at the mongoose with tremendous force. The mongoose, quick as thought, sprung back out of reach, uttering at the same time savage growls. Again the hooded reptile rose on the defensive, and the mongoose, nothing daunted by the distended jaws and glaring eyes of his antagonist, approached so near to the snake that he was forced, not relishing such close proximity, to draw his head back considerably; this lessened his distance from the ground. The mongoose, at once seizing the advantageous opportunity, sprung at the cobra's head, and appeared to inflict as well as to receive a wound. Again the combatants put themselves in a position to renew the encounter; again the snake struck at his wily opponent, and again the latter's agility saved him. It would be tedious to recount in further detail the particulars of about a dozen successive rounds, at the end of which time neither combatant seemed to suffer more than the other.

"The fight had lasted some three-quarters of an hour, and both combatants seemed now to nerve themselves for the final encounter. The cobra, changing his position of defence for that of attack, advanced, and seemed determined now 'to do or die.' Slowly on his watchful enemy the cobra advanced; with equal courage the mongoose awaited the advance of his still unvanquished foe. The cobra had now approached so close that the mongoose (who, owing to want of space behind, was unable to spring out of reach by jumping backwards, as it had done in previous encounters) nimbly bounded straight up in the air. The cobra missed his object, and struck the ground under him. Immediately on the mongoose alighting, the cobra, quick as thought, struck again, and, to all appearance, fixed his fangs in the head of the mongoose. The mongoose, as the cobra was withdrawing his head after he had inflicted the bite, instantly retaliated by fixing his teeth in the head of the cobra. This seemed to convince the cobra that he was no match for his fierce and watchful antagonist; and now no longer exhibiting a head erect and defiant [illegible], he unfolded his coils and

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ignominiously slunk away. Instantly the mongoose was on his retreating foe, and burying his teeth in his brain, at once ended the contest.

"The mongoose now set to work to devour his victim, and in a few minutes had eaten the head and two or three inches of the body, including the venom so dreaded by all. We should have mentioned before that, previous to this encounter, the snake had struck a fowl, which died within half-an-hour of the infliction of the bite; showing, beyond doubt, its capability of inflicting a deadly wound.

"After the mongoose had satisfied his appetite, we proceeded to examine with a pocket lens the wounds that he had received from the cobra; and on washing away the blood from one of these places, the lens disclosed *the broken fang of the cobra deeply imbedded in the head of the mongoose*. . . We have had the mongoose confined ever since (now four days ago), and it is now as healthy and lively as ever."

The Indian mongoose is about the size of a ferret; the Egyptian ichneumon is larger, measuring about twenty-one inches, not including the tail, which is some sixteen inches more. The colour of the mongoose is a most pleasing mixture of grey and dark freckled hairs; it is an inquisitive little creature, fond of poking its sharp nose into every corner, and frequently hiding in holes. From the description of its manners the mongoose must be in this respect very like the weasel of our English lanes and hedges. The Greek name, *Ichneumon*, which signifies "the tracker," or "hunter," was evidently given to the animal on account of its exploring and inquisitive habits. The generic term *Herpestes* denotes "a creeper." Although both these species are valuable on account of their destruction of poisonous and dangerous animals, yet they are too partial to the flesh of a delicate chicken to be trusted near hen-roosts. A European species was discovered not long ago in Andalusia by Captain Widdrington, and called after him *Herpestes Widdringtoni*. It closely resembles the Egyptian species.

It is a singular but undoubted fact, that poisons produce different effects upon different animals; thus strychnia, one of the most powerful poisons known, not only is not injurious to certain *acari*, but is absolutely *their food*; and Sir Emerson Tennent, in his classical work on Ceylon, tells us that the horn-bill (*Buceros*) feeds with impunity on the deadly fruit of the strychnos, or *Nux vomica* tree; so much truth has the old proverb, "What is one man's food is another man's poison."

Captain de Winton, of Graftonbury, near Hereford, has for some time had in his possession a remarkably fine mongoose, which would persist in breaking out and rambling the neighbourhood, when woe be to anything in the shape of poultry, pigeons, cats, or any other animals of moderate size. Buffon, the naturalist, tells us "it fears neither the force of the dog, the malice of the cat; neither the claws of the vulture, nor the poison of the viper; it makes war upon the most formidable of serpents and even crocodiles, and by its invincible courage generally subdues its enemy." The Graftonbury animal seems to have proved Buffon and Goldsmith to be quite correct in their estimate of his powers. The "Hereford Times" stated that on one occasion when he broke out, meeting with a shepherd's dog twenty times his size he gave him battle, and the contest waxed hot and furious. The mongoose at one time seemed to have the best of it, as the dog was inclined to retire; but being foolishly urged on, the dog resumed the fight, knocked the mongoose over, and, before he could recover himself, inflicted such injuries that death was the result.

AUSTRALIAN NOTES.

BY GEORGE BENNETT, M.D., F.L.S., AUTHOR OF "GATHERINGS OF A NATURALIST IN AUSTRALASIA."

I.—FROM SYDNEY TO HOBART TOWN.

I LEFT Sydney on the morning of the 21st of March, 1875, in the mail steamer Ellora, for Melbourne, and in two days we were off Wilson's Promontory, with fine weather and a smooth sea, having a very close view of the lighthouse, and the high, densely-wooded land in the background. Farther in the distance, the wooded ravines and the sandy beach of Waterloo Bay were seen; and in different directions the rugged islands of Corio, Glennys, Moncur, Rodondo, and the Cleft, added to the beauty of the scene. On passing the southern part of Cleft Island, a deep and open cleft was observed through the rock, from whence it obtained the name, and the only vegetation seen upon the island was on the ledge at the entrance of the aperture. The sides of the island were perpendicular, and worn quite smooth, as if by the action of water, and from the depth of water we could steam very close to it. Seals were seen sunning themselves on the rocks in its vicinity, and were observed in still greater numbers on Seal Island, not far distant.

The following morning we arrived at Williamstown, which is a thriving suburb of Melbourne. The dry-dock, constructed at an enormous outlay, is very complete, and well worthy of inspection. I left for Sandridge in a small steamer, and thence proceeded by rail to Melbourne.

From my hotel I drove to the Zoological Gardens of the Acclimatisation Society. The grounds are laid out with great taste, and planted with parterres of flowers then in full bloom. I observed that elegant tree, the silk-oak of Moreton Bay (*Grevillea robusta*), as well as many other exotic trees, adorning the grounds. The principal indigenous tree was the manna gum (*Eucalyptus viminalis*). The cages and the enclosures for the animals were arranged with judgment and taste. The lion and lioness more particularly attracted my attention, being full-grown animals, sleek and healthy; finer specimens could not be seen in any part of the world. The Tasmanian wolf, or dog-headed thylacinus (*Paracyon cynocephalus*), was a fine animal, and in good condition. This animal is only found living in Tasmania, but in other parts of Australia it occurs in a fossil state. There was also a number of deer from the Mauritius, and various genera and species of kangaroos from various parts of Australia. I also observed a koala, or native bear (*Phascolarctos cinereus*), the most difficult of all the Australian animals, excepting the platypus (*Ornithorhynchus paradoxus*), to

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keep alive in captivity. The method adopted here was to give it a limited range of a large gum-tree (*Eucalyptus*), on the foliage of which it could feed and range about, the only way I consider that these animals can be kept alive in confinement. We have never, as yet, been able to send them to Europe alive. There was a large collection of pheasants of various species, golden, silver, Reeve's, kaleges, etc., and a large collection of other birds and mammals, both exotic and denizens of other parts of Australia.

I afterwards visited the Gallery of the Fine Arts, which contains an excellent collection of paintings and sculpture, and, with the Technological Museum and Free Library, is arranged in one extensive and handsome building. The Scotch and Independent Churches were prominent buildings; the steeple of the former was lofty, light, and elegant. Near it was the monument erected to the memory of the Australian explorers, Burke and Wills, which was modelled and cast in bronze by Mr. Summers, the distinguished sculptor (now resident in Rome), when in Melbourne. These were all in Collins Street, at one end of which is seen the handsome range of the Treasury buildings. Among other notable public buildings may be mentioned the post-office, town-hall, and custom-house.

The following day I called at the Museum of the University, and inspected it in company with its able director, the Professor of Natural History. The arrangement of the collections was excellent. In the garden all the natural orders are represented by living plants and trees. Within the museum the mammals are disposed in groups according to the country they inhabit; and in the background appropriate scenery is introduced. I was also pleased to see that attention was paid to the osteological collection, as the skeletons of animals now form a very important part of the study of natural history. In the department of conchology, not only are the handsome outer coverings displayed, but the animals which occupied the shells are preserved in spirits or modelled in wax. The collection of birds and insects from all parts of the world was also large.

After leaving the museum, I entered the town-hall. The hall is large and handsome, and the organ is very fine. In the afternoon I visited the Botanic Gardens on the St. Kilda road. The gardens had evidently been much neglected. Close to them is the new Government House, occupying a very conspicuous site, which commands an extensive view of Melbourne and vicinity for miles around.

Amongst other public buildings which I subsequently visited was the General Hospital, situated in Lonsdale Street. The wards are extensive, well ventilated, and the arrangements good. In the recently-erected wards attached to the older part of the hospital, the improvement in the style of building was very marked; the rooms are more lofty, the windows larger, and the light so regulated as to impart more cheerfulness. The grounds around the building are planted with ornamental trees and shrubs, and adorned with beds of flowers. The hospital is erected on a block of land on an elevated part of the city, near the National Gallery and Library building.

After a brief stay, I left for Launceston (Tasmania) in the Tamar steamer. The Yarra river winds some distance from Melbourne before the bay is reached. We passed Saltwater river, and the little town of Footscray; long flats extend for a great distance on the banks of the Yarra are protected from the destructive action of the water by dense masses of reeds (*Arundo phragmites*), or stunted shrubs of the colonial pear-tree (*Septos permum*). The channel of the river is marked by numerous beacons. Cormorants, gulls, and other sea-birds were congregated in great numbers. A large number of butterflies, all of the same species, accompanied us down the bay and for some distance at sea.

The entrance to the Tamar is very dangerous, on account of rocks and shoals, but buoys are laid down, and there is a lighthouse to guide the pilot. As we passed up the river the scenery was very picturesque. We passed George Town, noted as being the first settlement in this part of Tasmania. It is situated a few miles above the lighthouse, and appeared only a small village. The river has several bends in its course, and it was very interesting to observe the various changes of scenery as we sped along for a distance of forty miles to the town of Launceston. The hills were clothed with various kinds of gum trees (*Eucalypti*) and other trees, mingled with various shrubs, one of which, at this season of the year—the autumn—assumed a yellowish tint, and was covered by a profusion of scarlet berries.

This was the English sweetbrier (*Rosa rubiginosa*), now become a wide-spreading annoyance, and I had subsequently many opportunities of observing its wide range over the country, similar to the *Lantana aculeata* in Ceylon, and the *Guava psidium* in the island of Tahiti. It was originally introduced as a hedge-plant, for which it is very efficient, if kept within proper bounds and well clipped; but, from carelessness or inattention, it has been permitted to run wild, and being propagated by the aid of birds and other causes it is fast becoming a serious evil, for so firm are the roots it can only be eradicated by the help of bullocks. Often when attempting to botanise in what appeared a suitable locality, the collector finds himself entangled in a thicket of the thorny sweetbrier. It is not confined to Tasmania, as I have been informed that in New South Wales, at Saumarez, near Armidale, it has become very abundant. A similar method of eradicating it was adopted as in Tasmania, by employing bullocks to drag out the roots; but the attempt failed, as the smallest portion of the root remaining would soon grow again, and it was almost impossible to pull the roots entire from the hard soil.

The Bar, below the town of Launceston, can only be crossed at high water by the steamers. The water being low on our arrival, the steamer would not be able to come up to the wharf for some hours, so we landed in boats.

Launceston is situated in a valley at the confluence of the North and South Esk, and from the long, low, flat, and marshy land of the vale, no doubt fogs would be prevalent, but not injurious to the residents. It is a charming little town; the streets are broad and well laid out, and kept very clean; and the principal streets are well paved. There are churches of every denomination, of which the Wesleyan and Presbyterian were conspicuous by their fine towers. The Episcopalian is the oldest structure, being the first church erected when the town was originally laid out; it looks well, having been very recently restored, and the spire repaired and painted. The banks, law courts, town-hall, free library, and other public buildings, were handsome structures; and there ... stores, and wharves with

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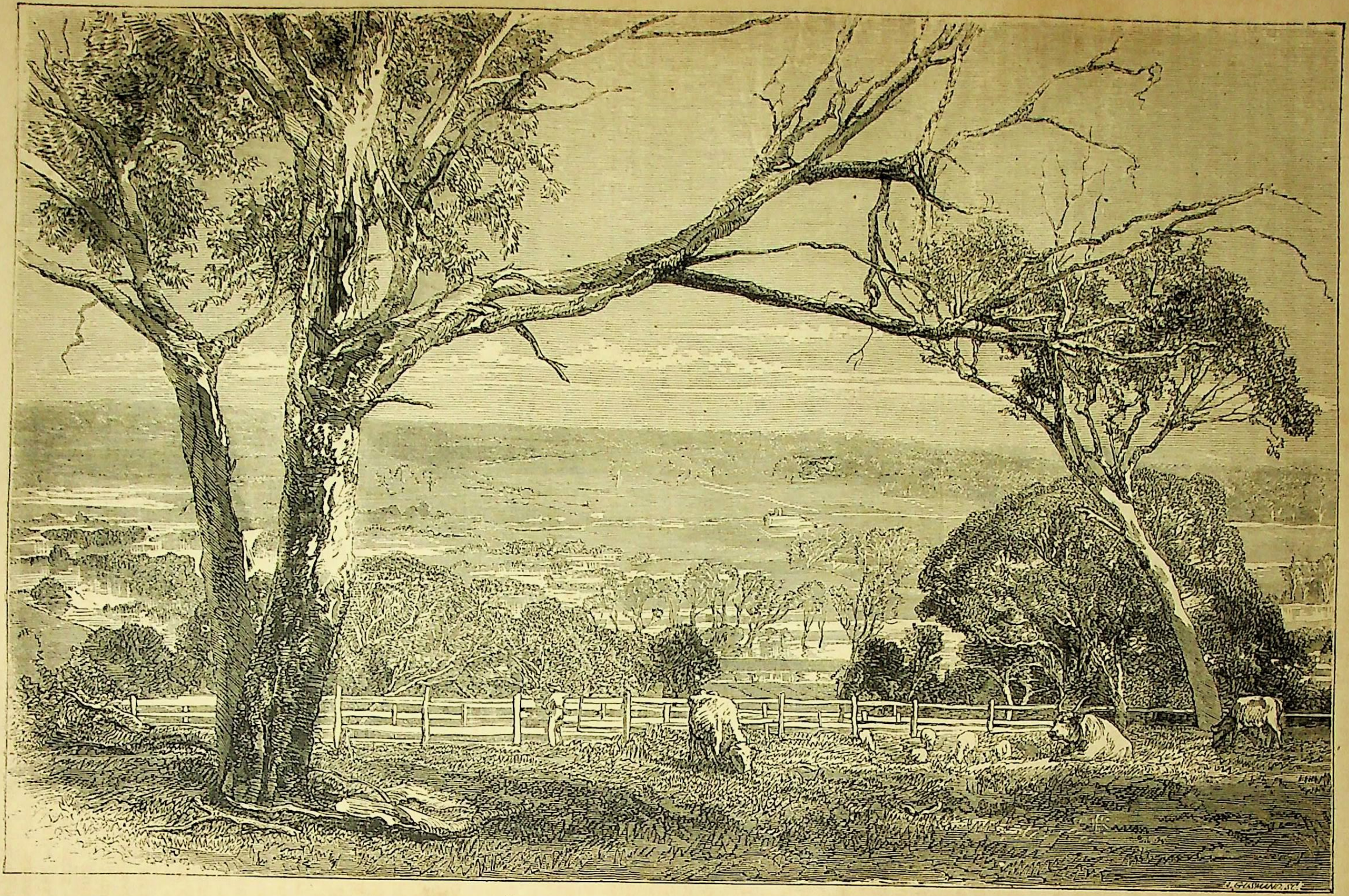

THE VALLEY OF THE YARRA.

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shipping. On one side of the town there is a steep hill, on ascending which there is a deep gorge, through which the South Esk descends in cascades.

The autumn season of the year in Tasmania resembles the same time in England, and the similarity is increased by the prevalence of the hawthorn hedges (*Cratægus oxyacantha*) covered with their scarlet fruit. All the deciduous trees had begun to assume the rich autumnal tints. The arbutus-tree, as well as the barberry (*Berberis vulgaris*) and medlar (*Mespilus*), displayed an abundance of fruit, as well as the apple, pear, and plum-trees. The high land about the town is studded with suburban villas and fine gardens, whence a good view of the town can be obtained, with the Tamar river winding towards the sea until it is lost in the wooded hills in the distance.

The roads are excellent, the basaltic formation of the country yielding an admirable material for roads. The houses are for the most part built of brick stuccoed, or freestone. The supply of water is very abundant and of excellent quality, and is brought from St. Patrick's river; in commemoration of the completion of the works a magnificent fountain has been erected in the public square, at the expense of £800. It is a large and very elegant structure, and I understand it was the prize fountain of the Paris Exhibition of 1867.

On the following morning I went by the Western Railway to Deloraine. As far as I have observed, all this portion of Tasmania appears to be well supplied with water. On the banks of the streams a broad-leaved species of willow (probably *Salix latifolia*) is extensively planted. I have heard that the colonists are desirous of introducing the bitter willow (*Salix purpurea*), as it is not so liable to be destroyed by the rabbits, which now abound in the colony. Trout and salmon-trout are abundant in the rivers, and licences are now issued at certain seasons of the year to anglers. The arable land we passed displayed a good chocolate-coloured soil, indicating its fertile character; at intervals the cultivated portions of the land were varied by the primitive bush of gum-trees (*Eucalyptus*), banksias, acacias, and other indigenous trees and plants. The fields under cultivation for grain were very numerous, and an abundant harvest had just been reaped. The hedges were formed principally of the hawthorn (*Cratægus*) and sweetbrier (*Rosa rubiginosa*), and occasionally of furze (*Ulex europæus*). The hawthorn hedges were from eight to ten feet high, in the summer covered with dense clusters of the fragrant May, and now laden with a profusion of handsome scarlet berries.

The town of Longford which we passed, and the river there, I thought very pretty, the surrounding country was well cultivated and exceedingly picturesque, with much of an English character displayed in the scenery. Few birds were seen near the roadside, and those were principally crows, and the Tasmanian crow-shrike, organ-bird or magpie of the colonists (*Gymnorhina organicum*), which are not destroyed, as they are insectivorous, feeding on grubs, caterpillars, and various kinds of insects. Wattle-trees (*Acacia*) were very abundant on the waste lands in their wild state, as also planted by the side of the road. There is a good deal of attention paid to their cultivation at the present time from the bark being in great demand in Europe for tanning purposes. At some places I observed it piled up for transit in large bundles ready for transit by the rail; but it is exported to Europe in a ground state, being more easily packed than in bulk.

Westbury is a pretty little town, with neat cottages, attractive gardens, and a small church. Quamby Bluff, a conspicuous mountain, loomed in the distance, among other ranges of mountains. The blue tinge was seen over this and the other distant mountains, and was observed more on our arrival at the next station, Exton. It was this blue vapour, when seen at a distance, that gave the name of the "Blue Mountains" to the dividing range in New South Wales. Many have asked the cause of this appearance, and it is very well defined by Goethe, who, when alluding to dioptrical colours of the first-class says, "If the darkness of infinite space is seen through atmospheric vapours illumined by the daylight the blue colour appears. On high mountains the sky appears by day intensely blue, owing to the few thin vapours that float before the endless dark space; as soon as we descend in the valleys the blue becomes lighter, till at last, in certain regions, and in consequence of increasing vapours, it altogether changes to a very pale blue. The mountains in like manner appear to us blue, for as we see them at so great a distance that we no longer distinguish the local tints, and as no light reflected from their surface acts on our vision, they are equivalent to mere dark objects, which, owing to the interposed vapours, appear blue. So we find the shadowed parts of nearer objects are blue when the air is charged with thin vapours."

Deloraine, which was my destination, is a small scattered township, but situated in a very pretty locality on the Meander river. The erratic sweetbrier was here as plentiful as ever, and was evidently using every exertion to supersede the indigenous vegetation; and as for thistles, they are sufficiently numerous in this locality alone to stock the colony. Perhaps the Tasmanians are desirous of preserving this vegetable as feed for their stock in case of a drought or other disasters, as in the interior of New South Wales the settlers look to the thistle for providing food for their cattle in dry seasons. In the disastrous floods on the Shoalhaven, in 1860, all the pasturage lands were destroyed, and the people of the district used to collect the thistles to feed the cattle, that being the only food they could procure. At this place the English character of the scenery is maintained, and no tropical or semi-tropical vegetation adorns the landscape.

From this short excursion I returned to Launceston. At the west end of the town there is a steep hill, which leads to the rugged cliffs of the South Esk Gorge. The view of the river was very fine as it was seen flowing downwards, producing a variety of cataracts as it passed over the huge boulders, and, where no impediment intervened, forming tranquil ponds. On the opposite side there was a similar character of bare boulders of basaltic rocks, the summit of the mountain range being densely clothed with scrub, intermingled with gum-trees and other plants. I afterwards visited this gorge in a boat as far as we could reach to the cataract, and the effect was very fine. We passed under the noble iron bridge of one large span, and soon found ourselves between lofty basaltic rocks. The immense boulders cropped out from the soil in various pyramidal and other forms, and were sometimes seen irregularly piled one upon the other. These, [illegible] various trees and shrubs, ferns, etc., imparted a charming effect to the whole scene. On

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returning to Launceston, I observed very abundant on the banks a paper-bark tree (*Melaleuca squarrosa*).

I subsequently visited the beautiful and romantic gorge of Cora Lynn, which is crossed by a wooden bridge over the main road, whence the view both above and below is very fine. It resembles very much the gorge and cataracts seen on the South Esk, but is on a larger and more magnificent scale.

The families in Launceston are, for the most part, domestic and hospitable, and enjoy all the style and comforts of our English domestic life without any of the ridiculous ostentation seen in other colonies. The villas and mansions around cannot fail to excite admiration, combining as they do the useful with the ornamental in vegetation.

I left Launceston in the afternoon for Hobart Town by coach, a venerable old coach both inside and out, which reminded me of other times and scenes. We stopped for one night at Campbell Town. From its being dark when we arrived, it appears we missed seeing the multitude of rabbits that more especially abounds in this part of the colony, It was so cold that we enjoyed the comfort of a blazing wood fire. Starting early again the next morning, we passed through country the character of which was more purely Australian, and arrived at Oaklands to breakfast. This town is said to be on the most elevated table-land of the island. Pushing forward we arrived at Hobart Town in the afternoon.

THE MARCH OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT TO INDIA.

II.

WHETHER through mere vanity, or for reasons of statecraft, Alexander had of late assumed the Persian royal attire. This had given great offence to many of the Macedonian veterans, who were scandalised at seeing the son of Philip of Macedon imitating the dress of the successors of Cyrus. They thought it foreboded a determination on the part of their monarch to assert the privileges and claim the unlimited power formerly possessed by the great king. But they were destined to receive a ruder shock. This was the introduction of the προσκυνησις, or adoration. The Προσκυνησις consisted in a low inclination of the body, and had always been paid to the Persian king of kings by his courtiers. It was proposed at a banquet by one Anaxarchus, a philosopher of little repute, that divine honours should be paid to Alexander, just as they were to Hercules. This proposition, though received with favour by the Persian nobles, was so vigorously opposed by Calisthenes on behalf of the Macedonians, that the king informed them that the adoration would not be required from them. After the free-spirited Macedonians had been quieted by this assurance the Persian nobles went through the ceremony of adoring Alexander, just as a few years before they had worshipped his unfortunate predecessor on the throne of Asia.

During the stay of the army in their winter quarters at Bactria an event occurred which is the blackest stain on the fair fame of Alexander. The ancient Persians were addicted to hard drinking. One of their monarchs, Darius, the son of Hystaspes, recorded in his epitaph that he could drink more wine than any of his subjects. Alexander seems to have been ambitious of emulating his fame. A feast in honour of the Greek heroes and gods, Castor and Pollux, was given by the king at Bactria. The conversation naturally turned on the famous deeds of those two heroes. Some of the guests asserted that they could not be compared in valour to their own invincible monarch. This degradation of the Grecian deities was more than Cleitus, one of the king's bravest generals, could endure. He, under the influence of the wine, declared that Alexander had himself done nothing, but that his successes were due to the might of the Macedonians. Then becoming more excited, he reminded his sovereign that he had saved his life at the battle of the Granicus. "This hand, O Alexander, this hand," he exclaimed, "preserved your life on that day." The king, who was also under the influence of wine, was so enraged by this remark that he flew at Cleitus, and tearing a lance from the hands of one of his guards, plunged it into the breast of the offender, who fell dead on the spot. The blood of the victim and the completion of his insane revenge brought the monarch to his proper senses. Maddened now by grief, as before by passion, he endeavoured to fall on the point of the weapon, still wet with the blood of his friend. With great difficulty his nobles prevented such a calamity. They conveyed him to his private apartments, where he remained in seclusion, fasting for three days, and inconsolable at the murder of his general. His friends imputed his terrible act to the anger of Dionysus, or Bacchus, for the day on which the crime had been perpetrated was sacred to that deity, and Alexander had disregarded him in order to honour the two heroes Castor and Pollux. Hence the anger of Dionysus.

During the winter the Macedonian army had been recruited by numerous reinforcements. Leaving part of his troops under Craterus to reduce Bactria to submission, the king a second time crossed the wide-flowing Oxus. Dividing his army into five bands, he laid waste Sogdiana in all directions. Spitamenes, seeing his own country thus completely in the power of the enemy, suddenly changed the scene of operations by invading Bactria. He ravaged this province, collecting a large booty, and advanced even to the walls of the capital. Its garrison, enraged at the insolent conduct of the Scythians, sallied out, but though at first successful it was surrounded and annihilated by the invaders. As soon as Craterus heard of this disgrace to the Macedonian arms he set out in pursuit of the victors. They were overtaken on the edge of the desert, and defeated after a hard struggle. Notwithstanding this defeat the indefatigable Spitamenes determined to make one more effort to recover Sogdiana, his former satrapy. He accordingly, on the approach of winter, entered that province. Here he was soon met by an army of Macedonians, under Cœnus, one of the highest officers of Alexander, and completely defeated, 800 of the Scythian horsemen being left dead on the field. This defeat decided the fate of the brave satrap. The Bactrians and Sogdians, who had hitherto supported his cause, now abandoned it as hopeless, and determined to give in their adhesion without delay to the conqueror of Asia. They therefore seized Spitamenes and executed him, sending his head as a peace-offering to Alexander. The Macedonian army after this went into winter quarters near Maracanda (Samarcand).

Almost before the first dawn of spring, 327 B.C.,

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Alexander, impatient for the invasion of India, led out his troops from their winter quarters to the reduction of the few strongholds yet in the hands of the rebels. The first he came to was a precipitous rock, unassailable on every side, and amply provisioned for a siege of many months. The garrison, on being summoned to surrender, replied that the king, if he desired to capture the fortress, had better provide himself with winged soldiers. Stung by this answer, Alexander proclaimed throughout the army that he would give large rewards to the first twelve men who should scale the fortress. From the number who volunteered for this perilous service the 300 best climbers were selected. The most precipitous face of the rock was chosen for the adventure, as being in all probability the least carefully guarded. Each climber was furnished with iron pegs, to be inserted in the interstices of the rock. A strong piece of rope was attached to each peg, and thus a kind of ladder was improvised for the occasion. By dawn of day all the climbers stood on the top of the rock with the exception of thirty, who, having lost their footing, had fallen down the precipice and become embedded in the snow. The barbarians perceiving the summit of their fortress in the hands of their foes, were struck with amazement, and surrendered without delay. Thus they afforded another illustration of the truth of Alexander's favourite maxim, "That no place was impregnable to the brave, or secure to the timorous." Among the captives was Roxana, the daughter of Oxyartes, the fairest woman, with the exception of the wife of Darius, seen by the Macedonians throughout their campaign. The conqueror of Asia could not resist the charms of the Bactrian maiden. He publicly solemnised his nuptials with her soon after the surrender of the fortress. The elevation of Roxana to the throne of Asia was regarded by her countrymen as an honour to themselves. Bactria and Sogdiana, long the most troublesome of all the conquests of the Macedonians, became henceforth the most peaceful, and they were the last to shake off the foreign yoke.

Only one province now remained to be reduced to subjection: this was Margiana. It was situated on the western boundary of Bactria. The capture of the natural fortress, called the Rock of Chorienes (supposed, with good reason, to be the modern Kelat), decided the struggle in favour of the Macedonians. Thus the last of the insurgent provinces now acknowledged the sway of Alexander. After the close of the campaign in Margiana the whole army reassembled at Bactria, preparatory to the invasion of India. During the sojourn at Bactria occurred what is known in history as the Conspiracy of the Pages. It was the custom among the Macedonians for the sons of the nobility to be sent to court to be educated, and at the same time also to serve as hostages for the fidelity of their parents. They acted as the chamberlains of their sovereign, and had to attend him on his hunting expeditions. One of their number (Hermolaus) had, in the heat of the chase, slain the boar. He was immediately deprived of his horse and flogged. This the youthful offender regarded as an indignity only to be expiated by the blood of his master. He conspired with some of his brother chamberlains to murder Alexander when in bed. This arrangement was only frustrated by the king when in the act of retiring to rest, being met by a Syrian woman, held in high repute as a prophetess, who persuaded him to return to the banqueting-chamber. He complied with her request, remarking "that the gods gave wholesome counsel," and the revelry was prolonged till daybreak. The next day Alexander was informed of the plot. Hermolaus and his confederates were seized and put to the torture. They confessed their guilt. Before the assembled army Hermolaus even went the length of apologising for his treason on the ground that a free man could not endure the Persian dress and drunken revelries of the king, and the attempt to introduce the Προσκυνησις, or adoration. The would-be regicides were all found guilty by the assembly and stoned to death. The pages, in confessing their guilt, had implicated the sophist Calisthenes. This philosopher had been a pupil of Aristotle, and had accompanied the conqueror through his campaigns. To him had been entrusted the task of educating the royal pages. For his abuse of the confidence of his sovereign, the sophist was arrested and imprisoned. As to his fate the accounts differ. According to one, he was tortured and then executed; according to the other, he died in prison. This punishment for his traitorous conduct was regarded by his brother philosophers as an insult to their order. They accordingly are said to have loaded his sovereign with those base libels and calumnies which have been handed down to the present day.

It was already summer before Alexander was prepared to set out from Bactria on his road to India. Leaving his general, Amyntas, governor of the district between the Jaxartes and the Paropamisus mountains, he soon afterwards arrived at the northern slope of that range. On his previous visit he had founded, according to the historian Curtius, a city in this region, on the same site as the town of Anderab now stands. On quitting this city, the army entered the mountain passes, and after ten days of hard toil reached the town of Alexandreia, which had been founded two years before, in 329 B.C., on the southern foot of the Paropamisus. This town did not long retain the name given it by its founder, but soon became exclusively known and designated as Cabura, or Ortospana. Cabura is only another form of Cabul. Thus the present capital of Afghanistan is the same city as that founded by the Macedonian monarch on his march to India.

From Cabura the army advanced to a small town called Nicæa. From this place Alexander sent orders to all the satraps, or governors of the districts to the west of the River Indus, to come and meet him. These commands were obeyed by the satraps, who promised the king all the elephants at their disposal.

Alexander now divided his forces. One division he placed under the joint command of Hephæstion and Perdiccas, and ordered to advance to the banks of the Indus, there to build a bridge across the river. With the other division the king himself penetrated into the mountainous regions lying to the north-west of the great river. Having forded with much difficulty the River Guræus—in all probability the modern Cashgur, or Kamah—Alexander soon reached Massaga, the capital of the tribe of the Affaceni, or Assaceni, the supposed ancestors of the Afghans. On the approach of the invaders the natives came into the plain and engaged the Macedonians in battle, but were driven back to the city with heavy loss. Several attempts to take the place by storm failed. The king, who was, as usual, foremost in the

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fight—received a wound in the leg from an arrow. At length a tower was erected by the besiegers, and from it a bridge was thrown to the city wall. The Macedonians now poured into the fortress. The Indians, however, still continued the struggle, and not till their commander was slain did they condescend to yield. The conqueror offered them a free pardon and their property, provided they agreed to enter his service. The Indians consented, but afterwards, either mistrusting the king's promises or being unwilling to fight against their countrymen, they endeavoured to escape. They were, however, pursued by the Macedonians and put to the sword.

After the reduction of Massaga, the king proceeded to the celebrated rock Aornos. In this natural fortress all the inhabitants of the district had taken refuge. It is situated on the right bank of the Indus. According to report Aornos was impregnable, and had thrice resisted the might of Hercules. This report only served as an incentive to the danger-loving monarch, who burnt with the desire of doing what the great national hero of Greece had failed to accomplish. On arriving at the base of the fortress the king was visited by some natives, who offered to conduct the Macedonians to a detached summit, from which the operations for the capture of the rock could be more easily directed. Under the guidance of these traitors the summit was seized and occupied by a select force under Ptolemy, the future ruler of Egypt. The king now tried to ascend from another side, but was easily repulsed. During the night, however, he contrived to send a message to Ptolemy to attack as soon as he again assailed the other side. The double attack succeeded, and the forces of the king and his general were reunited. But though the summit was thus occupied by the whole army, the fortress was not yet conquered. A large ravine lay between the Macedonians and the rock itself. By almost superhuman exertions, in the short space of four days a mound had been erected across the ravine within bow-shot of the fortress. The garrison, finding itself now exposed to the enemy's missiles, offered to capitulate. Their terms were accepted. Alexander, however, learnt that the Indians did not intend to capitulate, but merely to gain time, and to retire to their respective homes. Accordingly, he left the exits free. As soon as the Indians had deserted their outworks the Macedonians scaled the rock and secured the fortress. Thus Alexander achieved the conquest of the impregnable Aornos.

After the capture of this rock the victors built vessels and floated down the Indus as far as the bridge which had been already constructed.

The march from Persia to India was now completed. In four years from his quitting Persepolis Alexander had subdued all the eastern provinces of the Persian empire, and conquered the hitherto invincible Scythians. He now stood victorious on the banks of the mighty Indus, impatient for battle and for conquest. Before him lay that wondrous land of India, rich both in gold and legends, now the chief object of his ambition. There we must leave him. To narrate the adventures of the Macedonians on the eastern shores of the Indus, and to trace their homeward march towards Persia, fall beyond the limits of our present purpose. The history of the march of Alexander shows how even almost insurmountable difficulties are overcome by bravery and indomitable perseverance. The desert, the mighty rivers, the snow-capped mountains, which present such difficulties to the modern strategist, had each in their turn been safely traversed by the Macedonian army under its invincible leader, who seemed to triumph over the natural obstacles impeding his onward movements with as little difficulty as he had scattered the hosts of Darius on the Granicus and at Arbela.

THE BEGUM'S FORTUNE.

BY JULES VERNE.

CHAPTER XVI.—A BRACE OF FRENCHMEN CAPTURE A TOWN.

WHEN tidings of the disappearance of Schultz reached Frankville, Max's first words were : "Suppose it should be merely a trick!"

He reflected, however, that the results to Stahlstadt had been so disastrous as to make such an hypothesis inadmissible.

Still, as hatred is an unreasoning passion, the exasperated rage of such a man as Herr Schultz might really render him capable of sacrificing everything to it. Whether or not this was the case, it was undeniably necessary to be on the *qui vive.*

The Council of Defence immediately, therefore, issued a proclamation exhorting the inhabitants to be on their guard against false reports spread by the enemy, with the object of lulling them into security.

Frankville judged it prudent to continue all the preparations for defence, taking no notice of what might after all prove to be a stratagem of its arch-enemy.

But by-and-by the journals of San Francisco, Chicago, and New York published further details, and news of the financial and commercial consequences of the Stahlstadt catastrophe, forming altogether a mass of evidence to prove that Schultz was a genuine bankrupt, and had indeed disappeared.

And so, one fine morning, the doctor's model city became aroused to the fact that it was safe, just as a sleeper escapes from the oppression of a horrible dream by the simple operation of awaking.

Yes! Frankville was clearly out of danger, without having to strike a blow, and Max, now absolutely certain of it, announced the news amid public rejoicing.

A strain seemed suddenly removed. The public drew, as it were, a long sigh of relief, and assumed a holiday aspect.

Everybody shook hands, offered mutual congratulations, and invited each other to dinner. All the women came out in fresh toilets, and the men took leave of drill, manœuvres, and hard work.

Every one went about looking satisfied, and beaming. Frankville was just like a town peopled with convalescents. But among them all, the happiest was unquestionably Doctor Sarrasin.

The worthy man had felt himself responsible for

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the fate of those who had come with confidence to settle on his territory, and to place themselves under his protection.

For the last month, the fear of having allured them to destruction, when he had only sought their happiness, had never left him a moment's rest. Now he was released from terrible anxiety, and breathed freely.

This common danger had more closely united the citizens. All classes had been brought nearer to each other, and knew themselves brothers, animated with the same feelings, and affected by the same interests. A new sensation had sprung up in the heart of all. Henceforward the inhabitants had a strong feeling of patriotism for Frankville. They had feared, they had suffered for their town, and now they knew how much they loved it.

The material results of having placed it in a state of defence were also to the advantage of the city. Their strength was known. They felt more sure of themselves, and would now be ready for whatever the future might bring.

The prospects of Doctor Sarrasin's work had never appeared more brilliant; and (a rare thing) no ingratitude was shown towards Max. Although the safety of the population had not been his work, public thanks were voted to the young engineer, as to the organiser of the defence, the man to whose devotion the town would have owed its safety, had the plans of Herr Schultz succeeded.

Max, however, did not regard his part as finished. The mystery surrounding Stahlstadt might still, he thought, conceal danger. He could not rest satisfied until he had thrown complete light into the very midst of the darkness which still enveloped the City of Steel.

He resolved, therefore, to return to Stahlstadt, and to stop at nothing until he had probed the last secret to its depths.

Doctor Sarrasin represented to him that the enterprise would be difficult, that it would bristle with dangers, that he knew not what mines might spring beneath his feet, and that, in fact, it would resemble a descent into the lower regions. Herr Schultz, such as he had been described to him, was not a man to disappear with impunity to others, or to bury himself alone beneath the ruin of all his hopes. They had every reason to fear the last desperate design of such a man. It would be like the terrible dying agony of a shark!

"My dear doctor, it is just because I think all you imagine possible that I believe it my duty to go to Stahlstadt," answered Max. "The place may be compared to a shell from which I must snatch the match before it bursts, and I will even ask your permission to take Otto with me."

"Otto!" exclaimed the doctor.

"Yes! He is now a fine fellow, who may be relied on; and I assure you that this excursion will do him a great deal of good!"

"May God protect you both!" returned the old man, fervently grasping his hand.

The next morning a carriage drove through the deserted villages, and deposited Max and Otto at the gate of Stahlstadt.

Both were well equipped, well armed, and very determined not to come back until they had cleared up the mystery.

They walked side by side along the outer road which led round the fortifications, and the truth, which Max till then had persisted in doubting, now lay before them.

It was evident that the place was completely deserted. From the lonely road, which he now trod with Otto, he could formerly have seen within the town flaring gas, or the flash of a sentinel's bayonet, and many other signs of life. The windows of the different sections would have been illuminated and dazzling. Now all was dark and silent. Death seemed to hover over the city, its tall chimneys standing up like skeletons. The footfalls of Max and his companion alone aroused the echoes of the place. The sensation of solitude and desolation was so strong that Otto could not help remarking:

"It is singular, but I have never felt silence similar to this! We might suppose ourselves in a cemetery!"

It was seven o'clock when Max and Otto reached the edge of the moat, opposite to the principal gate of Stahlstadt. Not a living creature appeared on the crest of the wall, and of the sentinels who formerly had stood at equal distances all round, like so many human posts, not one remained. The drawbridge was raised, leaving before the gate a gulf from five to six yards in width.

It took them more than an hour before they could succeed in fastening the end of a stout rope, by throwing it with all their might, so as to catch over one of the beams. After much trouble, Max managed it, and Otto going first, drew himself up hand over hand to the top of the gate. Max passed up to him their arms and ammunition, and then he himself took the same way.

They now carried their rope to the other side of the wall, let down all their impedimenta, and finally slid down themselves.

The two young men were now on the roundway which Max remembered having followed the first day he entered Stahlstadt. Complete silence and solitude were all around. Before them rose, black and dumb, the imposing mass of buildings which glared with their thousand glass windows at the intruders, as if to say:

"Be off! You have no business to attempt the penetration of our secrets!"

Max and Otto consulted.

"We will assail the O gate, as that is the one with which I am best acquainted," said Max.

They bent their steps westward, and soon arrived before the monumental arch, which bore on its front the letter O. The two massive oaken doors, full of great iron nails, were closed. Max approached, and struck them several times with a large stone taken from the road.

The echo alone resounded.

"Come! to work!" he cried to Otto.

They had now to recommence the troublesome work of throwing their rope over the door, until it met with some obstacle on which it would firmly catch. This was difficult, but they succeeded at last, and Max and Otto surmounted the wall, and found themselves in section O.

"What a nuisance!" exclaimed Otto, looking round; "where is the use of all our trouble? We have made but little progress! No sooner have we got over one wall, than we find another before us!"

"Silence in the ranks!" returned Max. "Here we are in my old workshop. I am not sorry to see it again, that we may possess ourselves of certain

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tools which we shall be sure to need, not forgetting a few packets of dynamite."

As he spoke they entered the great casting-hall to which the young Alsacian had been admitted on his arrival at the factory.

How dismal it now looked, with its furnaces extinguished, its rails rusted, its dusty cranes extending their gaunt arms in the air like so many gallows. All this struck a chill to the heart, and Max felt that some diversion to their ideas would be pleasant.

"Here is a workshop which will interest you more," he observed, leading the way to the canteen.

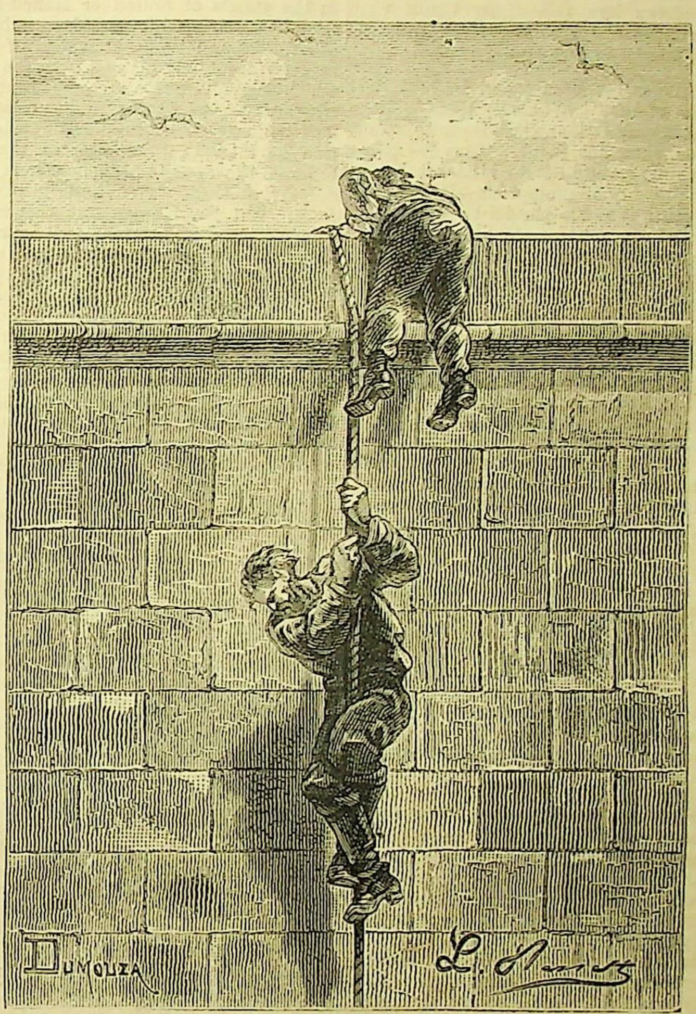
Otto followed obediently, and showed unmistakable signs of satisfaction as he caught sight of the preserved meats and other good things which were there; more than enough to furnish them with a substantial breakfast, the want of which they began to feel.

Whilst eating, Max considered what was next to be done. There was no use in even thinking of scaling the wall of the Central Block, as it was prodigiously high, isolated from all the other buildings, and without a projection on which to fasten a rope. To find the door, of which there was probably only one, it would be necessary to go through all the sections, anything but an easy task. Dynamite could be used, though that was dangerous, for it seemed impossible that Herr Schultz should have disappeared without constructing traps in his deserted territory, or establishing counter-mines to the mines which those who wished to take possession of Stahlstadt would not fail to form. But no fear of this could deter Max.

Seeing that Otto was now refreshed and rested, Max went with him to the end of the road which formed the axis of the section, up to the foot of the huge freestone wall.

"What say you to attempting a blast here?" he asked. "Shall we pierce the wall and lay a train of dynamite?"

"It will be hard work, but we are not afraid of that!" replied Otto, ready to attempt anything.



DESCENT INTO STAHLSTADT.

They first had to lay bare the foot of the wall, then introduce a lever between two stones, loosen one, and finally, with a drill, pierce several little parallel trenches. By ten o'clock all was prepared, the dynamite in its place, and the match lighted.

Max knew that it would burn for five minutes, and as he had noticed that the canteen was underground, and was a regular stone-vaulted cellar, he took refuge there with Otto.

Suddenly every building, and even the cellar, were shaken as if by an earthquake. Then, almost immediately, a tremendous roar, resembling the sound of three or four batteries thundering at once, rent the air.

In two or three seconds a perfect avalanche of stones and *débris* showered down far and wide. Then began an uproar of breaking roofs, crashing beams, falling walls, mingled with the sound of a cascade of broken glass.

When the frightful din had ceased, Max and Otto ventured forth from their retreat.

Accustomed as he was to the terrific effects of an explosion, Max was perfectly astonished at the results of this one. Half of the section had been blown up, and the dismantled walls of all the neighbouring workshops resembled those of a bombarded town.

On all sides the ground was strewed with heaps of rubbish and pieces of glass and plaster, whilst clouds of dust, settling down, fell like snow on the ruins.

Otto and Max hastened to the inner wall.

From fifteen to twenty feet of it had been thrown down, and on the other side of the breach the ex-draughtsman of the Central Block could see the well-known hall where he had passed so many hours.

As the place was no longer guarded, it was soon entered.

Still the same silence everywhere.

Max passed in review the studios, where formerly his comrades admired his diagrams. In one corner he discovered the very half-sketched drawing of a steam-engine on which he had been engaged when Herr Schultz summoned him to the park.

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Varieties.

Anecdote of Count von Moltke.—At the moment when war was declared by France the great general was seriously indisposed. On learning the news at an advanced hour in the evening the king went to consult Count von Moltke, and had him aroused. "War is declared," said the king. "With whom?" asked the general. "With France," was the reply. "The third portfolio on the left," was, it is said, all the count vouchsafed to say, and he fell asleep immediately. Even if this little tale be not quite correct in every particular, it points a moral, nevertheless, and shows how thoroughly Count von Moltke's reputation for coolness and readiness is appreciated even by those who have least cause to love him.

Protoplasm.—This substance has been called by Professor Huxley "the physical basis of life." Wherever there is life, from its lowest to its highest manifestations, there is protoplasm; wherever there is protoplasm, there too is life. Thus co-extensive with the whole of organic nature—every vital act being referable to some mode or property of protoplasm—it becomes to the biologist what the ether is to the physicist; only that, instead of being a hypothetical conception, accepted as a reality from its adequacy in the explanation of phenomena, it is a tangible and visible reality, which the chemist may analyse in his laboratory, the biologist scrutinise beneath his microscope and his dissecting-needle. The chemical composition of protoplasm is very complex, and has not been exactly determined. It may, however, be stated that protoplasm is essentially a combination of albuminoid bodies, and that its principal elements are, therefore, oxygen, carbon, hydrogen, and nitrogen. In its typical state it presents the condition of a semi-fluid substance—a tenacious, glairy liquid, with a consistence somewhat like that of the white of an unboiled egg. While we watch it beneath the microscope movements are set up in it; waves traverse its surface, or it may be seen to flow away in streams, either broad and attaining but a slight distance from the main mass, or else stretching away far from their source, as narrow liquid threads, which may continue simple, or may divide into branches, each following its own independent course; or the streams may flow one into the other, as streamlets would flow into rivulets and rivulets into rivers, and this not only where gravity would carry them, but in a direction diametrically opposed to gravitation; now we see it spreading itself out on all sides into a thin liquid stratum, and again drawing itself together within the narrow limits which had at first confined it, and all this without any obvious impulse from without which would send the ripples over its surface or set the streams flowing from its margin. Though it is certain that all these phenomena are in response to some stimulus exerted on it by the outer world, they are such as we never meet with in a simply physical fluid—they are spontaneous movements resulting from its proper irritability, from its essential constitution as living matter. Examine it closer, bring to bear on it the highest powers of your microscope—you will probably find disseminated through it countless multitudes of exceedingly minute granules; but you may also find it absolutely homogeneous, and whether containing granules or not, it is certain that you will find nothing to which the term organisation can be applied. You have before you a glairy, tenacious fluid, which, if not absolutely homogeneous, is yet totally destitute of structure. And yet no one who contemplates this spontaneously moving matter can deny that it is alive. Liquid as it is, it is a living liquid; organless and structureless as it is, it manifests the essential phenomena of life.—*Professor Allman.*

The Bishop of Manchester on Protoplasm.—In a sermon on the Sunday after the address of Professor Allman at Sheffield, the Bishop of Manchester said he had read with such attention and interest as his small intelligence would command—for many of the thoughts went far beyond the compass of his little learning—the inaugural address delivered by the president of the British Association. No doubt it was highly interesting to note the progress and development of protoplasm. No doubt it was a matter of profound interest to be told that down in the depths of the sea there was a tenacious, glairy fluid, out of which every living being was formed, and which was the basis of all physical life. So said Dr. Allman. They remembered how the world was startled a few years ago by that presidential address at Belfast, which told them that in matter they must discern the potency of every form of life. Dr. Allman said he s[illegible] not speak of consciousness. He did not say that protoplasm was the author of our hopes, our fears, our thoughts, or our aspirations; it was not the seat of our will, our affections, our reverence, or our faith. Protoplasm, then, did not help him (the bishop) much in fighting the battle of life; it might be well to know that he was compounded of that tenacious, glairy fluid which was originally found at the bottom of the sea, but he did not see that it helped him to fight the battle of life, or to cope with the evil and wickedness which were to be met with in the streets of Bolton or Manchester. He was rejoiced to read, however—and he would quote his own words—the remarks of Dr. Allman: "The properties of consciousness belong to a category absolutely distinct from the properties of matter; one which presents not a trace of connection with any of those which physicists have agreed in assigning to matter." When he (the bishop) read Professor Tyndall's address on this question he thought if we accepted the professor's premises, and followed them out to his conclusions, we should have to acknowledge that there was nothing in the universe but matter and force. But Dr. Allman said that we were not forced to that conclusion. Perchance in that great impassable and unreachable domain which Dr. Allman told us lay beyond that extreme point which telescopes and microscopes were unable to detect, there might be something other than matter and force, but at all events there was room for God and for the human soul, and given those two things—God and the human soul—they had the problem, or the elements of the problem, of Christianity. Dr. Allman further said, "Mind as well as body is travelling onwards through higher and still higher phases." He himself believed it, and that was the Christian faith and doctrine. There was to be a glorified God and a sanctified spirit, and this was the doctrine of the evolution of the Church of Christ.

Mr. Gladstone at St. Pancras Workhouse.—We cannot recall an instance in which a statesman who has filled the highest place in the councils of the Sovereign ever delivered an address to an audience like that which lately listened to the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone in St. Pancras Workhouse. One of the guardians of that parish had given some six hundred of the inmates of the workhouse a substantial dinner, when Mr. Gladstone spoke as an aged Christian man (he is within three months of seventy years old) to aged men and women, of their common nature, common duties, and common responsibilities. The right honourable gentleman remarked that it was good for those who belonged to the wealthier classes to be brought into contact with poverty, and to remember how entirely and absolutely they all stood upon one level in the face of One greater than themselves, for they lived in an age when most of them had forgotten that the gospel of their Saviour Christ, which He came to preach, and the sanction of which He sealed with His blood, in addition to all else, besides scattering blessings over every class of the community, was, above all, the gospel of the poor; that the lot of the poor was that which He chose for Himself; that from the ranks of the poor He selected His apostles, who went forth into the world to found the most glorious kingdom ever exhibited to the eyes of men, and that from His own mouth proceeded the words which showed us that, in reference to temporal circumstances, a time would come when many of the first would be last, and many of the last first. Whilst the rich were blessed if they confronted the many and subtle temptations of the life they had to live, the poor also were blessed who accepted with cheerfulness the limited circumstances and conditions in which they had to pass these few fleeting years, and were content to look forward to the hope that was beyond the grave, and to the brightness of the light which shines upon the farther shore of the dark river of death. Mr. Gladstone closed his address with the following words: "May the recollection of this day, my friends and contemporaries—as I may truly call you—may the recollection of this day serve to cheer many a future day for every one of you, to be a source of thankfulness for the past, and an indication that there lies before you in the future, unless it be by your own fault—your own unhappy fault—the hope of days brighter far than this, when your lot will be relieved from every burden laid upon it by adverse circumstances, and when you may well hope to be, through the merits of Him who has lived and died for us, brought into the enjoyment of a happiness that shall never again be disturbed. I heartily wish you well, one and all, now, and in the remainder of your lives—now, and in the other and more important life which is to follow."

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AUSTRALIAN VEGETATION (VICTORIA.

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THE LEISURE HOUR.

BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND.
AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND.—*Cowper.*

NOT WANTED.

STRAIGHT TO THE MARK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BOY AND MAN," "LOMBARDY COURT," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXV.—A DREARY RETROSPECT.

My way of life
Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf:
And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have.—*Shakespeare.*

VERY bitter were the thoughts which passed through Mr. Strafford's mind after he had dismissed his servant from the room, and had fallen back in his chair, as described in our last chapter. Old, old, old! The same unwelcome truth forced upon him again and again; the same reproach, for such it seemed to be, cast at him from all sides. A life wasted; its opportunities gone; time passing quickly and the end not far off. "If a man live many years, and rejoice in them all; yet let him remember the days of darkness; for they shall be many." Mr. Strafford had not rejoiced in the many years of his past life; no

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"Should I?" said Tom, laughing, for he was pleased to see that the old man was smiling and looking more animated. "Well, there would be something to show for the money, at all events. Good-bye, Mr. Strafford."

"Good-bye, young spendthrift; and if you ever should come this way again you will call and see me, won't you?"

"Yes, sir; certainly. Good-bye again. What's this?"

Mr. Strafford had hold of his hand and was pressing a coin into the palm.

"Put it away," said the old man; "put it in your pocket, you will soon get rid of it, I dare say. You'll spend it."

Tom would have done as he was bid, amused but willing to gratify the old man, supposing that he had given him a shilling. But the coin felt heavy, and, glancing at it before dropping it into his pocket, he perceived that it was gold. His pride revolted at this, and he endeavoured to thrust it back into the giver's hand, but he would not receive it.

"Thank you, Mr. Strafford; thank you all the same," he said, "but I cannot take this."

"Oh yes, yes. Good-bye, good-bye."

"I can't, indeed."

"Why not?"

Tom could not say why not, but only repeated that he would rather not accept such a gift.

"Leave it, then," said the old man, sharply. "Leave it; you won't take anything from me, I suppose; that's what you mean. Then leave it, I say; leave it."

Tom looked at him with surprise; this reiteration of the words was uncalled for, as he had already laid the coin down upon a table, and had approached the door. But he saw the old man's features working strangely, the look of satisfaction gone from his face, and his lips white and trembling.

"If it would really give you pleasure, Mr. Strafford," he said, hesitating, and looking at the piece of gold.

Mr. Strafford pointed to it and nodded, but seemed unable to find words.

"Thank you, Mr. Strafford," Tom said, warmly, taking up the money; "thank you. Good-bye."

The old man put his arm round the boy's neck, pressing him for a moment to his side, and then dismissed him.

Tom ran out, and found young Martin waiting for him at the end of the avenue.

"What a time you have been!" said the latter.

"Yes; I am glad I came, though. I am very glad I came; look what he has given me!"

"He never gave you that, surely!" cried Martin. "I wonder whether it is a good one? I could not help pitying you for being shut up with him so long. But it was worth coming for. A sovereign!"

"I did not mean that," said Tom; "he would have been so vexed if I had not called to see him."

"Virtue brings its own reward," said Martin, sententiously.

"If you mean that virtue brings sovereigns, I don't think you understand the proverb right. I did not want any reward for going to see Mr. Strafford, but I shall feel all the happier for having done so. As for the sovereign, I would rather not have taken it, though I am always glad of a tip when it comes from the right person. We will go halves, Swallow."

"No," said the other, "I do not wish for any of it; Mr. Strafford would never have given it to me. It is a wonderful thing that he should make such a present to any one."

The sovereign had made a great impression upon young Martin; he had never possessed one in his life. "I hope the old gentleman won't repent," he added.

"I am not afraid of that," said Tom; "I could see that he was in earnest. No; Mr. Strafford will not repent of this, I'm sure."

When Tom Howard and his companion arrived at the vicarage, he was met by Mrs. Martin, who had a letter in her hand. It had come by second delivery, and from her manner Tom thought at once that it concerned him. Mrs. Martin took him aside quietly, and began to talk to him about his friends in India.

"Have you heard from my mother?" Tom asked, eagerly.

"No, Tom. You forget that I do not know your mother."

"Has Mrs. Beverley written to you?"

"Yes. She thinks it better for you to go home immediately."

"Has she heard from my mother?"

"Yes."

"Has she sent the letter?—is she quite well?"

"Yes, she is well, all things considered."

"What do you mean by 'all things'?"

Mrs. Martin evaded the question; but, looking tenderly in Tom's face, asked him, "When did you last hear from your mother?"

"About a month ago. I hear every month."

"Did your father often write?"

"No, he was always too busy, or something. But he generally sent a message."

"How long is it since you last saw your father?"

"About six years."

"You remember him very well, Tom, I suppose?" she said.

"Of course; though you know, Mrs. Martin, I never saw very much of him, he was so often away up the country when I was in India; and when he was at home he had so much to do; and I have never seen him since I was about seven years old. I shall go and see him some day, I hope."

"You will see your mother sooner than you expect, Tom, perhaps."

"Oh, Mrs. Martin! what do you mean? Am I to go out there? Is she coming home?"

"She will come home soon, probably."

"Soon! how soon? And will he come with her—my father? Is he coming too?"

Mrs. Martin shook her head slowly, and Tom could not but be struck with the expression of sadness and pity with which she regarded him.

"What is it?" he cried; "what is the matter?"

He stood still and looked at her, afraid to say more; a terrible thought had entered his mind.

"I wish your mother were here now," Mrs. Martin said. "But she is on her way home by this time, overland; in two or three weeks you will see her."

Tom felt his heart beat rapidly and his eyes grow dim. A tumult of great joy, mingled with fear, arose within him. He tried to speak, but there was a lump in his throat, and he could not utter a sound.

"I wish she were here now, Tom," Mrs. Martin repeated; "you will want her near you, and she—oh, how she must pine for you at such a time! You will have her all to yourself, Tom, in future, and you must be everything to her."

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She drew the boy to her lap, kissed him, and when he broke out into sobbing, shed some tears over him. "You have a Father in heaven, Tom; remember that," she said. "Ask Him to comfort you, my poor boy! and to supply your loss."

Neither of them spoke for a long while. Tom tried to do as his kind friend had bidden him, and as his own feelings would have prompted him. He became calmer after a time, and then Mrs. Martin took his mother's letter from the envelope and gave it to him to read. It was addressed to him, but had been sent to Mrs. Beverley enclosed in another in order that he might be prepared gently for the sad news. Mr. Howard had died suddenly from sunstroke, away from home, on one of his journeys. That was nearly all the information that it contained. Mrs. Howard had been supported under the shock in a way that she could hardly have thought possible, but was yearning for her child, and meant to start immediately upon her homeward journey.

"When do you think she will be here?" Tom asked.

"In three weeks or a month, most likely."

"When shall I go to London?"

"To-morrow morning, if you like."

"Yes; I would rather be at home to wait for her."

"Have you any relations in England besides Mrs. Beverley?"

"No; none."

"Had your father no relations here?"

"I never heard of any."

"Well, Tom, you must go to-morrow; but come here again whenever you like; we shall always be glad to have you. You saved my boy's life at the risk of your own, Tom. I shall never forget it; and we are all very fond of you for your own sake also. God bless you!"

There was comfort for the poor boy in those last words. He soon recovered his composure, being scarcely able yet to understand his loss, and looking forward to his mother's speedy return, whom he had not expected to see for two or three years at soonest.

The next day he left his kind friends at the vicarage, and went by an early train to London.

KABUL TWO THOUSAND YEARS AGO.

A BURIED HISTORY EXHUMED.

TWO hundred years before Julius Cæsar brought his legions to Albion, Kabul had already figured in history. In order to get a glimpse of that history we must consult our friend Dr. Dryasdust. He informs us that ancient geographers applied the term "Ariana," now so largely used by Orientalists, to the country which lies between the Soleiman mountains on the east and ancient Persia on the west. It had Beluchistan to the south, and the mountains of the Hindoo Koosh and their extensions westward to the north. So Ariana was modern Afghanistan with the addition of modern Khorasan. Afghanistan proper was divided into three provinces, two large and one small.*

The great Grecian conqueror of this part of the world left his name in several places. Herat was called after him; there is Opiane in the Kabul valley; Khojend, on the Jaxartes, the farthest of Alexander's course of conquest to the north, was Alexandria Cyropolis; and in the Punjab alone no less than three places rejoiced in being named after him.

Alexander entered Afghanistan from the north-west. He marched from Herat, on a course of conquests, to Farrah, and thence to Kandahar. From this place he went by Gazin to Kabul, which he occupied. He seems to have made the valleys of Ghorband and Panjsheer, which lie north of Kabul, his basis whence he started for the conquest of Tartary, or Bactria, and to which he returned after this expedition had been successfully completed. From these valleys, too, he started when he went to India. His empire on his death was at once divided amongst his generals. Bactriana was under Satrap Philip, Ariana under Satraps Strasanor and Siburtius, and India under Oxyartes, father-in-law of Alexander. These three Indian satraps governed the three parts of India—the valley of the Kabul, the Punjab, and Scinde. They took an active part in the quarrels for empire. After about seven years of fighting, Seleucus emerged as ruler from "the Euphrates to the Oxus and Indus." This Seleucus evidently did not think the Kabul valley of much use to him, for he bartered it, and all the rest of Alexander's India to Chandra Gupta, for five hundred elephants. He sent an ambassador to the court of this Indian emperor, and from this ambassador, by name Megasthenes, and his successor, we learn much respecting ancient India.

Seleucus was murdered in 280 B.C. He was succeeded by Antiochus Soter, who was succeeded by Antiochus Theos, who, being undecided as to which of his two wives, Laodike or Berenike, he liked the best, the former poisoned him to put an end to his doubts in the most undoubted manner, 246 B.C. Seleucus the Second succeeded. In his time Bactria revolted, and the Greeks of Bactria occupied the Kabul valley, which thus became a province of Bactria. This revolt was headed by Diodotus, who was succeeded by a son of the same name. History tells us that Euthydemus usurped the throne, and that Eukratides took the throne from Demetrius, the son and successor of Euthydemus, and that Eukratides himself was murdered by his own son, whose name, however, is not positively known. From this point history is silent. Two other kings' names occur in connection with India in history. They are Menander and Apollodotus. History gives us no clue as to what happened in Kabul after this, or as to the kings who were at the head of the people. The history of the Kabul of two thousand years ago was buried. The Grecian empire in the West was conquered by the Romans. The chronicles of a remote Eastern province of the conquered empire had no chance of being recorded in the literature of Rome. As it was reserved for the present century to decipher the wall-writing of Egypt and Assyria, so it was also given to us of the nineteenth century to find out something of Kabul and her kings of two thousand years ago. The story of the discovery is one of great interest.

Sir Alexander Burnes, in his work on Kabul, gave at the end a series of plates of coins which he had collected in his travels. The whole of them were

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* *Drangiana* occupied the whole of the south-west of Afghanistan from Herat to Kelat; *Arachosia* was the whole of the north-east half; *Paropamisus* was the valley of the Kabul river. The city of Kabul was called *Ortospanum*, Jelalabad *Plegerium Nagara*, Kandahar *Gandhara*, and Farrah *Phra*. There were several cities in the valley of the River Kabul, such as *Nykea*, *Kapissa*, *Andaka*, *Nysa*, *Alexandria Opiane*, etc.

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very poor, and scarcely any of them were legible. But about the same time was an Englishman in Kabul—a man who kept his eyes open to the things which are to be seen in a country, whose book is now a standard work on Afghanistan and its people, —Charles Masson. In the third volume of his work he tells us that the people of Kabul often spoke to him about the old coins to be obtained at Begram. This Begram is to Kabul antiquities what Rosetta proved to those of Egypt. Masson, when he got an opportunity, visited the place; but at first he "applied for coins in vain," no one would sell any to him. Nevertheless, he soon found current coins powerful in producing those of two thousand years ago. By the end of that year he had "1,865 copper coins, besides a few silver ones," and "many rings and signets and other relics." In 1837 he obtained from the plain of Begram no less than 60,000 copper coins, and he believed he could get 30,000 annually.

Now a few words about Begram. It is a plain situated north of Kabul about thirty miles. The plain is covered with ruins. The coins are found as the upper soil is washed away by the rains. They are there for the gathering. Shepherds take them and sell them to dealers in copper coins, who make a rich harvest out of them.

Besides Begram there are many topes or stapas scattered over the valley of the Kabul and the north-west Punjab. These topes are immense solid domes raised on round towers. They are the pyramids of Afghanistan antiquities. On being entered they yield vessels, coins, rings, signets, seals, etc. Some of the vessels had writing on them similar to the inscriptions on *one* side of the coins. But this writing could not be read by any one. Pundits and moulvies were both at sea. Meanwhile the coins collected by Mr. Masson had been made over to the charge of Mr. James Prinsep, who was then the Master of the Calcutta Mint. They could not have fallen into better hands. This gentleman has the honour of finding out that the inscriptions on the coins, although in two characters, were identical in meaning.

Now let us consider for one moment. If we take up a modern Indian rupee we find that it has in English and in Hindostanee the words "one rupee" on it. Just so the Greek rulers of Kabul two thousand years ago put inscriptions on their coins in Greek and old Kabulee. The towns of those old rulers were destroyed. The records of the Governments and their changes have long since, if they ever existed, perished. But the coins remain not only in Kabul but in the surrounding countries, and they evidence beyond all dispute the existence in Kabul of Greek kings and culture, and of a language which is now quite dead, being neither spoken nor written, a language as dead as the arrow-headed characters of Media, Nineveh, and Babylon. This dead language, however, occurs in two characters. In the more common of the two it reads, as Hebrew and Arabic, from right to left. On two coins another character reads, as English and Latin, from the left to the right.

Mr. James Prinsep, to whom the coins were sent, has the honour of having deciphered both inscriptions. The Greek, of course, was all plain sailing. After the conjecture had arisen that the inscriptions were identical, the excitement began. Prinsep felt like a man who was about to discover a new world, and he was as restless as Columbus on the 12th of October, 1492. He worked day and night at the coins. Before long he found out some letters which enabled him to read others, and so he went on gradually to words, when he discovered that the second inscription was nearly always a Sanscrit translation of the Greek one. The discovery excited the interest of learned societies in Europe. French and German savants took up the matter and got the coins for themselves. Mr. Prinsep died before he had completed his work, but not before he had given to the world a series of essays on "The Antiquities of India," in which he gives a full account of the coins, with drawings made by himself from the coins themselves.

After his death Professor Wilson, of Calcutta, gave in "The Ariana Antiqua" a full account of what was known of the subject until 1841.

One of the most enthusiastic of the co-workers of Prinsep was Lieutenant, now General, Cunningham. He took up the matter where Wilson and Prinsep had left off. At that time Kabul was separated from British territory by the Punjab. Coins were seldom brought by merchants; and in British territory they were scarcely ever found, a fact which shows that trade was not very brisk two thousand years ago between Kabul and the countries far east of it. Nevertheless, what Englishman ever turned his back on a difficulty because it was difficult? Major Cunningham did not. He persevered and got the coins of new kings and found out new combinations of letters, and as he went on with his discoveries he wrote accounts of them. Collectors forwarded their strange specimens to him to be deciphered. He himself let no expense deter him from the possession of new or rare coins. In this way the cupidity of the Hindoo traders was excited. They not only bought them, they brought them for sale, and, alas! they forged them. Now that British rule is leading the people in the paths of progress, rubbish heaps are often levelled with the plains. Roads and railways and canals must be made, and new cities built. Old places constantly yield old coins. The ploughman as he works away at what he perhaps imagines is virgin soil finds out that he is making furrows over old cities. An old wall or the floor of a house gives him an old jar of old coins. He takes them to the bazaar and sells them. The bullion dealer ruthlessly melted them down in ancient times; but now that he finds he can make five or six hundred per cent. on them, he keeps them.

General Cunningham has been for years the Archæological Commissioner of India. Hence towards him these old coins flow as naturally as rivers to the ocean. He is as a magnet which attracts gold and copper and silver equally well. In the "Numismatic Magazine" of London he has given a full account of all the kings and all their coins which have been discovered up to the present. These papers on "The Coins of Alexander's Successors in the East" are full of interest. They are learned, simple, and clear.*

Now for a few words on the monograms. It is a well-established fact that in many cities of Greece and Italy there were mints. Each city had its own coin mark, or monogram, which was made up of the letters of the name of the city. The Mogul emperors of India coined in many cities of India, and in every year of their reign, as the coins themselves testify.

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The cities of the valley of Kabul had each one its mint. Cunningham gives no less than 150 different monograms. From these monograms we can ascertain pretty nearly the part of the country over which a king ruled when the coin was struck. From the style we can judge approximately the date. For every Occidental thing is almost sure to deteriorate in the East. There is no fourth generation of Europeans in India. English dogs which breed in India go, after a few generations, in the matter of nose and tail and spirit. It is so with horses and cows, and with vegetables too. So it is with art. When Indian ...

Dear Mrs Buchan

You very kindly said you would lend me the pattern of a petticoat bodice which was cut in one piece. I thought I had the paper pattern of it but find it has gone to the Delhi Branch

Yours truly
L. Clifford

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Having prefaced thus much, we may as well just give a list of the kings whose coins have been found either in Kabul or its environs—the Punjab and Bactria. The learned reader probably knows them already. But the mass of ordinary readers have never heard of them in connection with Indian or Eastern history. They are as follows:—

Diodotus I, Diodotus II, Antimachus I, Euthydemus, Demetrius, Antimachus II, Pantaleon, Agathokles, Heliokles and his queen Laodike, Apollodotus, Straton and his queen Agathokleia, Lysias, Nikias, Archebius, Zoilus, Menander, Theophilus, Antialkidas, Philoxenes, Diomedes, Dionysius, Epander, Amyntas, Hippostratus, Apollophanes, Artemidorus, Telephus, Hermæus and his queen Kalliope, and Straton II—twenty-nine kings in all and three queens. These were nearly all unknown to history until the discoveries of the present century.

Now as to the coins themselves, for as yet we have said little about them. The coins of the two first kings are formed in gold; the rest seem to have been contented with silver and copper. This would argue that the conquests of the Grecians stripped India of its gold. Some of the four-drachma pieces of Eucratides are very fine. They have the portrait of the king on one side; the other contains two mounted horsemen, round whom are the name and titles of the king in Greek: "Eucratides, the King, the Saviour." Apollodotus has, in addition to his titles, one somewhat peculiar, "The lover of his father." Many of the coins are square. There is nothing new under the sun; many of the coins of Akbar are square, and so were those of Kutub-ud-Din Mubarah Shah and Juhangeer.

The portraits on some of the coins are fine specimens of Grecian art. So are some of the images. All the kings whose profiles are given were evidently Greeks. Helmets and sun-hats were worn. Elephants and bullocks were evidently in use. They appear on the coins in several forms. On one is an elephant's head, on another its head and fore-legs. One coin has a fish on it very like the dolphin. The bird of wisdom, the owl, which is found on the coins of Athens, is also represented on two coins. Of course the gods and goddesses of Greece are used extensively. Hercules with his club, and Apollo with his bow, are constantly met with. The coins of the first king, Diodotus, has Hercules—a splendid giant of grace as well as strength. Hermæus has him on his coins, a piece of barbaric hideousness known only from his club, so much had art degenerated in about a hundred and forty years. Even in the time of Apollodotus art had much deteriorated. But the image of Apollo is good on some of his coins compared with the image of the same god on the coins of Straton II. Beards seem to have been little grown, and mustachios not at all. Only one or two kings are bearded. Some of the kings must have reigned only a short time, and their loyal minting cities must have been few, for in several cases not twenty coins are known, and of one, King Telephus, only one coin is at present secured, though the writer has heard of the existence of a second. Menander's silver coins, which are in the greatest abundance, are hemidrachmas. They are so numerous that people make sleeve links of them. He seems to have been king in the Punjab, and to have held Kabul as the Moguls did. It would seem, too, that Apollodotus ruled Kabul from India.

The whole of these kings seem to have reigned only about 140 years—from 260 to 120 B.C. In the reign of Hermæus the country seems to have been overrun by the Scythians, for the name of a Scythian king, Kujula Kadophes, appears on his coins. Again, there is nothing new under the sun. When Prithwi Raj, of Delhi, was overthrown, the conqueror struck coins with his own name on one side, and that of the conquered prince on the other, in Sanscrit. Straton had already put his queen on one side and his own name on the other. Jahangu, in his dotage, allowed his wife, Nurjahan, to stamp coins as Nurjahan Badshah. Ranjit Singh allowed his mistress, Mora (the name means a peacock), to stamp current coins with a peacock's tail on them. And the newest rupee in India has the portrait of the Empress of India on one side, and the name in English, with the name and titles on the other of the ruler of the small state of Ulwar.

We must not be surprised to find nine-and-twenty kings finishing their course in 140 years. In all probability several of these kings reigned at the same time, though not in the same province. Some of the old conquerors must have been bad administrators, unlike their master Alexander. Where they had just conquered they seem to have been masters, but the parts they had left appear to have been in a chronic state of revolt. The Kabul of two thousand years ago was not so very much unlike the Kabul of to-day as some folks imagine. Some of the kings could only have reigned just time enough to coin. The exercise of the privilege of coining is the monopoly of royalty in the East. A king, as soon as he mounts the throne, sets his mint to work. Nadir Shah, when he invaded India, coined, during his stay at Lahore on his way, at Delhi during his stay of fifty-seven days, and at Peshawur on his return. The writer of this paper has coins of his which prove this. The coins of Sikandar Shah, who reigned forty-five days in the year A.D. 1392, are not very rare, for the writer has three kinds of them. Hence we may assume that some of the kings who reigned in Kabul did so for a short time only. We know nothing of them but their names. We may, however, pretty safely judge of the state of the country. King was fighting against king, father sometimes against son. It is supposed that Apollodotus, "the lover of his father," killed that same father Eucratides. Kabul people have not much changed in two thousand years. The portraits of Apollodotus certainly represent him as miserable enough for a parricide. Strange to

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say, the face of Eucratides wears a melancholy expression like that of Charles I in the portrait by Vandyke. Zoilus has a face like that of Napoleon I on a rare coin in possession of the writer.

The Grecian kings of Kabul were of course idolaters. Coming to the East, however, did not change their gods for them; but they gave to the East their gods. A hundred years after Greek kings had ceased to rule in Kabul coins were struck on which only Greek letters were used, but whose gods, too, were those of Greece; so that not only had the Greeks influenced the language, but the religion of the people. Again, some of the gods on the Indo-Scythian coins are decidedly Indian, but their Sanscrit names are Hellenised, and are written in Greek characters. Theophilus seems a strange name for a Greek king. The writer well remembers his astonishment when he met with his specimen in a crowded bazaar. He could not believe his senses, for at that time he was not aware of all General Cunningham's researches and their results. Even when he saw the coin he would not believe it. Theophilus was loved of the gods evidently, for he was not king long. Only about six coins of his have been found.

We must not, however, suppose that we have arrived at the end of our knowledge of these kings. Writing in 1842, Cunningham described a coin of Zoilus as a new coin of a new prince. The writer has four in copper and two in silver, and lately refused to buy two others. Now a goodly number are known, but certainly less than a hundred.

But Kabul has changed from the Kabul of the Greeks, of Heliokles and Straton and Hermæus. The veil is a Mohammedan institution. People who have many wives refuse to have their wives' faces seen. There is a providence in some national arrangements, the writer has often thought when by chance he has caught sight of the ugliness which a veil may cover. Women who marry young soon grow not only old, but ugly. The veil, however, is a modern institution. The wives of Heliokles and Hermæus appear without any head-covering whatever; the wife of Straton wears a Grecian helmet. Of course the old Hindoos, whose marriageable daughters chose their young men for themselves at a joust held in their honour, did not wear the veil; neither did they think so much of caste two thousand years ago. The Mohammedan religion has pulled heathenism down to a lower level than it formerly occupied. Two thousand years ago the queen was worthy of a place by her husband on the coins, exactly as in the case of our William and Mary. Indeed, in the case of Straton, his queen Agathokleia has the place of honour assigned to her. Her portrait comes on the Greek side of the coin; the husband has his name only on the reverse, without his bust.

The titles of kings nowadays are stereotyped, and depend on the heraldry office more or less, so far as the issue of coins is concerned. Not so the titles that kings win by their original acts as kings. Many of the kings of Kabul rejoice in the title "Saviour." This shows that there was something to be saved from; that the country was unsettled. Others rejoice in the term "The just." We know little of the actions of many of the kings. Let us hope they did not belie their self-ordained titles. Two of them took the title of "Lover of his father." One was ashamed of it, and did not translate it into the language of the common people. He was ashamed of it, for it is supposed that he killed his father, and after that he certainly dropped the title. The other one translated it into Pāli. Several have the title "Victorious." This was no idle boast when men waded to the throne through the blood of many battles. Another king calls himself the "Unbeaten" "Great" is a common title. Why should little kings take large titles? Farrukhsu, one of the poorest of the Mogul kings, called himself "Lord of land and sea." "King of kings" is another title far from meaningless in a place like Bactria or Kabul.

The whole of these illustrious Kings of kings, Just, Victorious, Unbeaten, Saviours though they were, finished their course of glory in 140 years. They are forgotten—forgotten so thoroughly that their names are unknown in the country where they once reigned. Alexander is remembered as Sikander the Greatest. "The Greeks are dimly hinted at in records no longer understanded by the people," in Pāli inscriptions. But individual kings are as unknown as the kings of Mexico or Peru.

Here, as we have very little further information to impart about the Kabul of two thousand years ago, we ought, perhaps, to close this article redolent of the tomb. We called it a history exhumed. We are afraid all we have done is not to exhume the history so much as to remove the earth from the sarcophagus of some dead kings, and read the names ages of ignorance and war had allowed to become obscure, if not deleted. The Grecian occupation of Kabul was not a failure altogether. The Greeks taught the people and disciplined them. One of the generals of one of the Indo-Scythian kings calls himself on *his* coins the "Victorious Strategist," and not having any word in his own language to express the idea, he uses the Greek word Indianised, *stratagesa*. This shows us that instruction in war is remembered long after the arts of peace are forgotten. Sculpture as practised by the Greeks was practised in the Kábul valley. The Buddhist remains are undoubtedly Greek, just as the Taj at Agra is the result of Italian and French skill. The Buddhist remains at Bhilsa and Sanchu, out of the reach of the influence of Greek art (they are in the outskirts of the Vindhya range), show no signs of Greek influence. The Brahmanic revival, however, destroyed everything. When twelve hundred years ago Brahman kings reigned in Kabul, there were not many of them, and they in their turn were swept away.

It is impossible to say whether the people of the Kabul of to-day are the descendants of those over whom the Greeks ruled two thousand years ago. Wars may rage in the plains and the mountains may know nothing about them. We know there must have been constant accessions of fugitives to the mountains. Whether these were the first who fled there, or whether they lived in peace with those who were there before them, or killed their predecessors, of all this we know nothing. The whole of the history of Kabul has yet to be written. Learned men have never had real access to the country. There may be materials obtainable of which we are ignorant. The land is one which after two thousand years of incessant war eminently stands in need of good government.*

* We are indebted for this article to the Principal of the Normal College, Umritsur, who gratefully acknowledges the help he has derived from Masson's "Travels," the "Ariana Antiqua," from General Cunningham's "Coins of the Successors of Alexander in the East," and from his articles in the Asiatic Society's "Journal," and his "Archæological Reports." A residence of fifteen years in the Punjab has made the writer acquainted with the coins themselves, and some hundreds of them are now in his cabinet.

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A RECOLLECTION OF LORD MACAULAY.

Lord Macaulay, after his elevation to the peerage, desirous to acquaint himself with the ballad literature of the day, bought a handful of songs from a street patterer in Seven Dials. It is said that, proceeding on his way home, he was astonished, on suddenly stopping, to find himself surrounded by half a score of urchins, their faces beaming with expectation.

"Now then," said the historian, "what is it?"

"Oh! that is a good un," replied the boys, "after we've a-come all this way."

"But what are you waiting for?" said he, astonished at the lads' familiarity.

"Waiting for? why, to hear you sing, to be sure!"

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NATURAL HISTORY ANECDOTES.

CROWS AND MUSSELS.

It is a fact well known to many observing naturalists that hooded crows and carrion crows will fly up with a mussel to a considerable height in the air, for the purpose of dropping it on to a hard substance to break it—generally shingle—and then descend and eat its juicy contents. Dr. Fleming considers that this is a case of instinct bordering closely on intelligence. In his opinion, they must have a notion of power, and of cause and effect; but the cute crow is at fault sometimes. A very intelligent writer in the "Zoologist" (s.s. p. 4328) tells us of his having seen a carrion crow drop a mussel several times on to the soft turf, where it fell and, of course, did not break. This crow, it is clear, had not got up his lesson of the laws of cause and effect. Occasionally it would seem that crows reverse the usual process, and drop the stones on to the shell-fish. This is what an old writer, named Charles Leigh, says, in his "Natural History of Lancashire" (1700):—

"I have often with admiration observed these birds [*i.e.*, the hooded crow, or, as he calls it, the grey crow] to peck up Peble-stones, and then to soar with them in the Air to a considerable height, then to let fall the Stones amongst the Beds of Shell-fishes, which most commonly break some of them, they afterwards alight and feed upon their prey."

The crow is not the only bird which drops its shelled prey from a height to break it, for in classical lore we read of a bald-headed old man, named Æschylus, on whose head a Lammergëyer let fall a weighty tortoise, with the result that the poet was killed upon the spot. It is said the South American crowned eagle (*Harpyhaliætus coronatus*) drops the armadillo on the rocks as the best way of breaking through his coat of mail.

EGGS BEFORE LIBERTY.

Many years ago my father captured a jackdaw, and directed the gardener to put it into a coop. It was one of the old-fashioned coops, intended for fattening chickens, on four legs, with splines at the bottom. A hen made her nest and laid an egg below the coop, where the jackdaw could see it between the splines. A few days afterwards the gardener, happening to pass that way, observed a jackdaw fly away from the nest, which had been sucking the egg. His suspicions were aroused that it was the prisoner escaped, and so it proved to be. By some means the bird had forced itself between the bars and got out. One would have thought that once free, he would have taken himself off to the woods; but his innate love of stealing was too great for him, and he had stayed, at the risk of recapture, to feed on the egg at which he had cast many a wistful glance when a prisoner in the coop.

FOOD OF THE GREY CROW.

The grey crow, hooded crow, or Norway crow, is a well-known bird on the seashore. Everybody is familiar with the grey bird with the black head and wings and tail, which comes in winter. Innumerable stories might be told of its voracity, but I will only relate one or two which have come under my own notice. The rook is the grey crow's cousin, and to eat your cousin is an act of cannibalism, but when Mr. Crow is very hungry, he does not mind eating a poor relation. The rooks are sometimes troublesome to the game about us, and one day traps were set, and a rook was caught in one. The bird happened to be caught high up by the teeth of the trap and was killed at once. Shortly afterwards the keeper saw a grey crow eating it. In the winter the grey crows eat up the wounded pheasants. The crow is the Cossack which puts them out of their misery. It is marvellous how quickly they will find out the wounded game at a day's cover-shooting. On one occasion a hare was wounded in the wood adjoining our garden. It ran about a quarter of a mile and died in the next plantation. My impression is that less than half an hour elapsed before we found the hare picked and eaten, and several old grey crows holding an inquest over its bones.

No sort of garbage comes amiss to these omnivorous birds. Rats they much appreciate. I have been out rat-catching, and have had to hide the slain for fear of the crows getting them. The rats in an adjoining parish beat the ferrets, and had to be poisoned. Many of them afterwards lay about dead in the fields. The grey crows suspected nothing, and partook largely. Fatal was the result, and beside the dead rats lay the defunct crows.

A RAVEN'S LIVER.

Some fifty years ago James P—— was living as under keeper on the late Lord Orford's estate at Weybourne, in Norfolk. A man in the village, named John Digby, was ill, and it was supposed that he was dying. A "wise woman," that is, a reputed witch, was consulted, who gave it as her opinion that the only thing which could save him was *the liver of a raven fried*. Now a raven is a very rare bird in Norfolk. Even fifty years ago it was very rare, so that Ridout, the head gamekeeper, when petitioned to get one, declared that there was hardly a chance of his being able to do so; but willing to try, he commissioned P—— to do what he could for the invalid in his emergency. Nothing loth to undertake so congenial a task, P—— ensconced himself that night in a plantation, having previously staked down a dead rabbit—a gravid doe, opened in the approved way. He waited long and waited patiently. At last, very early in the morning, he saw the wished-for raven. Fortune favoured him. It descended on the bait, and he shot it. It was cut open; its inside was applied as directed; and the sequel of the story is that the patient recovered, and lived sixteen years afterwards. I am indebted for this story to my father, who points out two things—the singularity of James P— being able to meet with a raven at all

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just when he happened to be wanting one, and the bearing which the anecdote has on old Sir Thomas Brown's remark about rooks. That great Norfolk naturalist, writing about the middle of the seventeenth century, says:—"Spermalegous rooks . . . sometimes sold in Norwich market, and many are killed for their livers, in order to the cure of the rickets." That this superstitious belief in the efficacy of a corvine liver as a remedy should have survived so long after the worthy knight penned the above is curious.

Northrepps, Norwich. J. H. GURNEY, JUN.

THE DOGS OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

The "dogs of Constantinople" have been almost as much abused as the Turks themselves, by one of the "Times" correspondents, and all because they did not wag their tails at him when he landed in Galata. I do not see how he could expect *them* to greet *him* until he had been properly introduced, either by giving them a pat or a kind word; and I am very sure, had he done either, he would never have passed that dog again without it wagging its tail, or, after one or two greetings, even going so far as to stuff its cold nose into his hand. I have lived a long time in Constantinople, and have a great many friends amongst these intelligent creatures, and I do not like to hear them abused. They are a most useful, intelligent, and much suffering race of animals, and if you only speak to a dog once or twice in passing he rarely forgets it. I remember having on several occasions patted a young dog in one of the public streets, and I never passed that way without his running by my side, showing every mark of affection. In 1871 I had been away in England, and more than a year had passed, when again going down the hill, never thinking of master doggy, a cold nose was stuffed into my hand, and in the splendid animal who greeted me I recognised my young friend of more than a year ago. I had forgotten him; his memory was better than mine.

A friend who was travelling, and stayed at one of the hotels in Pera, told me he had taken notice of a very fine dog which lived near the hotel, and whenever he came out the dog was sure to run and greet him, walk by his side as far as its "beat" extended, when it seemed to hold communication with a dog of the next quarter, and—incredible as the story appears—hand him over to its care. After several years this gentleman a second time visited Constantinople, when his old friend the dog at once recognised him, and took him again under his protection.

To make this understood I should explain that the dogs of Constantinople live in families or clans, each occupying a street or quarter; a dog of one quarter is not allowed to go into another, and woe betide the poor dog who strays beyond his "beat." All the dogs of the next quarter set upon him and worry him. In writing about the dogs of Constantinople, it is not the domestic pets I mean, but the "street arabs," those useful animals which are the scavengers of the city. A gentleman who was in the habit of riding to Pera almost every day by the road passing behind the Admiralty, one day cracked his whip at a dog who stood showing his teeth on the hillside above; immediately a dog living in the street below, as if he had found a powerful ally, began to bark furiously at his enemy above, and ran on by the side of the horse to the end of his quarter. The next time and ever after when the gentleman on horseback appeared, the dog bounded to greet him, jumped up round the horse, showing every sign of pleasure, barking and inviting his friend to crack his whip at the enemy above. The dog on the hillside was a fine powerful animal, and perhaps had on a previous occasion given the weaker dog a thrashing, so the other showed his pleasure at having found a friend under whose protection he could defy him.

Constantinople.

THE BEGUM'S FORTUNE.

BY JULES VERNE.

CHAPTER XVII.—PARLEY BEFORE THE CITADEL.

EVERYTHING bore the look of business suspended, of a sudden interruption to work.

The two friends had now reached the inner limits of the Central Block and stood before the wall, which Max believed divided them from the park.

"Are we to make this fellow dance too?" asked Otto.

"Perhaps; but first we can look for a door, which a simple fusee could send flying."

They proceeded, therefore, to skirt the wall around the park, from time to time making a *détour* to avoid a building jutting out like a spur, or to climb a fence. But they never lost sight of it, and were soon rewarded for their trouble, by coming to a low, narrow door.

In two minutes Otto had bored a gimlet hole through the oaken panels, and Max, applying his eye to the opening, perceived with lively satisfaction that on the other side lay the tropical park, with its continual verdure and summer temperature.

"One more door to blow up, and we shall be in the place!" he exclaimed to his companion.

"A fusee for a piece of wood like this would be too great an honour," returned Otto.

And as he spoke he struck a heavy blow on the postern with an axe he carried.

It had not begun to give way, however, when they heard a key turned, and two bolts slipped back.

The door half opened, though held inside by a thick chain.

"Who goes there?" demanded a hoarse voice from behind it.

The two young men were little prepared for such a question. It astonished them more than if they had been met by a rifle shot.

Max had had a great many conjectures about this

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mysterious town, and the very last thing he had expected was that a living being would quietly demand the reason of his visit. His enterprise, legitimate enough under the supposition that Stahlstadt was completely deserted, assumed quite another aspect when the city was found still to be inhabited.

That which in the one case was but a kind of archæological inquiry, in the other became an attack by force of arms, and bore the character of a burglary.

These reflections rushed in upon the mind of Max with such force that he stood as if struck dumb.

"Who goes there?" repeated the voice, impatiently.

There was certainly some reason for impatience. For intruders to have reached this door by overcoming so many obstacles, scaling walls, and blowing up half the town, and then to have nothing to say on being simply asked, "Who goes there?" was somewhat astonishing.

In half a minute Max became aware of the awkwardness of his position, and he replied in German:

"Friend or enemy, whichever you like! I wish to speak to Herr Schultz."

Directly he uttered these words an exclamation was heard from the other side of the door:

"Ach!"

And through the opening Max could discern a red whisker, half a bristly moustache, and a dull eye, which he immediately recognised as belonging to Sigimer, one of the uncouth beings who had been ordered by Schultz to guard him.

"Johann Schwartz!" exclaimed the giant, with a sort of stupid joy, "Johann Schwartz!"

The unexpected return of his prisoner seemed to astonish him as much as his mysterious disappearance must have done.

"Can I speak to Herr Schultz?" repeated Max, finding that this exclamation was the only answer.

Sigimer shook his head.

"No order!" he said. "Can't come in here without an order!"

"At least you can tell Herr Schultz that I am here, and want to see him."

"Herr Schultz not here! Herr Schultz gone!" replied the giant, with a shade of sadness in his tone.

"But where is he? When will he be back?"

"Don't know! Instructions remain as before! No one can enter without an order!"

These disjointed sentences were all that Max could get from Sigimer, who to any other questions maintained a dogged and obstinate silence.

Otto at last became impatient.

"Where's the use of asking permission to enter?" said he. "It is much easier to take it!"

And he shoved against the door to try and force it open. It was held by the chain, however, and a more powerful arm than his soon shut it, and rapidly drew the bolts.

"There must be several men behind there!" cried Otto, rather humiliated at this result.

He applied his eye to the gimlet-hole, and uttered a cry of surprise:

"There's a second giant!"

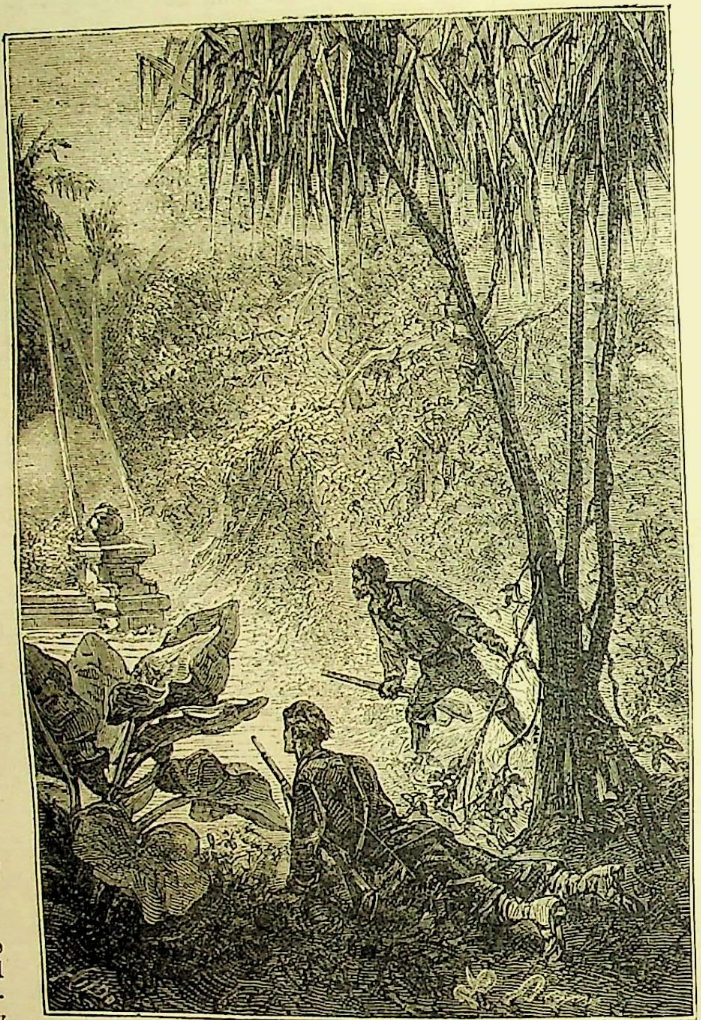
"Arminius, no doubt," returned Max, in his turn putting his eye to the hole.

"Yes! It is Arminius, Sigimer's companion."

As he spoke, another voice, apparently from the sky, caused Max to raise his head.

"Wer da?" it said.

This time it was Arminius who spoke, looking over the top of the wall, which he had reached by means of a ladder.



A SEARCH IN THE PARK.

"Come, you know well enough who it is, Arminius!" returned Max. "Will you open? Yes or no?"

These words had scarcely left his lips when the muzzle of a gun was pointed over the wall, and a bullet just grazed the brim of Otto's hat.

"Very well, here's an answer for that!" exclaimed Max, who, placing some dynamite under the door, blew it into fragments.

A breach being thus made, Otto and Max, their guns in their hands, sprang into the park.

The ladder still leant against the now tottering wall, and at its foot were traces of blood, but neither Arminius nor Sigimer were there to bar the progress of the adventurers.

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The gardens lay before them in all the richness of their vegetation.

Otto was delighted.

"What a magnificent place!" he said; "but look out! We had better proceed like sharpshooters! These sourkrout-eaters are most likely watching for us—hiding behind the bushes!"

Max and Otto separated, and each taking one side of the walk which opened before them, they advanced cautiously from tree to tree, from mound to mound, after the most approved principles of strategy.

This was a wise precaution. They had not gone a hundred yards when a second shot was heard, and the bark of the tree Max had just quitted flew in splinters.

"This is serious! Down on the ground!" ejaculated Otto.

And, adding example to precept, he crawled on hands and knees up to a thorny thicket bordering the square, in the centre of which rose the Bull Tower.

Max, not following this advice quickly enough, narrowly escaped another bullet, and only avoided a fourth by darting behind the trunk of a palm-tree.

"Fortunately these fellows shoot no better than raw recruits!" called out Otto to his friend.

"Hush!" returned Max. "Don't you see the smoke hanging about that window on the ground-floor? The villains are in ambush there! But I mean to play them a trick in my turn!"

In a trice Max had cut a good-sized stick from the shrubbery, on which he hung his coat, placing his hat on the top. Having thus improvised a very presentable dummy, he stuck it into the ground, so that the hat and sleeves alone were visible, then, gliding up to Otto, he whispered in his ear:

"Just keep them amused by firing at the window, first from your place and then from mine. I'm off to take them in the rear."

And Max, leaving Otto to skirmish, crept cautiously away through the bushes.

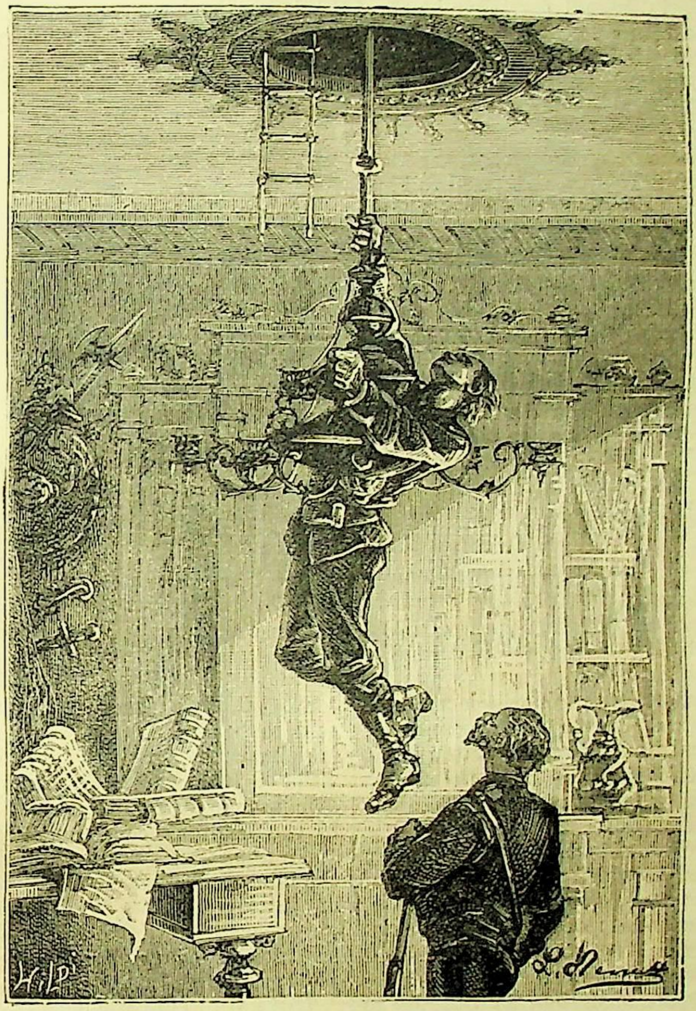
A quarter of an hour passed, whilst about twenty shots were exchanged without result on either side, though Max's coat and hat were completely riddled with bullets. As to the window-blinds, Otto's gun had sent them into shivers.

Suddenly the firing ceased, and Otto distinctly heard a stifled cry of,—

"Help! help! I've got him!"

To leave his shelter, fly through the shrubbery, and spring in at the window, took Otto but a moment.

Struggling desperately on the floor, entwined like two serpents, were Max and Sigimer. Surprised by the sudden attack of his adversary, who had forced an inner door, the giant had been unable to use his weapons. But his herculean strength rendered him a formidable enemy, and although thrown to the ground, he had not lost hope of gaining the upper hand. Max, on his side, displayed remarkable vigour and agility.



AN INVITATION TO ASCEND.

The fight would certainly have terminated in the death of one of the combatants, had not Otto's intervention made a less tragic end possible. The two together soon disarmed Sigimer, and bound him so that he could move neither hand nor foot.

"Where's the other fellow?" asked Otto.

Max pointed to the farther end of the room, where Arminius lay on a bench.

"Has he been shot?" he asked.

"Yes," replied Otto.

Together they examined the body.

"Quite dead!" said Max.

"If so the rascal might have died in a better cause!" exclaimed Otto.

"Here we are, masters of the place!" said Max. "So now to serious business. Let us first explore the study of the great Herr Schultz!"

From the room in which the last act of the siege had been performed, the two young men proceeded through the suite of apartments which led to the sanctum of the King of Steel.

Otto was lost in admiration at the sight of such splendour.

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Max smiled as he looked round at him, and opened one after the other the doors of the magnificent rooms, till they reached the green and gold apartment.

He had expected to find something new, but nothing so strange as the spectacle which here lay before their eyes. It looked just as if the General Post-office of New York or Paris had been robbed and its contents thrown pell-mell on the floor. On every side were heaps of letters and sealed packets, on the writing-table, on the chairs, on the carpet. They waded knee-deep in a flood of papers. All the financial, industrial, and personal correspondence of Herr Schultz, brought to the letter-box in the park wall, and faithfully carried in by Arminius and Sigimer, had here accumulated in their master's study.

How many questions, what expectations, what anxious suspense, what misery and tears were enclosed in those voiceless envelopes addressed to Herr Schultz! What millions of money, too, no doubt, in paper, cheques, bills, and orders of all sorts!

Everything rested here motionless through the absence of the only hand which had a right to break these fragile but inviolable seals.

"We have now," said Max, "to discover the secret door of the laboratory!"

He began by taking all the books out of the bookcase. This was useless; he could not find the masked passage he had traversed in company with Herr Schultz.

In vain he shook the panels one by one, and, with an iron rod, which he took from the mantelpiece, tapped them in succession. In vain he struck the wall in the hope of hearing it give forth a hollow sound. It was very evident that Schultz, uneasy at no longer being the sole possessor of his secret, had done away with that door.

He must necessarily have opened another.

"But where?" asked Max. "It must be here somewhere, as Arminius and Sigimer have brought the letters to this room, which Herr Schultz doubtless continued to use after my departure. I know enough of his habits to be sure that, after bricking up the old passage, he would wish to have another close at hand, and concealed from inquisitive eyes. Can there be a trap-door under the carpet?"

The carpet itself showed no signs of a cut; but none the less was it unnailed and raised. The floor, examined bit by bit, showed nothing suspicious.

"How do you know the opening is in this room at all?" asked Otto.

"I am morally certain of it," answered Max.

"Then the ceiling only remains to be explored," returned Otto, springing on to a chair.

His idea was to get up to the lustre and sound the central rose with the butt end of his gun.

However, no sooner had he grasped the gilded chandelier than, to his extreme surprise, it sank under his hand. The ceiling opened and left to view a wide gap, from which a light, self-acting steel ladder slid down level with the floor. It was a distinct invitation to ascend.

"Here we are! Come along!" said Max, composedly, and immediately began to mount the ladder, closely followed by his friend.

FRUIT-GROWING AND FRUIT-SUPPLY.

THE remarkable season through which we have just passed has shown, in a very striking manner, the difficulties that stand in the way of obtaining that better fruit-supply which is so important to the masses who are crowding more and more every year into our large towns.

Our gardeners have brought English fruit to very great perfection, an end to which the cheapening of glass has no doubt contributed in no small degree, by making them independent of the vicissitudes of our fickle climate, so fatal to the more tender and early blossoming kinds of fruit. And this applies not only to the fruit-houses of the rich, but also to the enterprise of our market-gardeners, who now send into our large towns considerable quantities of excellent fruit, so that fairly well-to-do people, who can afford to deal at a good shop, and pay a good shop's price, have not much to complain of. They obtain the best of fruit at a price which, high as it is for those of moderate means, may still be called reasonable when the expense of cultivation is fairly considered, and is, after all, very much below that at which the amateur could raise the same fruit for himself, if he took into strict account all the charges, direct and indirect, which the man who grows for profit has to consider.

But have we devoted enough attention to the *popularising* of fruit, if we may use the word in the sense of bringing it home in sufficient quantity and in good condition to the masses who are pent up in our large towns, and to whom it would be invaluable? For sound ripe fruit supplies a very necessary element that is sadly wanted in town life, where the blood becomes vitiated in the crowded alleys and ill-ventilated dwellings to which our working-classes are condemned by the inevitable conditions of their daily life.

An abundant supply of good fresh fruit is one of the best antidotes we could possibly have to the vice of intemperance. Fruit is Nature's own thirst-quencher. The development of the fruit-supply is, therefore, a point well worth the attention of our social philanthropists.

If the fruit is to be cheap it must be abundant, and the softer kinds of fruit do not travel well to market when fully ripe, if the quantity is at all large. Fruit that is to fetch a good price must be carefully handled and packed in small quantities, involving much trouble and a considerable outlay in baskets, but the fruit for the masses, which is dealt with in larger quantities, is either picked before it is fully ripe in order that it may travel better, or, what is perhaps worse, it arrives in a decaying and fermenting condition, in either of which states it not only loses its value as a refresher and vitaliser of the blood, but it is absolutely injurious to the health. This will be evident to any one who will examine the fruit markets in low quarters of large towns, the small shops frequented by the poor, or, where such things are permitted, the stalls in the streets.

First, as to the increase of the supply. The utilisa-

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tion of waste land and hedgerows for this purpose has been repeatedly advocated, very fully so in a paper that was read before the Society of Arts a year or two ago, in which it was shown that we have a vast quantity of land now lying absolutely waste which might be devoted to the growth of fruit. Taking our railways at 17,000 miles in length, we have 34,000 miles of more or less extended bank, and if the average width were only ten yards we should have nearly 600,000,000 square yards, or upwards of 120,000 acres, more than three times the area of all the land used for market-garden purposes in Great Britain. But it was remarked by Dr. Hogg, who took part in the discussion, and who speaks with authority on the subject, that though some of the railway slopes might be so employed, "the embankments and cuttings of railways were not, generally speaking, places where one would expect to find fruit-trees flourish." Added to which the expense and difficulty of cultivating them would be very great. The waste of land in our country roads and around villages was also referred to, but in this case there would arise questions of ownership and enclosure, without which no one would be willing to incur the expense of fruit-growing. A far more practical suggestion is that much of our worthless hedgerow timber might very profitably give place to fruit-trees. An objection will at once occur to the reader's mind, the temptation to theft that would be offered by fruit grown in the open country. The fate of the hedgerow nuts, of which very few are allowed to ripen, will be pointed to; but, on the other hand, it must be observed that the nuts are plundered because their value is so small that no one cares to protect them; they are left for public use as the blackberries are. But hedgerow fruit, if grown on a large scale as an article of profit, would be looked after by the owner, and it would soon come to be understood by the rising generation that the apples in a field are as much under the protection of the law as apples in a garden or orchard. Those who have travelled on the Continent or in America, know what masses of fruit are grown by the very roadside. Mrs. Parker has thus described the abundance in the vale of Wyoming, in her "Six Happy Weeks among the Americans":—

"I shall long remember that journey in the early summer morning. The scenery was grand. The Wyoming Valley is noted for beauty, verdure, and rich cultivation. Large farms dotted the slopes of the hills, and in the season, my driver told me, fruit was so abundant along the roadsides, and everybody had so much of their own, that no one thought of gathering it. I remarked that with us, boys would steal it. 'Suppose,' I said, 'a farmer saw boys gathering his fruit, what would he do?' 'Oh,' was the reply, 'he would just tell them to fetch a sack and fill it, and if that would not do to come again.' Such is its great abundance."

The experiment, if tried in this country, would depend for its success upon the extent to which it was carried out. A few hedgerow trees would inevitably be plundered; if the practice were universal they would be tolerably safe, as they are now in the fruit districts. The difficulty would lie in the first few years of their introduction, when the young trees would be more liable to injury, and as the outlay in those first years would be considerable this consideration alone would prevent the plan being very generally adopted, though it has been tried with some success in Yorkshire.

If any great increase in our fruit-supply is to be obtained, we must look for it in the ordinary course of trade. If our farmers find themselves unable to grow wheat and barley at a profit, in the face of the increasing competition of Russia and the United States, they may perhaps be driven to turn their attention to fruit-growing. It is quite immaterial to a farmer what he grows. He farms for profit, and will grow whatever pays best. And at first sight the profits of fruit-growing seem to be immense. The great strawberry grounds near Blairgowrie, in Perthshire, which supply tons of fruit annually for the Scotch preserve makers, realise from £40 to £60 an acre, in a good year, from the beds that are at the best, and even the average is as high as £25 per acre. The cherry orchards in Kent yield a still larger sum at times, but the crop is uncertain. So do the plum orchards in Worcestershire, especially in the neighbourhood of Evesham, where some 1,800 acres are devoted to fruit, and whence tons of plums in a green state are sent to the dye works of Manchester. But the most remarkable instance of high remuneration is that of Mr. Webb's fruit ground at Calcot, near Reading. The extent is twelve acres, upon which very fine wheat was grown some years ago; it was then planted with fruit, the produce of which amounted in one year to the astonishing sum of £4,000, or £333 per acre, cob nuts alone producing as much as £320 per acre.

If fruit-growing has its large returns, it has also its heavy expenses and great uncertainties in so fickle a climate as ours. In the first place, land that is suitable for the growth of such highly remunerative crops naturally obtains a great rent, varying from £7 to £12 per acre; and this, it must be remembered, is a fixed sum, payable in bad years, when the crop is almost a failure, as well as in good years, when it is a success. Then, too, the expenses of cultivation are the same for a poor yield as for a heavy one, and form a very important item. And when, after many risks from frost and blight and ungenial season, and much consequent anxiety, the crop comes to perfection, there is the cost of picking it, which is considerable, even in a fine season, whilst in such a year as the present the losses on such soft fruits as strawberries and raspberries must have been very great. The difficulty is that the fruit ripens for the most part all at once, and the gathering has to be done in a very few weeks. Pickers, who are chiefly women and children, must therefore be had in great numbers for the short time that the work lasts, and if great heat causes the fruit to ripen too quickly, or much wet renders it tender, at the same time hindering the picking, a large portion of the crop is wasted.

No one who has not witnessed the picking of field-fruits can form any right conception of the masses that have to be dealt with when ten, twenty, or thirty acres of, say, currants or gooseberries have to be picked within a week of only four days and a half; for the fruit must be in the market early in the morning, and the afternoon of the previous day must be given to its packing. Raspberries are especially difficult to handle in large masses, as they are so tender that the juice escapes very freely by the mere pressure of their own weight, and fermentation soon sets in. The crop is a most profitable one in a good season, realising from £35 to £45 a ton, but it is very easily affected by the weather, great heat drying up the berries prematurely, and a wet season both spoiling the quality and making

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them difficult to handle. Moreover, the raspberry is utterly worthless when unripe, whereas gooseberries find almost as ready a sale in a green state as when fully ripe. Indeed, they fetch a higher price when green, but being so much smaller they expend the crop more rapidly. They, too, are very profitable, as an acre of good trees in full bearing will yield as much as two, occasionally three tons, and at an average of 10*s.* per "sieve" of forty-eight pounds, the produce ranges from £48 to £70 per acre.

Owing to the difficulty of getting the fruit to market in good condition, a great deal has to be picked partially unripe, which deprives it of a great part of its value as an article of food. Unripe fruit cooked and artificially sweetened, either as a preserve or in puddings and pies, is not by any means equivalent to fully ripe fruit. The Society of Arts has done much good service in offering prizes for improvements in many articles affecting the welfare of the masses, and the better marketing of fruit is a subject well worthy of their consideration.

Varieties.

Mr. Gladstone on Gardening.—Mr. Gladstone recently made an interesting speech at a flower-show in Hawarden Park, on the opportunities for a greater development of profitable gardening. He pointed out that we import yearly into the country fruits such as we can grow in it to the amount of £2,200,000, and vegetables to the amount of £3,000,000, and he did not see why these fruits and vegetables could not be profitably produced at home. Quoting from an article in "Macmillan's Magazine," he told his audience that a gentleman on the Hudson River, in the Northern States of America, has an apple-garden of 200 acres, and that all of these apples are direct descendants of English apples of former generations. Yet these apples are now sent back to England. If, at the high rate of wages paid for labour in America, it paid this gentleman to send us his apples, would it not pay English cottagers to grow such apples for the English market themselves? He believed that weeds robbed farmers and cottagers of more substance than all other robbers put together. No weed should ever be allowed to seed, for "one year's seed is seven years' weed." Mr. Gladstone also insisted on the profit which the culture of flowers for sale might bring, mentioning the many nosegay-shops which London can now boast of, and which provincial towns would soon emulate.

Ritter the Geographer.—Carl Ritter, the centenary of whose birth has been lately celebrated, was born at Quedlinburg, in Saxony, August 7th, 1779. He was fatherless at five years old, and was, with the consent of his widowed mother, adopted by Salzmann, a well-known teacher, who had established a college on the borders of the Thuringian Forest. Here he remained until his seventeenth year, when he was introduced to Herr Hollweg, a wealthy banker, who secured his services as tutor to his children. During travels with his pupils Ritter became acquainted with Sismondi, Pestalozzi, Madame de Staël, Alexander Humboldt, and others. While visiting Geneva, when he came to be about thirty, he listened to teachings which differed seriously from those of Salzmann. Ritter never wearied of the sermons delivered by Cellerier, eloquent as they were with Christian zeal, but being of an affectionate and faithful disposition, in spite of the change that came over him he ever remembered Salzmann with tender gratitude. The future geographer was earnest in all he undertook. Of his pupils he thus writes to a friend: "I have tried to keep them from harm; yes, *tried* as if I were one of the cherubim standing with drawn sword at the gate of paradise. I, no angel myself," &c. Notwithstanding many advantageous offers Ritter remained with the Hollweg family, finally accompanying his pupils to Göttingen, where, during his leisure, he tried his hand at authorship, choosing for his subject physical geography. His manuscript was accepted by one of the first publishers in Berlin, to which city he removed, his pupils being now of an age to study independently. At Berlin he enjoyed the friendship of Schleiermacher, Niebuhr, Rauch, and others. His "Physical Geography" appeared, and henceforward it was difficult to decide whether Ritter was greater as author or educator, until his fame culminated in the appearance of his great work, "General Geography in its connection with the Nature and History of Man." "My aim has been," he writes, "to trace the general laws which underlie all the diversity of nature, to show their connection with every fact taken singly, and to indicate on a purely historical field, the perfect unity and harmony which exist in the *apparent* diversity and caprice which prevail on the globe, and which *seem* most marked in the mutual relation of nature and man." He has justly been called "the creator of scientific geography." At this time he accepted the chair of history at Frankfort, succeeding Schlosser. Ritter, now nearly forty, sought a home of his own, and wrote to his sister, begging her to intercede for him with one Lili, a niece of her husband. Lili listened favourably, and before long he brought her to Frankfort as his wife. At Frankfort they remained until he was appointed to an honourable professorship at Berlin University, which he held to the last. Carl Ritter died September 28th, 1859. The night before his death he listened to the reading of the twenty-third Psalm, then clasping his pastor's hand the dying man said, "He has guided me thus far, and He will not desert me now."

Income-Tax Statistics.—It appears from a Parliamentary return just issued that the total amount of income charged with the tax under Schedule D (trades and professions) in Great Britain last year was £131,980,647. This shows an increase of £1,154,000 over the previous year. The number of persons paying the tax was 397,750, being an increase of 15,778 over the number in 1877. It would seem that there are 1,487 persons whose incomes are assessed between £900 and £1,000; while between £1,000 and £2,000 there are 12,403; under £3,000, 3,860; under £4,000, 1,824; under £5,000, 980; under £10,000, 1,870; under £50,000, 994; over £50,000, 90.

Prices under Protection and under Free Trade.—That any British farmer should impute his ruin to Free Trade stands in curious contrast to the fact that, bad as the times are, he gets better prices now than he did in the days of exclusion. From 1840 to 1846, for example, the prices of barley ranged from twenty-seven shillings and sixpence to thirty-six shillings and fivepence per quarter. But, if we look at the six years ending 1877, what do we find the prices standing at? Why at nothing less than from thirty-five shillings and twopence to forty-four shillings and fourpence a quarter. Of course, if it be clearly proved, as it can be proved, that, in spite of better prices for farm produce, land is going out of tillage, the explanation of the prevailing distress must be sought for elsewhere. When land is put back on the hands of the landlord the reason is the very obvious one that it does not pay people to till it. Rent, in short, is too high, or the conditions under which the agriculturist is bound to work are too onerous, or his burdens may be excessive, and into these alleged grievances the Royal Commission will inquire.—*Daily Telegraph.*

Sir John Lubbock on Ants.—One of his nests was a nest of ants which fed upon other insects. They went out in the morning hunting, and bringing back prey. He put before one of these ants a large bluebottle fly, but pinned it down, so that the ant could not carry it off to the nest. The ant pulled at it for twenty minutes and then went back to the nest, and in less than a minute came back with twelve companions, obviously intending them to help in carrying off the fly. But being excited by the ardour of the chase, the first ant ran ahead and found itself again at the fly alone. Its friends lost sight of it, which was rather stupid, he admitted, and they went back. The ant was again unable to move the fly, and went back, returning with ten friends. He then released the pin, and the fly was carried off in triumph. That might not be speech in the sense of vocalisation, but it would be impossible for an insect to communicate more obviously than that ant did.

Clever People.—Some one at school said to Charlotte Brontë that she was always talking about clever people—Johnson, Sheridan, etc. She said, "Now you don't know the meaning of *clever*. Sheridan might be clever; yes, Sheridan was clever—scamps often are—but Johnson hadn't a spark of cleverality in him." No one appreciated the opinion; they made some trivial remark about "*cleverality*," and she said no more.—*Life of Charlotte Brontë.*

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THE LEISURE HOUR.

BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,
AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND.—*Cowper.*

THE TALK OF THE NEIGHBOURHOOD.

STRAIGHT TO THE MARK.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—A DIFFICULT CHOICE.

Are not the mountains, *waves*, and skies, a part
Of me and of my soul, as I of them?
Is not the love of them deep in my heart
With a pure passion? —*Byron.*

ALTHOUGH Tom Howard had manifested a great deal of feeling when first informed by Mrs. Martin of his father's death, he was not so much affected by it afterwards as might have been expected from a child of his warm and impulsive temperament. The shock had been severe; but after a few days he was able to think of the event and to reflect upon the consequences of it without a very great deal of pain. Among these consequences was the return of his mother, whom he was expecting in the course of a few days, with the prospect of not being again separated from her. He felt indeed that it must be a terrible thing for her to lose her husband, and

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wondered what he could say or do to comfort her; but that he should lose his father did not affect him so deeply. It must be remembered that he had not seen that father for nearly six years; and it may be confessed that his recollections of him had not at any time been so distinct or so delightful as they might have been. Mr. Howard had never taken much notice of his little child. Business and other cares had always held the chief place in his consideration; and although he had loved his boy and had taken pleasure in seeing him sometimes, there had been no very tender passages between them. Tom could not affect greater sorrow at the loss of his parent than he really felt; and though his manner was more quiet and subdued than formerly, he would soon have recovered his spirits while looking forward to his mother's arrival, if it had not been for the anxiety he felt on her account and the keen sympathy which he entertained for her share of the affliction.

Mulberry Villa was not a very lively place at this time. Mrs. Beverley, who had come herself to the terminus to meet Tom, had given him a hint not to talk about Mr. Darville in Joan's presence; he need not ask for reasons: she told him there were reasons sufficient. Tom thought that if Darby and Joan had fallen out, he might perhaps be able to make it up between them; but Mrs. Beverley seemed to understand his thoughts and anticipated what he might have spoken. They must be left to themselves, she said in a decided tone. Nobody could interfere. Tom asked if he might go and see Mr. Darville as usual; and Mrs. Beverley could not forbid his doing so, but charged him not to speak of anything that occurred at the villa, and not to carry messages to and fro if any should be given.

Miss Beverley's habits were altered of late, as Tom very soon found out. She did not visit in her district so much as she had formerly done; nor did she accompany her parents on Sundays to the parish church which they had attended for so many years. She preferred the new district church of St. Winifred's, where the services were more frequent and more elaborate. Tom saw very little of her; often she did not appear at the breakfast-table. She was "gone to church;" it was the same at other meals. She ate but little, and that at odd times, causing a great deal of inconvenience and discomfort to other members of the household. Her father complained that he seldom saw her, for she went out in the morning before he was downstairs and did not return till he was gone, or just going to business; and in the evening also she was frequently engaged or absent. Mrs. Beverley was inclined to take her daughter's part when anything was said about her. It was the only consolation poor Joan had now, she would say. It was a good thing for her that her mind was so engaged. Church-going could never do her any harm; it would divert her mind from other thoughts and be a relief to her. So Mr. Beverley could only give vent to his dissatisfaction by his looks, and grew more serious and silent and Socratic than before.

It was no wonder that, under these circumstances, the time should seem to our hero to pass slowly. He went to church at first with Miss Beverley, but she scarcely spoke to him, either going or returning; and when he got there he was not allowed to sit near her, but sent to the opposite aisle; so he did not continue that practice. He went into the City several times with Mr. Beverley. Mr. Beverley was not very good company either, but Tom would leave him in Cheapside and go on to the East End of London, where he would spend hour after hour looking at the shipping in the docks and making acquaintance with the seamen and officers, returning in time to accompany Mr. Beverley back to Highgate, where he got through the evening with a book or with his own thoughts as best he could.

Sometimes he would go to Charing Cross terminus instead, to see the trains come in, especially that tidal train from which, as he pictured to himself, his mother would alight when a few more of these slow, tedious days should have worn themselves away. His heart leapt up in pleasing anticipation when he heard the rumbling of the train afar off, and saw it coming smoothly towards him, though he knew that she was not in it this time; and then again the thought of the sable garments by which she would be distinguished, and the load of sorrow which she must needs bring with her, damped his joy and sent him away again anxious and dejected. On the whole he much preferred the docks and the trip back by water, though only on the Thames in a penny steamer.

She came at last; came when he was not expecting her nor thinking of her. The hour was past, as he thought, when she might have been expected, and she could not come till night. He had betaken himself to a little room at the back of the house which was but seldom used, and was absorbed in a volume of "Captain Cook's Voyages" from his uncle's shelves, when the door was suddenly thrown open and his mother entered. A hungry embrace, a storm of kisses, a long eager look at the face of her son, as she held him at arm's length, and then a passionate burst of tears and sobs from mother and child at once! It was long before either of them could utter a word except in the way of ejaculation; but they grew calm at length, and smiled upon each other with a joy that needed no other expression. Smiles and tears, tears and smiles again for an hour more, no one venturing to interrupt them or even to enter the room in which their joys and sorrows were thus freely outpoured and freely mingled. Then the world began to move again, and before evening things were going on all about them in their old groove, and they themselves taking their natural part and interest in them.

It was not till the next morning, however, that Mrs. Howard, sitting with her son by her side, and his hand in hers, in the little back room where she had found him, began to talk to him about his father's death, and the consequences which it had entailed. Tom was too young to be taken wholly into confidence in respect to matters of business, but there were some points on which it was necessary that he should be informed at once, as his whole future career must be affected by them; and it was with difficulty that she could approach them.

"We have had very good reports from your school, Tom," she said. "It has given us such pleasure. You still like it, do you not?"

"Oh, yes, mother; much better than I expected I should."

"You would not like to leave it?"

"No, not just yet; when I am a little older I should like, of course, as you know, to go to sea."

"I was in hopes you would have given up that fancy, Tom."

"It is not a fancy, mother; I don't know what to call it. I always loved the sea; that voyage from

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India I shall never forget; and then the trip down Channel; and afterwards the cruise in Mr. Dean's boat! Oh, mother, the sea, the sea! there's nothing like it. In fair weather or foul, calm or rough, the very smell of it, the spray upon one's forehead, the shadows flying over it, the ship driving on, the sails spread out like wings, the deck springing under one's feet, the seamen's voices ringing in the air, so different from any voice on shore! Oh, mother, the sea, the sea! what would I give to be upon the sea again this moment! But don't be distressed, mother. I am sorry I said so much. I will give it up if you like," he added, observing the sad expression of Mrs. Howard's face. "I used to think, you know, that I should sail to India and see you there."

"That is all past and done with. You would not like to go away and leave me now, Tom?"

"I would not do that—never, never!" he exclaimed, putting his arms round her neck; but with a misgiving the next instant that he was promising more than he had intended—more than he should like to fulfil. He could not unsay it, however; he must submit his will to hers, and hope that she would think differently on the subject by-and-by.

"I don't know what we shall do, Tom," Mrs. Howard said. "Our loss is great in every way. I should like you to remain at Abbotscliff as long as possible; but I have not the same means, the same income that I had."

Tom had never thought of that, but understood his mother's difficulty in a moment.

"I suppose it is awfully expensive keeping me at that tip-top school," he said.

"Yes," she replied; "and yet I should be so sorry for you to leave it. You must go back for a term or two, at all events; perhaps, by that time, we shall be able to see our way more clearly."

"Yes, mother; and if you could then make up your mind to let me go to sea, it would save all further expense and trouble. I should be quite old enough, and should begin at once to gain my own living."

"I shall not let you leave school if I can help it, Tom. It was your dear father's greatest wish that you should be properly educated; he would have made any sacrifice with that object. He meant that you should go to Cambridge or Oxford, and then to the Church or the Bar."

Tom could not feel sorry that these plans were not likely to be carried out, but he had too great a respect for his father's kindness of intention and too deep a sympathy with his mother's wishes to say anything.

"There is only one way in which your poor father's plans could be accomplished," said Mrs. Howard, "and that depends very much upon yourself, Tom. The last report speaks very favourably not only of your diligence and progress, but of your good abilities; Mr. Grantley thinks you may take a high place in the school. Now there are, as you know, house scholarships, which are sufficient to defray the greater part of the expense for those who gain them. Don't you think you might try for one?"

"I should not have a chance, mother."

"Would it not be worth while to try?"

Tom reflected. He knew tolerably well what he could do, and what others, with whom he would have to contend, were capable of, and it had never occurred to him that it would be possible for him to gain one of these chief prizes. He might try for it; it would be a tremendous grind, and if he failed, as he felt sure he should, the result would not be without some mortification.

For these reasons he did not feel inclined to go in for it. But there was another view of the question. If he should succeed—it was absurd to expect it, but accidents did happen in examinations as well as in other "well-regulated" affairs, he knew that—if he should by any fluke succeed, what would be the consequence? He would be debarred for ever following the calling of a sailor. He must in that case stick to the school, and continue to work hard, and prepare for greater efforts at the university. Success, then, would be the death-blow to his dearest hopes. He did not covet university distinctions. He wanted to be a sailor. He did not aspire to wear a gown and a wig, and to pass his days in Chancery Lane and the Law Courts. The passionate wish and instinct of his heart was to tread the deck of a fast-sailing ship, to climb the rigging, to fight her through storm and tempest; to experience, in a word, all the excitements and perils of a seaman's life. Yet his father, who was just dead, had planned and in a manner appointed this career of learning for him instead; and his mother, who was now dependent upon him for all the joy and comfort of her life, had likewise set her heart upon his following it. It seemed hard that under such circumstances the choice should lie with him; that he must resolve either to work for a success which he could not expect to attain, and which if attained would be rather in the nature of a penalty than a prize as far as he was personally concerned, or he must disappoint his mother's hopes in order to gratify his own.

He said very little at the time to his mother, but lay awake the greater part of the following night, reflecting upon these alternatives. Only a few days more of the autumn holidays remained. Two house scholarships were to be awarded at Easter in the following year. If he should resolve to work for one of them he had no time to lose. He wished there were no such things as scholarships; any other kind of "ships" would have suited him so much better. He wished this question could have been decided for him; he could have made up his mind more easily to do what was plainly ordered and appointed. He must choose and decide for himself, and yet the choice lay in fact between his own choice and his mother's choice. Already he knew what the decision must be. He had known it from the moment when the question first arose. But it was not without a struggle that he could master his own feelings and resolve, at whatever cost, to follow the path of duty. If he should fail he thought he should be so glad afterwards that he had done his best, and might probably then leave school and go to sea at once.

But that again would be a disappointment to his mother, and all the greater because she would be sure to build up extravagant hopes of his success. It would be a disappointment to himself also in one way: for of course if he made up his mind to work for the scholarship he should make up his mind to win it; he must apply himself to his duty in no half-hearted manner, but earnestly and resolutely, with no reserve of thought or wish, but "straightforward," having only one object in view and hastening towards it. If he could not command success he must at least deserve it, and that would entail a great deal of hard work, and probably in the end a serious mortification.

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Wearied with these thoughts, tossing from side to side upon his pillow, the night wore on, and already the dawn began to show itself before he fell asleep. He was up in good time, however, the next morning; and when Mrs. Howard came downstairs, she found him already looking over some books which he had taken from his school-box. They exchanged glances; the boy colouring a little, and turning away his eyes from her for a moment. His resolution was taken, and she knew it; and when he felt the warm, lingering pressure of his mother's lips upon his cheek, he had already begun to reap the reward of the labour and self-denial which were to follow.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—DOING HIS BEST.

That dry drudgery at the desk's dead wood.—*Charles Lamb.*

THE holidays were over, and the boys were assembling from north, south, east, and west at Abbotscliff. Most of them came by late trains, taking good care, however, to be punctual, and to use the proper Bradshaw. Some of them were a little out of spirits at leaving their friends, but they made the best of it, and knew by past experience that the home-sickness would soon pass away, and that they should be all right again in two or three days. Little Martin, who was obliged to leave home at an early hour, arrived at his destination in the afternoon, and went down to the station in the evening, to look out for his friend Howard, and to exchange congratulations or condolences.

"I have got a message for you," said Martin, as soon as they were together. "Guess who sent it."

"Your mother?"

"No; guess again."

"Mr. Strafford?"

"Yes; Mr. Strafford. He has got a new housekeeper, and there has been quite a row at his house. Mrs. Daunt kept saying that she would not stay—until the new one came, and then she changed her tone, and said she would not go. And she told every one Mr. Strafford had promised to marry her; and she has been to a lawyer about it; and there is to be an action, and damages, and everything."

"Nonsense!" said Tom.

"She says he promised."

"And what does he say?"

"He says he did not, and never thought of such a thing. That is what the message is about. You are not to believe anything of the kind; and not to listen to any of the tales you may have heard about him, but to think of him as a friend, and to go and see him whenever you can. He says he shall not forget you, and he hopes you will not forget him; and you are to write to him and tell him how you are getting on. We can't make out what you have done to Mr. Strafford. He is quite a different man from what he used to be. Hares, the keeper, says so; and so does Mrs. Hares, and everybody. And you remember that old cottage of Pollard's, where the rain came in upon Pollard's wife? Well, he has had the roof repaired, and everything put in order, and he sent the doctor to see her, and gave her whatever the doctor ordered; and they say he is going to lower his rents and to repair his cottages all round. And he has been to church, and has called on my father about the schools, and has given him ever so much money for people who were in want; and when he meets any one, instead of looking away from them as he used to do, he 'passes the time of day,' as the people call it. It is the talk of the neighbourhood, I can tell you. Some say it's only a freak of the moment; others that he had a 'stroke' and fell down in the yard and got frightened about himself and wants to get a way made for him to go to heaven; others think that it's the new housekeeper's doing. She is a very different woman from Mrs. Daunt—more of a lady, and keeps two or three servants; but Hares, the keeper, says it's your doing, and so does Mrs. Hares. Oh, and by-the-by, they sent a message, too, 'respect and dooty.' You are quite in favour with them all. You will have to come and see us again next holidays; my father says so."

"No," Tom answered; "I am afraid I shall not be able to do that. My mother will be at home, you know."

"At Easter, then?"

Tom sighed. "A great deal was to be done before Easter," he said. "He did not know how things might turn out."

"What sort of things?" Martin asked.

"I am going to work hard this term and next," he said; "and then we shall see."

"You always do work hard."

"Not as I mean to, though. I don't intend to lose a minute if I can help it."

"I am sorry for that; but you won't give up the field club, I hope?"

"Not altogether."

This was not a cheerful way of beginning the new term, and Martin dropped the subject. The evening was closing in, and the weather was overcast, and when they arrived at the college, and Tom found himself again in the common room, with its naked walls, its long tables, and its bare board, and the murmur of many voices in his ears, the contrast between the comfort and happiness he had lately enjoyed with his mother at Mulberry Lawn, and the hard, practical, and somewhat gloomy aspect of the scene before him, cast a chill over him, and made him feel more sad and lonely than he would have liked to confess. He had been already more than a year at the college, and was generally very happy and contented there. At his first entrance he had expected to suffer grievously from home sickness; but the novelty of everything about him, and the strong resolution he had formed not to give way to unmanly regrets, had helped to carry him through the first few days, and then he had been as merry as any of his schoolfellows, having naturally an excellent fund of good spirits. But now he could not overcome a feeling of depression; he had had such a short spell with his mother since her return, and the time had passed so quickly, and he had nothing before him but months of application to his books (for which he had never had any particular liking), and then either a discreditable failure, or if success, a success which would, in its consequences, be even more distressing and distasteful. His visits to the docks, the sight and even the smell of the shipping, and his occasional conversations with the sailors, had revived his passion for the sea, and had made him feel at the time that it would be impossible for him to follow any other calling than that of a sailor. And now he had engaged to do his utmost to disable and disqualify himself for such a profession. He was resolved to do his duty, and to make it his pleasure also, if practicable; but just now, on the day of his return to the college, he could not overcome a feeling of distress, and almost of despair, at the prospect before him; and as he paced to and fro in the dusky play-

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ground, where a few boys were sauntering about in groups with their hands in their pockets, and their hearts, like his own, far away, his eyes filled with tears, of which, however, he took care that no one should know anything but himself. Rousing himself from his reverie, he drew out a book which he had been studying in the train and endeavoured to concentrate his thoughts upon it. This was the best remedy he could think of for low spirits, this the most practical and effectual method of combating all discontented thoughts and impulses. While he was thus engaged a hand was laid upon his shoulder, and dashing away the tears from his eyes, he turned and saw his old friend and tutor, Mr. Grantly.

"Bookwork already, Howard!" he said. "You are not very sorry, then, that the holidays are over, I conclude?"

Tom did not answer.

"Not sorry to return to Abbotscliff, at all events, I hope?"

Still he did not reply.

"What have you been doing during the vacation?"

Tom told him of the pleasant visit he had had at Brakely, but could not get any further just then.

"I am glad you have enjoyed yourself."

After a time Tom was able to speak of his mother, and of the loss they had both sustained; and Mr. Grantly was so kind, and sympathised so entirely with his trouble, that he was led to enter more fully than he otherwise would have done into his own plans and prospects. He wanted some one to talk to, and it was a relief to him to open his heart to Mr. Grantly.

"You give up the idea of going to sea, then?" said his tutor.

"I suppose so—for the present."

"That is right. You will find a better opening."

"I don't think so, Mr. Grantly."

"You will have other tastes and ambitions as you grow older."

"No," he said, promptly; "I shall never like anything else so well."

"Are you sure of that?"

"Quite sure. I shall try to like whatever I have to do, of course; but I think Captain Broad was right when he said I was made for the sea. The pilot said the same. 'A born sailor,' he called me."

"Well," said Mr. Grantly, "we shall see what you think and say about it a few months hence. It will do you no harm to read for this scholarship, provided you do not overdo it. I do not think you could stand so much brain work as some of our boys; you are too excitable. Those hard-headed north-country fellows will have an advantage over you. Very likely you will not persevere with it, but you can try. I confess, however, that, as a rule, I think it is a good thing that boys who have a strong leaning to any profession, and stick to it as they grow older, should be allowed to follow their choice. It is often an indication of what they are most fit for. I always thought you would be a sailor. I can hardly fancy you anything else."

"Do you think, then, that it is not advisable for me to go in for this scholarship?"

"I should be sorry to offer you any discouragement."

For one moment only Tom had felt a thrill of hope at the opinion which Mr. Grantly had expressed. He was accustomed to look up to him as an authority on most points, but especially on any subject connected with the school. It was evident, he thought, that Mr. Grantly would not advise him to attempt that close and constant study which would be necessary for him if he were to compete for the scholarship, nor yet to do violence to his nautical instincts. Why should he persevere in a course which was not suited to him? But the next instant the thought of all that had passed on the subject with his mother, and of the earnest manner in which he had himself weighed it in all its bearings, recurred to his mind; and as Mr. Grantly turned away to speak to another boy, Tom Howard opened his book again and began to read more steadily than before. He had made up his mind, not hastily, but after full consideration, to follow the path of duty, and he would not turn aside from it. He considered himself bound to persevere. He had, it was true, made no promise, but the decision at which he had arrived was a kind of pledge to himself, and that was sufficient. He would be true to himself; and all the more because everything and everybody seemed to be in league to tempt and argue him out of his fidelity.

It was a busy term for all the boys, both in school and out, but for none more so than for Tom Howard. The evenings were long and afforded good opportunity for study. The weather was often wet and gloomy, and there was but little inducement to go out. There was football on half-holidays, compulsory, but Tom was excused after the first few weeks as not being equal to violent exercise, and was allowed to go for a walk instead; though it was not intended that he should carry a Latin book with him to read as he sauntered along, or that he should stand still for half an hour at a time on the seashore drawing mathematical figures upon the sand, and comparing their angles. There was a glee club also requiring frequent practices, but Tom was not musical, and preferred Jim Bowley's song of the sea-sarpent to more finished compositions. So if he attended any of the performances or concerts he generally went to sleep, having somehow or other acquired an unpleasant habit of lying awake at night. The "naturals'" club was in abeyance at this season, but some strange specimens were added to it by the untiring zeal of the Swallow and others. Tom did not respond to the invitations he received to go in search of "objects," or to assist in arranging collections. To him the term was almost literally all work and no play; and it was no wonder that his mother and Mrs. Beverley thought him looking thin and pale when he returned to Mulberry Lawn for the Christmas holidays. He was much more sedate and much older too in every way, considering that he had been absent only about three months. He had got on well with his work, however, and was beginning almost to think that he should have a fair chance of gaining the scholarship. The idea gave him sometimes more pain than pleasure, but he endeavoured to dismiss all future consequences from his mind. "Do your duty," Captain Broad had said when he parted from him in the Channel. "Do your duty as honestly and truly as you can, and leave the rest to Providence." He remembered also the seaman's maxim which he had heard in the pilot's boat: "When you are not sartin about your course, don't run afore the wind, but beat up agen it. Why and wherefore? 'Cause it's easier always to go wrong than right; so don't choose the easiest." That was Tom Howard's rule with respect to the scholarship.

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CURIOUS TIME-MEASURERS.

I.

NOT content with the natural divisions of the day and night, man must early have noted the varying lengths and turnings of the shadows of trees and rocks; but the changing seasons would make such indications of uncertain value, and as he rose from the barbaric state, he would feel the want of a more unerring record of the progress of time.

With the need ever comes the man to satisfy it, and observation prompted ingenuity to devise the earliest artificial time-measurer in the sun-dial, the first chronicled being that of King Ahaz (B.C. 742), mentioned in the Bible. The first instrument of the kind of which we have any definite description was the hemicycle of Berosus, a Chaldean astronomer, B.C. 540. But it was two centuries later before Anaximander, travelling in Chaldea, noticed the novelty and carried it to Greece. In the Elgin collection at the British Museum is a sun-dial having four faces to show the hours to passers-by, taken from one of the crossways in the city of Athens. The inscription upon it runs: "Phædrus, the son of Zoilus, a Pæonian, made this." One was set up in Rome, B.C. 293, by Papirius Cursor, a general, near the Temple of Quirinus.

The pillar dial is rarely set up now, but in the heart of busy London it is to be found adorning the quiet greensward of the Temple, facing Crown Office Row. This quaint retreat also contains several specimens of the wall sun-dial. There is one in Middle Temple Lane, with the motto, "Pereunt et Imputantur;" one in Essex Court inscribed, "Vestigia nulla Retrorsum;" and another at the back of the same court, with the motto, "Discite justitiam moniti." One in Brick Court proclaims that "Time and tide tarry for no man;" and one in Pump Court aptly points out that—

"Shadows we are, and like shadows depart."

On an old dial at the end of Inner Temple Terrace, removed in 1828, there was a peculiar and not inappropriate inscription, said to have been taken from a reply given by a testy and inattentive Bencher to the boy who had come for the motto from the dial-maker's; it was, "Begone about your business."

The "polos" was an upright staff, fixed in a basin, round the edges of which were marked the portions of the day. This, placed in a sunny spot, indicated the time by its shadow. The earliest "gnomons" (a name originally given to the dial itself, but now to the hand) were probably beams, or stones, placed in a perpendicular position, and it is even supposed that the obelisks of the Egyptians may have acted as time-indicators to the people as well as time-serving flatterers to their kings.

The sun does not always shine, but time is ever moving, so a dial could not be taken as the be-all and the end-all of the notation of time's flight. Therefore the Egyptians hit upon the happy expedient of measuring time by the flow of water. These water-clocks, or clepsydræ, must have been untrustworthy timekeepers in that the emptying of one vessel to another was much accelerated or diminished as they were full or only partly so. Nevertheless, they were an advance upon the sun-dial, being available rain or shine. The invention of clepsydræ is attributed by Vitruvius, architect to Augustus, B.C. 40, to the son of an Alexandrian barber, one Ctesibius, who lived in the reign of the second Ptolemy Euergetes, B.C. 245. This youth had evidently sharpened his wits, as well as his father's razors, and had put a keen edge on his inventive faculties; for whether the earliest idea of the clepsydra is due to him or not, it is certain that he arranged a toothed wheel, which, fitted to the apparatus, in a great measure regulated the deficiency. This primitive clock was a jar containing water, which slowly escaped by a hole in the bottom. A miniature boat floated upon the surface of the water, and as this sank an oar, projecting from the boat, pointed to the hours marked upon the inside of the jar. Plato took the idea of the water-clocks from Egypt to Greece; he constructed one himself that played upon flutes instead of striking the hours. P. Cornelius Scipio Nasica introduced one into Rome B.C. 157. Indeed, such time-measurers were greatly regarded by the Romans. In the triumph of Pompey, one of the trophies from the East was a clepsydra strung with pearls. The Greeks put them to good use by placing them in the Athenian courts of justice, to place some limits on the loquacity of the lawyers. Clepsydræ seem to have travelled pretty quickly about the world; Julius Cæsar found them in Britain B.C. 55, where they had doubtless been introduced by the Phœnicians.

The ancients frequently erected buildings for recording time. Northward of the Acropolis is the ruin of an octagonal temple called "The Tower of the Winds," from the figures of the eight winds cut in relief upon the outer walls. This is spoken of as a horologium by both Varro and Vitruvius, and may have been intended for a sun dial; it also had a clepsydra, regularly fed with water from a spring under the cave of Pan on the north-west of the Acropolis. At the Mattei Palace, Rome, is a representation in a bas-relief of a clepsydra, resembling an hour-glass in form.

The celebrated horological machine presented by Haroun-al-Raschid, in 807, to Charlemagne, was probably a water-clock. It was of bronze gilt, and twelve doors in the dial opened to show the hours, while brass balls to the number of the hour fell out and struck the time upon a bell. The doors remained open, and at noon twelve miniature knights rode forth and round the dial, having made a circuit of which, they retired, and the doors closed behind them. This unique and, for the period, amazing piece of workmanship, was sent in charge of two Jerusalem monks from the Caliph of the East to the Emperor of the West.

Soon after the introduction of water-clocks, another form of measuring time was discovered, and

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Alexandria again boasts the invention, if that can be called one which is but another application of the same idea. This was the clepsammia, or sand-glass, which is more certain in its action than the clepsydra, as, under proper conditions, sand will run more uniformly than water. The sand, or hour-glass, has been greatly honoured, for, besides being borne—together with his scythe—by the bald, bent, and winged embodiment of Old Father Time, it has been the stock-in-trade of poets from time immemorial; now, alas! it has dropped to the prosaic egg-boiler, and is even made to ring a bell, to jog the memory of the cook.

Our own Alfred (great as a king and greater as a man) knew full well the advantage of an accurate knowledge of the rate at which time travels. He showed his appreciation of the value of time, and exhibited his ingenuity in the "candle-clocks," by which he divided his days. Of these candles Alfred burnt six daily; they were made of wax, twelve inches long, and burnt for four hours each, two monks being duly appointed to tend them carefully, and act as snuffers, fingers being the instruments in use for the purpose at that period. It was not always, though, that Alfred had a roof to shelter him; and sometimes the keen winds of Athelnay would blow his candles out, so the ready-witted monarch fitted thin slips of horn into frames, fixed them round his candles, and thus invented lanterns. He was a light to his people in more ways than one, was Alfred.

The date of the introduction of wheel-clocks and their inventor is uncertain. Some ascribe them to Archimedes, 200 B.C. In an epigram of Claudian, a clock is named as the work of the gifted Syracusan which represented the heavenly motions, the diurnal and annual courses of the sun, the changes and aspects of the moon, etc. Some give the credit to Boethius, A.D. 510, and others to Pacificus, Archdeacon of Verona, about the year 850, though doubt has been thrown upon these horologia being anything more than sun-dials. It is a well-authenticated fact, however, that Gerbert, of Auvergne, a monk of the order of St. Bennet, at the Abbey of St. Gerard d'Orillac, made a clock moved by weights and wheels at Magdeburg, about 996. Men with new ideas often suffer, but though Gerbert's clock-making got him an unpleasant reputation as a magician locally, he rose rapidly in the Church, becoming archbishop, in turns, of Rheims and Ravenna, and receiving the tiara as Pope Silvester the Second in 999.

What is now known as a clock was originally called a *horologe** and the term "clock"—probably from the French *cloche*, a bell—was applied, down to the fourteenth century, to the bell rung to announce the hours. In 1365 (Edward III) there was a *clochard*, or bell-tower, at Westminster. This was taken down in 1715, and "Great Tom," the small predecessor of "Big Ben," was given to St. Paul's.

Two hundred years had to elapse before the new ideas of registering time by clocks with wheels and weights took root. The earliest complete machine of the kind, in good going order, is said to have been made in the thirteenth century by a Saracen mechanic, and presented by the Sultan of Egypt to the Emperor Frederick II. About the same time wheel-clocks were manufactured in Italy, and in 1288 the first English public clock was set up at Westminster. Canterbury followed suit four years later with a clock that cost £30—a large sum at that time. In the reign of Edward I, Richard de Wallingford, the son of a blacksmith at St. Albans, constructed a clock for the abbey church, of which Leland says all Europe could not produce such another. This showed the hours, the motions of the sun, changes of the moon, and ebb and flow of tides, and was called by its maker "Albion" (*i.e.*, all by *one*). The mechanic-monk had lost his parents when he was ten years of age, and the Prior of Wallingford prepared the bright lad for Oxford. Richard wrote a large folio on astronomy, but was not simply a star-gazer, for he rose in the Church, and became Abbot of St. Albans. His account of the clock is preserved in the Bodleian Library, Oxford.

A few years after Wallingford's successful effort a curious clock was made for Glastonbury Abbey, about 1325, by Peter Lightfoot, a monk of that place. The dial shows the motions of the moon and planets. two figures strike the hour on a bell, and on the top eight armed knights keep wandering round in hopeless pursuit of each other. Lightfoot's clock continued to work until forty years ago, when it was placed in the crypt of Wells Cathedral. It was subsequently lent to the Patent Museum at South Kensington by the Dean and Chapter. A few new brass wheels have been added, to take the place of old iron ones lost, and it is now in good working order, and, what may seem anomalous, on strike also.

Dover Castle also boasted a clock with the date 1348, which was removed from Dover Castle in 1872, and is now at the Patent Museum, South Kensington. It is interesting, apart from its age, in having the verge escapement, which was in use before the pendulum. In the same Museum is an ancient clock with stone weights, from Aymestrey Church, Herefordshire.

In the year 1344 Giacomo Dondi, a Venetian, made a clock for Hubert, Prince of Carrara, which was set up at Padua. It indicated the hours, represented the motion of the sun, moon, and planets, and pointed out the different festivals of the year. For this achievement Dondi received the surname of "Horologio," which his family is said to hold to this day. Another clock, and somewhat more complex, was made about the same time, and for the same city, by William Zelander. This was afterwards repaired by the celebrated Janellus Turrianus.

The most ancient clock of which we have a complete description is that made in 1379 for the palace of Charles V of France, by Henri de Vic, or de Wyek, a German, whom the king called from his native country to make the machine. There were, indeed, few makers of clocks in those days, and consequently such articles were rare. Sometimes they excited the cupidity of conquerors, as when, in 1382, a celebrated clock was "transferred" from the city of Courtray to the tower of Notre Dame, at Dijon.

In the north tower of Exeter Cathedral is a clock said to have been presented by Bishop Courtenay in 1480. The earth is represented by a globe in the centre, the sun by a fleur-de-lis, and a ball, painted black and white and turning on its axis, shows the moon's phases. There is a turret clock at Hampton Court, in the portion erected by Wolsey, bearing the date 1541, the original dial and part of the works

* Iago says of Cassio—
"He'll watch the horologe, a double set [*i.e.*, twenty-four hours],
If drink rock not his cradle."

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still remaining; and there is an Italian clock of about the same period in the South Kensington Museum.

One of the most noted horological machines has ever been that of Strasburg. It replaced one twenty feet high, which was designed in 1370, and of which only the cock that surmounted it remains. The present one, in the south transept of the cathedral, was set up, in 1574, by Dasypodius and Wolkinstenius, and completed by Isaac Halbrecht towards the close of the century. There is a description of this clock by the supposed inventor, Conradus Dasypodius, professor of mathematics at Strasburg, written in 1580. Besides showing the motions of the sun, moon, etc., upon a celestial globe, it had a perpetual almanack, the day of the month being pointed out by a figure. The hour was struck upon a bell by the figure of one angel and a second reversed an hour-glass at the last stroke. The first of these angels also opened a door, and saluted a statue of the virgin behind it. The quarters of the hour were struck by statues representing the seasons of the year: Spring, a child with an apple; Summer, a youth with bow and arrows; Autumn, a man with a staff; and Winter, an old man with a crutch. Before the hour a cock flapped its wings and crowed twice. One story connected with the clock is that there was only one artificer engaged in the task, who, becoming blind before its completion, and being jealous of others interfering with the work, finished it without the assistance of his eyesight. This, if true, has been paralleled in later times, for William Kennedy, a clock-maker of Banbridge, county Down, was blind for many years while working at his trade. He lived about 1790.

The works of such ancient clocks as we have named were rude and cumbrous, and they had each a balance like the fly of a kitchen-jack. It was reserved for the seventeenth century to crown the edifice of clock mechanisms in the discovery of the pendulum, an honour fiercely contested and claimed alike for Galileo Galilei, Huygens, and Dr. Hooke; but all these aspirants to the honour of the invention must retire into the background if it be true, as stated, that one Richard Harris, of London, made the theory an accomplished fact by putting a pendulum clock into the new church of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, built by Inigo Jones in 1642; or if Tycho Brahe had one on this principle, made by Justice Bergen, mechanician to the Emperor Rudolphus from 1576 to 1612. Galileo, who was mathematician to the Grand Duke of Tuscany, is said to have first suggested the pendulum about the year 1639, but he did not apply his theory till later. The real inventor may never be known; two or three great minds were working in the same direction, and the discovery may have been almost simultaneous in each case. Whether the honour is to be awarded to one of our own countrymen or not, certain it is that they have ever since been foremost in the art. Foreign clocks have doubtless improved since the times of good Queen Bess, when Shakespeare made Biron, in "Love's Labour's Lost," utter that libel on the fair sex, who are said to be

> "Like a German clock,
> Still a repairing, ever out of frame,
> And never going aright."

Most towns had curious clocks in the seventeenth century, but they all bore so strong a family likeness to that of Strasburg and others we have noticed, we may be spared a description of them. But there are historical clocks, and some that tell sad stories, that it would be well to name. There is still preserved the identical clock which was at Whitehall at the time of the execution of Charles I, and by which the fatal moment was regulated; and her Majesty the Queen has a small clock of silver gilt at Windsor, a present from Henry VIII to Anne Boleyn in the May-time of her hopes. Clocks of eccentric performance have not been rare; instance the workmanship of a German mechanic captured by the English forces at Copenhagen, who, being brought to London as a prisoner, supported himself by making apparently self-acting time-indicators, the hands of which, being rapidly spun round, stopped at the proper hour upon the dial. Nicholas Grollier de Servière, a remarkable man, born at Lyons in 1596, made many curious and unique mechanisms. He was a soldier of fortune under Louis XIV, and, being satiated with glory, though free from scars, he had settled down to a quiet life, and instead of slaughtering the enemy he killed time by constructing peculiar clocks to register its flight. One was simply a pewter plate with the hours marked upon the rim. Water was run on to the plate, and a metal tortoise placed in it, and this gradually floated round until it stopped at the correct time. In another a ball travelled on diagonal lines down an inclined plane, touching a spring at the bottom and reversing the plate. Evelyn mentions a similar (possibly the same) piece of mechanism in his diary, February 24th, 1655, and he writes:—"I was shew'd a table-clock whose ballance was onely a chrystall ball sliding on parallel wyers without being at all fixed, but rolling from stage to stage, till falling on a spring conceal'd from sight, it was throwne up to the upmost channel againe, made with an imperceptible declivity, in this continual vicissitude of motion prettily entertaining the eye every halfe minute, and the next halfe giving progress to the hand that shew'd the houre, and giving notice by a small bell, so as in 120 halfe minutes, or periods of the bullets falling on the ejaculatory spring, the clock part struck."

A clock invented by De Grollier was brought out again as a novelty some few years back. It was a transparent dial without visible connection with mechanism. There were two pieces of glass, one behind the other, and the hand was fixed in the back piece, which turned round once every twelve hours by motion produced at a tangent, and pointed to the hours written on the front piece of glass.

In the Patent Museum at South Kensington is the original eight-day clock, made at Barrow, Lincolnshire, by John Harrison, in 1718. Harrison was celebrated as the inventor of a nautical timepiece, or chronometer, which gained the reward of £20,000 offered by the Board of Longitude in 1767.

Louis XIII had a remarkable clock, if that which had only a case and a dial may be called by such a name. It stood in the *Cour de Marbre* of the Palace of Versailles, and was known as "the clock of the king's death." There were no works inside—no *mécanique*, as the conjurers say—but the hands silently and steadily pointed to the hour and minute of the last king's death, and were only altered when the next gave up the ghost. Even a sermon like this failed to make the French autocrats think themselves as much mortal as the poor peasants they oppressed, and of whose terrible vengeance they were ere long to be the victims.

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AUSTRALIAN NOTES.

BY GEORGE BENNETT, M.D., F.L.S., AUTHOR OF "GATHERINGS OF A NATURALIST IN AUSTRALASIA."

II.—HOBART TOWN—MOUNT WELLINGTON.

EUCALYPTUS BRIDGE.

IN rambling through Hobart Town one of the first places I visited was Franklin Square, where I admired the fine bronze statue of Sir John Franklin. The base stands on a pedestal surrounded by rockwork covered with various plants more or less in bloom. This is erected in a large stone reservoir of water, in which some water-plants are growing. The square is planted with a variety of trees and shrubs, and laid out in neat walks, as a public place of recreation, and being on an elevated site the view from it of the harbour and adjacent land is very good. The market was conspicuous by a fine appearance externally, well finished, and adorned by sculptured ornaments, but at the time of my visit it was apparently used more as a storehouse for empty packing-cases than for the object for which it was erected.

On the following day I visited the Botanical Gardens of the Royal Society, situated in the Government Domain some distance from the city. On rising ground, at the entrance to the Domain, stands the High School, a building of some pretensions to architectural beauty, surrounded by a garden and shrubbery. From the more elevated parts there is a very extensive view of the city of Hobart, backed by a lofty mountain range of which Mount Wellington is the most conspicuous feature, being 4,170 feet above the level of the sea. The Government House is a handsome building on a fine site. The Botanic Gardens extend along the hillside, and slope down to the shore of the broad, bright Derwent, close to which, by the waterside, the recently constructed railway passes. They are laid out with great taste, and are kept in most excellent order. Subsequently I visited the Museum of the Royal Society. The museum was extensive and well arranged, and possessed a magnificent collection of geological specimens. There is also an extensive and well-selected library of works in every branch of natural history.

At breakfast the next morning I partook of the famous fish the trumpeter (*Latris hecateia*, Richardson); it is so called from the peculiar sound it utters

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when captured, and I was informed it was caught in the greatest quantity about the vicinity of Cape Pillar. I tasted it both boiled and fried, but I think it perfection when salted and smoked, and then grilled or fried. The flounders (*Pleuronectes sp.*) were also of excellent flavour, resembling the English sole.

In the afternoon I left in the steamer for New Norfolk, for the purpose of visiting the ponds established in the vicinity of that township for hatching and introducing trout, salmon, and salmon-trout into the rivers and streams of the colony.

The river on each side was dotted with cottages and farmhouses, attached to enclosed pasture lands and fields under cultivation; we passed a wide expanse of water called New Town Bay and Risdon Ferry. Mount Dromedary also became a fine and prominent object in the landscape; and the contrast of cultivation and the primitive wildness of other scenery had a fine effect. We passed through the bridge at Bridgewater, which is so contrived as to be opened for the passage of the steamers; and then the river became considerably more narrow, but still not less interesting, as we steamed between lofty picturesque and wooded hills.

Wild ducks were occasionally seen, and that destructive bird to fish, the cormorant (*Phalacrocorax carboides*), which must have been a great impediment to the successful acclimatising of the salmon, trout, and other exotic fish in the waters of the colony. The trout is also a great enemy to salmon, devouring the ova. The cormorants were often seen upon lofty trees in the vicinity of the river, and were very shy, as they were marked out for destruction, and a reward placed upon their heads. When flying, they frequently mount in circles until nearly out of sight.

As we approached New Norfolk, the river became very narrow. On one side the land was lofty and wooded, but on the other the elevation was less, and adorned with neat villas and cottages, some with vine and rose-clad trellis and porches, but all surrounded by neat and extensive fruit and flower gardens. Hop gardens were very numerous, but the hops had been just gathered (April), and heaps of the poles now encumbered the ground. We arrived at the wharf of New Norfolk about dusk.

Early the next morning I rambled over the township, which consists principally of one long street containing small shops of various kinds. Rain had fallen slightly during the night, but the morning was clear and fine, with a cold, bracing, invigorating air. I observed a small building which I thought was a chapel, but on inquiry found it was a library. The town is surrounded in the distance by a lofty range of mountains. The scenery and climate were quite English, and the little town, or rather village, was perfectly so, both in the people and the gardens, the only exception being the great variety of geraniums seen in full bloom. Pear, plum, and medlar trees were loaded with fruit. The season had passed for the more delicate berries, such as currants and gooseberries.

In the course of our drive to the "Salmon Ponds" I had pointed out to me the house of Smith O'Brien, who resided in this part of Tasmania. It is a neat small two-storeyed white house on the left bank of the Derwent, with a flower and fruit garden attached, and surrounded by hop grounds.

The Ponds are twenty-six miles from Hobart Town, and are arranged in accordance with designs brought from the Stormontfield establishment on the Tay. Water is led from the River Plenty by a race to a small plot of grass-land above flood-mark. Sluices are placed on this race to regulate the supply of water. From the main race a smaller one leads directly into the clearing pond, which is circular, about 5 feet deep, and 40 feet in diameter. Thence the water is led by two covered wooden troughs into an open wooden trough at right angles with the covered troughs. From the open wooden trough small sluices let off the water in any quantity desired directly into the gravel hatching beds. These consist of wooden boxes about five feet long by two feet wide. There are twelve of them, arranged in four rows. The water passes with a slight fall into the upper end of the first box in each row, over the lower end of that box to the upper end of the second box, and so on to the lowest, where the water from each row passes over a series of shallow gravelly ponds to a pond about 120 yards long and 40 feet wide, varying in depth from 2 to 9 feet. All the surplus water from the clearing pond also finds its way into this larger pond by a covered drain, ensuring a permanent supply of clear cool water. All the entrances to and exits from the pond and hatching beds are carefully guarded by covering them with perforated zinc. The hatching house was well arranged for the purpose. There are sluices communicating with the pond, so that when the fish have attained sufficient maturity they can be allowed to pass into the Derwent river, or be conveyed elsewhere.

I returned by coach to Hobart Town. The road was good, and the country we passed was picturesque and beautiful, but the sweetbrier appeared to be in a fair way of strangling all the indigenous vegetation. We crossed the Derwent at Bridgewater by a very fine viaduct constructed by Government.

The following day, at 8 a.m., I left with Mr. Abbott, the director of the Botanic Gardens, to ascend Mount Wellington. At one time the land on each side of the road we traversed was a forest, principally of the blue gum (*Eucalyptus globulus*), of enormous size, but the establishment of a saw-mill and the great demand for the valuable timber soon greatly reduced the number of trees. The timber is durable, and excellent for ship-building and other purposes for which a hard and durable wood is required. The bark can be used for tanning, and the leaves (as in most of the eucalypti) yield an excellent camphorate oil. We observed on each side of the Huon Road the blue gum-trees, growing among other forest trees that had escaped the saw; they were still numerous, but did not average more than from 40 to 50 feet high, with small diameter, and in Tasmanian estimation would only be regarded as saplings. There were not many flowers to be seen, except a species of ozothamnus, and also a senecio (*Senecio Australis*), bearing a profusion of yellow flowers, which served to enliven the roadside. As we advanced, the blue gum-trees were of much larger size, probably being from 80 to 100 feet high, some of them very straight and devoid of branches until near the top.

On arriving at the Fern-tree Valley Inn, five miles from Hobart Town, we put up the horse and phaeton, and then commenced our excursion on foot over a delightful but narrow road, abounding on each side with the most luxuriant vegetation.

To the lover of trees and plants in their wild state, this scene would afford the greatest delight. Not less elegant and beautiful, amidst the towering gum-

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trees, was the graceful and elegant tree-fern (*Dicksonia antartica*), growing to the height of from 8 to 10 feet. It might sometimes be seen as high as from 25 to 30 feet, crowned by magnificent wide-spreading, umbrella-like fronds, of a dark but vivid green. The circumference of the trunk was three or four, and, in some instances, even six feet. We observed also the dog or pink wood (*Bedfordia salicina*), growing luxuriantly and in great abundance, as also the musk-tree (*Eurybia argophylla*) and two other species (*Eurybia pinifolia* and *E. ledifolia*) of the same genus. The sassafras-tree (*Atherosperma moschata*) was also very plentiful, and readily distinguished by its bright-green foliage; it is usually seen growing in moist, shady situations. The trees appear to have a conical growth, and the flowers are white and fragrant. It attains the height of 70 to 100 feet, and a diameter of 3 feet. The wood is hard and white, with occasional light-brown irregular streaks, but has no fragrance after the bark is removed—unlike the true sassafras-tree of North America (*Laurus sassafras*, Linn.), the shavings of which are used for making sassafras tea. The timber is used for flooring, and for various other purposes. The bark is very aromatic, and a decoction is used medicinally; both in a recent and dried state it is often used as a substitute for tea, and has a very agreeable flavour, with the addition of plenty of milk. The boxwood (*Bursaria spinosa*), with white flowers, is a graceful and pretty flowering shrub. During our progress, we continued to see numerous magnificent blue gum-trees, but many, although attaining a great elevation, were not of correspondingly large diameter. We came upon some noble trees of the Tasmanian beech, or myrtle (*Fagus Cunninghamii*), conspicuous from their small and dark foliage, growing to the height of from 70 to 80 feet, with a circumference of 12 feet.

At length we reached a spot which has become a favourite resort for picnics, well chosen for those who are desirous of avoiding the fatiguing ascent of the mountain, but wish to enjoy the beautiful and rich vegetation near the base. It is a delightful excursion to drive from the town to the Fern Gully Inn, and then to ramble over the beautiful walks amidst the dense woods.

We continued our course upward, enjoying the magnificent trees and plants around us, and when an opportunity offered, devoted some time to the actual measurement of some of the huge prostrate blue gum-trees that came in our way, having been felled, and probably left on the ground to season previous to being removed. One we measured without branches was 180 feet in length and 35 feet in circumference at the base of the trunk, which had been left to the height of 10 feet remaining in the ground. Some of the trees were of large circumference, from the base extending up to 12 or 14 feet, and then gradually diminishing, growing quite straight to the height of from 80 to 120 feet. I consider that a tree may occasionally be found 300 feet high, but beyond that I regard it as very exceptionable; for a tree may increase in diameter to a very great extent, but on attaining even a moderate elevation the top branches are generally broken off. At places about the lower part of the mountain, where the timber had been cleared, the soil appeared to be very good, and well suited for cultivation.

Of the eucalypti there are several species. The young foliage is generally very handsome, being of a red and a very light shining green colour. The trunks of the gum-trees vary. Some have a persistent bark, and are then of a dark or black colour; others shed their bark, and then display a silvery tinge; others, again, assume a reddish or reddish-yellow tint. The foliage varies very much in the young and in the older trees. This is well exemplified in *Eucalyptus coccifera*, or red fruit gum, *E. globulus*, or blue gum, and many others. The foliage also varies in size and colour, from a light to a deep olive green. It is most agreeable early in the morning when the dew is on the ground, or after rain, to walk under the gum-trees and inhale the agreeable camphorated exhalation emanating from them, and which no doubt has given to these trees the property of conducing to a healthy state of the atmosphere where they are planted.

I observed that many of the blue gum-trees had enormous knots growing out of the trunk. We measured another prostrate tree 160 feet long, with a diameter of 3 feet. We now left the pathway, which was in reality the covered watercourse which conveyed the water from the springs to the town reservoir. We then turned into the dense forest and bush by a narrow, rugged, stony pathway, overrun with ferns and other plants, retaining a great quantity of moisture, and although it is called a pathway, it would be difficult to find it without a guide. In advancing we met with a tree which appeared to have been felled for some length of time, and measured 225 feet in length without branches. We afterwards came upon several small trees of that beautiful evergreen the Tasmanian laurel (*Anopterus glandulosa*). It is a laurel-like shrub, of great beauty, with clusters of pink and white flowers, and sometimes grows to a tree 20 or 30 feet high. We observed, too, a blue gum-tree with enormous knots around the trunk, at about 10 feet from the base. The circumference at the base was 53 feet, up to the knots and including them would be 66 feet; the height of this tree was 260 feet, but the top branches were broken off, which we often saw in trees attaining a great elevation.

On the rugged and moist pathways I noticed that the trunk of the Dicksonia fern-tree was often cut into blocks, and the pieces placed as steps at rugged and difficult places; the stems being rough from the rigid scales covering them, there was no fear, however wet, of slipping. These trunks are always found to make a good road over wet ground or steep and dangerous gullies.

As we advanced we came upon many Tasmanian pepper-trees (*Tasmannia aromatica*). They were handsome evergreen trees, with dense leaves of a shining bright green; both the foliage and bark were aromatic, the latter of a red colour, imparting a pretty appearance to the tree; the branches are wharted, the trees were covered with small black fruits very pungent to the taste, which would be an excellent substitute for pepper. This tree is said to resemble the Winter's bark (*Drimys Winteri*) of the Straits of Magellan, to which genus it is closely allied, and no doubt it possesses similar tonic, aromatic, and stimulating properties. It attains the height of ten or twelve feet. In many of the moist localities we observed patches of fungi of the genera *Polyporus*, *Xerotus*, and *Cortinarius*, of beautiful red, pink, and purple colours. Among plants of the Epacris family, the most attractive was the *Richea dracophyllum*, which was seen about 6 or 8 feet

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high, although it often attains the height of 10 or 12 feet. It has broad grassy foliage, the flowers are white, with pink floral bracts; but at this season of the year they were in seed. I also observed that very pretty plant, about 8 or 10 inches high, the *Bellendena montana*, a genus of *Proteacerous* plants, of comparatively small growth, with wedge-shaped foliage, and spikes of scarlet seed pods, the flowers being apetalous. It is only found on Mount Wellington. *Cyathodes glauca* was abundant, displaying its large pink berries, and another species, *Cyathodes abietina*, with large crimson drupes; in some places these and other small branching woody shrubs formed impervious thickets. As we ascended higher we came upon the Tasmanian species of Waratah, or tulip-tree (*Telopea truncata*); the flowers are of a very beautiful scarlet colour, containing honey, but do not equal in size or beauty the Waratah (*Telopea speciossima*) of New South Wales.

The pathways were overgrown by grass, ferns, and other plants. At last we came upon a narrow but good road, with a rivulet of sparkling clear water flowing on one side. This was the way to the "Springs," which we soon reached. The place is a great resort for picnic parties. After lunch we pushed forward up the mountain, and as we advanced more into the middle region, we came upon a number of interesting plants which we had not observed lower down, the names of which are too numerous to be here noted. Presently we reached a large extent of "tumbled basaltic rocks," consisting of huge boulders thrown together in confusion, no doubt by a landslip. These detached rocks have been named the "Ploughed Field," and the long slope of detached masses of various sizes is both fatiguing and difficult to pass. As we approached the top of the mountain the ground was in many places swampy, with numerous pools of clear and delicious water. We had now come upon the Alpine flora of the mountain, and admired the large patches of the handsome Mountain Astelia (*Astelia Alpina*); the foliage springing from the root is silky, of a light green colour, and covered underneath with a white silvery down; the fruit is red and about the size of a pea, and of a sweetish taste. *Richea scoparia*, an Alpine fern, was also seen. An exquisitely beautiful, small, and delicate fern attracted my attention, and was very abundant; it was *Gleichinia dicarpa, var Alpina*. We also collected a species of *Euphrasia*, or Eye Bright, and a pretty *Ozothamnus*, *O. Hookerii*, *Septospermum rupestre*, a small and pretty Alpine form, trailing over the rocks; and *Gentidna montana*, with light blue flowers. My attention was directed to extensive green cushion-like masses having a singular appearance. This was a small composite plant, resembling a species of moss. It was *Scleroleima*, or *Abrotanella forsteroides*, a densely tufted plant, so described, peculiar to the mountains of Tasmania. It is closely allied, according to Dr. Hooker, to the *Ceratilla* of Campbell's Island, *Trineuron* of Lord Auckland's group, and *Abrotanella* of Cape Horn and the Falkland Islands. It is a genus that ranges generally over New Zealand and the Antarctic regions. This curious little plant was seen forming immense flat and broad green velvety patches, sometimes extending both in length and breadth to several feet, and bearing small yellowish-white flowers. A similar plant, but differing in its botanical characters—the *Pterygopappus*—is often found mingled with it. All these Alpine plants are covered by snow during the whole of the winter months of the year, extending to October.

Having attained the summit, we paused to enjoy the extensive view. The weather was fine and clear. To the west and south we saw the whole of the south-east portion of Tasmania, with its bays, its inlets, and its islands. Brown's and the Huon rivers were like silver threads in their courses. The Derwent appeared to consist of deep indented bays. The view took in D'Entrecasteaux's Channel, the Iron Pot island and lighthouse (twelve miles from Hobart Town), and the city of Hobart itself, like a mere speck in the landscape.

The geology of the mountain included a formation of sand and limestone near the base, then compact argillaceous rocks, and towards and at the summit basalt.

We prolonged our excursion over rugged rocks to the "Logan Stone," why so called I do not know, for although in form and position it bore some resemblance to a "Logan Stone," it was ascertained to be immovable, and refused to rock, as all genuine Logan stones ought not to do; so we passed on to the pyramidal rocks, and examined their large size and singular form, and then turned back to descend the mountain, taking a somewhat different route.

THE BEGUM'S FORTUNE

BY JULES VERNE.

CHAPTER XVIII.—THE KERNEL OF THE NUT.

THE top of the steel ladder was fixed close to the wall of a vast circular chamber, there being no communication with the exterior. It would have been in complete darkness had it not been for a dazzling white light which streamed through the thick glass of a bull's-eye fixed in the centre of the oak floor. For purity and brilliancy it might be compared to the moon when she is in her full beauty.

Perfect silence reigned within these mute and eyeless walls. The two young men imagined themselves in the ante-chamber of a tomb.

But before bending over the glass, Max hesitated for a moment. He had attained his object! The secret, to penetrate which he had come to Stahlstadt, was about to be revealed to him!

This feeling, however, soon passed off. Together he and Otto knelt beside the disc and looked down into the chamber beneath.

A horrible and unexpected sight met their astonished gaze.

The glass disc, being convex on both sides, formed a lens, which immensely increased in size all objects seen through it.

Here was the secret laboratory of Herr Schultz. The intense glare which shone through the disc, as if from the lantern of a lighthouse, came from a double

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electric lamp, still burning in its airless bell, being incessantly fed by a powerful voltaic pile.

In the middle of the room, motionless as marble, and enormously magnified by the refraction of the lens, a human form was seated.

Pieces and splinters of shells were strewn on the ground around this spectre.

There was no doubt about it! It was Herr Schultz himself, recognisable by his horrid grinning mouth and his gleaming teeth; but a gigantic Herr Schultz, suffocated and frozen by the action of a terrible cold caused by the explosion of one of his frightful engines of warfare.

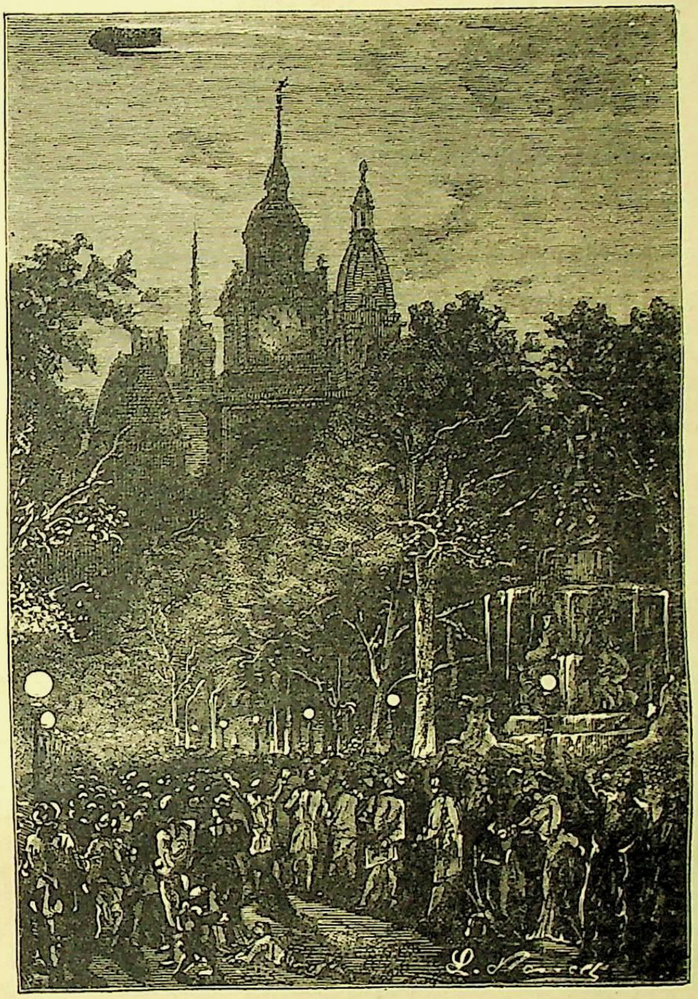
The King of Steel was seated at his table, holding an enormous pen like a lance in his hand, as if he were still writing. Had it not been for the stony glare of his dilated eyeballs, and his set mouth, he would have appeared to be living. Here this awful corpse had been for a month, hidden from all eyes, and now discovered like a mammoth which had been concealed for ages in the glaciers of the Polar regions. Everything around him was frozen, the reagents in their jars, the water in its receivers, and the mercury in its reservoirs!

In spite of the horror of this spectacle, Max's first thought was one of satisfaction that they had been fortunate enough to be able to observe the interior of the laboratory from the outside, for if he and Otto had entered they must infallibly have been struck dead.

Max soon guessed how the fearful accident had occurred, when he marked that the fragments scattered on the ground were small pieces of glass. He knew that the inner case of Herr Schultz's suffocating projectiles contained liquid carbonic acid, and that, to resist the enormous pressure, it was formed of tempered glass, which has ten or twelve times the ordinary strength; the great fault of this newly-invented production, however, is that, by some mysterious action, it often suddenly bursts without any apparent reason. This was evidently what had happened. Perhaps the interior pressure had helped to provoke the explosion of the shell deposited in the laboratory; at any rate, the discharged acid, on returning to a gaseous state, had occasioned a fearful lowering of the surrounding atmosphere, even to a hundred degrees below zero.

The effects had indeed been something awful. Death had surprised Herr Schultz in the attitude he was in at the time of the explosion, and in a moment he was turned into ice.

One circumstance which Max particularly noticed, was that at the time of his death the King of Steel was engaged in writing.



THANKSGIVING FESTIVAL.

What was inscribed on the sheet of paper lying beneath that lifeless hand? It would be interesting to know the last thought and read the last words of such a man.

The difficulty was to procure the paper. The idea of breaking the disc so as to descend into the laboratory could not be entertained for an instant. The gas would have immediately rushed out and suffocated every living being. The risk of bringing sudden death upon themselves could not be run merely for the sake of satisfying their curiosity. Max, therefore, seeing that the writing as well as everything else was so wonderfully magnified and brilliantly illuminated, endeavoured to read it from a distance. Being well acquainted with the handwriting of Herr Schultz, with a little trouble he at last made out the following lines.

According to the usual custom of Herr Schultz, it was rather an order than an instruction.

"Order to B. K. R. Z. to advance the projected expedition against Frankville by a fortnight. As soon as this order is received execute the measures I have devised; they must this time be overwhelming and complete. Do not alter an iota of what I have decided upon. I wish that in a fortnight Frankville should become a city of the dead without a surviving inhabitant. I hope for a modern Pompeii, to be at once a terror and an astonishment to the whole world.

"You will send the bodies of Doctor Sarrasin and Max Bruckmann to me. I wish to have them.

"Schult——."

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The signature was unfinished, the final z and the usual flourish being wanting.

Max and Otto gazed mute and motionless at this strange spectacle, feeling as if they were witnessing the invocation of some malignant genius.

But it was time to leave the dismal scene, and the two friends, agitated by conflicting feelings, descended from the room above the laboratory.

There, in that dark tomb, for, when the electric current failed, the lamp would be extinguished, the corpse of the King of Steel would remain alone, dried up like a mummy Pharaoh, whom twenty centuries have not reduced to dust!

An hour later, having unbound Sigimer, who seemed puzzled to know what to do with his liberty, Otto and Max quitted Stahlstadt, and took their way back to Frankville, which they entered the same evening.

Dr. Sarrasin was busy in his study when the return of the two young men was announced to him.

"Tell them to come in!" he exclaimed. "Come in, quickly!"

"Well?" said he, as soon as the friends presented themselves before him.

"Doctor," replied Max, "the news we bring from Stahlstadt will put your mind at rest for a long time. Herr Schultz is no more! Herr Schultz is dead!"

"Dead!" exclaimed Doctor Sarrasin.

The good man remained thoughtful for a few moments, without uttering another word.

"My dear fellow," he said at last, "can you understand that this news, which ought to make me rejoice, since it takes from us the dread of the thing I most execrate, war—and the most unjust, unreasonable war ever heard of!—can you understand how, against all reason, it makes my heart ache! Oh, why should a man of such powerful intelligence have constituted himself our enemy? Why did he not use his rare intellectual qualities for the benefit of his fellow-creatures? How much wisdom has been lost which would have been so valuable had it been associated with us, and used for a common object! All this at once struck me when you said, 'Herr Schultz is dead.' But now tell me all that you know of this unexpected event."

"Herr Schultz," replied Max, "has met his death in the mysterious laboratory which, with such diabolical ingenuity, he had striven to render inaccessible to all others. No one but himself ever knew of its existence, and no one consequently could penetrate into it to bring him help. He has fallen a victim to that marvellous concentration of all his plans in his own hands, on which he had so erroneously relied. By the will of Providence, his desire of being himself the key to all his projects has been turned to his own destruction!"

"It could not have been otherwise!" answered Dr. Sarrasin; "Herr Schultz started with a totally wrong notion. For, indeed, is not the best government the one of which the chief, on his death, can be most easily replaced, and which will continue to work smoothly, just because all the machinery is open and visible?"

"You will see, doctor," said Max, "how all that has happened in Stahlstadt bears out what you have said. We found Herr Schultz seated before his desk, that central point whence came all those orders so implicitly obeyed by the Steel City, and which no one ever dreamt of disputing. Death had left him every appearance of life, so that for a moment I thought the spectre would have spoken to us! But the inventor has fallen by his own invention! He was killed by one of the shells with which he hoped to destroy our town just as he was signing his name to the order for our extermination! Listen!"

And Max read aloud a copy he had taken of the horrible words written by Herr Schultz.

Then he added:

"The greatest proof of the death of Herr Schultz, even if we had not seen him, is that everything around him has ceased to live. There is nothing breathing in Stahlstadt. As in the palace of the Sleeping Beauty, slumber has suspended all life, and arrested every movement. The effects of the master's death has extended, not only to the servants, but also to the machinery."

"Yes," returned Doctor Sarrasin; "we see in this the justice of God! From indulging in his hatred against us, and urging on his attack with such boundless rancour, Herr Schultz has perished."

"That is true," answered Max; "but now, doctor, let us leave the past and think only of the present. Although the death of Herr Schultz gives peace to us, it causes the ruin of the wonderful business he created. Blinded by his success and his hatred of France and you, he had supplied large numbers of cannon and weapons to any one who might be our enemy, without getting sufficient guarantees. In spite of this, and although the payment of all his debts would take a long time, I believe that a strong hand could set Stahlstadt on its legs again, and turn to a good purpose all that has been hitherto used for an evil one. Herr Schultz has only one likely heir, doctor, and that is you. His work must not be allowed to fall to the ground entirely. It is too much the belief of this world that the only profit to be drawn from a rival force is in its total annihilation. This is not really the case, and I hope you will agree with me that, on the contrary, it is our duty to endeavour to save from this immense wreck all that can be used for the benefit of humanity. Now I am ready to devote myself entirely to this task."

"Max is right," said Otto, grasping his friend's hand, "and here am I ready, also, to work under his orders, if my father will give his consent."

"I certainly approve, my dear lads," replied Doctor Sarrasin. "Yes, Max, there will be no want of capital, and, thanks to you, I shall hope to have in the resuscitated Stahlstadt such an arsenal that no one in the world will henceforth ever dream of attacking us. And as we shall then be the strongest, we must at the same time endeavour to be also the most just; we must spread the benefits of peace and justice all around. Ah, Max! what enchanting dreams! And when I feel that, with you to help me, I can at least accomplish a part, I ask myself why—yes, why have I not two sons? Why are you not the brother of Otto? We three working together, it seems as if nothing could be impossible!"

CHAPTER XIX.—A FAMILY AFFAIR.

Perhaps in the course of this remarkable narrative we have not been sufficiently communicative about the personal history of those who have played such prominent parts in it. We may now, therefore, be allowed to stop in order to give a few details regarding them.

It must be acknowledged that the good doctor was not so totally taken up with the idea of collective humanity that all individuals were merged in it. He

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had, therefore, been struck by the sudden pallor which overspread the countenance of Max as he uttered his last words. He sought to read in the young man's eyes the cause of this sudden emotion. The silence of the older man seemed to question the engineer, as if he expected him to speak, but Max, mastering himself with a strong effort, immediately resumed his composure. His complexion reassumed its natural tint, and his attitude was merely that of a man who expects the continuance of an interesting conversation.

Doctor Sarrasin, slightly provoked at this evidently assumed calmness, approached his young friend, and with a familiar gesture laid his hand upon his wrist, just as he would on that of a patient whose pulse he wished quietly and unobtrusively to feel.

Max allowed this naturally without apparently noticing the doctor's intentions, and as he did not open his lips,—

"My dear Max," observed the old man, "we will put off our conversation about the future destiny of Stahlstadt to some other time. For although we are vowed to the work of labouring to ameliorate the condition of mankind, it is not forbidden us also to occupy ourselves with the fate of those we love, of those who are nearest to us. Well, I think the time has come to tell you what a young lady, whose name I will mention presently, replied not long ago to her father and mother, when for the twentieth time that year they had been asked for her in marriage.

"The proposals were, for the most part, such that even the most fastidious could have had no reason for refusing them, and yet this young woman always said 'No!'"

At this point Max drew his hand away with a sudden movement from the doctor's grasp, and the latter, as if he was satisfied on the subject of his patient's health, and had not noticed that both his arm and his confidence had been withdrawn, quietly continued his story.

"'Well, now,' said the mother to the young lady of whom I speak, 'just tell me the reason of these continued refusals. Education, fortune, position, good looks, all are there. Why this decided No, so resolute and prompt, to requests which you don't even take the trouble to consider a little? You are not usually so very peremptory!'

"At this the girl determined to speak clearly and frankly, and thereupon replied:

"'I say No with as much sincerity as I would say Yes, dear mother, if the Yes came really from my heart. I agree with you that several of the matches you have proposed to me are perfectly unexceptionable. But, besides my belief that most of those addresses were paid more to what is considered the best—that is, the richest—match in the town, than to me myself, and that that idea does not incline me to say Yes, I will venture to tell you, since you wish it, that none of these proposals is the one I hope for, the one that I still expect, and which, unfortunately, I may have to wait a long time for, if it ever comes at all!'

"'What, my dear,' said the mother, in surprise, 'you—'

"She did not end that sentence for want of knowing how to finish it, and in perplexity turned to her husband with looks which plainly begged for help and advice.

"However, as he did not intend to interfere in the discussion between the mother and daughter until a little more light had been thrown on the subject, he put on an obtuse air, and counterfeited so well that the poor girl, blushing with embarrassment, and perhaps with a little anger, suddenly determined to make a clean breast of it.

"'I said, dear mother,' she continued, 'that the proposal I hoped for might be a very long time in coming, and might possibly never come at all. I add that this delay, although so indefinite, will neither hurt nor astonish me. I have the misfortune to be very rich; he whose proposal I hope for is very poor, therefore he will not make it, and he is right; it is for him to wait—'

"'Why not for us to speak?' said the mother, wishing perhaps to prevent her daughter from uttering words she feared to hear.

"Then the husband interposed.

"'My dear,' he said, affectionately, taking his wife's hands in his, 'it is not with impunity that a mother, so looked up to by her daughter as you are, can, ever since she was born, constantly before her, sing the praises of a fine and handsome fellow who is almost one of the family, that she remarks to every one on the solidity of his character, that she glories in what her husband says, when he has occasion in his turn to boast of his remarkable intelligence, or speaks feelingly of the thousand proofs of devotion he has received from him! If the girl who saw this young man, distinguished both by her father and her mother, had not admired him herself, she would have failed in her duty!'

"'Oh, father!' cried the girl, throwing herself into her mother's arms to hide her confusion, 'if you guessed, why did you make me speak?'

"'Why?' returned the father, 'why, but to have the joy of hearing you, my darling, that I might be still more certain that I was not mistaken, to be able at last to tell you that both your mother and I approve your choice, that your heart has been given where we wished, and to spare a poor and proud man from making a proposal at which he feels a reluctant delicacy, I will do it myself; yes, I will do it, because I have read his heart as I have read yours! Calm yourself, then! On the first favourable opportunity I will ask Max if, by any possibility, he would care to become my son-in-law!'"

Taken unawares by this sudden peroration, Max had started to his feet as if moved by a spring. Otto silently grasped his hand, while Dr. Sarrasin held out his arms. The young Alsatian was pale as death. But does not happiness sometimes take this appearance when it enters without warning into a strong heart!

CHAPTER XX.—CONCLUSION.

Frankville, released from all anxiety, in peace with its neighbours, well governed, happy, thanks to the good behaviour of its inhabitants, is highly prosperous. Its success is so justly merited, that it causes no envy, and its strength enforces the respect even of the most warlike.

Under the iron rule of Herr Schultz, the City of Steel was a terrible manufactory, a regular engine of destruction; but, thanks to Max Bruckmann, its liquidation was effected without loss to any one, and Stahlstadt became a centre of production, unsurpassed by any other industry.

A year ago Max became the happy husband of Jeannette, and the birth of a child has recently added to their felicity.

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As to Otto, he worked gallantly under his brother-in-law's directions, and seconded all his efforts. His sister is hoping soon to see him married to a friend of hers, whose good sense will preserve her husband from any relapse.

The wishes of the doctor and his wife are thus fulfilled, and to put it in a few words, they are at the zenith of happiness and even of glory,—if glory entered into their honest ambitions. We may now be assured that the future belongs to the efforts of Doctor Sarrasin and Max Bruckmann, and that the example of Frankville and Stahlstadt's model manufactory and city will not be lost upon future generations.

Varieties.

Red Snow Plant.—The red snow plant, to which is mainly due the beautiful phenomenon by which tracts of Arctic and Alpine snow become tinged of a delicate crimson, is a microscopic organism whose whole body consists of a simple spherical cell. In the protoplasm of this little cell must reside all the essential attributes of life; it must grow by the reception of nutriment; it must repeat by multiplication that form which it has itself inherited from its parent; it must be able to respond to the stimulus of the physical conditions by which it is surrounded. And there it is, with its structure almost on the bounds of extremest simplification, taking its allotted part in the economy of nature, combining into living matter the lifeless elements which lie around it, redeeming from sterility the regions of never-thawing ice, and peopling with its countless millions the wastes of the snow land.—*Professor Allman.*

Life in the Blood.—In the most complex animals, even in man himself, the component cells, notwithstanding their frequent modification and the usual intimacy of their union, are far from losing their individuality. Examine under the microscope a drop of blood freshly taken from the human subject, or from any of the higher animals. It is seen to be composed of a multitude of red corpuscles, swimming in a nearly colourless liquid, and along with these, but in much smaller numbers, somewhat larger colourless corpuscles. The red corpuscles are modified cells, while the colourless corpuscles are cells still retaining their typical form and properties. These last are little masses of protoplasm, each enveloping a central nucleus. Watch them. They will be seen to change their shape; they will project and withdraw pseudopodia, and creep about like an Amœba. But, more than this, like an Amœba, they will take in solid matter as nutriment. They may be fed with coloured food, which will then be seen to have accumulated in the interior of their soft transparent protoplasm; and in some cases the colourless blood corpuscles have actually been seen to devour their more diminutive companions, the red ones.—*Professor Allman.*

Where is the Imprint?—Many printers seem to be unaware of the fact that they must keep a copy of every paper they print, with the name and abode of their employer written thereon. By the Act requiring this (George III 39, chap. 79) the penalty is £20 for neglect or refusing to produce the copy within six months after the order is executed.—*The Printer.*

The late Mr. Keith Johnston.—Geographical science has sustained a loss in the death of Mr. Alexander Keith Johnston, who died in June last, on the march to Berobero, Africa, aged thirty-four. He was the son of the late Dr. Alexander Keith Johnston (see "Leisure Hour," 1872, p. 647), of the firm of W. and A. K. Johnston, engravers and geographical publishers, Edinburgh, and inherited his father's taste for geographical studies. For some time he was a pupil of the late celebrated Dr. A. Petermann, of Gotha. When the firm determined upon setting up a branch establishment in London, the deceased and his cousin Archibald, son of Mr. Thomas B. Johnston, the present senior partner, came southward to carry on the business, but after some years Mr. A. Keith retired, his long-felt desire to accomplish active work in the field, as a traveller and explorer, having developed into a passion. He subsequently for a brief period entered the service of the Royal Geographical Society. In 1874 he went out to Paraguay upon an exploring expedition, of which he gave an account to the Geographical Section of the British Association. Besides frequent contributions to the "Geographical Magazine," he wrote the article upon "Africa," for the new edition of Black's "Encyclopædia Britannica," and edited, with considerable additions, the volume devoted to "Africa," based upon Hellwald's German work, in Stanford's "Compendium of Geography and Travel." He also designed and executed maps of Africa and part of South America, and edited several of the minor atlases published by Messrs. Johnston. The expedition of which he was appointed leader, and which left England towards the end of last year, was intended to complete the exploring work of Mr. E. D. Young and of Captain Frederick Elton, in finding the best routes of travel between the Indian Ocean and the Nyassa, examining the mountainous country north-east of that lake, and afterwards proceeding north-west to Lake Tanganyika. Mr. Johnston was accompanied by Mr. Thomson, a young geologist. They arrived at Zanzibar in January last, and there met Dr. Kirk, the British consul, and Mr. H. M. Stanley, who gave them a friendly welcome to the field of African exploration. In April, having completed his preparations at Zanzibar, Mr. Johnston took his party, accompanied by Dr. Kirk, over to the mainland at Dar-es-Salaam, an Arab port belonging to Zanzibar, on the African coast, about 280 miles north-east of the upper end of Lake Nyassa. He wrote from that place on May 17th, stating his intention of proceeding by a different route from that by Kola, on the Mackinnon-Buxton road, as he was apprehensive of a scarcity of food in the Uzaramo country. He accordingly took his course southward to Berobero, a populous village in Khutu, 130 or 140 miles from Dar-es-Salaam, and not far from the Ruaba, one of the two rivers which unite to form the Rufiji. On the march to Berobero he was attacked by dysentery, and there he died, on June 28th, to the sorrow of many personal friends and to the loss of geographical science, which might have profited much by his services in future years. He left a work entitled "Physical, Historical, Political, and Descriptive Geography," which is to be published by Mr. Stanford.

In a Derbyshire Lead Mine.—The "waggon way" we had to traverse was about four feet wide, and from five to seven feet high. The waggons were five feet long, one foot wide at the bottom, and two feet wide at the top. Two of our party doubled themselves up inside one of these waggons, and, candle in hand, were pushed along by a strong athletic man, who had to walk in six inches of water. Our other friends followed in another carriage. All appeared mysterious and strange to my inexperienced eyes and ears. The man who propelled us along could be heard splashing in the water behind. He did all he could to make us cheerful under present circumstances. "Kepe yer yeds dahn, it's a bad spot 'ere; and kepe yer elbews it waggon or yole nock t'cap off 'em!" he exclaimed. We at once ducked down still lower in the waggon, until our guide informed us that we might again lift our "yeds" up. We now hear a mighty rushing of water falling from a high altitude into the very level we are on. This subterranean waterfall, which comes in from the roof above us, is boarded so as to fall down within six inches of the side of our waggon. This is the water that is running on the bottom of the level we have been travelling on; it is making its way to a level near the shaft bottom, which takes it away from the mine. The road gradually lessens as we pursue our way to the workings, and we begin to think the worst is over. The waggons have now arrived at the ore works. We are invited to alight, which we do with the utmost alacrity, seeing that we have been in one inglorious posture nearly half an hour. The captain here informed us we had a sump to climb to reach the ore works. This sump resembled an old-fashioned chimney, with pieces of wood called stemples placed so that we could ascend to the floor above, and so proceed to the farfield, where the men were blasting. When we had scrambled up the sump we soon began to smell gunpowder. One peculiarity struck me, the "white fungus," which abounds in the mine. Arrived at the ore works, we had more scrambling to do, sometimes on all fours, sometimes wriggling like eels on our bellies, and turning on our backs and propelling ourselves on our heels. By dint of these extraordinary exertions we were rewarded by seeing the whole of the works. The reason we had to assume such postures to get to the ore ground was a very large accumulation of boose. Owing to the rainy season the men had been unable to waggon it away, as the lower ground was flooded. Consequently, the difficulty was much greater than usual. The "ore-getters" appear a strong, hardy, contented class of men, and respectful to their employers. In answer to a question as to the uncertainty of finding the mineral, the captain said the saying was, "Where it is, there it is." The roof of the mine glittered like a myriad of diamonds. The upper places, where it was dry, the "helland," or "small particles of ore," by the reflection of our lights, looked like precious gems. The ore-spangled spar was beautiful.—*Sheffield Telegraph.*

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THE LEISURE HOUR.

BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,
AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND.—*Cowper.*

THE DISTRICT VISITOR.

STRAIGHT TO THE MARK.

CHAPTER XXXIX.—AGAINST THE GRAIN.

> There is serious strife
> In the contentions of a scholar's life;
> Not all the mind's attention, care, distress,
> Nor diligence itself, ensure success.—*Crabbe.*

THE Christmas holidays were not particularly lively for Tom Howard, though it was a source of infinite pleasure to him to be with his mother again, as he had spent only a few days with her since her return from India. Mrs. Howard was still making her home with the Beverleys. She had been paying visits elsewhere, but had returned there for Christmas. There was still something wrong between the Darvilles and the Beverleys. Miss Beverley had not yet forgiven her suitor for not taking her into his confidence on the subject of his anxieties and cares; or if she had forgiven him, she did not tell him so. That, perhaps, was not her fault, for Victor had

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again begun to absent himself from her home in a most unaccountable manner. She was too proud to ask for an explanation of his conduct, or even to speak about it to her mother, especially as the latter gave her no encouragement to do so. Mr. and Mrs. Beverley at least understood each other. The Darvilles were not going on quite to Mr. Beverley's satisfaction at the counting-house. He did not blame Victor; or did not intend to blame him; but he had been obliged to speak to him more than once, on his brother's account. He being the elder ought to have weight and influence with him. He did not think Victor ought to be offended at anything that he had said; and if he did not choose to come to Mulberry Lawn as usual, he must stay away. He could not help it, of course, and he hoped Joan would survive it. Mrs. Beverley quite agreed with this manner of thinking. Joan had seen very little of society; she had formed this romantic attachment for Victor Darville when she was quite a girl; it was not the kind of match they would have chosen for her, especially as Mr. Darville's estate had turned out so badly and so different from what they had anticipated. The young men would have nothing of their own—nothing except the business. If Victor behaved in this way, of course everything must be considered at an end between him and Joan. She must go more into society now, and would no doubt soon form other attachments.

But Joan did not care about society; did not care about anything now except church. The poor people in her district would have missed their Christmas visitors and their Christmas gifts if Mrs. Howard had not undertaken to go round in Miss Beverley's stead. It was well that they had this occupation, for it was one which they both enjoyed, and it took Tom away from his books—those terrible books with which he employed himself early and late. Mrs. Howard was beginning to feel very uneasy about Tom's "head." He laughed at her fears, and said his head was as thick and sound as anybody ought to wish. She very much wanted to consult a physician on that "point." But "it was not a point," Tom told her, "nor anything half so sharp—only a knob." Thus, by his jests and banter, he contrived to relieve her anxiety, and to spare her guinea; he was merry enough when in her company; and the only thing she could do was to keep him by her side as much as possible; for the moment she left him his books were again before him, and the face again looked thin and careworn.

Before Tom had been at home a week, he had a pressing invitation from Mr. Martin to go again to Brakely. Not only had Mrs. Martin written to Mrs. Howard on the subject, intimating that if she would waive ceremony and come with her son she would be most welcome, but Mr. Strafford had sent a message to say he hoped they would both come and see him at the Hall. Young Martin also wrote with the information that the house and furniture had been polished up and the decks holystoned; everything about the place was trim and taut; painters and paper-hangers had been at work for more than a month; the dog was gone, and the squire had a new dog-cart and a man who knew how to clean harness; Mr. Strafford himself did not look so old and withered as formerly, and it would be no surprise to any of them, after the great changes they had witnessed, if after Tom's next visit he should be seen driving tandem, with a man behind him blowing a post-horn. Already a school treat was talked of; and the neighbours expected there would be a dinner party, a Christmas tree, or even a dance, by way of house-warming in the old hall as soon as the workmen were out of it. It would bear warming again, after having been shut up so long, and they were all ready to do their part; so Tom must come—he must, he must.

Tom would have liked nothing better than to accept this invitation if his mother would have accompanied him; but she could not do so, and he would not go without her. Their Christmas and New Year were spent very quietly, but not the less happily perhaps on that account. The only really unsatisfactory part of it was that Tom persisted in giving so much time to his reading. He was evidently suffering from the effects of constant application to his books; yet nothing would induce him to be less studious. His mother knew that he was as fond of amusement as other boys, and he always managed to be lively and cheerful in her presence. He had never been much addicted to reading for its own sake, and probably if the rest of the party had been more "jolly," or if he had had other companions, he would have been tempted to leave his books more frequently, and the relaxation would have been of infinite service to him. But Mr. and Mrs. Beverley and Joan were all rather dismal, and could not help showing it; and the Darvilles, when Tom went to see them, were not a bit better. The sight of their solemn and anxious faces, or their forced attempts at cheerfulness, was generally sufficient to send Tom away to his little room at the back of the house, where he had at least the satisfaction of feeling that his time was profitably if not pleasantly employed.

What was to be done with the boy? that was his mother's constant thought. It was she who had encouraged him at first to embark in this competition for the scholarship, and it was still her ardent hope that he might succeed in his efforts to obtain it. But she was afraid, more and more as she watched him during the five weeks' holiday, that his health would fail; and she doubted whether, even if he should gain the prize for which he was working so hard, success would not be purchased too dearly. Mrs. Howard said so much on this topic to her son, and interrupted him so often, and at such critical moments, that he began to grow impatient. He must go on, he said; it would only be for two or three months longer; then the question would be settled, and he could be as idle as she liked. On the whole, he was scarcely sorry, when the holidays were ended, to return to his school. He wanted this period of labour and suspense to come to an end; while it lasted he could take neither rest nor recreation. Decidedly Mr. Grantly had been right when he said that he was of too nervous and anxious a temperament to compete on equal terms with other boys.

There were two scholarships to be awarded at Easter, and there were four or five boys who were supposed to have a fair chance of winning them. The running would be very close, everybody said. Tom did not feel very sorry when he heard it, but resolved to run with all his speed, nevertheless, and went into stricter and closer training, if possible, than before. One of the candidates, named Archer, was a boy of great ability, and it was tolerably certain that he would succeed if he would work; but he applied himself only by fits and starts; and unless he should change his habits, his competitors had not much to

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fear from him. Another, Willow, was a strong and tough, though sallow-faced boy from the North, who plodded on at his work in a thoroughly workmanlike manner, requiring, as it seemed, little or no recreation, incapable of fatigue either of mind or body, quiet in manner, not robust in appearance, and yet never ailing; always well up with his lessons, but submitting with apparent indifference to any reverse that might happen to him in his form; preserving the same equanimity in success or in failure, but resolute to get on and do well in the end. Out of school he was even-tempered and obliging, and though not particularly intimate with any of the boys, friendly and well-disposed towards all. "Willow will be sure to win," everybody said. "Willow means to have one of the prizes, whoever may get the other."

A third boy, named Tufton, had certain advantages in which the others did not share. His parents were rich, and he had been well tutored from an early age. He was quick and intelligent, but his chief qualification was a practised and retentive memory. Whatever he acquired he held. While others found it necessary to go over the same ground two or three times, Tufton, if he had once mastered a lesson, remembered it. He owed this partly to a natural gift, but more, perhaps, to the care which had been given to cultivate this faculty, by constant practice in learning by heart. In the modern method of education this simple task-work is perhaps too much overlooked. We have gone from one extreme to the other. Tufton's memory had been strengthened as a child at home, and he was now able to make good use of the advantages offered by classes and lectures at school. He alone of the four competitors had a private tutor out of school hours, unless the same might be said of Tom Howard, to whom Mr. Grantly acted sometimes in that capacity, knowing how hard the boy worked, and how much depended upon his success. Tufton, it was well known, did not want the scholarship, except for the honour of it, but he meant to win it if he could, and was all the more anxious to succeed because the other candidates were, as he fancied, a little lower in the social scale than himself, and he would not like to have it said that they were superior to him in anything.

"Take it easy, Howard," Mr. Grantly would say, when the boy came to him with his book late in the evening. "You will gain nothing by over-doing it."

"There is only a fortnight left," Tom replied on one occasion to a remonstrance of this kind, "and I have still so much to do. I seem to forget one thing as I learn another. I must go through all my books again, or I shall not know them."

"What are you going to do to-morrow?"

"To-morrow is a whole holiday; I shall get over a great deal to-morrow."

"If you will take my advice—"

"Yes?"

"You will go birdnesting with the Swallow; or, better still, run over to Sandy Frith and get a sail in your friend's boat."

Tom opened his lips and panted, as if he were already out upon the sea, drawing up the salt breeze into his throat.

"It would not do," he said. "When all this is over it will be a treat indeed; but not before. I have not an hour to spare now."

"I have a great mind to lock up your books. Do as I bid you. Put them away for twenty-four hours out of your hands and out of your head. I am inclined to think you would have a better chance of success if you were not to open one of them again until the day of the examination."

With some hesitation Tom promised Mr. Grantly that he would give the greater part of the next day to relaxation, and did so. He did not go to Sandy Frith, that would have taken up too much time, but went for a walk with Martin and some other boys: but he soon got tired; he could not walk as far as they did, and sat down upon a bank and waited for their return. He intended to read in the afternoon, but could not give his mind to it. When the tea-bell rang he did not show himself, and was found later in the evening fast asleep in his little study. He had slept, as it appeared, for several hours, and when roused was still heavy and confused. Mr. Grantly took him up to his dormitory and saw him safe in bed, and visited him again early the next morning. The rest had done him good. He was in better spirits and was able to get through a good day's work; but after that he read but little, comparatively, out of regular hours, his good friend Mr. Grantly taking him more immediately under his charge and compelling him to observe more prudent habits.

CHAPTER XL.—COMPETITION.

Aliquis que malo fuit usus in illo.—Ovid.

The day of the examination came at last. Willow was considered to be "safe." He had never had a day's illness or interruption of any kind. He was neither anxious nor elated; it might have been supposed that he was almost indifferent as to the result, but his class-fellows knew, by what they had seen of his work day after day, that he would do splendidly. He was quite safe, they all said. Opinion was nearly evenly divided as to the chances of the other three. Archer might have done anything he liked, but he had not worked like the rest, and it was uncertain how he would come out. He might surprise them all by the result of his close reading during the last fortnight, for he had great abilities. He told no one what his own hopes were, but seemed to be in good spirits, from which those who were anxious for his success augured well.

Tufton, it was reported, had been cramming hard in secret, and they all knew what that meant. If cram would do it, he would be successful. His tutor was a first-rate man for getting fellows up for an "exam." He could show him the shortest way, and give him all the tips, and Tufton had such an excellent memory that everything he learnt would be sure to be ready when wanted. Tufton, many of the boys thought, was also safe. As for Howard, every one agreed that he *ought* to be successful. He had worked harder than any one, but he was not so clever, and he did not take things so quietly or coolly. He looked "awfully seedy;" even the boys noticed that; and it would not be surprising if he should break down and lose his head at the moment when he had most need of it. They all wished him success, however, and thought he had a chance. They had a certain confidence in him that he could do great things when put to it, and were ready to back him in spite of all the disadvantages under which he seemed to labour.

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The examination was conducted by University men of good standing, who were appointed to scrutinise the general results of the past year's teaching at Abbotscliff, and to report upon it. The whole school passed under the ordeal, the "scholarships" being awarded to those who acquitted themselves best, and some valuable prizes of books being assigned to others. It occupied two or three days, but no results were published until the whole was concluded, and then, on a day appointed, a gathering of all who were interested in the school—the masters, the trustees, and as many of the parents as were able to attend—took place in the great hall, and the report of the examiners was read aloud. The names of the successful competitors for the scholarships were then proclaimed, and they were called up one by one to receive the congratulations of the president and to return down the long aisle formed by the visitors and schoolboys, bearing their blushing honours in the presence of a thousand faces as modestly and meekly as they might. All who had gained prizes, great or small, were called up in like manner, but the "scholars" were of course the chief heroes of the day. These received the greatest ovations, and whatever the "backings" might have been before the event, all with one accord joined in doing honour to the winners. It was pleasant to see how heartily these, as well as the recipients of smaller prizes, were cheered by the crowd of boys who awaited them at the lower end of the room. Most of them had already received the felicitations of their friends; for although this was the first public announcement, the results of the examination had been communicated previously to the masters, and through them to those principally interested.

Archer was first, not Willow. Archer advanced when his name was called, and stood upon the *bema* in presence of the examiners, and listened to their words of approbation with as much modesty as he could assume, being not a little proud of his intellectual superiority, of which he was quite conscious, and to which he was chiefly indebted for his success. But when the chairman spoke of the "patience and diligence and close untiring application, which he felt sure he must have given to his studies for months past in order to have gained his present creditable position," Archer could not help feeling that he had not deserved this compliment; and as he threaded his way through the audience, his eye fell before theirs as they rose from their seats to give greater emphasis to their applause, and he was very glad to hide himself among the throng of his schoolfellows.

Tufton was the next. He tried to take it coolly, but his face was flushed with triumph, and he could not repress the proud, self-satisfied smile which lighted up his features from the moment when his name was called, till he had regained his place among the boys.

Others followed in succession, according to their forms, until all had received their meed of honour and reward; and to all the same cordial greeting was afforded. Howard's name was called twice, but no one answered to it, and Mr. Grantly was seen to whisper to Dr. Piercey and to take charge of some books which had been awarded to him. Willow also was adjudged a prize, and went up to receive it without any show of emotion, returning through the crowd of his admirers, equally indifferent, as it seemed, both to his failure as a "scholar" and to his success as a prizeman. Some of the names called out were more loudly and enthusiastically applauded than others, for there were, of course, special favourites among the "fellows;" but every boy who went up to receive the reward of his industry received also the congratulations of his companions. There were disappointments indeed; and there may have been jealousies, and perhaps some temper shown, or some tears shed in secret, even by those who joined in the outward tokens of applause: those who had been distanced, after running the successful competitors as closely as they could, naturally felt a little sore at being passed over without so much as an honourable mention; but they, better than any others, knew how well their rivals must have acquitted themselves in order to gain their successes, and honoured them accordingly.

Yes, they were all satisfied that justice had been done. It could not be otherwise with the confidence they had in their teachers, who, though they had taken no part in the examination, would be sure to see that there was fair play. If any of the boys held a different opinion they did not venture to express it. The report of the school throughout was favourable, and the attainments and successes of the few who stood highest in their several forms were gratifying. The masters, for the most part, were in great good humour, pleased with the result of their labour, and looking forward to the enjoyment of a well-earned holiday. And as they quitted the room when the meeting broke up they were all cheered in their turn, and Dr. Piercey especially was followed to the door of his own house by an admiring crowd, with clapping of hands and other demonstrations of esteem. Yet when he had raised his cap to them for the last time on the doorstep, and had retreated to his study, there was a cloud upon his brow, and his features were painfully agitated. Throwing himself into his chair, he sat for some minutes absorbed in silent thought. Then an exclamation of impatience broke from him, and he rose and paced about the room.

Outside, walking to and fro upon the broad gravel walk, he caught sight of Mr. Grantly. His hands were in his pockets, his college cap pulled forward, and his eyes fixed upon the ground. Dr. Piercey tapped at the window, and Mr. Grantly, obeying his signal with a readiness which seemed to show that already they had divined each other's thoughts, made his way into the doctor's presence.

"Well," said the doctor, fixing his eyes upon him.

Mr. Grantly looked at him with a faint smile, but said nothing.

"Are you satisfied?"

"Satisfied? Yes; I suppose so. One has no right to be otherwise. Are you?"

The doctor did not answer immediately, but took another turn or two about his study.

"I am, and I am not," he said, presently. "There are difficulties and anomalies in all these matters which, I suppose, it is impossible to avoid. For instance, those scholarships!"

"Ah, yes!" cried Mr. Grantly, anticipating what the doctor was about to say.

"They were rightly awarded, no doubt; they could not have been given otherwise, and yet there are other boys, as you know, who are much more in need of such assistance, and also much more deserving of it."

"Yes, indeed!"

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"There is Willow, for instance. That boy has worked more steadily, more conscientiously, more devotedly than any other boy in the school."

"Except young Howard," Mr. Grantly interrupted.

"Well, you may except him if you please, but he is not such good material, and I had not the same hope of him. Willow and Howard have worked harder, and are more deserving of reward, than any other boys in the school."

"And they have both failed."

"Yes; Willow's failure can only be attributed to the element of uncertainty which pervades all examinations. He ought to have done better; he is a sounder and more accurate scholar than either of the others. The successful boys are Archer, whose chief merit is that he is naturally clever, though not usually industrious, and Tufton, who has had the advantage of a private tutor to prepare him specially for this examination. Tufton is a year older than Willow, yet the younger boy ran him very closely; there were but a few marks between them: and Howard has done more than either of them in the way of work, and yet he fails to obtain the prize."

"Quite true; he is not so clever nor so strong. That makes all the difference. He is beaten by superior natural abilities and sounder health."

"And so," said Dr. Piercey, "some boys are rewarded for being clever and healthy, while others, who are only industrious and good all round, have no chance."

"It is the same in most things," Mr. Grantly answered, delighted to find that the grievance which he had been nursing in his own mind was troubling the doctor also. The clever boys carry off everything; the mere hard-workers get nothing. Archer "carries all before him," as they say. I hate the phrase—I detest it. A boy has no right to carry all before him. To-day we have seen one boy walking off with half a dozen prizes, while those more deserving, and to whom a little encouragement would have been profitable, are left out in the cold. He did the same last year, and will do the same next year. At Oxford or Cambridge he will repeat the process, and then another boy will follow and do as he has done, 'carrying all before him.' And why? Because he works harder than others? No. Because he is in more need of assistance? Nothing of the kind. But because he has better natural abilities and better opportunities of cultivating them."

"Industrious as well, we must admit," said the doctor.

"Not more industrious than others," was the reply. "If there is any difference the less clever are very often the more industrious. 'If the iron be blunt, and he do not whet the edge, then must he put to more strength,' says the proverb. Our dull boys must put to 'more strength.' The sharper a boy is the more pleasant his work will be, and the less effort will be required to give the necessary application. But let us say that the industry is equal; then the cleverness, the natural talent inherited from the parent, or bestowed by Him who made both, is the thing rewarded. It is the old story: a divine truth perverted and misapplied by man's incompetency—'to him that hath shall be given.'"

"It cannot be helped," said the doctor. "The boys carry out the same system themselves even in their sports. At the 'athletics' the other day one boy received half a dozen prizes, and went away loaded with as many cups and trophies as he could carry in his arms, and each time he was called up the applause became more rapturous. One might have supposed that he had performed some highly meritorious or heroic deed, whereas the simple fact was that he was stronger and healthier than his neighbours, or had longer legs."

"Yes!" Mr. Grantly exclaimed, with great warmth; "and that boy Howard, who went over the cliff and risked his life to save a schoolfellow—"

"To say nothing of my brains," Dr. Piercey remarked, parenthetically.

"Young Howard—who performed a much more daring feat than any of the others and for a nobler object—I won't say gained no distinction, but received no prize."

"I wish we could order it differently," said the doctor. "I am so sorry for some of our boys, and they behave so nobly under their disappointments."

"That is the only gleam of comfort I can see," said Mr. Grantly, brightening up; "and I believe it gives the clue to the whole difficulty. Boys will gain more sometimes by defeat than by success. The effort they have made does them good, and the disappointment does them in the long run no harm. It is a painful discipline, however, and vexes me almost as much as it does them."

"It is like everything else in this world," the doctor answered. "We see but a little of it. All comes right in the end, no doubt. We must walk by faith and not by sight. It does not always follow that boys who gain the chief honours at school are equally successful afterwards. I believe the plodders come to the front more generally; and such, let us hope, will be the case with ours."

"The system is wrong, however," Mr. Grantly persisted. "I wish there could be prizes for industry and merit, as distinct from results."

"How is the merit to be proved?" the doctor asked.

"Not by a competitive examination, certainly, especially when conducted by outsiders. The house-masters and tutors might assist in the decision; their recommendation ought to be worth something."

"There might be suspicions of favouritism in that case."

"That would be unpleasant for us; but if the suspicions were without reason, it would be all right for the boys."

"It would not do at all," said the doctor.

"Perhaps not.

> 'The time is out of joint. O cursed spite
> That ever I was born to set it right.'"

"It will set itself right," the doctor answered. "It is not so far wrong as we imagine. You will take those books to Howard and say a kind word from me. I will go and see him myself by-and-by. How is he?"

"Very unwell, I fear."

"Nothing serious?"

"I trust not. He wants rest, Mr. Calvert says; that is all. He will not be fit to travel to-morrow, though, and that will be another trial for him."

They were both silent and serious for some minutes. Then suddenly the doctor, springing from his chair, exclaimed, "Hurrah for the holidays! Begone dull care! and so on." Throwing off his thoughtful mood, together with his hood and gown, he flung his

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"mortar-board" up to the ceiling and caught it upon his foot; and if he had not been interrupted at that moment by a knock at the study door, there is no saying what foolish antics he might not have been guilty of.

"*Dulce est desipere in loco,*" he said; "if one could only be really wise at other times how pleasant it would be!"

The Latin sentiment, without the doctor's comment upon it, prevailed throughout the college that evening; and at night there was a great disturbance in the dormitories. The masters looked in once or twice, but did not attempt to put a stop to it. Bolstering went on till they were all tired of it, and when that had ceased, talking and laughing continued to a late hour. Some of the seniors were sitting up to a grand supper, and their voices were heard singing glees. The burden of one of their songs was *Dulce, dulce, dulce domum;* and as these well-known words sounded through the house the boys in the dormitories took up the chorus and repeated it with great heartiness and vigour—*Dulce, dulce, dulce domum;* but Mr. Grantly appeared among them, and with a few words, to which they listened with interest and sympathy, quieted them. After that there was comparative silence, though voices were heard occasionally chatting until the small hours had begun. Yet the boys were awake again soon after sunrise, and the delightful hurry of packing up and packing off went on incessantly till noon, by which time all the boys were gone, and solitude and silence reigned at Abbotscliff.

Except that in one chamber of the boarding-house, apart from all the rest, known as the infirmary, one bright-eyed boy lay tossing about upon his uneasy pillow, restless and feverish. The distant echo of the chorus which had reached him in the night through the long passages—*Dulce, dulce, dulce domum!*—still lingered in his ears; and from time to time he repeated them in a half whisper, like one in a dream, *dulce, dulce, dulce domum;* some idea they conveyed to his mind, no doubt, but nothing very distinct or pleasing, as his sad and weary look of confusion indicated; again and again the tongue was heard lisping the words, *dulce, dulce, dulce,* but for the most part without any consciousness of the sense or sentiment. Sometimes the sound of wheels upon the gravel caught his attention, and then he would look about him with an expression of surprise and helplessness, wondering, no doubt, why everybody was going away so suddenly, leaving him in a strange place alone; wondering, rather than sorrowing, though his face was overshadowed now and then with an expression of unutterable sadness. But the old song was again upon his lips presently, and in whispered tones he kept on repeating the refrain, *dulce, dulce, dulce domum—dulce, dulce domum.*

ANCHITA, THE SARDINIAN BANDIT.

TRAVELLERS in Sardinia see scattered about many parts of the country those remarkable buildings which date from pre-historic times, and are called Nuraghs. Were they Phœnicians, Pelasgians, Greeks, or Carthaginians, who erected these Cyclopean cones? and did they build them for habitations, temples, fortresses or sepulchres?

Regarding their age, their founders, and their uses, the learned have not yet arrived at any probable decision, though perhaps the most widely accepted theory is that they were towers of refuge and defence in early ages of lawless violence and invasion; while others carry the conjecture back to the days of fire-worship. We must leave these discussions to experts, only remembering that similar buildings are yet standing, as, for example, in Scotland, the Balearic Isles, and on parts of the African and Syrian coasts. In Sardinia they rise in every direction, amid the richest inland uplands and on the lowliest sandy shores. Let the ivy weave its beauteous mantle about these monuments of long past times, while we content ourselves to-day by making a short step backward of two centuries only, in order to observe a scene which passed close by one of these enigmatical towers.

At the close of a hot summer day a middle-aged man might have been seen seated on the topmost point of a large Nuragh. His long gun, richly damascened in silver, lay across his knees, and he held one hand carefully above his eyes to screen them from the glare spread far and near over the surrounding country by the ruddy beams of the setting sun, which gilded the dusky lowlands till they glittered as if sprinkled with golden spangles.

For a time this man continued his close observations, and after an interval he again resumed them, and again and again his glance swept the entire district, till at length, when the sun had sunk below the horizon, he seemed reassured, or perhaps felt safe from interruption. He then began to descend from the top of the Nuragh to its base, and there he lay down among the young trees and brushwood, and unslinging his wallet began to eat and drink, while he now and again stopped to sing snatches of his wild native melodies.

Had you seen him at that moment, you would have thought him a poor shepherd taking his frugal supper. But your judgment would have been very wide of the mark, for in truth he was a renowned bandit and outlaw, a man whose name was known all over Sardinia as a synonym for ferocity, and who spread an almost superstitious terror among his countrymen. His cruel deeds were so many and so well-known, that the Spanish governor offered a reward for his capture, and for his head alone was ready to pay its weight in gold. But no Sard even dreamed of trying to gain the large reward, for in that island no man takes the price of blood, and the outlawed bandit is deemed a persecuted man, who not unfrequently becomes a hero of romance.

Having satisfied his hunger, Anchita rose, and shouldering his piece, went down the side of the small hill on which the Nuragh was built, and when he reached the plain set his face towards the range of mountains not far distant, and reaching their foot began to climb their precipitous rocky sides.

A splendid figure of a man was this bandit; of a large and powerful build, he set off to great advantage the simple but artistic costume he wore. His outer cloak was of dark-coloured wool, and had a capacious hood; his under dress was of light-blue velvet decked with a great number of tiny silver buttons; a short and closely-plaited kilt of white linen was bound about his waist almost like a belt, and underneath this ample white linen breeches descended to the knees, while below the legs were

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protected by stout close-fitting black gaiters of coarse wool knitted like stockings.

His proud and strongly-marked face was adorned by a rich black beard, and lighted by a pair of eyes as keen and searching as a falcon's. On his long hair which reached to the shoulders was set the usual knitted cap, black and long and narrow, and it was thrown back something in the fashion of the red ones used by Neapolitan fishermen.

You ask what made this nobly-built and noble-looking man into an outcast and bandit?

The answer will have been already suggested to the minds of those who are acquainted even slightly with the manners of this proud primitive people, among whom blood feuds existed until quite recent times. He belonged to a family which for two centuries kept up one of these blood-feuds with another family resident in the same village, and during the whole of these two centuries there had never failed from these families either bandit sons or murdered fathers.

One day, Anchita's father, a venerable old man, was re-entering the village, when a musket-ball struck him in the breast. With his last breath he murmured the name of his murderer. It was Brundunau, senior member of the enemy's family. Anchita's first care was to bury his father, but his next was to swear vengeance, and before long a brother of Brundunau fell by the hand of another avenger.

Both assassins now, being outlaws, vied with each other in the ferocity of their reprisals, and each one lived only in the hope of one day coming within gun-shot of his enemy, and proving himself possessor of the strongest arm and clearest sight by shooting him dead.

But it seemed as if Anchita fled before Brundunau, or that Brundunau avoided Anchita, for never had they succeeded in meeting each other.

After a time, a very bloody crime was committed by Brundunau, which so seriously alarmed the islanders that all began to tremble for their lives, and take extraordinary precautions, while from every district prayers and memorials poured in upon the viceroy, begging him to make an example of the desperate outlaw.

In response to these appeals some companies of soldiers were dispatched to the neighbourhood of Brundunau's exploits. And it is at this point in the history that we have seen Anchita seated on the Nuragh, whose position gave it great advantages as a look-out or watch-tower.

Finding himself closely pursued, Brundunau had determined to seek refuge among the wild and almost inaccessible peaks of the Limbara. For two days he wandered in the woods, like a wild boar who knows the hounds are on his track, and he began to lose strength and almost to fear for his life; he was wearied to death, and could no more summon up his old proud courage At last one night he clambered up among the very highest peaks by the narrow tracks used by the wild goats, and gained a small depression among the rocks, which was entirely surrounded, protected, and hidden by sharp and cutting peaks.

Here, in this lofty spot, he may surely take a little sorely-needed rest! His hands are cut and bleeding; his dress torn in many places by the jagged rocks leaves his limbs nearly bare; heavy dews hang on the pale brow; his breast heaves painfully after these long and strenuous exertions, and his breath comes and goes slowly between parched lips; surely he may rest secure for at least a little while!

But soon clouds begin to gather about the mountain top, then there is a distant rumbling of thunder which gradually grows clearer and clearer in the silence of the night, and streaks of fire cleave the air at intervals. The storm draws nearer and nearer. He now remembers that not far off is a cave in the mountain side, and although sorely fatigued, determines to make a push for this place, which shall afford him shelter from the wind as well as from the rain which now began to fall, heavily mixed with great hailstones.

Stepping outside his friendly circle of rocks, he has not made twenty steps when suddenly the entire mountain was illuminated by a flash of lightning, and some fierce shouts sound aloud in his ears. But the cave is not far off, and he thinks he may yet gain it safely under cover of the wild weather, and again he goes forward.

Once more a flash of lightning comes which reveals him clearly to the pursuing soldiers, and while the crack of a musket echoes along the rocks, Brundunau hears the bullet whistle close by his head. At length he reaches the long-desired cavern and breathlessly enters the narrow gorge.

Here again he stops short after a few paces, his legs tremble under him, a nervous spasm passes over his whole frame, his gun falls from his hand, his lips are so contracted with rage that hardly can he utter the frightful imprecation that rises from the bottom of his heart.

He had seen a terrible sight, for there in the deepest recesses of the cave a few dying embers gave out a fitful glare, which served to show his mortal enemy seated in company with five other outlaws, who followed his fortunes and shared his crimes.

Very soon Brundunau was observed, and Anchita rose and came toward the man he so bitterly hated. Brundunau looked him full in the face, crossed his arms upon his breast, and said in a strong clear voice, "Kill me, since I can no longer escape death, for outside this cave stand the soldiers of the viceroy. I would far rather die by thy hand, O Anchita, who art a Sard like myself, than by that of a rascally Spanish soldier. Kill me, therefore, and satisfy thy vengeance."

But Anchita did not wound him. He simply said, "God forbid that my name should be stained by such infamy! Truly I did seek to kill thee, but in the open, and before the face of day. Here thou comest before me a fugitive, hunted by armed men. Anchita does not commit such vile actions."

He then seized him by the hand, and led him to a point of the rock whence they could see the soldiers coming up. They were shouting very loud, and a hundred of them carried pitch pine torches.

At last they had discovered the den of the wild beast! Anchita placed a gun in Brundunau's hands, and, pointing down at the soldiery, said, "Mark carefully this horde coming up to assault us. Pluck up your ancient courage! Be strong—fight! I will share your fate; here we will conquer, or we will die!"

And now began the desperate defence. For two hours did the soldiers vainly try to force the entrance so stubbornly held by these seven determined men. Many soldiers fell, and some of Anchita's men, too, were dead, when he himself, though continuing to fight like a lion, felt his strength begin to fail. Then

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he gave his long pistols to his enemy with the words, "Make a way of escape for yourself!"

The soldiers at last forced an entrance; they made prisoners two survivors, but Brundunau was not one of them; his body, nearly cut to pieces with wounds, lay by the side of the body of his generous enemy.

A distinguished Sardinian writer has placed Anchita in the roll of "illustrious Sards," and says of him,—"Although misfortune had led Anchita on to commit one crime after another, this act of virtue toward his enemy must be accounted so great that the memory of it will cause his name to be handed down with honour to the very latest ages."

This may be all very well from a Sard, and we may pity men who are the victims of a savage and cruel custom. Among the Afghans and other semi-barbarous races the same horrible system of "vengeance" is usual, as it was at no distant time among our own Scottish Highlanders. The Church of Rome has no power to remove such horrors, for the doctrines of confession, penance, and purgatory are all conducive to the continuance of crime and deadening of conscience. The clearer light of Christian truth and the influence of Christian character will alone bring social improvement to Sardinia or any blood-stained land.

ENGLISH SONGS.

At the last Birmingham Musical Festival it was remarked that no specimen of English song was heard. A similar complaint was made, with characteristic emphasis, by Professor Blackie, of Edinburgh, where Scottish song is systematically ignored in the University public concerts. The patriotic professor sets down the omission to the snobbishness of the musical directors, who despise native art and unduly exalt what is foreign. With regard to Birmingham, when the complaint was made an explanation was offered, which drew forth from Mr. Sala a reply in the "Daily Telegraph" which will please many besides the northern professor.

"An Amateur" has the assurance to ask, "whether any one can mention the names of half a dozen really good English songs worthy of a place at the Birmingham Festival?" "By songs," says this authority, "I do not mean commonplace ballads, but productions of English composers, with English words." Thus at one blow this sweeping critic endeavours to destroy our faith in the fine old music which has decorated every century of our history, and lent melody to every poet from the time of Shakespeare downwards, while feebly attempting also to deny the existence of English lyrics suitable for musical treatment.

Such opinions scarcely merit the dignity of a place in public discussion, but, lest people should run away with the idea that a proposition unanswered is admitted, let us at the outset remind them that no song of Shakespeare's has escaped the attention of the musician from the days of Dr. Arne to the time of Hatton and Arthur Sullivan. Let us ask the Amateur if he has ever heard of Purcell, Shield, or Sir Henry Bishop; Calcott, Green, or Orlando Gibbons; let him tax his memory with the touching simplicity of "The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington" and "Barbara Allen;" the poetical fervour of "The Thorn," the wild force of "The Three Ravens," and the countless martial and naval melodies which are contributed by the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. No songs, quotha, characteristic of our insular and seafaring nature, in a country which has "Rule Britannia" for her national anthem, a Dibden beloved by the sailors, and which never permits a social festivity to pass away without some one thundering out "The Bay of Biscay" or "Hearts of Oak!" No songs "worthy of a place at the Birmingham Festival," when all the best lyrists, from Herrick downwards, have had their verses set to music again and again; when Ben Jonson, with his "Drink to me only with those eyes," and "See the chariot at hand here of Love, wherein my lady rideth!" is known by every village choir-boy in the kingdom! No songs, when George Wither, and Thomas Carew, and Sir Robert Ayton are music in every line and sentiment, every turn of wit and trick of fancy; no songs or glees or madrigals, when the English ear can be regaled with "When first I saw your Face," or "The Silver Swan," or the Tramp Chorus, "Through Moss and Fell!" It is mere heresy and treason to assert that English singers must go to Italy for their melody because we have no worthy English songs. "Where the bee sucks there lurk I," sings Shakespeare, and the musician perpetuates his song. "I arise from dreams of thee," sighs Shelley, and the music of the song is made complete. "Tears, idle tears," mourns the Laureate, and the appropriate theme for music is worthily fitted; nor would it ever have been possible for any one with the sense of music in his or her composition to have forgotten Barry Cornwall, Hood, Leigh Hunt, Mrs. Browning, or Mrs. Hemans. The truth is that the English poets have a genuine faculty for song writing, and that English composers, known and unknown, have wedded real music to their immortal verse.*

The statement of "An Amateur," who contemptuously dismisses our English minstrelsy as unworthy of the Birmingham Festival, may be set aside, in fact, with a direct and complete contradiction. Both as regards music and words we are, in point of fact, extremely rich, where we are ignorantly stated to be deficient. An outcry is very justly made against the vulgarity of our comic songs and the feeble commonplace of our modern English ballad, but it has yet to be proved that we can bring forth no more good tunes or good words. The music-hall proprietor rings the changes upon some vulgar chorus fitted to an idle jingle, and wearies his audience with the same nonsense and the same kind of tune when down in the country; at every cricket match, county gathering, Whitsuntide feast, or merry-making, there is some pathetic or witty song treasured up by a retentive memory and periodically brought forward to the delight of the audience. Nor is it only the case in the country. There is not a beanfeast or wayzgoose in London where every year might not be heard songs which would set any music-hall in a legitimate roar by their genuine humour and hilarity as contrasted with the feeble jokes and the double meanings of the modern fatuity. There are plenty of good songs in existence, if managers of popular entertainments only knew where to put their hands upon them.

* We would refer the reader to the articles on English National Music, in the "Leisure Hour" for 1875, by the late Dr. Rimbault.

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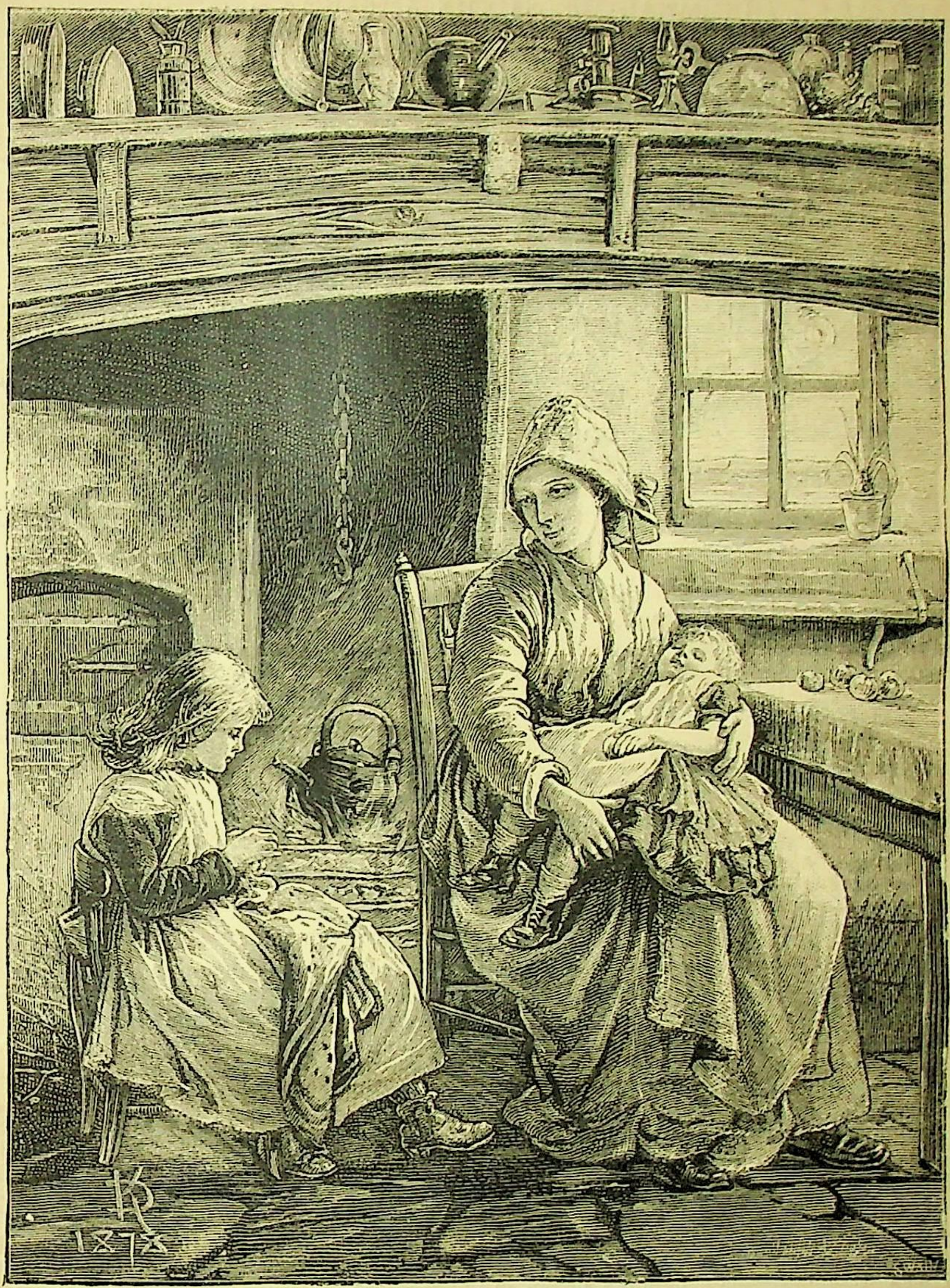
The Sewing Lesson.



WHEN the cottage hearth is tidied,
And at last on mother's lap
Baby's frolic has subsided
In his after-dinner nap;

Merry Matty checks the nimble
Tongue that chatters all day through;
Brings her kerchief and her thimble,
Proud to show what she can do.

Father on his darling daughter
Will his own kind look bestow,
When she tells how some one taught her
Thus for him to sit and sew.

Heart as light as any feather,
Dimpled face and open brow;
Mother sighs and smiles together,
Gazing fondly on her now.

Sighs—for time will bring its burden
To the young and innocent;
Smiles—to think of that high guerdon
Offered us when life is spent.

Little maiden, sew your neatest
Under mother's watchful eye;
Hours like these will be the sweetest
Of your memories by-and-by.

S. E. G.

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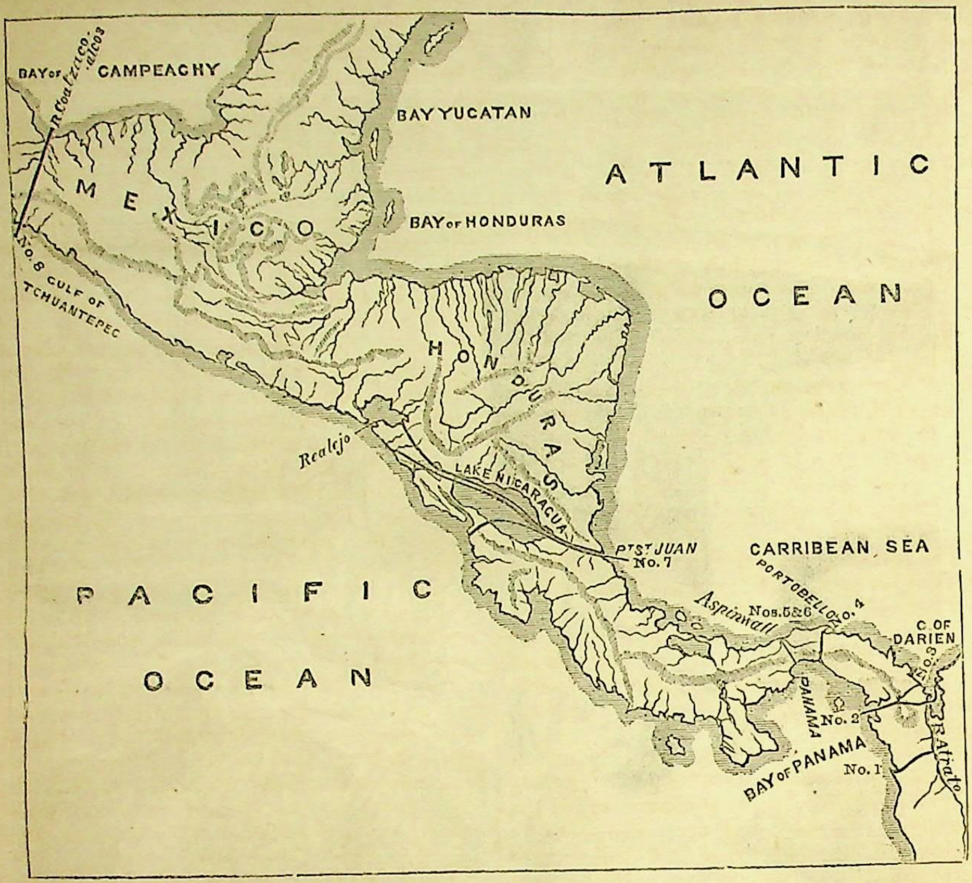
THE CANAL ACROSS THE AMERICAN ISTHMUS.



PROPOSED ROUTES.

NEARLY four centuries have passed away since, on the 1st of August, 1498, Christopher Columbus, at the end of his third voyage across the Atlantic, first set foot upon the mainland of America, in that part which we now call Venezuela.

The great navigator was not aware that he had discovered a continent, for, as is well known, he lived and died in the belief that he had landed upon one of the islands of the Indian Archipelago. He knew nothing of that great ocean which lay beyond the mountains over which he saw the sun go down.

The discovery of this vast expanse of waters was reserved for the poor adventurer Vasco Nuñez de Balboa, who, escaping from a debtor's prison in Hispaniola, landed upon the coast of Darien in the year 1513. Here, as he pursued his fierce quest for gold, he first heard of a great sea, not far to the west, on whose borders lay a country where he might obtain the precious metal to his heart's content.

Fired with his lust for gold, De Balboa led his small band of two hundred desperadoes into the heart of the thick forests of Panama, whence, after untold hardships, and many a fight with hostile Indians, he at length emerged upon the summit of the Sierra, and gazed upon the broad blue waters of the great Pacific. Hastily descending to its shores, he rushed with his drawn sword into the waves, and took possession of all the countries upon its borders for the crown of Castile.

Almost ever since that eventful day the minds of men of various nationalities have been stirred with an ardent desire to find some way to cleave asunder the narrow, rugged barrier which still divides the Atlantic from the Pacific Ocean.

Hernando Cortes turned from his career of conquest and slaughter to put forth schemes for the piercing of the isthmus, but he died without seeing them carried out. The idea of the conqueror of Mexico has been handed down by a long succession of adventurers, amongst whom the late Emperor Napoleon III must hold a distinguished place. Many surveys have been made and many routes chosen, over whose respective merits men have disputed with all the energy of enthusiasts, but the great problem still remains unsolved.

As may be naturally supposed, the United States of America have shown the most energy in carrying out these surveys, several of which have been brought to a most successful conclusion. A number of elaborate reports presented to the American Government by the commanders of different expeditions are before us as we write, but space will not allow us to do more than glance at most of them.

France has taken the next place amongst the countries of the world in her interest in the proposed ship-canal between the two oceans, and her energy in this respect has been redoubled, since the success attending the completion of the Suez Canal has fired

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its great originator, the Comte Ferdinand de Lesseps, with the ambition to cleave a water-way through the Isthmus of Panama also.

The American Isthmus, from the two extreme points shown in the map at head of this article, is about 1,450 miles in length. Its width varies considerably, as does also the height of the dividing range. The lowest summit, of 120 feet only, is by way of the Lake of Nicaragua, but there the width from sea to sea is nearly 200 miles. The narrowest point is in the Isthmus of Panama, from the Gulf of San Blas, in the Atlantic, to the mouth of the River Bayano in the Pacific, where the width is only thirty-three miles. Great hopes were entertained of the practicability of this route, but a dividing range 900 feet high would necessitate a tunnel of more than ten miles in length, and thus all hopes of piercing this extremely narrow neck of land have been reluctantly abandoned.

The next narrowest point is near the city of Panama, where the railway crosses the isthmus, and where the highest part of the range is not quite 300 feet above the sea. Through this range it is now proposed to cut a tunnel about four miles long. We must briefly consider how this determination has been arrived at.

Under the presidency of the veteran De Lesseps, now more than seventy years of age, an International Congress was held in Paris in May, 1879, at which all the previously surveyed routes underwent the ordeal of a searching revision, and a majority of votes were given in favour of a line hitherto rejected, but lately re-surveyed under the especial patronage of De Lesseps himself.

The discussions of this Congress, and the startling resolution to pierce the isthmus at a point formerly considered impracticable, have once more turned the eyes of the whole civilised world upon the Isthmus of Panama, more especially now that the United States Government have refused to accept the decision of the Congress.

In the sketch map at head of this article, eight routes are marked as having been surveyed with the idea of making a ship-canal from the Atlantic to the Pacific. At the present moment two only of these routes occupy the attention of the world—viz., No. 7, through the Lake of Nicaragua, advocated by the United States, and No. 6, close to the railway across the Isthmus of Panama, which route has been selected by De Lesseps and the majority of the International Congress.

Before discussing either of these now much-talked-of routes, we will briefly enumerate a few of the other lines, which have had more or less powerful advocacy at different times.

No. 1 in our map is called the Atrato route, and was surveyed by Commander Selfridge, of the United States navy, in the years 1871 and 1873. The Atrato is supposed to be the fourth largest river in South America, and the advantages it presents are, in many respects, so great, that it is quite possible we may hear of this route again at some future date.

The difficulties incurred in the survey were very great, for the whole of this part of the Darien Peninsula, besides being covered with impenetrable forests, is inhabited solely by Indians, whose hostility and persistent exclusion of foreigners is very remarkable. It is scarcely probable that any white man has settled upon this portion of the isthmus since Patterson led his ill-fated Darien expedition to its shores in 1698, with the intention of founding a Scotch settlement there. Of the thousand persons whom he conducted thither not more than thirty were left alive at the end of twelve months to tell the sad tale of their sufferings and woe.

The Indians of the coast, although they trade with the still wilder tribes of the interior, never enter their mountainous territories, nor could the commander induce any of these men to accompany him on his journeys into the mountains. Nevertheless he appears to have been on very friendly terms with all the natives with whom he came in contact.

The women of these tribes are short and thickset, with large features, and coarse, straight black hair, which they cut quite close when they marry. At the same time they blacken their teeth, tattoo their faces, insert large golden rings in their ears and noses, and in various other ways attend to the adornment of their persons. So attractive do their husbands consider them, that the surveyors only very rarely obtained a glimpse of their charms, as they were usually sent away at the approach of the strangers.

After spending many months in traversing the almost impracticable forest heights of the Darien Isthmus, Commander Selfridge at length entered one of the sixteen mouths by which the Atrato empties itself into the Gulf of Darien. All were struck with admiration when they beheld the noble river, whose existence no one would suspect when sailing past the tangled mass of vegetation which shuts out all view of it from the sea.

The valley of the Atrato is an alluvial plain, more than one hundred miles in width, through which the broad deep river flows smoothly to the sea, without a single rapid or other impediment to navigation. The commander steamed for 150 miles up this river, which had a depth varying from thirty to one hundred feet, and during the whole of the voyage he did not pass a single rock or hill upon either bank.

At the right-hand point of the line No. 1 in the map, the surveyors entered the waters of the Napipi, which river descending from the watershed above the Pacific here enters the Atrato. The Napipi is not navigable, but a canal could easily be cut in the valley through which it flows, though it would require a series of locks to carry vessels to the summit of the dividing range.

The distance from the Atrato to this point is about twenty-two miles, and the height to which the canal would be carried by a series of nine or ten locks is 120 feet. Here it is proposed to make a tunnel through the higher part of the range, which would be four miles long. On the other side, a canal ten miles long would descend by another series of locks to a harbour in the Pacific at the point marked No. 1 in the map.

The advantages claimed for this route are, firstly, the great natural facilities afforded by the River Atrato, navigable for vessels of the largest size, whilst the bar at its mouth could easily be removed by dredging; and, secondly, the very short canal requisite to connect the Atrato with the Pacific.

The disadvantages are the twenty locks and the four-mile tunnel; a combination which to the majority of the Commission presented an insuperable obstacle.

Route No. 2 on our map is a second line by the Atrato river, connected by a canal with the River Tuyra, which flows into the San Miguel Gulf, or Darien Harbour, in the Pacific. This route requires a canal eighty miles long, a tunnel of half a mile

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only, and two series of locks. The Tuyra river is navigable for a distance of eighteen miles from its mouth.

Route No. 3, having the same Pacific terminus as No. 2, would, after leaving the Tuyra river, enter the Atlantic at a point a little to the north-west of the mouth of the Atrato, and would require a canal of about fifty miles, with a tunnel variously estimated at from ten to twelve miles, *but no locks*. The length of the tunnel will probably be fatal to this scheme.

No. 4 would appear to be most favoured by nature of all the routes, for at this point the isthmus is only thirty-three miles in width from ocean to ocean. The height of the diving range and the length of tunnel required offer, however, fatal impediments to the formation of a canal.

Little need be said concerning Route No. 8 on our map, as this line, which crosses the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, has few points to recommend it at the present time, although it was very favourably reported upon by Captain Shufeldt, of the U.S. Navy, who surveyed it thoroughly in the year 1871. This route would be nearly 200 miles in length, of which more than 120 miles would have to be canalised, and vessels would be lifted over a height of 700 feet by a series of more than 100 locks.

The rest of our space we must devote to a consideration of the two great rival schemes now about to lay their respective claims before the world. Of these, Route No. 7 in the map, which passes through the great Lake of Nicaragua, must first be examined.

This line has long been favourably known, and appears to possess advantages which cannot be claimed for any other. The Lake of Nicaragua, 110 miles long by 40 broad, lies outspread upon the very summit of the watershed, between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. This exceptional position renders it an inexhaustible reservoir to feed a canal on either side, whilst it forms a harbour and a highway in the midst of the route.

The lake receives the waters of forty rivers, as well as the overflow of the higher and smaller lake of Managua. Its mean height above the level of the sea is only 120 feet, which would necessitate a series of ten or twelve locks on either side.

The River San Juan flows from the Lake of Nicaragua into the Atlantic Ocean, which it enters at the port of San Juan del Norte, or Greytown. Unfortunately there are several rapids in this river, which would prevent the passage of large vessels, although the fact of a small steamer having forced her way from the sea into the lake, during this present year, gives encouragement to those who hold that the rapids may be *drowned* by excavations that shall admit of a greater flow of water from the lake.

A very complete survey of the whole of this route, made by Commander Lull, of the U.S. navy, in 1873, gives 186 miles as the total length by this line, of which fifty-eight miles would be upon the lake itself, and the remainder would be by canals, aided by the San Juan river. There would be twenty locks, *but no tunnel.*

The Nicaraguan line has probably been oftener surveyed than any other; and the variety of opinions expressed upon its capabilities is very perplexing to the non-professional mind. M. Blanchet would destroy the rapids by flooding, and would form long stretches of level canal, descending by ladders, or three or four locks close together, at a few selected points. These ladders would be double, one for the ascending, and one for the descending, vessels.

This plan was opposed in the Congress, the system of inundation being strongly condemned. In its place it was proposed to make use of the San Juan river, and to provide locks where necessary. The short distance of *sixteen miles only*, from the lake to Port Brito on the Pacific Ocean (the short line in our map), appears to present but little difficulty. The cutting would be through an alluvial plain, highly cultivated, and rich with all the choicest fruits of the tropics. The descent from the lake to the plain would be by ten or twelve locks comparatively near to one another.*

If locks are allowed at all, the line through the Lake of Nicaragua would appear to present advantages possessed by none of the others. M. Fontane, secretary of the Suez Canal, declares, however, from data founded upon his own experience, that not more than twelve vessels could conveniently pass in one day through *a canal with locks*, and this he maintains would not meet the requirements of traffic, nor would it suffice to pay a dividend to the shareholders. In this opinion he is supported by his renowned chief, and their arguments in favour of a *level canal*, even at an advanced cost, are very strong.

The great exponent of the level canal system is Lieutenant Lucien Napoleon Bonaparte Wyse, who has spent eleven years in examining the American isthmus, and has twice commanded an expedition sent out for that purpose under the auspices of the Comte de Lesseps.

His last expedition was made in 1877 and 1878, and it is mainly upon his report, and that of his able coadjutors, Lieutenant Armand Reclus and P. Sosa (engineer in chief), that the decision of the Congress has been given in favour of the short route, with tunnel, *viâ* Panama, No. 6 in our map.†

In this voluminous and interesting report every objection to this short route on the score of malarious climate, difficulty of cutting a tunnel, want of regular water supply, and dangers from floods on the Chagres river are triumphantly refuted, M. Wyse even proposing to divert the course of the Chagres river from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, during the progress of the works, in order that he may make use of the dry bed of the stream!

The canal by this route would be only forty-six miles long, without locks, but with a tunnel about four and a half miles long and open cuttings. The dividing range being only 285 feet high, it would be easy to commence work upon the tunnel at various places simultaneously by means of perforations from above, and thus the time required for its completion would be much less than for the same distance under a range of high mountains, as in the case of Mont Cenis and other great tunnels through the Alps. At the same time it must be remembered that a tunnel for ships would have to extend nearly 120 feet above the surface of the canal, with a depth of at least 30 feet below, and that for a considerable height up it would require a width of 110 feet!

A serious difficulty also exists in the difference of *tide level* between the two oceans. A popular fallacy has long maintained that there exists a difference in the level of the two oceans, but this is manifestly absurd. In the Gulf of Panama, however, the tide

* It is said that the late Emperor Napoleon devoted much time to the study of the various surveys of this route during his enforced retirement at Chislehurst.

† "Canal Interoceanique, 1877-78—Rapports par Lucien N. B. Wyse," A. Lahure, Paris, 1879.

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rises so much higher than it does on the Atlantic side that Sir John Hawkshaw warned the Commission that this alone would produce a current through the canal of between six and seven miles an hour, which would prove a very serious obstacle. The same authority feared that during the rainy seasons the great floods to which the River Chagres is subject would "drown" any ships that might chance to be in the tunnel.

We presume that Sir John's scruples on these heads were subsequently set at rest, for we find in the official report that he was much applauded when, like a good patriot, "il declare en bon Anglais, qu'il vote Oui, parcequ'il voit dans l'adoption de ce projet les interets de l'Angleterre."

The proposed canal is to leave the Atlantic at Limon Bay, or, as it is often called, Navy Bay, a place well known to all who have crossed the famous Panama Railway. Following in part the course taken by the railway, the canal will enter the Pacific a little to the west of the city of Panama, and there would seem to be little to object to in either of these two points, both of which offer considerable facilities for shipping.

The fact of the railway being available for supplies and other purposes is dwelt upon by M. Wyse as a very important factor in the consideration of this route, and there can be little doubt that it would offer facilities that no other portion of the isthmus could present. Times have greatly changed for the better since, in 1850, Mr. Aspinwall, Mr. Henry Chauncey, and Mr. J. L. Stephens (the celebrated traveller in Central America) commenced the arduous task of making a railway through the dense forests of the uncleared and unhealthy isthmus. After almost unexampled difficulties, and a loss of human life estimated by some authorities at not less than 15,000 souls, "the last rail was successfully laid down in darkness and rain at midnight of the 27th of January, 1855," and the next day a locomotive crossed from ocean to ocean. The city of Aspinwall, or Colon, soon afterwards arose upon the swampy little coral islet of Manzanilla, which is now connected with the mainland by a solid causeway of stone, and an excellent harbour has been formed.

All therefore seems ready for the carrying out of the still greater enterprise of cutting a water-way through the isthmus, if only the great success of the railway has not blinded the eyes of the surveyors to the enormous difficulties that will attend this gigantic work in a country so flooded by tropical rains, and so densely covered by a tangled growth of exuberant vegetation as to be well-nigh impenetrable.

This portion of the world enjoys the somewhat unenviable distinction of having two rainy seasons every year. The cloud-belt which forms in the region of the equator, and which pours forth torrents of rain upon land and sea, follows the sun in his progress to the north and south. It is always, however, a few weeks behind the sun's passage over any particular spot, and as he crosses the latitude of Panama, on his way to the northern or summer solstice, early in the month of April, the rain-belt does not reach the same latitude until about the middle of May. At that time a period of heavy and almost incessant rain sets in, which lasts until the end of June.

When the sun has attained his northernmost point, towards the end of June, the cloud-belt has passed away from the latitude of Panama, and a short period of fine weather now commences, which lasts for about six weeks. After this, as the sun again passes southwards, the rain-belt follows him, and there is a second wet season, which continues with great intensity until the end of November. This is followed by a dry season lasting nearly five months, during which time the weather is magnificent, with refreshing northerly winds.

In the dry seasons, the works of the canal could be pushed forward with vigour; but there would be many drawbacks from floods and other inconveniences during the rainy seasons, which would hinder work except under cover of the tunnel.

Opinions vary considerably respecting the climate of the isthmus. Many persons maintain that it is one of the most unhealthy regions of the earth, and in proof of this they quote the great mortality amongst the labourers on the Panama Railway. We have examined carefully the official history of this railway, published in New York in 1862, by F. N. Otis, M.D., the medical officer employed upon the works, but we cannot obtain any accurate statistics upon this vital point.

Whilst strongly maintaining the general healthiness of the climate, the doctor admits that most of the 7,000 English, Irish, and European labourers whom the company had gathered together soon proved to be "*little adapted for the work upon which they were engaged*," and that a thousand Chinamen who were subsequently brought down fared no better. "*In less than a month, almost the entire body became affected with a melancholic suicidal tendency, and scores of them ended their unhappy existence by their own hands.*" Disease also broke out amongst them, and we are told that in a few weeks *scarcely two hundred were left out of the thousand who first arrived!*

It was found necessary to re-ship the remnant of Chinese and all the white labourers, and to import natives from the surrounding provinces and from Jamaica. But the doctor does not say how many of these succumbed to the fatal influences of the climate. M. de Lesseps has expressed his intention of obtaining negro labourers from the Emperor of Brazil. It is doubtful how far these men will be able to withstand the climate during the wet seasons, and it will be necessary for the Governments of England, France, and the United States to take stringent measures to prevent the introduction of every kind of FORCED LABOUR, which is but another word for SLAVERY.

To the singular beauty of the scenery on this route, and the magnificence of the tropical vegetation, we can ourselves bear testimony; but as we saw the isthmus during the short dry season—called *verano*—and under the most favourable auspices, we have no experience to offer of the more dangerous period, when the whole country is saturated by incessant rain. Dr. Otis declares that there is no danger to travellers at any period of the year, but this does not quite agree with what we heard on the spot from more unprejudiced persons.

We conclude our paper with a profile sketch of the seven different routes laid before the International Congress at Paris in May last. They are copied from the official report, and are drawn to scale. To each route we add a few explanatory notes. The sketch of the Suez Canal on the same scale ($\frac{1}{3000000}$ of length, and $\frac{1}{12000}$ of height) is also given for comparison. The distance lines marked on the profiles are in kilomêtres. A kilomêtre is equal to 1,093 yards English.

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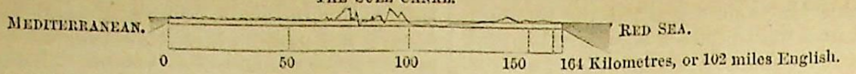
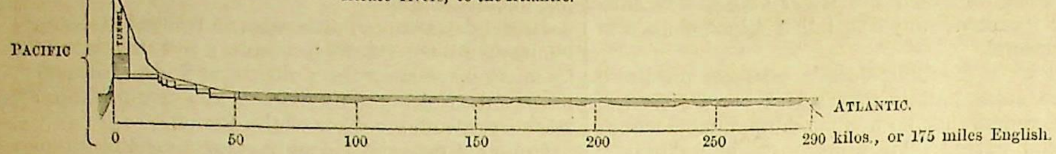
THE SUEZ CANAL.

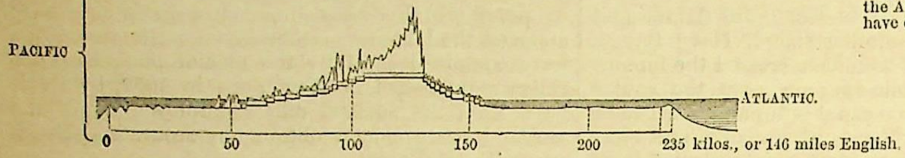


No. 1.—Plan with locks and tunnel from Chiri-Chiri Bay, in the Pacific, viâ the Napipi and Atrato rivers, to the Atlantic.



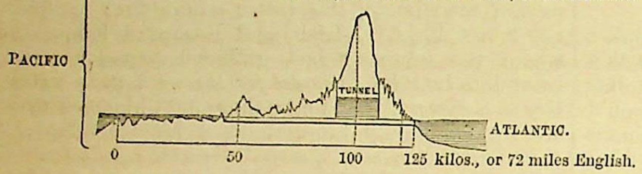
No. 2.—Plan with locks from the Gulf of San Miguel, in the Pacific, viâ the Tuyra, the Caquirri, and the Atrato rivers, to the Atlantic.

Nos. 1 and 2.—Both enter from the Atlantic by the Atrato river, but have different outlets in the Pacific.



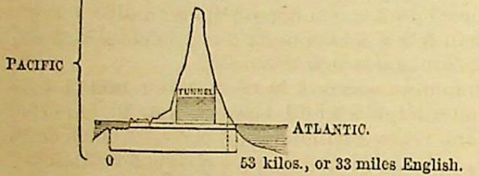
No. 3.—Plan for a level canal with tunnel from the Gulf of San Miguel, in the Pacific, viâ the Tuyra and the Tiati rivers, to the Atlantic.

No. 3.—Same Pacific outlet as No. 2, but enters from the Atlantic a little farther to the N.W. Requires a tunnel twelve miles long, but no locks.



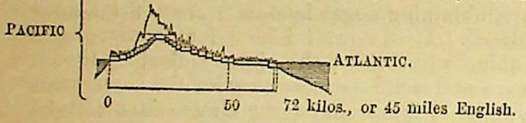
No. 4.—Plan for a level canal with tunnel from Chepillo, in the Bay of Panama, viâ the Bayano and the Mamoni rivers, to Bay of San Blas, in the Atlantic.

No. 4.—The shortest of all the routes, crossing the isthmus to the east of the city of Panama. Requires a tunnel of ten to twelve miles, but no locks.

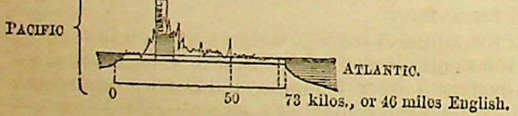


No. 5.—Plan for a canal with locks from Panama Roads to Limon or Navy Bay, in the Atlantic, by the Valley of the River Chagres.

No. 5.—A variation of No. 6, but rejected from its requiring locks.



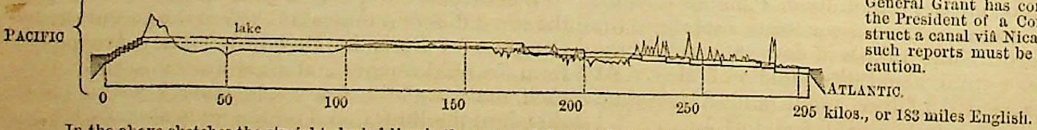
No. 6.—Plan for a level canal with tunnel from Panama Roads to Limon or Navy Bay, in the Atlantic, viâ the Rio Grande and Chagres rivers.



No. 6.—The route selected by the Congress of Paris by 74 votes out of 98. Sixteen delegates refused to vote at all. It will have no locks, but requires a tunnel four and a half miles long, and open cuttings. The American people do not accept the decision of the Congress as final, and are taking steps to re-survey the route by the Lake of Nicaragua. They also talk of enforcing the Monroe doctrine of United States control on the American continent, by not permitting any other nation to undertake the construction of a canal.

No. 7.—Route through the Lake of Nicaragua. This route traverses the States of Nicaragua and Costa Rica. All the others are in the United States of Columbia, formerly New Grenada. It is announced that General Grant has consented to be the President of a Company to construct a canal viâ Nicaragua, but all such reports must be accepted with caution.

No. 7.—Plan for canal with locks from Brito, on the Pacific, viâ the Lake of Nicaragua and the San Juan river, to Greytown, on the Atlantic.



In the above sketches the straight shaded line is the water of the canal at sea level—the parallel lines with white space between represent open cuttings in the hills—and the short deep shaded lines show the height of the top of the tunnel above the level of the canal. The steps in the plans represent the locks. The peaks show the highest point of the dividing range.

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A company has been formed in Paris, with the Compte de Lesseps as president, with the view of constructing a ship-canal across the Panama section of the isthmus; but the scheme was not supported by the investing public, and therefore the selection of the particular route still remains an open question.

The Americans are in favour of the line *viâ* Nicaragua, whilst the Congress of Paris has decided for the short route *viâ* Panama. We can only hope that the best route will be ultimately decided upon, and that M. de Lesseps may live to see the completion of the great international work he has so much at heart. CHAS. H. ALLEN, F.R.G.S.

LONDON:

Population and Health in 1878.

THE following summary is from the annual Report of births, deaths, and causes of death in London and other large cities in 1878, published by authority of the Registrar-General of Births, Deaths, and Marriages in England :—

London is the greatest city in the world. Its population exceeds three millions and a half, or, if we add the population of its suburbs in the outer ring, the total population is four millions and a half. Its population approaches the aggregate population of 22 other large towns of the United Kingdom. It nearly equals the aggregate population of Paris, Berlin, and Vienna; or with the suburbs it equals the populations of the capitals of France, Prussia, Austria, and Russia.

The area of this great city is 122 square miles, or a square of a little more than eleven miles to the side; so the density of population is 29,322 people to the square mile, and the proximity of the population is 11·04 yards; or the people are at a mean distance of 11·04 yards from each other.

The low rate of mortality in London, if we take its density into consideration, is still more striking than its magnitude. With a density of 29,322 persons to the square mile, the mortality should be 35·2 per 1,000, were not special systems of drainage and cleanliness in use in London, by which the mortality in the years 1874—8 is reduced to 22·8. The consequence is that the deaths are so low in London as 83,695, and, the births being 129,184, the registered births exceed the deaths by 45,489, which exceeds the estimated increase of population (43,693) by 1,796.

There is a continued influx of new comers into London, but the facts show that the numbers who leave London as emigrants exceed the numbers of its immigrants. There is an incessant interchange of persons born in and out of London. In the seventeenth century the deaths equalled the births in number. The density of the population is continually increasing; thus, while in 1842 there were 16,357 persons to a square mile, there were 28,602 to a square mile in 1876; and that alone would cause an increase of mortality which would, according to the law that has been deduced from the returns for all England, raise the mortality from 24·5 in 1840—4 to 26·2 in 1874—8. Thus, the deaths should have been at this rate 91,423 a year in the five years 1874—8, whereas they actually were 79,245. The reduction in the rate of mortality saved 12,178 lives annually in the five years in London. This may be fairly ascribed to sanitary improvements. In 1840—5 the water supplied to London was taken partly from the Thames at Hungerford-bridge and Battersea, where it was mixed with the sewage of London, while in 1874—8 it was taken from the Lea, the New River, and the Thames higher up the river, beyond the London sewer contamination. The great system of sewerage has been carried out in its main outline, and the whole of South London has been drained. There are health officers appointed in every district of London, who have made many useful suggestions which have been partially carried out. All this has reduced the mortality from 26·2, the corrected rate, as has been shown that increase of density would imply, to 22·8 per 1,000; so 12,178 lives are saved annually.

Much has been really done, and still more remains to be done. The waters of the Thames partially contaminated are still supplied to London, and the branch sewers are still imperfect, while the sewers communicate in many cases with the interior of the houses, so that much remains to be done, which may be pointed out by skilful health officers acting under one head. We have fifty-three districts in England and Wales which experienced a mortality of 16·75 per 1,000 in the ten years 1861—70; in the years 1849—53 the mortality was at the rate of 17·53 in sixty-three districts that were taken as the basis of the healthy life table, which makes the mean duration of life 49·0 years; and this implies a mean corrected annual rate of mortality of 20·4. Upon this ground we have laid it down as a principle that the mortality of healthy districts should not exceed 17 per 1,000. Now we see how much has to be done in London; the mortality was 25, it has been reduced to 23, and 6 per 1,000 remains to be reduced before 17 is attained. It is possible that with a proximity so small as is experienced in London we cannot hope to attain the ideal standard of 17, yet 20 is not beyond our reach. The mortality has been reduced from 25 to 23; and when many known imperfections in our sanitary conditions are removed, we may hope to see the mortality reduced to 20 per 1,000. The mortality of none of our towns should now exceed 20 per 1,000. The deaths in the fifty-two weeks were 83,695, which were 1,000 in excess of the average; 42,099 were at ages under twenty years, of which 21,176 were of children under one year of age. The annual rate of mortality was 23·5, and in the last five years 22·8. The highest rate observed during thirty-nine years was 30·1 per 1,000 in 1849, when the great cholera epidemic prevailed; in the second epidemic of 1854 the mortality was 29·4. The lowest rate observed was 21·0 in 1850; the next lowest was 21·5 in the year 1872. While the rate of mortality was 23·5 in the year 1878 in inner London, the rate was only 16·9 in the outer ring; or in the greater London 22·3 per 1,000. The density of population was 41·7 persons to an acre in the inner London, 1·7 in the outer ring; or 8·7 persons to an acre in the greater London.

The causes of death in inner London include 18,220 by zymotic diseases, 15,509 by constitutional diseases, 37,825 by local diseases, 8,695 by developmental diseases, 3,310 by violent deaths. Smallpox was fatal to 1,416 persons, who at various ages died of that disease in London, whereas only seventeen died in nineteen country towns. This is in spite of the precautions taken in London, where 897 patients died in smallpox hospitals, which are freely open to all. No doubt great numbers remained who were treated at their own homes, for the deaths at home were 519, and this implies a great number of cases.

2,916 persons died by accident or negligence, 78 by homicide, 315 by suicide, and one was executed. The number of persons killed in the streets of London was 237—how is not stated in three cases—17 were killed by horses, 12 by carriages, 14 by omnibuses, 10 by tram-cars, 34 by cabs, 73 by vans and waggons, 11 by drays, 63 by carts. 15,502 deaths occurred in the public institutions, 9,606 in workhouses, 4,549 in general hospitals, 531 in special hospitals, 138 in hospitals for foreigners, 333 in lunatic asylums.

Varieties.

The Largest Tree in the World.—There is at present on exhibition in New York a section of an immense tree which has been brought from California. The "New York Herald" says:—"This wonderful specimen of nature's handiwork was discovered in 1874. It was growing in a grove near Tule river, Trulare county, California, about seventy-five miles from Visalia. Its top had been broken off, probably at some remote period, and when discovered it was still 240 feet high. The body of the tree where it was broken was 12 feet in diameter, and had two limbs measuring respectively 9 feet and 10 feet in diameter. The trunk measured below 111 feet. This ancient monarch of the forest is called "Old Moses," after a mountain near which it stood. It is supposed to be 4,840 years old, and it is the largest tree that has ever been discovered. The section on exhibition is 75 feet in circumference and 25 feet across. It is capable of holding 150 people in its interior. The interior, as it is now fitted up, is arranged like a drawing-room. A carpet has been laid down; there is a piano, sofa, tables and chairs, with scenes from California hung around, and people move about quite freely."

Mohair Goats for South Africa.—A small but remarkable flock of twenty-seven mohair goats from Asia Minor lately arrived in the Victoria Docks by the Peninsular and Oriental Company's screw steamer Kaiser-i-Hind. The goats were purchased in their

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native country by Mr. J. B. Evans, who is the largest breeder of ostriches, sheep, and goats in Africa, where, at Scoorsteenberg, Eastern Province, he now holds of freehold property alone 164,000 acres in one block. Mr. Evans arrived in England a few months ago with a view to a journey to Asia Minor to obtain the best and purest breed of mohair goat for his estate in the Cape Colony. He proceeded to the East, and after innumerable difficulties, and a tedious journey of 1,200 miles on horse and muleback, he succeeded in accomplishing the object of his journey, and secured a class of animal never before seen out of the interior of Asia Minor. Accompanied by Mr. Gavin Gatheral, British Vice-Consul of the Province of Angora, he penetrated a district never before visited by a single European, and found there the source—the secluded source—whence the pure-bred mohair rams are obtained for the supply of stock rams for the several mohair-producing districts of Asia Minor. He experienced the greatest difficulty in purchasing the best goats, even with much-coveted English coin—for the Turkish farmer in the district he visited is as loth to part with his best stock rams as the Arab with his favourite mare. He at last succeeded in securing the finest specimens of the mohair goat ever exported. They were conveyed from the interior to the coast on the backs of mules, each mule carrying two goats, and provender for the journey was also carried on muleback, a novel mode of transport never before adopted.

Swiss Travel.—Among the other advantages which the Englishman gains from travelling in Switzerland is the elaborate and apparently simple system of the post which under Government combines letters, baggage, and horses. In Switzerland it is possible to post your portmanteau just as you would a letter, and, directing it to a *poste restante* scores of miles away, there it will be found to await your arrival at the post-office of the town or village, the cost of convoy being something very trifling. Nor is the convenience only felt in the quick transport of letters and personal baggage. In Switzerland no one ever need be anxious how to get on from place to place, so long as the telegraph post is seen on the broad well-kept road, or in the mountain pass. Where no railway exists, in every post-office will be found a printed Government tariff fixing the prices at which carriages, mules, horses, or porters may be procured. No one is really at the mercy of the innkeeper, though he frequently works hand and glove with the post-office officials, and throughout the holiday district of the Oberland it is possible to see exactly what charge the Swiss Government imposes for a journey in a carriage, on horseback, or in a sedan-chair carried by a relay of sturdy porters. As a rule these charges are extremely moderate. Every journey is known to take so many hours, and the prices are fixed accordingly; but it is difficult to describe the complete convenience of a postal system that will put a letter into the traveller's hand, relieve him of the inconvenience of superfluous baggage, and at a few minutes' notice provide him with carriages and horses to mount favourite passes and explore the most romantic regions of this delightful and practical country.

Ridicule, and how to meet it.—A Christian does not wince when he is opposed, for he expects opposition. That man who, being in Christ, never meets with any opposition must either be very happily circumstanced, or else, methinks, he must somewhat conceal his religion; for from the first day until now it has been found that those who will live godly in Christ Jesus must suffer persecution. The man in Christ, being a true man, does not fret about that. If a joke is passed off at his expense, he knows that it breaks no bones. There is a little laughter over a story, more witty than true, and perhaps a sneer or two caused by a very nasty sarcasm; but he bargained for that, he discounted that matter, when he became a Christian. Nay, he has by degrees become so accustomed to it that if it pleases other people it does not annoy him. And so he gets to be a man all round; and it frequently happens that, as he pursues the even tenor of his way, those who at first despised him come to respect him. Men trust him, and finding him upright, they honour him, yea, and honour him for his fidelity to his convictions; for even with those who care not for Christianity there is a something which makes them reverence the man who is truly what he professes to be. Let but the Christian live on and live well, and he will live down opposition; or, if the opposition live, he will live above it and flourish all the more.—*Mr. Spurgeon's Stock Exchange Address.*

Overcrowded Railway Carriages.—We wish there was as clear a legal decision in England as the following, which is reported from America:—The New York Court of Appeals has decided that a passenger on a crowded train, who failed to find a seat in the ordinary cars, and who took possession of a seat temporarily in a Wagner "Drawing-room Car," was not a trespasser. The passenger had gone through all the other cars of the train, in which the aisles were crowded with persons standing, and seated himself in the drawing-room car, expressing his entire willingness to leave it upon being provided with a seat elsewhere. The Wagner car porter tried to eject him, and the passenger brought an action for assault and battery and got judgment, on the ground that the railroad company does not have two separate contracts of conveyance with its passengers, and that the rights of a passenger to take seats where he can find them, in the absence of seats in the ordinary cars, is involved in his purchase of tickets. This decision will make the palace-car companies in New York look sharply after the running stock of the roads to which they have the right of way. Hitherto an overcrowded train has been to their interest, in forcing passengers to pay the additional price for accommodation in their cars to get a seat at all. But, so far as the New York decision goes, they will have no profit by the neglect of the company to furnish sufficient cars on crowded occasions.

Zulu War Song.—In the official despatches, the Special Border Agent at Umvoti reported to the Colonial Secretary, under date May 12, 1879:—"A few days ago the police stationed above the Entanjeni Drift, near the Qudeni Bush, heard the Zulus making merry at one of their kraals. They were drinking beer and singing songs the greater part of the night. The songs were in praise of Cetewayo and his army. The words of one might be interpreted as follows:—

'Thou, the great and mighty Chief!
'Thou who hast an army!
'The son of Sogica (Sir T. Shepstone) sent his forces!
(Chorus) 'We destroyed them!
'The Amasoja (soldiers) came!
(Chorus) 'We destroyed them!
'The mounted soldiers came!
(Chorus) 'We destroyed them!
'The Amalenja (Volunteers) came!
(Chorus) 'We destroyed them!
'The Hongai (Mounted Police) came!
(Chorus) 'We destroyed them!
'Thou the great Chief!
'Thou who hast an army!
'When will they dare to repeat their attack?'"

Arctic Exploration.—The Arctic expedition equipped by Mr. James Gordon Bennett, of the "New York Herald," set sail from San Francisco on July 8 in the yacht Jeannette, late Pandora. The expedition is under the command of Lieutenant De Long, United States Navy, an old Arctic explorer, and all the officers of the ship have been selected because of experience already gained in the Polar regions. The whole force consists of thirty-two men, including an astronomer, a naturalist, and a meteorologist, the latter being Mr. Collins, who had been engaged on the meteorological staff of the "Herald." The Jeannette, which will be accompanied to Behring's Sea by a schooner acting as coal and provision tender, has been well equipped for the perilous voyage. In the outfit are included eight Arctic tents, each six feet by nine feet, a suit of spare sails, and a number of ice saws with which ice from ten to twelve feet in thickness can be cut; a deck-house roofed over and fastened together by mortices and screw bolts is provided, which can be taken down and put up at will; the cabin and forecastle are padded inside with several thicknesses of felt, and the poop deck is covered with three thicknesses of stout canvas painted over. The ship will be heated by stoves burning soft coal. Every man on board has a good hair mattress, pillow, and pair of heavy blue blankets, and warm clothing. There is a beautifully-appointed surgery. Every square inch of cargo room is taken up with provisions. With the exception of flour, all the stores are in the concentrated or condensed form, meats, vegetables, and fruits. The Jeannette is provisioned for three years; about twenty tons of provisions and seventy tons of coal will be left at St. Michael's in reserve and for use on the return voyage, or in case the Jeannette should be lost or abandoned. Pemican and bread will be the principal articles in the daily *menu*, and instead of spirits ample rations of beer, tea, and coffee will be served. The whole cost of the expedition is defrayed by Mr. Bennett and will be about $300,000. In selecting the crew choice was made from 1,300 applicants, no men being accepted under twenty-five or over thirty-five, and care being taken that all were of average height, size, and weight, sound in all respects, and without consumptive tendency, of good character and accustomed to the sea. The seamen receive $25 a month; the others are paid in proportion. Four Esquimaux will also be shipped in Alaska. Most of the officers and men have had some Arctic experience.

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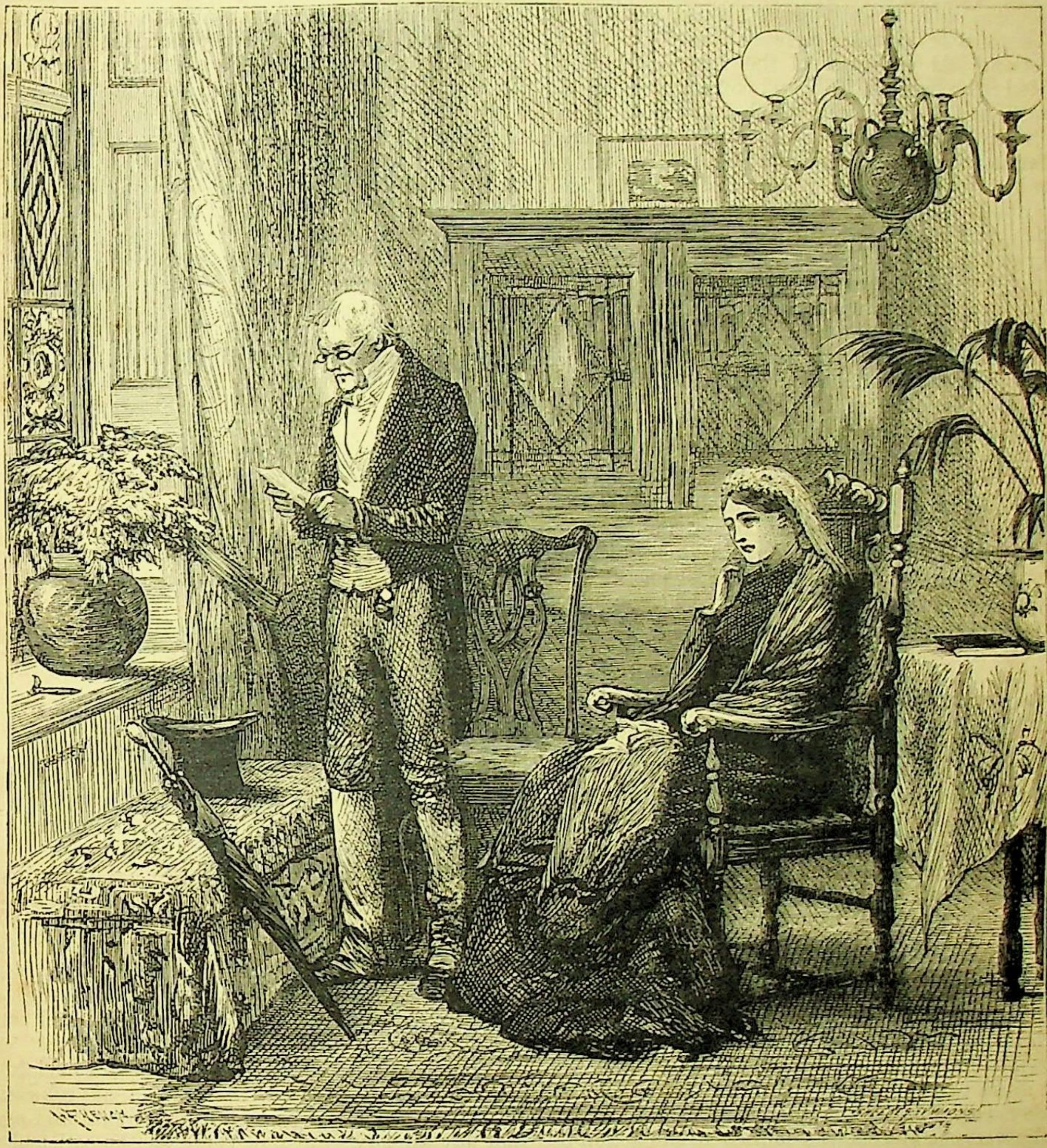
THE LEISURE HOUR.

BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,
AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND.—*Cowper.*



AN IDENTIFICATION.

STRAIGHT TO THE MARK.

CHAPTER XLI.—A STRANGE VISITOR.

And now a shadow and a terror fell
On the great house, as if a passing bell
Tolled from the tower, and filled each spacious room
With secret awe and preternatural gloom.

—*Longfellow.*

TOM HOWARD had been tolerably well until after the first day of the examination. He had been nervous and anxious, waiting for the hour to arrive when he should take his place in the class-room and receive his papers. He could neither sleep nor eat, and found it difficult to control his thoughts or to remember some of the most elementary parts of his work, but he trusted that it would all come back to him at the moment of need. The uncertainty, the delay, the suspense was, he thought, the chief cause of his deficiency. As soon as he should know exactly what had to be done, he should be able at least to apply his mind to it. But when the time was come, and

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PRICE ONE PENNY.

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the papers were given out, he cast his eye down the list of questions, and found himself utterly at a loss. His mind seemed to be a perfect blank; he could not remember anything that he wanted. He put down the first paper in despair; there was not a single question in it that he could answer: and yet he felt that he ought to know something about them; and gradually as he went over them again one by one, light seemed to dawn upon his mind: presently he was able to recall one or two of the formulæ required to meet the difficulties, and having thus obtained a clue, other solutions occurred to him, until he saw his way clearly and was able to write down his answers almost to his own satisfaction. At the close of the first day he had succeeded in answering, fully and correctly, nearly all his questions; the only ones which he was not sure about were two or three of the most elementary, mere forms of grammar which he had once known as well as his own name, and yet now he could not feel certain about them. He wrote them down this way and that, and looked at them as one does at the spelling of a word, hoping that the very familiarity of the sight would remove his doubts; but his brain seemed to grow more and more confused, and when time was up, and the papers were collected, he was still uncertain, and so left the answers blank.

The next day he was a little more successful, having had a tolerably good night's rest, and feeling altogether better and less nervous. But towards the close, during the last hour, he seemed again to lose his head; and the first and simplest questions on his papers, which he had passed over in his eagerness to make the most of the more important and, as he thought, more telling subjects, again presented the greatest difficulty. He pored over them till he felt giddy, and before the time allowed had expired he was compelled to leave the room and go out into the fresh air. There he sat down upon the stone steps of the building with a strange sense of confusion, not seeing anything clearly that was before him, but parts only of different objects, and not hearing sounds plainly, but as if at a distance.

Mr. Grantly found him there, and took him to his own room and gave him some sal volatile, after which he seemed to be a little better and lay down upon a couch to sleep. The sleep was but brief, and when he awoke he was chilly and confused, and felt so languid and weary in his limbs that he had to be assisted upstairs to bed, from which, as soon as Mr. Calvert, the doctor, had seen him, he was removed for the sake of quietness to the sanatorium. Mr. Calvert came to see him again the next day, and it was by his desire that the light-hearted boys in their dormitories were requested to restrain the sound of their rejoicing within due bounds, that even the distant murmur of their singing might not reach the patient's ears. Perfect quietness was necessary, he said: the nervous system was depressed, the action of the heart was languid and irregular, and the brain suffered in sympathy, or rather as a consequence. He hoped there was not much cause for apprehension, but the boy had been overwrought; he wished their system of indiscriminate competition could be put an end to, or at least that common sense and medical judgment might be allowed to enter into the matter. Boys were sometimes ruined for life by the trials they were put to in their boyhood at an age when their mental and physical powers were yet undeveloped. No man would drive his ass's foal at the rate these boys were made to go.

The next day Mr. Calvert was still more indignant in his protest against youthful competitions and their consequences, the reason being that Tom Howard's condition, instead of improving, had become more disquieting. His friends must be sent for, he said; there would be no going home for many days at least, and then he would not be able to travel alone; they would have to come and fetch him, and had better come at once.

Mrs. Howard arrived at Abbotscliff the following day. She had arranged to go there to see after her son before the letter arrived with the doctor's recommendation, for she felt very anxious about him. Tom had passed a bad night, and was not improving. The boy had been fagged to death almost, Mr. Calvert said; the brain was excited, and he was suffering severely. The vital powers were depressed; he hoped the symptoms might pass off without giving them cause for graver apprehensions; he must be carefully watched and kept as quiet as possible. Such was the doctor's report to Mrs. Howard. When she entered the room where her boy was lying, he did not show any surprise, though she fancied he was pleased to see her. He seemed to be scarcely conscious of the fact that they had been so long separated from one another; but he liked to have her by his side, to feel the pressure of her lips upon his cheek, and to receive from her hand whatever she offered. Yet he took very little notice of her or of any one else; and though his eyes were generally open, or partly so, and shone with even more than their usual lustre, there was a want of expression in them, and they did not rest for a moment with intelligence upon any object. Even when he slept the eyelids were still partly open, and his breathing was short and irregular; he moaned also in his sleep, and murmured a few words from time to time, among which the refrain, *dulce, dulce, dulce*, were the most frequent.

One day, when the feverish symptoms had been very severe, and Mrs. Howard had scarcely left his bedside for a moment, Mr. Calvert came to her and bade her go to her own room and lie down for an hour or two, promising to remain and watch the sufferer while she took some rest. It was necessary for her, he said, and she might be better spared then perhaps than later. She judged by his manner and his words that he had reason to be increasingly anxious about the state of his patient, but he assured her that such was not the case. He anticipated a change soon, and hoped it would be a favourable one. She could do nothing for him in his present state, but as soon as an improvement should take place, much would depend upon her care and attention; she had better, therefore, take some rest now.

"You think he will get better!" she exclaimed, her voice trembling with distress and apprehension.

She had asked the same question again and again that day already; but how could she be satisfied?

"I trust so," was the answer, as usual; "he is young, and of good constitution. He has been severely tried, but I have good hope of him."

"He is so altered, doctor! he looks so much older than he did. His dear face is so pinched. Alas! alas!"

She could not restrain herself as she spoke, but burst into sobs, stifling the sound of them as much as possible. The child's face reminded her too painfully of the expression of his father's as she had seen it on the day of his death from sunstroke; the likeness was much stronger than she had ever noticed

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it before, and she could not but fear that a similar termination of this illness was impending. But she lifted up her heart to Him in whose hands are the issues of life and death, commending her orphan child to His care, and praying that this only remaining comfort of her life might be spared to her, and for the moment she was comforted; but when she again approached the bedside, the sight of the thin, wan features again overcame her, and she clung to the doctor's arm imploringly, pointing to the dear boy's face, and asking him once more, "What do you think? Tell me; I can bear it. Tell me; will he live?"

Mr. Calvert looked down at her compassionately, and could only repeat the hopes he had already expressed. He led her to the door, and bade her go and rest. He trusted there would be a change and an improvement soon. The best thing she could do, both for his sake and for her own, in the meantime, was to lie down and sleep.

Mrs. Howard withdrew to her own room; she had not occupied it much since her arrival, but she thought she would try to rest for an hour or so, for her eyes were heavy. A message had been sent to a neighbouring town, requesting the attendance of a physician of great reputation there, to consult with Mr. Calvert. It was not expected that he would arrive till late in the day; but almost before Mrs. Howard had closed her eyes the sound of wheels upon the gravel fell on her anxious ears, and roused her from her brief repose. She saw from her window that a fly had arrived, and hastening downstairs met in the entrance-hall an elderly man whom she at once identified as the expected physician.

"You are come to see my son," she exclaimed, offering him her hand; "thank you for being so prompt."

"How shall I find him, madam?" the old man asked, with a look of great anxiety. "Is he better? Is he in any danger?"

Mrs. Howard could not answer his question; she waited, on the contrary, to hear what he would say when he had seen him.

"So you are his mother?" he continued, holding her hand in his, and scrutinising her features with singular interest.

"Come and see him," she said, drawing him towards the stairs.

"Yes," he replied, after a few moments; "yes, I will go and see him; that is what I am come for. He will be surprised, and pleased, I hope."

"He is too ill to take much notice of you," said the mother, turning away and beginning to ascend the stairs.

The stranger followed her, but at the first landing he was obliged to halt for breath. Mrs. Howard had been surprised at first to see so old a person; and his appearance was not at all that of a professional man. He was evidently much agitated, which again was strange in one who must be accustomed to visit the sick and to advise in the gravest emergencies.

"I am not much used to this," he said, recovering himself, and motioning to her to lead the way again upstairs. It was a long ascent, certainly; for the room to which Tom Howard had been removed was near the top of the house; but Mrs. Howard felt her confidence in the physician a little shaken as she observed his emotion and distress.

The sick room was reached at last, and Mrs. Howard entered, the stranger following her. Mr. Calvert looked up inquiringly, but said nothing, and they advanced together to the bedside. The poor child was lying perfectly still and quiet, his eyes partly open, his face nearly colourless, with a worn and sunken appearance; his forehead was bare, for the hair had been cut away, and appeared to be seamed with wrinkles; the room was partly darkened, but those who approached the bed could not fail to be struck with the change that had taken place during the short time that the poor boy had been lying there, and the old man, who now bent over his pillow, was strangely affected by it.

"Good heaven!" he exclaimed, in a low voice, with something like a sob, and put forth his trembling hand to touch the little patient. But Mr. Calvert interfered, and begged him in a whisper to command himself and to be silent. The old man then stood still for a time, gazing at the little face till he could bear it no longer, and turning hastily away, with both hands raised to his eyes, shuffled out of the room.

"What does it mean?" Mrs. Howard asked. "Does he think so badly of him? Oh, doctor, tell me there is hope!"

Mr. Calvert looked at her with surprise.

"Who is he?" he asked.

"The physician, Dr. Weatherby."

"No," said the surgeon. "That is not Dr. Weatherby."

"Who then?"

"I cannot tell; you brought him into the room. I thought he was a friend or relative of your own."

"No," she replied, "I do not know him. I have never seen him before. I thought, of course, it was the physician."

"No," Mr. Calvert replied. "He is no physician, I am sure. At all events he is not Dr. Weatherby."

CHAPTER XLII.—THE NAME AND MOTTO.

My thoughts still cling to the mouldering past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
And the days are dark and dreary.
—*Longfellow.*

Mrs. Howard, as soon as she could recover herself, hastened after the stranger, wondering very much who he could be, and overtaking him upon the stairs, led him into a room near at hand.

"My dear," said the old man, turning suddenly and grasping her by the wrist, "what does the doctor think of him?"

Mrs. Howard could only shake her head impatiently. "I wish he would come," she said at last. "I thought you were the doctor."

"Oh no, no; I am only Mr. Strafford. You must have heard my name—Strafford of Langdale."

"Mr. Strafford! I have heard my boy speak of you. Have you come all the way from your home to see him?"

"Yes, yes; to see him *die*, perhaps," he exclaimed bitterly.

"Oh, don't say that!"

"It would serve me right."

"But—but—I am his mother."

"Of course, of course; and I am only—a friend."

"A very kind friend, I am sure. I have heard him speak of you. He told me how kind you were."

"Did he? Bless him for that! But about the doctor; you were expecting one?"

"Yes; Dr. Weatherby; a very clever man."

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"If I had known he was so ill I would have brought the best man in London to see him. I will send a telegram now."

"Dr. Weatherby will be here directly. It would be a great expense to send for a physician from London."

"I don't mind that," said the old man, excitedly. "I should not care what it cost!"

Certainly he was very much changed—this old, miserly squire of Langdale.

"I had a son myself once, Mrs.—"

"Howard."

"Howard? Oh, yes: I suppose that is the name. I had a son once myself, and lost him. I can feel for you."

"Your only son?" Mrs. Howard asked.

"My only son. He went away from home twenty years ago or more, and never was heard of again. He is dead, of course. This boy is so like him, so like! The first moment that I looked at him I saw the likeness; when he spoke it was like my own son grown young again and speaking to me; when he looked up at me angry and indignant (and he had good cause, Mrs. Howard, he had good cause), then it was like my own son Walter in one of his impatient moods; but the fire in his eye, and the twinkle of it when he laughed, that was most like of all. I have had it before me ever since I saw him first at Langdale. But to-day I have seen it and felt it more than ever. I can scarcely believe that he is not my child; and yet you say his name is Howard?"

"Yes, certainly—Tom Howard."

"And you never heard the name of Strafford in India?"

"No, never."

"Stay," said the old man, resting his brow upon his hand in thought. "It is very likely that when my son went away he changed his name; there was reason to think he might have done so, for we tried to trace him and could not. He went to sea, poor boy. Yes, he changed his name, no doubt. You would not be likely to know him by his father's name. Are you sure that Howard was your husband's own name, his real name?"

"Of course it was," Mrs. Howard answered; but as soon as she had spoken, a curious incident recurred to her mind. A stranger had once accosted her husband in her presence, claiming him as an old acquaintance, and giving him a strange name. She had thought so little of it at the moment that she did not remember what the name was; she was not sure that she had heard it distinctly, her husband having checked the speaker in an instant, and dismissed him after a few words in private. She had set it down as a mistake, of course, but had noticed that her husband seemed to be annoyed, and to think more of such an incident than might have been expected. She had fancied at the time that there was a little mystery in connection with the event, but had forgotten all about it afterwards. But now being asked seriously whether her husband had ever been known by any other name than Howard, the recollection of what had then occurred revived, and set her thinking. Her husband had always been silent as to his family. He had no friends in England, he used to say. When she had questioned him further, he had been displeased, and had told her plainly that the past must be forgotten. He was a new man in a new world: he had broken away from the old country altogether, and did not intend to return thither or to renew his acquaintance with it, not, at all events, until certain contingencies should happen, which he could not think of, and would not name. He would, perhaps, have told her more before his death, but that had been sudden; and although she had hastened to his bedside to receive his last breath, he was delirious, and did not know her. These thoughts passed through her mind in much less time than we have taken to describe them, and she was yet busy with them when Mr. Strafford spoke again.

"Was your son very like his father?" he asked.

"Yes; I thought so. Others did not see the likeness; it was more in the general expression than in the form of the features."

"The expression of the eyes?"

"Yes, of the eyes especially."

"He is my child. I do think he must be my child!" said the old man; and he proceeded eagerly to ask a variety of questions, to which Mrs. Howard could give no satisfactory answer. The thought that this old man could really be related to her husband or her child was so strange that it did not occur to her at first to show him the photograph which she always carried with her; but she now produced it, and set it before him.

"You may judge from this," she said, "whether my boy was like his father."

Mr. Strafford's hand trembled so violently, as he drew out his spectacles, that he could scarcely take them from their case; and then he let them fall upon the floor. He would have dropped upon his knees instantly to grope for them, but Mrs. Howard prevented him and recovered them for him. Not a word was spoken as he put them to his eyes; not a word as he drew near the window, steadying the portrait, a vignette, before him and focussing it with difficulty. More than once he wiped the moisture from his eyes and returned to the scrutiny, shaking his head, and muttering to himself.

"It is like him," he said. "Yes, it is like; but not so like as the child. I cannot tell by this so well as by the child. It is like—like, but different. This has no bright blue eyes, and it is so much older than my son was when I saw him last; twenty years older it must be, and it looks much more; and the mouth is hidden by the moustache. I cannot tell by this. I wish I had not seen it. Was this like your husband?"

"Yes, generally like. It did not do him justice at all; but it is the best I have; indeed the only one that I have here."

"Have you nothing else, of any kind, that I could identify him by?"

Mrs. Howard reflected. "You would not know his handwriting?" she said.

"I might; let me see it. Yes, I could judge by that, I think. Let me see it, my dear; let me see it."

Mrs. Howard drew forth a letter which she had taken from Tom's desk the day before, when she was looking sorrowfully over his things. It was the letter which Mr. Howard had written to his son when he was going to school.

Mr. Strafford took it from her hands and fixed his eyes upon it. "Yes!" he exclaimed, directly, "it is like; it is like; but—what is this? Oh, my son! my son! I know thee now. Oh, Walter! Walter! Bless him! bless him! bless him!"

Blinded with tears, he pressed the letter again and again to his lips and kissed it, while Mrs. Howard looked on scarcely less agitated.

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"Are you sure?" she exclaimed. "What is it, Mr. Strafford? Tell me; tell me!"

"The motto!" he exclaimed, "the motto—'Straight forward.' Look at it! My crest! my motto!"

Mrs. Howard knew without looking that this word was written at the top of the letter, with a pen-and-ink sketch of a crow on the wing above it, but she had never understood the significance of it till now.

"Why, it's my *name!*" said the old man; "my very name—and his name! Strafford; don't you see? It used to be written with a *t*—Stratford, and that was formerly Straightford, and originally Straightfor'ard. I'll show it you some day at Langdale, in the county history. Walter meant this for Tom, as a hint to be better understood by-and-bye. He would have sent the boy to me some day; or perhaps have come home himself after my death. And he is dead first! Oh, my son! Oh, Walter! Dead! dead! You said he was dead!"

Mr. Strafford dropped into a chair and sat silent for some time, tears trickling through his fingers.

"Dead!" he repeated, looking at Mrs. Howard and touching her widow's weeds gently with the tips of his fingers. "Yes; I had made up my mind to that years ago, but now it seems so fresh! But, my dear, you are my daughter now; and that poor darling boy is my boy—my child—Walter's son—my grandson! Let us go to him. What are we doing here? Oh, come! come! come! we must not lose him too; that would be too terrible. I can't, can't lose him now just as I have found him. Oh, no, no, no, no!"

He drew his breath with deep sobs between each repetition of the monosyllable, and then sank down again in the chair from which he had but just risen, devoid of all strength. He grew calmer after a minute or two, and again rose to his feet. His eagerness to regain the sick chamber was so great that it might have been supposed he hoped to be able to do something himself to relieve the sufferer—to hold him back from the grave by the force of his affection, or to do battle for him with the king of terrors.

Mounting the stairs they met Dr. Weatherby, who had at length arrived.

Dr. Piercey was with him, and seeing Mr. Strafford's extreme agitation, the former would not allow him to enter the sick room at that moment, but went up accompanied only by Mrs. Howard. The two doctors sat for a long time watching their patient and conferring only in whispers. Mrs. Howard feared to ask for their opinion of the child; and they were equally reluctant to express it. What they said was in such ambiguous terms that it gave her little comfort. They hoped, they trusted, they believed he would get better; a few hours would decide; there was no reason to despair; she must keep up her courage, they would do everything in their power, and she—she must do everything in hers.

She understood them: there was nothing more that she could do, just now, but pray for him. She had been praying for him continually for days past; and though she tried to feel that for him to be taken away from a world of suffering to that blessed land where there is no more sorrow or pain would be the happiest thing that could befall him, yet she knelt down in a hidden corner near the bed, and prayed again, more earnestly, if possible, than before.

Meantime Dr. Piercey was endeavouring to calm the old squire's excitement, and to alleviate his fears; but the latter would not listen to him.

"He has been worked to death, they tell me," he said; "it is cruel to treat boys so; it is wrong; it is inhuman. I wonder you could allow it."

Dr. Piercey protested that it was not his doing. The competition was open to the school. No particular task-work was exacted from any of the boys. He confessed that Tom Howard had applied himself too closely, but it was not by his advice or wish that he had done so. "I could not interfere," said the doctor, "and if I had known as much of his history as I have since learnt, I should have found still greater difficulty in doing so."

"What have you heard?" Mr. Strafford inquired.

Partly with the view of quieting him, and partly to justify himself and his school, Dr. Piercey related to the squire the circumstances which had been communicated to him by Mrs. Howard relative to her own altered position since her husband's death, and the motives by which he was actuated in competing for the scholarship.

"The boy has been severely tried," he said. "He wanted to be a sailor, but his friends had other views for him. His parents placed him here, and were anxious for him to rise in the school, thinking that he had good abilities, which is true enough. Difficulties arose, subsequently, of a pecuniary kind, and the lad was told that after another term he would have to leave the school. In that case he might probably have gone to sea at once, and the most ardent wish of his nature would have been gratified. But he knew that that was not what his father, who is dead, and his mother who has no other child, would have chosen for him. The house-scholarship, if he could have gained it, would have enabled him to remain here at comparatively little cost, and as an act of duty he resolved to sacrifice his own will to his mother's. No boy ever worked so hard for the most coveted prize that could be won as that boy did for a success, which, if he had achieved it, would have excluded him from that which of all things in the world he most desired."

"Brave boy! brave boy! Then it was a matter of pounds, shillings, and pence. And he has sacrificed himself for money! Oh, if I had but known!" the miserable man groaned out. "It's my fault, Dr. Piercey; all my fault!"

The doctor looked at him inquiringly, wondering how that might be.

"If the boy dies," the old man exclaimed yet more vehemently; "if he dies, it will be my fault, my doing; and I shall be rightly served."

"My dear sir, don't say that."

"Why should I not say it? He is my own flesh and blood, Dr. Piercey. My grandson, my child, my only child! Oh if I had but known it sooner, what a different life his would have been! And mine—and mine!"

"It is not yet too late; it may not be yet too late," said the doctor, looking upon the poor man now with feelings of compassion and respect. "Not yet too late."

"How do you know that?"

The door was opened at that instant, and Dr. Weatherby entered. "What hope?" Mr. Strafford exclaimed.

"A grave case; an anxious case. He may get over it; I hope he will."

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Mr. Strafford's jaw dropped; his heart seemed to stand still; his knees trembled, and if the two men who were near him had not lent him their support he would have fallen. They led him to a chair, and then Dr. Weatherby spoke again, more cheerfully and guardedly.

"What are you going to do?" Dr. Piercey asked him.

"I shall stay here, with your permission. I shall watch the case. There must be a change soon. I hope the result will be favourable. I want to observe it, at all events."

After a short interval, Dr. Weatherby returned to the sick chamber, not consenting to Mr. Strafford's entreaty that he should also go thither. The latter remained with Dr. Piercey, listening, hoping—praying sometimes, no doubt, starting at every distant sound—the opening of a door, or a footfall upon the stairs—until suspense had become almost unbearable. A message was brought to them from time to time to say that there was no change yet, or that the patient had moved, or that a little nourishment had been given; but nothing that could be interpreted as a confirmation either of their hopes or fears. The ticking of the clock upon the mantelpiece was painfully audible, and seemed to their anxious ears as if it were telling out the last moments of the young life then fading away, or numbering its last feeble heart-throbs. If that piece of inanimate machinery had stopped, they could have wound it up, and set it going again; but the human form, so fearfully and wonderfully made, was beyond their power to help. They could do nothing but wait—wait for the end. If once that living pulse should stop, no human skill would be able to set it going again.

It was past midnight, when the door of the room in which Dr. Piercey and the squire kept their silent watch was once more gently opened, and an attendant beckoned to them. She made no reply to their anxious inquiries; perhaps she hardly knew how to speak or to answer them. Dr. Piercey supported old Mr. Strafford, walking as lightly as they could up the stairs and along the passages. There was a little group near the bedside. Mrs. Howard was on her knees beside it, her head resting upon the pillow. The little patient's arm was around her neck, embracing her. He had been asleep and had waked up, looking round him, with intelligence in his eyes, for a few moments; they had given him some nourishment, and he had revived a little and recognised his mother, putting out his hand to her and drawing her towards him, though so feebly that none but a mother watching every breath and movement would have been aware of his intention. Now he was asleep again, and they were waiting for the moment of his waking, that they might assist exhausted nature effectually and promptly. As they stood there, far enough removed from the little bed to give free access to the fresh air from the open window, more than one of the watchers closed their eyes, and moved their lips in silent prayer. Every minute of that tranquil sleep was precious, as they knew; and yet they feared that when the waking should come it might be but the prelude to a deeper and more lasting slumber, and that the eyelids might be opened only to close again for ever.

He woke at last, quietly and naturally, without a start, without a sound, and again a stimulant was placed between his lips. He drew his mother closer to him now and spoke. It was but in a whisper, faint and almost inarticulate, yet they all heard it—"Bless you, dear mother," and then, before they were aware of it, he was asleep again.

A longer slumber this time, but not too long; oh, no! A better pulse when he woke up! Hope, quick and strong in the hearts of those around him. Eyes smiling through their tears, and praises swelling up from thankful lips to Him who had heard and answered their prayers. So the morning dawned upon them all.

FLOWERS AND THEIR FOLK-LORE.

BY THE REV. T. THISELTON DYER, M.A., AUTHOR OF "ENGLISH FOLK-LORE."

X.

THE deadly nightshade is one of the most poisonous of our wild flowers, and numberless instances have occurred where death has ensued from partaking of its berries. Hence one of its popular names of "death's herb." Buchanan relates that the Scots being on one occasion obliged to supply the Danes with bread and drink, mixed the deadly nightshade with their food, and succeeded in so completely stupefying them that they fell upon them and nearly destroyed a great part of their army.

Some think Shakespeare alludes to this plant in Macbeth, where he introduces Banquo as saying, "Or have we eaten of the insane root that takes the reason prisoner?" From its stupefying properties it has been termed "dwale." Chaucer uses it for a sleeping draught—"There needeth him no dwale." The nightshade is also supposed to be the production which had such fatal effects upon the Roman soldiers as they retreated from the Parthians. The modern name, *Belladonna*, refers to the custom of the Italian ladies, who make use of it to enhance their personal charms.

Another equally poisonous plant is the hemlock. One of Shakespeare's witches in "Macbeth" (Act IV, Sc. 1) says: "Root of hemlock digged in the dark;" and Burgundy, in "Henry V" (Act V, Sc. 2), exclaims:—

> "Her fallow leas
> The darnel, hemlock, and rank fumitory
> Doth root upon."

Its scientific name, *Conium*, is from the Greek word meaning cone or top, whose whirling motion resembles the giddiness produced on the constitution by its poisonous juice. One of its popular names is Herb Bennett. Dr. Prior tells us, too, that another appellation for it was St. Benedict's herb, a term applied to such plants as were supposed to be antidotes, in allusion to a legend of St. Benedict, which represents that upon his blessing a cup of poisoned wine, which a monk had given to destroy him, the glass was shivered to pieces. It is by most persons supposed to be the death-drink of the Greeks, and the one by which Socrates was put to death.

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A flower that cheers the garden in the autumnal evening is the pretty evening primrose, or, as it has been sometimes called, the "Tree-primrose of Virginia," having originally come from Virginia. One of its popular names is the evening star, because the flowers burst open and expand in the evening, generally between six and seven o'clock, a peculiarity thus noticed by Dr. Langhorne:—

> "The evening primrose shuns the day,
> Blossoms only to the western star,
> And loves its solitary ray."

It has been made the emblem of inconstancy, and "is, therefore," says Phillips,* "seldom worn by the fair, except by those gay belles who love to coquet with and tease their smitten swains." The roots are eatable, and were in days gone by frequently made use of after dinner to flavour wine, just as olives are nowadays. Hence the original name of this plant was changed from Onagra, the ass food, to Ænothera, the wine trap. The Suffolk poet, Bernard Barton, has immortalised this flower in some beautiful lines, the closing stanzas of which we subjoin:—

> "But still more animating far,
> If meek religion's eye may trace,
> E'en in the glimmering earth-born star,
> The holier hopes of grace,
>
> "The hope, that as thy beauteous bloom
> Expands to glad the close of day,
> So through the shadows of the tomb
> May break forth mercy's ray."

One of the favourite amusements of both old and young is to ramble among the hedges in search of blackberries, so-called from their black colour in contrast with that of the raspberry and dewberry. The berry has had various nicknames ascribed to it, one of these being scaldberry, from the supposed curative effect of its leaves when boiled and applied to a scald on the head. The blackberry is not without its superstitions. Thus there is a popular notion in Staffordshire that the devil always puts his cloven foot upon blackberries on Michaelmas Day, and on this account it is considered most unlucky to gather them during the remainder of the year. This piece of folk-lore is both prevalent in Ireland as well as in various parts of England. In some places it is said that when the blossoms of the blackberry are seen early in June an early harvest may be expected. The bramble, or blackberry, was in olden times much in request for binding down the sods in the village churchyard. Jeremy Taylor, when commenting on man's mortality, says, "The autumn, with its fruits, prepares disorders for us, and the winter's cold turns them into sharp diseases; and the spring brings flowers to strew upon our hearse, and the summer gives green turf and brambles to bind upon the graves." It is one of the plants that, according to tradition, supplied the crown of thorns for our Saviour, and is, too, the subject of the oldest apologue extant. When Jotham bitterly reproached the men of Shechem for their base and cruel ingratitude to their father's house, he narrated to them the impressive parable of "the trees choosing a king" (Judges ix. 8-15). By the Greeks the blackberry was considered a preventive of gout, and in many a home blackberry jam is still a favourite remedy for sore-throats. Shakespeare several times alludes to the blackberry, showing that in his day it was a well-known and popular plant. In the first Henry IV (Act II, Sc. 4), he makes Falstaff say:—

> "If reasons were as plenty as blackberries
> I would give no man a reason on compulsion."

Waterton gives a quaint legend of the origin of the plant, which is as curious as it is amusing. "The cormorant was once a wool merchant. He entered into partnership with the bramble and the bat, and they freighted a large ship with wool; she was wrecked, and the firm became bankrupt. Since that disaster the bat skulks about till midnight to avoid his creditors, the cormorant is for ever diving into the deep to discover its foundered vessel, while the bramble seizes hold of every passing sheep to make up his loss by stealing the wool." It must be remembered, too, that the blackberry is held sacred to the memory of the "Babes in the Wood:"

> "Whose pretty lips with blackberries
> Were all besmeared and dyed."

The lupine, which was formerly much cultivated in gardens from its showy appearance, has from the earliest times been a favourite plant. The name *Lupinus* is of great antiquity, and the seeds are said to have been used by the ancients in their plays and comedies instead of pieces of money. Hence originated the proverb, "*Nummus lupinus*, a piece of money of no value." The French called it Le Lupin, the Spaniards Entramocos, and the Germans fig-bean. According to a very old superstition, the eating of the lupine was considered to brighten the mind and enliven the imagination. It is related of Protogenes, a celebrated painter of Rhodes, who flourished about three hundred and twenty-eight years before Christ, that during the seven years he was employed in painting the hunting piece of Ialysus, who was supposed to be the founder of the State of Rhodes, he lived entirely upon lupines and water, under the impression that this food would give him greater flights of fancy.* It was in this picture that he wished to introduce a dog panting with foam at his mouth, but not succeeding to his satisfaction, he threw the sponge upon his painting in a fit of anger, when chance brought to perfection what his art could not accomplish, for the sponge falling on the wet paint that was intended to represent the foam, gave it so much the appearance of reality that the piece was universally admired. The ancients, we are informed, called this plant *Lupinus*, from the Latin *Lupus*, a wolf, on account of its voracious nature. When eaten it was apt to contract the muscles, and to give a sorrowful expression to the countenance. Hence Virgil calls it *Tristis lupinus*. Columella tells us that occasionally lupines were flavoured with a Syrian root, and so eaten to provoke drinking, or perhaps to give a relish to the Egyptian beer, "as our country people," says Phillips, "introduce cheese":

> "That root
> Which comes of Syrian seed, which sliced is given
> With moistened lupines joined, that it may
> Provoke fresh bumpers of Pelusian beer."

The lobelia, with its bright little flowers, is a great ornament to our garden borders. It received its name in honour of Matthias Lobel, of Lisle, who settled in England, and was appointed botanist and

* "Flora Historica," vol. ii. p. 171.

* "Flora Historica," vol. ii. p. 96.

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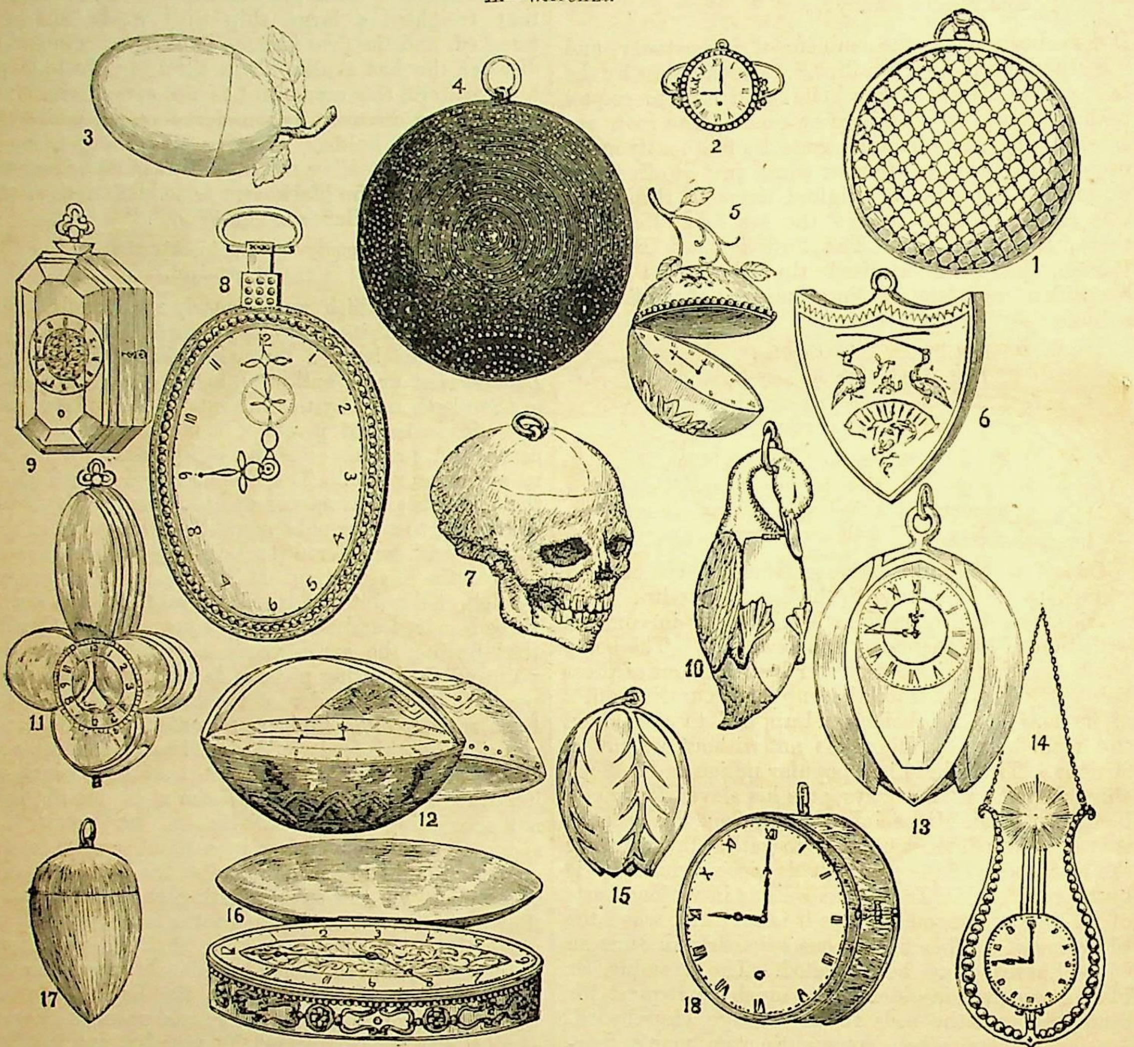
physician to James I. There are many species of this plant, several of which are cultivated in this country. The *Lobelia cardinalis*, the Cardinal's Flower—the most beautiful perhaps of the species—was introduced in the unhappy reign of Charles I. It obtained this nickname from the brilliant colour of its corollas. Some of the lobelia are very poisonous. The white variety is so injurious that if swallowed it causes death, while if the hand that comes in contact with it touch the eye it produces a violent inflammation.

CURIOUS TIME-MEASURERS.

II.—WATCHES.



1. Back of watch, chased case.
2. Watch in finger-ring.
3. Acorn-shaped watch.
4. Shagreen case, ornamented with pique. English, 18th century.
5. Gold apple-shaped watch. Case enriched with seed pearls. Date 1700.
6. Gold shield-shaped watch. Arabesques in transparent enamel. Swiss, 18th century.
7. Memento mori watch, by Isaac Penard.
8. Oval watch, by Anthony. Hands contract and elongate.
9. Crystal case watch, by Henry Grerdon.
10. Henry Ester's duck-shaped watch.
11. Crystal case watch, form of fleur-de-lys.
12. Watch with spherical gilt case minutely chased. Works swing so as to balance in all positions.
13. Crystal case mounted in bronze-gilt. Tulip-shaped French, about 1700.
14. French lyre-shaped watch.
15. Small tulip-shaped watch, by Henry Grerdon.
16. Watch with metal case.
17. Acorn-shaped watch.
18. Drum-shaped watch.

All the above are at South Kensington.

ALARUM clocks were early in vogue, possibly arranged to rouse the drowsy monks to their matins, but they have gone ahead since their introduction, doing all kinds of out-of-the-way things beyond disturbing the dreams of the somnolent. So high a pitch has the art reached in this direction, that mechanisms of this kind are said to be arranged to supply the wants of bachelors, so that after waking

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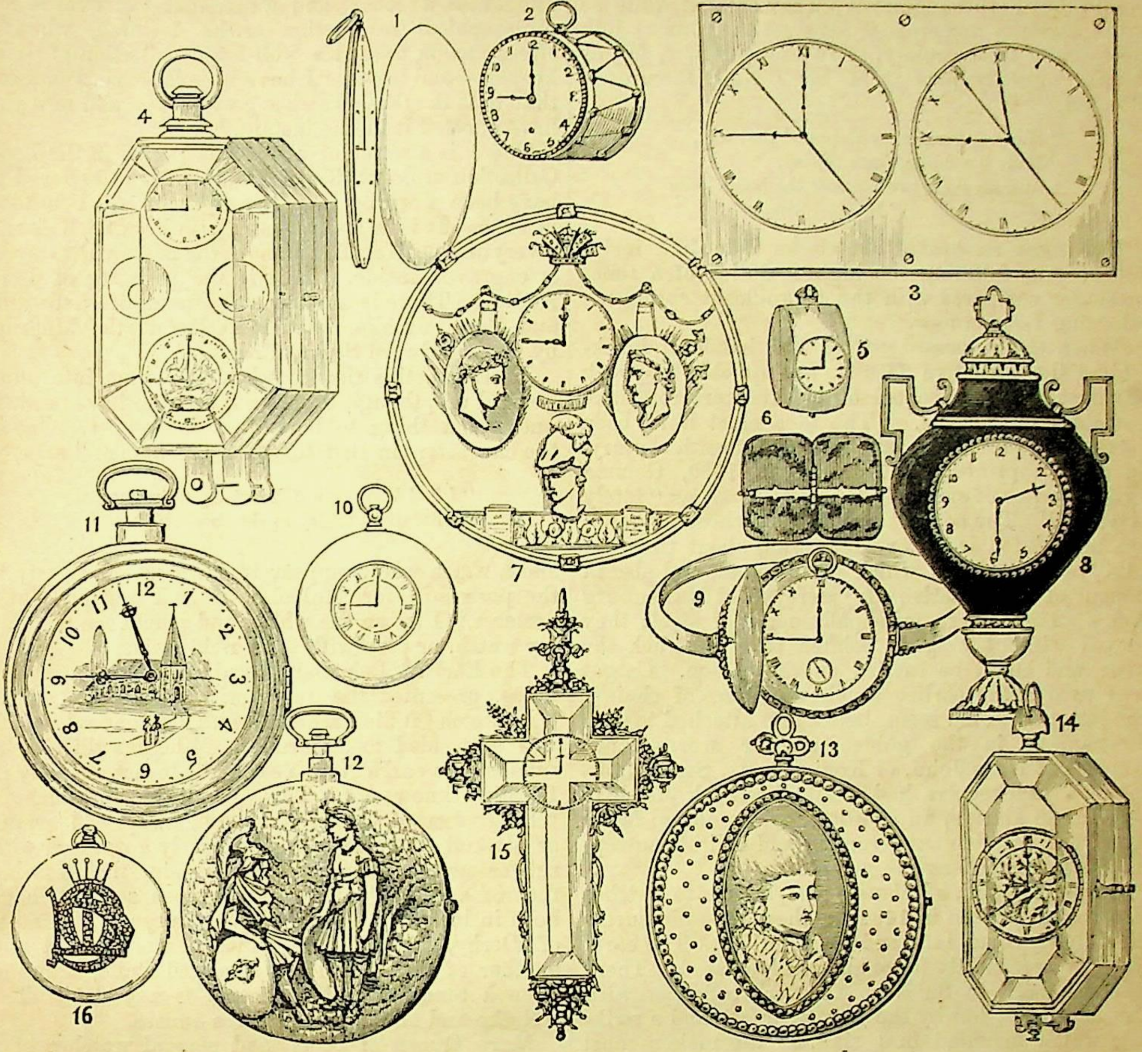
the lonely one with the thundrous roll of a park of artillery, they strike a match, light the ready-laid fire, ring a bell at the exact moment when the newly- rounds. At the end of twenty-four hours the clock-work releases the pins that have been pushed in, and the machine is ready for use once more.



1. Thin modern watch.
2. Watch "charm," shape of drum.
3. Double chronograph, to fix on field-glass.
4. Watch with seconds hand. Crystal case.
5. Lord Hussey's watch.
6. Case for ditto.
7. Watch medallion.
8. Vase watch, 18th century.
9. Bracelet, with watch, to unfix.
10. Modern "half-hunter."
11. Old-fashioned watch face.
12. Back of modern watch, enamelled.
13. Back of modern watch, enamelled and set with pearls.
14. Crystal case watch.
15. Silver gilt watch in form of edged cross, decorated with garnets and crystals. German, 17th century.
16. Lady's gold watch, real size, initials and coronet in diamonds.

laid egg is cooked to perfection, brush the coat left hanging on a convenient peg, and, in fact, do nearly everything for the disconsolate being but eat his breakfast or sew his buttons on!

One machine of great value for the protection of buildings from theft or fire is called the "Tell-tale Clock," invented by Whitehurst, of Derby. There are a set of spikes, or knobs, round a twenty-four hour dial, one for every quarter, which can be pushed in during a few minutes of that quarter only. It is the watchman's duty to push these knobs in, and if any protrude afterwards, it is a proof that he either slept or neglected to pass the clock in his ordinary

London has had curious clocks, and has some still. Sir John Bennett's clocks in Cheapside rival that in the Salon de la Reception de la Reine at St. Cloud, where twelve dials were wont to mark the hour in as many capitals of Europe. The Cheapside figures that beat time, out of bells little and big, remind one of those set up, in 1671, by Thomas Harrys, of Water Lane, at the church of St. Dunstan, Fleet Street, his terms being £35 and the old clock. Harrys's clock projected from the tower, much as that of Bow Church does now, and the life-size figures —two savages—struck the quarters with clubs upon suspended bells. These Orsons were purchased in

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1830 by Lord Hertford for £210, and are said to still decorate his villa (St. Dunstan's) in the Regent's Park. When taken as a child to see the wonders, the lordling had been used to say that one day he would buy "those giants." They created quite as much curiosity and wonder amongst the country folk once as do their prototypes in the city now, for, as Leigh ruggedly puts it in his "New Picture of London,"

> "Many a stranger, as he passed that way,
> Made it a design there to stay,
> And see these two hammer the hours away
> In Fleet Street."

The most celebrated old clocks fade into insignificance as fulfilling the highest duties of a time-measurer compared with the magnificent specimens adorning London now.

When clocks passed out of the hands of blacksmiths the inventive faculty was quickly at work amongst the new school of clockmakers to make portable timekeepers. The idea must have been carried out practically late in the fifteenth century. In a tract printed at Antwerp in 1530, Gemma Frisius writes of small clocks, or watches, as "lately invented." The earliest maker with whose name we are acquainted is Peter Hele, who, about the year 1490, made watches which (being oval, and also in honour of Hele's native city) were called Nuremburg Eggs. These were principally made of steel; they moved without weights, pointed to, and struck the hour, and could be carried on the person. Catgut was used in the earlier watches in place of chains; the latter, it would seem, being first attached to such mechanisms in the golden egg or acorn-shaped watches of Hans John, of Konigsberg. Some of this maker's timekeepers had small wheel-lock pistols to serve as an alarum, an addition that would go far to upset the equable temperament and delicate susceptibilities of a modern chronometer.

Gaspar Visconti, a Milanese poet, alludes to watches in a sonnet written in 1494, so these time-measurers must have come into sudden notoriety. The early watches were mostly large and richly chased. There was one such in Sir Ashton Lever's collection with the date 1541, but by the next year we find a striking watch mounted in a ring, so the makers must quickly have modified the size of the works. Watches in these times were greatly prized, and but rarely found in the possession of any but of royal or noble persons. The makers were busy, however, if not intent upon turning out many, at least in improving the quality of those finished. Dr. Derham describes a watch said to have belonged to our Henry VIII which only required winding once every seven days, and Anne Boleyn had a similar one. The Emperor Charles V had a remarkable taste for delicate mechanisms, and his passion for watchmaking was adduced in proof of his insanity by Voltaire. The monarch in his retirement at St. Juste, 1556, could scarcely, however, have indulged in a more innocent or engaging pastime. Torriano, of Cremona, an able mathematician and engineer, called by Strada "the Archimedes of his age," filled the office of watchmaker to his majesty, who had a watch "set in the jewel or collet of his ring," and had collected quite a museum of such, as well as other curious mechanisms. Charles's watches went, it seems, but they were always at sixes and sevens, and he consoled himself with the pleasant reflection, "What an egregious fool must I have been to have squandered so much blood and treasure to make men think alike, when I cannot even make a few watches keep uniform time!" Here we find Charles was not altogether a fool; and we cannot but admire his philosophical resignation as he declared, when a clumsy monk upset his well-loved collection of time-keepers—and losers, "I have been labouring for some time to make these watches go together, and now you have effected it in one instant."

There is a watch of about this period in the Loan Collection at South Kensington, which is believed to have been worn by Lord Hussey, who was beheaded in 1536. It is in a silver case, with key attached, and is very diminutive. The name of the maker, R. Crayce, is engraved inside. This is the property of Lord Audley. There is another early watch of silver-gilt, and English make, dated 1539, lent to the Museum by Count Edward Stuart d'Albaine.

In Elizabeth's time watches had come into more general use, though it does not seem to have been an uncommon thing to borrow a timekeeper. One of the characters in Ben Jonson's "Alchemist" says,—

> "I had lent my watch last night for one
> That dines to-day at the sheriff's;"

and a watch would appear to have added dignity to the possessor, for Malvolio, in "Twelfth Night," declares, "I frown the while, and perchance wind up my watch, or play with some rich jewel."

The Earl of Leicester, Elizabeth's master of the horse, presented the queen with "a rounde clocke [*i.e.*, watch] fullie garnished with diamondes," which was suspended to an armlet. Whether this is the same as the earl's New Year's gift to her majesty in 1572 we know not. This, mentioned in Nichol's "Progresses of Queen Elizabeth," was "an armlet or shakell of golde, all over fairely garnished with rubyes and dyamondes, haveing in the closeing thearof a clocke." The virgin queen seems to have been in luck's way, for, in 1574, Margaret, Countess of Derby, gave her "a white beare of gold and another of pearle, holding a ragged staffe, standing upon a tonne of gold, whearin is a clocke." The "clocke and all" weighed three ounces.

Mary Queen of Scots had several watches of a gruesome and lugubrious character. One was in a crystal case, coffin-shaped; another, which she bequeathed to her maid of honour, Mary Setoun, was of silver-gilt, in shape of a human skull. Upon the forehead was engraven a scythe and hour-glass, placed between a palace and a cottage, to show the impartiality of death. At the back of the skull was Time destroying all things, and on the top scenes of the Garden of Eden and the Crucifixion. The watch was opened by reversing the skull, placing the upper part in the hollow of the hand, and lifting the hinged jaws. These "memento mori" watches were most likely intended for a "Prie-dieu," or small altar, in a private oratory. At South Kensington is a small silver watch of English make in the form of a skull. Inside is inscribed the maker's name, "Isaac Lenard"—Penard (?)—and in the Fellowes Collection at the British Museum is a similar watch of Swiss manufacture, by J. C. Voulf, about the year 1600. There are other peculiarly shaped watches of the same period extant. At South Kensington is a silver watch formed like a duck hanging by the neck. It is two and seven-eighth inches in length, and by a

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German named Henry Ester. One of this maker's watches in the British Museum is tulip-shaped, and dated 1600. Another small tulip timekeeper is at South Kensington, with the name, "Henry Grerdon, at ye Exchange, fecit," within. The same collection contains a watch in the form of a cross, with gilt-metal frame, and pieces of crystal in front, back, and sides; and one with a group on the top—a Venus and Cupid, with dog—the watch bearing the maker's initials, "N. K." At the British Museum is a German cruciform dial, presented by A. W. Franks, Esq., made by Melchior Reichol in 1569; also an English watch in the shape of a fritillary flower, by Edward Brysse, date 1580; and a German octagonal watch with date 1550 (*temp.* Edward VI). The Scottish Society of Antiquaries have a watch of Sir Walter Raleigh's which belongs to a subsequent period. Watches were no doubt greatly prized, and we hear of one of the useful articles being presented by a Polish nobleman to Erasmus; and in the will of Archbishop Parker, dated 1575, his "staff of Indian cane, with a watch on the top," is bequeathed to the Bishop of Ely.

In Elizabeth's day pocket-dials seem to have been much in vogue with those who could not afford a watch; and possibly the melancholy Jaques, in "As You Like It," did "moral o'er the time" with such an instrument as we may see in silver at the Clockmakers' Company now. Ring dials, too, in which the light fell through a hole upon the hours marked on the inside, were common, and may be seen in most of our museums. Watches were not of everyday use even later than this, for Guido Fawkes and Percy had to buy a watch ere they could "try conclusions for the long and short burning of the touchwood which he (Guy) had prepared to give fire to the train of powder."

James wore a finger-ring with a watch set in the jewel. One of his timekeepers (extant) is oval, and nearly all brass. The dial is a silver ring one-eighth of an inch wide. The hours are engraved in Roman numerals, and there is a small stud at the base of each, so that the hour could be ascertained by the touch in the dark. Above the dial are figures of Leda and the Swan, and below a cherub's head between two foxes. In this watch catgut is used instead of a chain. The king, writing from Windsor, April 18th, 1623, to his "sweete boyes" who were in Spain, sends jewels for the Duke of Buckingham, the princes' companion, to give away; one is "a clocke of goulde, garnisht on the one side with letters of dyamondes, *Dieu et mon droyte;* and on the other side a cross of dyamondes fullie garnisht, with a pendante of dyamondes."

Charles I had two watches, one of gold and one of silver, placed near a lamp upon a stool at his bedside. On the morning of the unhappy king's execution, whilst on the way to Whitehall, he gave the silver watch to Sir Thomas Herbert. This is still preserved. It is richly chased, three inches in diameter, and one and a quarter thick.

In the Fellowes Collection at the British Museum is a watch formerly worn by Milton. It is of silver-gilt, and steel-faced, the dial covered by a glass. Upon the face is inscribed "Ioanni Miltoni, 1631." It was made by "William Bunting, in Pope's Head Alley."

In the same rich collection are two oval silver watches made in 1650, and said to have been the property of Oliver Cromwell. One bears the Cromwell family crest, and the inscription, "John Midnall, Fleet Street." There is also another watch in the Ashmolean Museum, which without doubt was the great Protector's.

The London Company of Clockmakers had been incorporated in 1631, and the manufacture of timekeepers was now a thriving business; indeed, a sudden increase in the number sold must have taken place. In Brown's comedy of "The Antipodes" (1638) we read that now,—

"Every clerk can carry
The time of day in his pocket,"

which, considering the scarcity of watches in the time of James I, seems remarkable. However, the interior economy of a watch was still for many years "*caviare* to the general," and a marvel to good Mr. Samuel Pepys, who, writing on the 22nd of December, 1665, says:—"I to my Lord Brounckers, and there spent the evening by my desire in seeing his lordship open to pieces and make up again his watch; thereby being taught what I never knew before; and it is a thing very well worth my having seen, and am mightily pleased and satisfied with it." Watches were played for in the sports of the Mall in those days. This mode of passing time (and its recorders, from one to another) was the rage with Charles II and his courtiers; and, if rather costly stakes, watches were more within bounds than risking the paternal acres on the hazard of the die upon the green cloth at Crockford's—an amusement fashionable with a later generation of gamblers.

South Kensington has several watches of seventeenth-century make. One is of silver, fluted and shaped like a pecten-shell. It has a chased and engraved dial, and bears the name of the maker, "Pierre Combrel à Lyon." Its size is two and a half by one and three-quarter inches. Another watch is in the form of a fleur-de-lis, with gilt dial plate and outer case of plain silver. It dates about 1650, and its maker's name is "G. Senez, Orologier du Roy à Rouen."

The greatest improvements in the art of watchmaking are due to the seventeenth century, when the studious minds of Huygens and Dr. Hooke were directed into this channel. Since that time research, energy, and workmanlike ability have placed English watches and kindred mechanisms foremost in the world. Dr. Hooke, an irrepressible and cosmopolitan "scientist," originated the spiral or pendulum spring, and this was improved upon by Thomas Tompion, who had been a farrier, and tried his prentice hand at watchwork by regulating the wheels of meat-jacks. Tompion was a famous watchmaker of the day, and Dr. Hooke induced him to construct a watch upon the new principle for Charles II. From this period watches became real timekeepers, and the improvements introduced since have been mainly to counteract the varying effects of cold and heat upon the metal of which the works are constructed, and in rendering the working parts less liable to friction, until the precision and mathematical accuracy of these machines justly entitled them to the eulogy of Paley, who selected watches as exhibiting the highest specimens of human ingenuity. English watches have secured a world-wide reputation, and their well-earned fame has led to unscrupulous imitation. So early as 1724 Sully wrote that there were many watchmakers in Europe who scrupled not

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to put English makers' names to their vile productions. Such tricks are by no means uncommon now.

At one time it was fashionable to wear two watches, to compare the one with the other. In the "Universal Magazine" for 1777, we find a "Receipt to make a Modern Fop," which includes, amongst other ingredients,

"A lofty cane, a sword with silver hilt,
A ring, two watches, and a snuffbox gilt."

Some, too poor or too niggardly to sport the usual couple of watches, wore a *fausse montre*, or dummy watch, in one pocket, and the real watch in the other. This carrying of two watches at one time was as nothing compared to the whimsicality of a Saxon Minister, Count Bruhl, in whose wardrobe, when the Prussians took Dresden in 1757, were discovered suits of clothes for each day of the year, and 365 watches, sticks, and snuff-boxes, respectively.

We have seen that striking-watches were of an early date, and stories are told of the detection of thieves in a crowd by the watches they had abstracted striking the hour at a *mal-apropos* moment. Charles XI of France discovered a *chevalier d'industrie*, who had eased him of his watch, in this manner. When "repeaters"—which strike the hour at any time by pressure upon a certain part of the watch—came in seems to be unknown. They are mentioned in Bolingbroke's "Letters on the Study of History" (written about 1711) thus: "When you press a watch, or pull a clock, they answer your question with precision, for they repeat exactly the hour of the day, and tell you neither more nor less than you desire to know." One of this class of watches is alluded to in the "London Magazine" of 1753 as a necessary adjunct of *Monsieur à la Mode*, viz.:

"A repeater by Graham, which the hour reveals,
Almost overbalanc'd with knickknacks and seals."

Graham had been an apprentice to Tompion, already mentioned. Repeaters, it seems, were soon valued, and, doubtless, the best workmanship would be exhibited in such watches. In Colman's opera of "Inkle and Yarico," produced at Covent Garden in 1790, Sir Christopher Curry was made to sing—

"Complaisance is a gingerbread creature,
Used for show, like a watch, by each spark,
But truth is a golden repeater,
That sets a man right in the dark."

At South Kensington there are some beautiful specimens of seventeenth and eighteenth century repeaters. One is of metal gilt, in size $5\frac{1}{2}$ by $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Upon the dial-plate is engraved The Entombment, after Lucas Van Leyden. This watch is dated 1630, and the name of the maker, "Nicholas Lemandre à Blois," is added. Here is also a gold repeater in a shagreen case, by "J. Trubsham, London," the property of Miss Gerard, and said to have been formerly in the possession of Bishop Berkeley. Another in the same collection is believed to have been worn by George I. It is a repeating-watch in a double case, the inner one being pierced and engraved, and on the back are the royal arms, surmounted by a crown. The outer case is *repoussé*, and chased, with a horseman hunting a boar. It is $2\frac{3}{4}$ by $1\frac{1}{8}$ inches in size, of German manufacture, the maker's name being "George Albrecht." A contrivance called a "pulse piece," and by the French a "deaf-piece" (*sourdine*), was subsequently added to repeaters. In these watches a small button projected from the rim, nearly opposite the pendant, and when the watch was made to repeat the time, and the finger was pressed upon the button, the number of strokes upon the bell could be distinctly felt. The touch watch (*une montre de touche*) was a later invention by Brequet, a famous French maker. Here the hours were indicated by eleven buttons, or studs, projecting from the rim of the case, and the pendant marked twelve o'clock. There was an index hand at the back which, moved forward, stopped at the time shown upon the dial; this, combined with the studs, enabled one to feel the time.

Some of the last century watches are highly ornamented, and other specimens display great ingenuity. South Kensington has a French lyre-shaped watch, set with pearls and enamelled, and surmounted by an image of the sun. Another, in the form of a very small apple, has a gold enamelled case, and is surrounded by a belt of seed pearls. This was made at Geneva about 1760. In the Gardner Collection at the same museum is a watch in an oval gold case, highly decorated with pearls and diamonds, set in enamel, the hands of which contract and elongate to suit the form of dial. This is by "W. Anthony, London." The clock of the Cathedral of Lyon, made by Lippius de Basle, had a similar dial, and the single index became longer or shorter to suit its form. To return to the collection at South Kensington, there is a watch, the property of T. Dyer Edwards, Esq., originally belonging to the Duke of Marlborough, by whom it was given to Sir Isaac Newton in 1714. It is of silver, with *repoussé* and open work cover, and is of German make. Another watch presented to the great astronomer is in the possession of the Royal Society.

We have mentioned the forgery of celebrated makers' names in connection with watches, and of course the antiquaries have suffered as well as the public. George III had a watch said to have been the property of Robert Bruce, and to have been discovered at Bruce Castle, Fifeshire. The case was of chased silver and blue enamel, with the ciphers "R. B." at each corner. Upon the dial-plate was engraved "Robertus B., Rex Scotorum." This inscription should have appeared of uncertain value when it was remembered that Bruce died in 1328; but all doubts were eventually settled by the discovery that the whole matter was a hoax, the ciphers and dates having been scratched upon an old watch in sheer sport. George III had a really curious timekeeper presented to him by Arnold, of Devereux Court, Strand, in 1764. This was set in a ring, and contained 125 parts. It was the size of a threepenny-piece, and weighed five pennyweights and three grains. The king sent Arnold 500 guineas in return for the watch; and upon the Czar of Russia subsequently offering twice that sum for one like it, the patriotic watchmaker declined the tempting bait, being determined that only his own sovereign should possess so unique a timekeeper.

Miniature watches are little thought of now; precision is everything, as it should be; and this has culminated in the chronograph, a wonderful invention of our own day, by which the great horse-races are usually timed. The precise moment the starter's flag is lowered is indicated upon the dial by a spot of ink, and another dot shows with equal exactitude the time at which the first horse passes the judge's chair.

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SOCIAL PIONEERINGS.

BY THE REV. M. KAUFMANN, M.A., AUTHOR OF "SOCIALISM: ITS NATURE, ITS DANGERS, AND ITS REMEDIES CONSIDERED."

THE HISTORY AND PROGRESS OF CO-OPERATION IN ENGLAND.

IT is not at all unlikely that by means of co-operation and self-help, great improvements in the condition of the labouring classes will be effected in this country peaceably, and in the course of natural evolution, just as its liberal institutions have grown up and survived in the conflict with opposing forces without the convulsive effects of social revolutions such as have accompanied the social and political changes elsewhere. This being the probable destiny of the co-operative movement, it is all the more interesting to follow its course from the pioneer period to the practical or constructive stage in which we find it at present, so as to be able to venture upon a forecast as to its possible future, its prospective goal. Referring to this important issue, even so cautious a writer as Professor Fawcett has not hesitated from expressing a conviction that "co-operation may probably be more confidentially relied upon than any other economic agency to effect a marked and permanent improvement in the social and industrial condition of the country."

In the early pioneer movement, from 1812 to 1844, the heroic age of co-operation, many and various were the attempts of philanthropists and patronising employers to improve the condition of the working people. One experiment after another was made, similar to the attempts of Robert Owen described in a former paper of this and the preceding series, but all ending, as most pioneering attempts are apt to do, in comparative disappointment, and some not unfrequently in abrupt failures.

One of the earliest instances of co-operative stores was the village shop, opened in the year 1794, at Mongewell, in Oxfordshire, for the poor of that and some adjoining parishes, to provide their families with the ordinary articles of consumption at wholesale prices. It had been set up by Bishop Barrington, who seems to have understood the principles of co-operation tolerably well, but whose example in encouraging it seems not to have found many imitators among either the clergy or laity of that day.

"Colleges of Industry" had been recommended a century earlier by the Socialist co-operator, John Bellers; and the so-called "Christian Socialists," Maurice, Kingsley, and Thomas Hughes, made a practical attempt at collegiate or associated labour of this kind in the metropolis about a century and a half after this suggestion, and with some success.

About the same time an attempt was made to create self-supporting villages by a number of noblemen and gentlemen, joined by a few of the bishops, who say in their prospectus that "Competition, in appealing to selfish motives only, enriching the few and impoverishing the many, is a false and unchristian principle, engendering a spirit of envy and rivalry," and in the same document held out a prospect of a time coming when, by means of their philanthropic effort, the inmates would become proprietors in the villages so founded.

Besides these, there were pretentious schemes set on foot, such as the Orbiston Community, founded by Abraham Combe, in Scotland, and the more successful experiment of Mr. Vandeleur among the wild peasantry of Ralahine, in Ireland, both of which were founded on the pattern and, more or less, in conformity with the principles of Robert Owen's settlements already described.

The Chartist Co-operative Farm scheme, which promised "a beautiful cottage and four acres, with thirty pounds to work it, for a prepayment of five pounds four shillings," which allured seventy thousand persons into membership, though it had only a subscribed capital of thirty-six thousand pounds, whereas it was calculated that no less than twenty-one millions would be wanted for the purpose, belongs to this "enthusiastic period."

The Queenwood experiment was a similar attempt to improve the condition of the people by adopting the principles of community life to the requirements of modern times during this mythical age in the history of co-operation. A book might be written on the "Idiots of Progress," says Mr. Holyoake, referring to these and like experiments. Those of our readers who wish to study more minutely the "picturesque insanity" of these Utopian schemers, we can only refer to the pages of his highly interesting, and sometimes even humorous history of co-operation.

Nor can we do more than allude to the virulent opposition which the movement encountered during this eventful period of unsuccessful pioneering, and the imputations and unjust obloquy to which its early heroes were exposed when in some cases clergymen refused to bury co-operators, and "in one case a sexton caught the posthumous contagion, and refused to dig a grave for a Socialist's child." Suffice it to say, the progress of the movement was hampered by opposition, and therefore slow and intermittent; that its principles were not always clearly understood by its most prominent advocates, invariably disparaged by powerful enemies, and misunderstood by the outside world.

The early co-operative movement collapsed after thirty years of "valorous vicissitudes," closing with apparent death. But it was found, after all, that co-operation was a living principle, only suffering from "suspended animation." It revived under a new and more practical form, destined to meet with signal success. The constructive character of co-operation manifests itself, as we have said in a previous paper, in the three successive stages: first, in the joint-stock company, then in the industrial co-partnership, which leads the way to the third and highest form of co-operation—combination among the labourers themselves. With the first of these we have nothing to do here. The second is still in its infancy in this country, and, owing to the wide gulf between wealth and poverty which exists in England, and which produces a more marked class-separation of employer and employed than is desirable, holds out little promise of rapid progress so long as the ignorant suspicion of the sturdy labourer,

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proud of his pauperised independence, blinds him to the advantages held out in industrial co-partnership between himself and his employers, and so long as the latter forgets, as is too frequently the case, that partnership, not patronage, is the one thing needful to establish a healthy and peaceable, as well as profitable, co-operation between the masters and the men. Still attempts have been made, and others probably will be made, as the beneficent principles of industrial co-partnership are more clearly brought out by attempts now being made in industrial co-operation among the men themselves. We have seen an instance of due recognition of this in the last paper in the case of M. Leclaire's adoption of the principle, with marked success, in Paris.

We have now to allude to an English enterprise of a similar nature. Messrs. Briggs, of the Whitwood and Methley Collieries, near Normanton in Yorkshire, issued some years ago a proposal to "officials and operatives employed in the concern," to join by subscribing one-third of the capital employed in their business by taking out preference shares. After deducting ten per cent. from the profits, the remainder was to be divided in two equal portions, one to go to the employer, the other to be distributed among the employed in proportion to their earnings during the year; and the programme put forth at the time declared that "the adoption of the mode of appropriation thus recommended would, it is believed, add so great an element of success to the undertaking as to increase rather than diminish the dividend to the shareholders."

In this they were not disappointed. While it lasted the partnership with their men brought them great gain, and several thousands of pounds were divided among the workmen as their share of the profits. But unfortunately Messrs. Briggs, acting too much in the spirit of patrons, in contravention of the partnership principle laid down by themselves, refused to pay the promised dividend to any of their people who would attend the trades unions, and so hampered the proper working of their well-meaning scheme by unwarranted prescriptions and unnecessary dictation. This was unjustifiable interference with the liberty of the employed persons, and led to the inference that the company found strikes less expensive than fulfilling the conditions of a mutually advantageous partnership. The latter was terminated by the employers without sufficient reasons being advanced for its discontinuance, except that the company found it difficult to work the scheme satisfactorily in the presence of so many conflicting claims, interests, and prejudices existing among the men; it was owing more probably to their own general unfamiliarity with co-operative principles. They deserve credit, however, for what they attempted; they would have been probably successful if they had persevered, and made the participation in profits on the part of the men less a gracious gift depending on the goodwill of the masters than a deservedly-earned remuneration for services rendered by the men in their employ. There have been also several attempts at co-partnership in agriculture, such as that of Lord George Manners, Earl Spencer, and the present Speaker of the House of Commons, which have not yet any telling results to show, owing to the backward condition of the agricultural labourer, accompanied by the present unfortunate depression of agriculture, under which all such forms of industry are suffering. But there is one remarkable case of co-operative farming which deserves to be mentioned as a successful experiment in this place. A Suffolk landowner, Mr. Gurdon, when, some forty years ago, a small farm of his became vacant, called together twenty labourers, and offered to lend them capital without interest for purposes of co-operative farming under his own direction. They agreed willingly to carry out the scheme. Ten years later they were able to repay the loan. He let another farm of 150 acres on the same terms to thirty more labourers, and in 1862 they had nearly repaid the capital, and all were living in a very prosperous condition. From a report sent in to Mr. Holyoake by a gentleman who is by no means favourable to this plan of patronising agricultural co-operation, and whose testimony is therefore all the more valuable, it appears that the trial of Mr. Gurdon, of Accrington, *as far as it went*, has been certainly successful.

As to the advantages of industrial and agricultural co-partnership in promoting good feeling between employers and employed, and in giving a direct interest in the concern to the latter by increasing energy and skill and economy in production, there can be no question.* But its chief merit consists in serving as a school for productive co-operation among the men themselves, and the independent effort of labourers to form themselves into co-operative societies without the aid of patrons. The distinction between the two has been tersely put thus by Mr. Holyoake: "In an industrial partnership capital employs capital. In a co-operative workshop labour employs capital." The employment of capital borrowed at the usual rate of interest of course depends on the public credit enjoyed by the association. This brings us to what Germans call the "epoch-making" event in the history of constructive co-operation—the establishment of the stores of equitable pioneers at Rochdale.

It was, in the first place, simply a "scheme of shopkeeping for the working people, where no credit is given or received, where pure articles of just measure are sold at market prices, and the profits accumulated for the purchasers." The abuses connected with distribution, which doubled the price of commodities under which the labouring people were mainly supplied, led to this. Equity in industrial pursuits was their object, as the name implies. Since competition failed to secure it, co-operation was resorted to as a remedial system, securing at once the probity and prosperity of the commercial enterprise, and equitable shares of profit distributed among all concerned.

The original capital of the society was collected by means of weekly twopenny subscriptions of a small body of simple working men, who have since been called the "famous twenty-eight" pioneers. With the sum of £28 so obtained, a small store was opened in Toad Lane, Rochdale, in 1844, for the sale of ordinary articles of consumption. Carefulness and honesty procured customers, additional subscribers, and a rapidly-growing business. This enabled the pioneers to invest largely in shares of a co-operative corn-mill in 1855, which may be called the first experiment of co-operative production in this country. In 1857 the Equitable Pioneers' Society had its seven departments of grocery, drapery, butchering, shoemaking, clogging,

* Victor Böhmert, director at the Statistical Bureau for the kingdom of Saxony, has shown, in a work lately published by him on the labour question, that in 120 practical cases of different industries, spread over various countries, the application of this principle has had the desirable effect of improving the social condition of the wages labourer and his relation to the employer.

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tailoring, and wholesale, and since then has still further expanded into branch stores, spreading their network all over the country. The acquisition of the co-operative corn-mill was followed by the formation of co-operative associations for cotton and woollen manufactures in 1868, and the definition of co-operation was now changed with the altered circumstances of the association. "The main principle of co-operation is that in all new enterprises, whether of trades or manufacture, the profits shall be distributed in equitable proportions among all engaged in creating it." In thus following out the principle of co-operation to its legitimate logical consequences, the pioneers of Rochdale have attained to an unrivalled success in their enterprise. The store, which commenced with a small stock of goods, value £16 11s. 11d., had now been transformed into one of the most extensive warehouses in the country, with its newsroom rivalling that of a London club, and an extensive library with its permanent custodian, its science classes and scientific apparatus, with an educational fund set apart from the proceeds of the business for the diffusion of literary culture among the members of the association.

By means of taking the public into partnership, and dividing the profits among producers and consumers, the Co-operative Association has made the rapid progress which is implied in the following figures:—

Years.	Members.	Funds.	Business.	Profits.
		£	£	£
1844	28	28	—	—
1854	900	7,172	33,364	1,763
1864	4,747	62,105	174,937	22,717
1874	7,639	192,814	298,888	40,679

In the year 1876 the profits of the Rochdale Store amounted to £50,668.

Nor are the Rochdale Stores singular in their startling success. The Halifax Society, which has a history of its own, was founded in 1829, under very humble circumstances, clearing in net profits from 1830-32 the sum total of £173 2s. 11¼d. It has now 12,000 or more members, with a yearly profit of £19,000; and, says Mr. Holyoake, with pardonable pride, "If it happens to lose £60,000, still goes on its way, no more disturbed than one of the planets when an eccentric comet loses its tail."

The co-operative societies throughout Lancashire manfully weathered the storm during the years of the cotton famine,* and, according to Mr. Milner Gibson's parliamentary returns at that time, it appeared that their number had increased to 454, and that this number were in full operation in the third year of the famine; that the profits of 381 among them—excluding 73 societies which made no returns—were £213,600 during this crisis. This result is sufficient to prove the practical soundness of the co-operative principle, and to secure for co-operation a position of its own as one of the most powerful social forces in this country, and as having the promise of still further extension in the future.

What distinguishes the scheme from any of those previously mentioned is its self-supporting character; it is a self-managing scheme of the labouring people, organising themselves into a body of independent co-operators without aid from public or private patrons.

The organisation received its complement in the formation of the Co-operative Wholesale Society, which has now several productive works, and was originally founded to supply the various articles of consumption required for distribution by the stores, and which, owing to the opposition of "the trade," it was sometimes difficult to procure on equitable terms—or on any terms—from the wholesale firms. The foundation of this great auxiliary of the co-operative movement was, therefore, a further step in the establishment of a federal alliance between producers and consumers. It was formed in this way. At a conference of delegates from industrial and provident co-operative societies, held in Oldham on the 25th October, 1862, it was resolved, "That all co-operative societies be requested to contribute *one farthing* per member to meet the expenses that may arise in carrying out the resolutions of the conference." A statement of the probable benefits arising from the establishment of a wholesale depôt and general agency was put forward by Mr. Greenwood, and the co-operators set to work to call this agency into existence. Although it began its career at a most unfavourable time, its success from the first was satisfactory, and twelve months after its commencement Lord Brougham spoke in highly favourable terms of its significance in the future development of co-operation. His predictions have been fully verified by the subsequent history of this "farthing federation."

The following table indicates the progress of "the Wholesale" during the last fourteen years:—

Year.	No. of Members in Societies who are Shareholders.	Capital, Share, and Loan.	Value of Goods sold.	Net Profit.
		£	£	£
1864	18,337	2,456	51,858	267
1867	57,443	24,208	255,779	3,452
1877	273,351	414,462	2,791,477	33,274

Such have been the results of modern co-operation in this country; greater results may be expected in the future. "If all the societies were federated together," says Mr. Holyoake, "they might buy vessels, farms, and grazing grounds, and set up *countless manufactories*, and guarantee orders which would keep all profitably going, secure good provisions and honest workmanship, and *add the profits of production* to the profits of distribution among all concerned."

And not only thus much, but sanguine expectations are entertained of the good time coming when they will grow their own wheat and other agricultural produce on their own land, and when they will import tea, coffee, and sugar in their own ships from their own plantations, and an ambitious scheme has already been seriously entertained for the promotion of international co-operation between England and America.

Unfortunately, the progress of co-operation is constantly impeded by ignorance and disregard of its principles among co-operators themselves. Even in the workshops of the "Wholesale," and in the Oldham cotton-mills, division of profits among all the employed labourers does not take place according to true co-operative pirnciples. The shareholders in co-operative concerns, though they be labourers themselves, are as liable to become dividend-hunters as other capitalists. They engage their "hands" on the usual terms, and are tempted to violate the principle of co-operation in not allowing them a share in the profits. Even the Manufacturing Society at

* So, too, the co-operative societies on the Continent emerged unscathed from the unfavourable effects of the Franco-Prussian war and the commercial crash in Germany succeeding it.

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Rochdale, when depressed trade brought adverse times, were reluctant to share the profits among their labourers instead of adhering to the original principle of their institution—*the common interest of all the workers in the work*—which brought upon them the just censure of John Stuart Mill and Mr. Thornton. These, however, are some of the appendages in new forms of industry struggling into existence, which for a long time remain as rudimentary parts, even after the system has reached its full development. As in the case of industrial partnership, so, too, in the co-operative company, it will be felt before long that to secure the utmost amount of increased efficiency in the work done, the best plan is to allot to labour a share in the profits, setting aside a fund year after year, in prosperous times, to provide for contingent losses and reverses and fluctuations of trade, which may be calculated as recurring in given intervals. It will be found that the "cold and covetous" plan of carrying on industry, whether in the ordinary or the co-operative system, is by no means the most profitable way, and that honesty in the surrender of a liberal portion of the profits in such cases is, after all, the best policy. Co-operative associations pursuing a different policy steer under false colours, and become untrue to their own principles, just as the co-operative distributive stores in London, such as the Civil Service Supply and others, are only inferior imitations and spurious adjuncts of the movement. The latter having discovered the benefits arising from co-operation in cheapening articles of consumption by economy in concert, establish stores like those at Rochdale, but without any regard to the moral and social aspects of co-operation. There is no community of interest among managers, shareholders, and consumers; it amounts to nothing more or less than amateur shopkeeping among the higher classes, with a view to obtain the necessaries and luxuries of life at a cheaper rate.

The number of co-operative societies in England and Wales, according to Mr. Thomas Brassey, in 1874, was 746; the number of members, 300,587. At the end of 1872 the share-capital amounted to £2,784,000. The sums of £10,176,000 were paid, and £11,379,000 were received for goods during the year. The disposable net profit realised from all sources amounted to £807,748.

This is a remarkable achievement compared with the notable failures of all previous schemes of social improvement. It has gained for it accordingly public support from influential quarters. At the annual congresses held during the last ten years, some of the most eminent statesmen and political economists have occupied the president's chair, and the proceedings on these occasions have been of a most encouraging nature. The importance of the movement is being generally recognised, and competent judges least of all inclined to Utopian dreams speak hopefully of the movement as a great social lever for the improvement of the masses and the reconciliation of capital and labour.

"The two wants of industry," says a distinguished co-operator, "are distribution of profit and education in industrial morality." Co-operation supplies both, and when "distribution shall undo excess, the baser incentives to greed, fraud, and violence will cease. . . . . . We are but in that state yet, but co-operation is the most likely thing apparent to accelerate the march of it." If this be so we have arrived at the solution of the social question.

On the material benefits of co-operation in the distribution of profit we have dwelt sufficiently long already. What are the educational tendencies, morally and mentally—the spiritual forces of the movement, so to speak—it remains for us now to consider. The moral qualities most needed are frugality, liberality, and fidelity, to ensure saving habits and the creative capital, fair arrangements in the distribution of labour and profit, and general trust among the members of any improved industrial organisation of the future by means of association. It was the absence of this "moral method of frugality" which led to the failure of most of the North American settlements we have described, after a short indulgence of living from hand to mouth; whilst on the other hand co-operation, as an educational means for teaching thrifty habits,* has already achieved startling results in aiming at the abolition of a ruinous credit-system, and accumulating vast capital among people who but a few years ago were without any means whatever, so as to render shares in co-operative associations, both at home and abroad, the most secure investment of the times.

It has been said that only a liberal frame of mind among men can make a co-operative shop possible. The absence of liberality proved fatal in some of the Communistic societies we have described, whereas those co-operative institutions where it prevailed have prospered most. It is the true principle of co-operation, and without it the hard cruelties of competition will only be reintroduced by a back-door in co-operative concerns. But where the principle *viribus unitis* prevails among men engaged in the same pursuit, because all participate alike in results, the amenities of federal union will not be wanting.

The distrust of the working class towards their own members is proverbial, a distrust, alas! too often founded on sad experience. It was this mutual distrust which led to the solution of some of the lost communities both in Europe and North America. But what are the real tendencies of co-operation in this matter? They are comprehended in the following preamble to the rules of the Co-operative Union, adopted at the London Congress in 1875: "This union is formed to promote the practice of *truthfulness, justice,* and economy in production and exchange."

Co-operation thus helps in the formation of character; it dignifies labour in rendering the labourer independent. The introduction of the "gaseous" element, which destroyed the Communistic societies founded by Robert Owen, is a danger which co-operators avoid; the discipline of co-operative labour has no attraction for the rabble, and to those who join its ranks in a depraved condition it is the best school for the recovery or reformation of character.

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* It has been asserted that the co-operative store proving the chief attraction to the labourer, encourages with increased cheapness a larger desire for consumption, and thus the very opposite of frugality. It is forgotten that the standard of living among the labourers generally is very low still, and that a wider diffusion of comforts among them is far more desirable than simply heaping up a mountain of gold called the "wealth of nations."

Moreover, it has to be remembered that the unhealthy intensiveness of overproduction since the rise of modern industry in its eager pursuit of profit at any price has been the chief cause of brutalising self-indulgence, and the desire of immediate gratification on the part of those whom the stupefying effects of machinery labour render insensible to the more rational enjoyments of ideal culture. When the labourer, by means of co-operation, shall have become a capitalist, he will not only have learned sobriety and frugal habits, but also the art of living a higher life than his present animal existence, and may even reach, under wholesome moral and religious influences, a simple standard of refinement and taste now by no means too common amongst the more prosperous classes of society.

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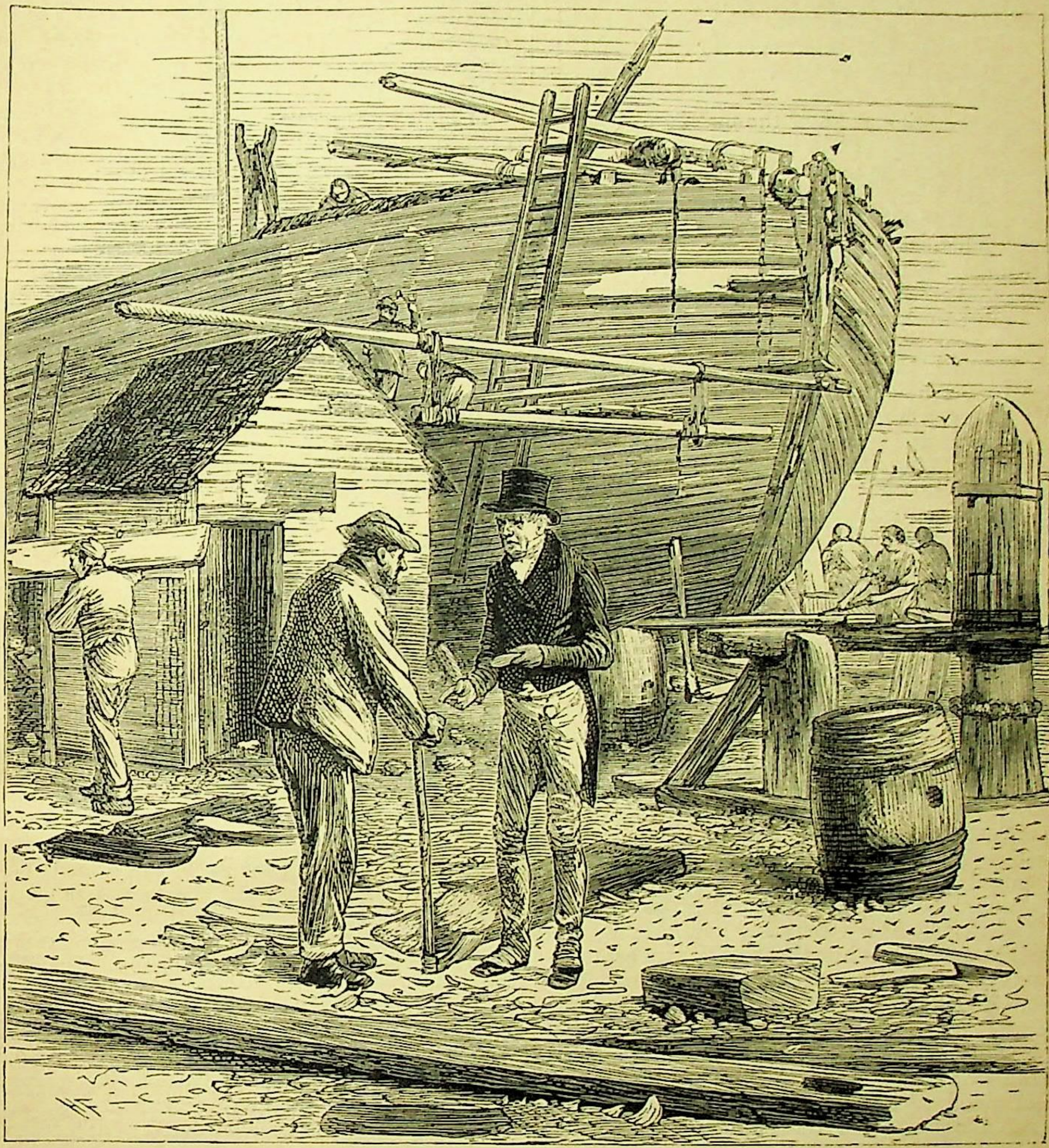
THE LEISURE HOUR.

BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND.
AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND.—*Cowper.*



MR. STRAFFORD VISITS THE SHIPYARD.

STRAIGHT TO THE MARK.

CHAPTER XLIII.—"MY OWN FAULT."

The thorns which I have reaped are of the tree
I planted; they have torn me, and I bleed:
I should have known what fruit would spring from such a seed.
—*Byron.*

MR. STRAFFORD remained at Abbotscliff for some days after his young grandson had begun to get better. He would have liked to take him back with him to Langdale, but his recovery was slow, and it was not likely that he would be able to undertake a long journey for some weeks. It was desirable, however, that he should be removed at an early date from the boarding-house, as the boys would be returning almost immediately from their short Easter holiday. Mr. Strafford proposed, therefore, to take some lodgings for him in the town; and one day, when Tom was sitting up, near the open window, pale, thin, and delicate-looking, but free

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from pain, at ease in his mind, and full of quiet happiness and thankfulness, his grandfather proposed this to him, and Tom of course assented. It mattered very little to him just then where he was. He had no books to work at, no examination to look forward to, no parting from his friends to fear.

"Is there any other place that you would like better, Tom?" Mr. Strafford asked—"not too far off?"

Tom's eyes sparkled. He thought of Sandy Frith, and the shipyard and the boat. Captain Broad was at home, too. He had come over to Abbotscliff to ask after him a day or two before, having heard of his illness.

Mr. Strafford did not know the place, but listened attentively to what Tom had to say about it.

"Are good lodgings to be had there?" he asked.

"Yes," said Tom, "I should think so. They were going to make quite a large place of it. I dare say there are some houses finished by this time."

"I will go over and look at it," Mr. Strafford said; and that same afternoon he took the train, and arrived in due time at Sandy Frith.

Nearly a year had elapsed since Tom's visit there, in company with his friend Martin; but the place was not so much altered as might have been expected. There were some carcasses of houses, at which no work was going on. The foundations of some large buildings had been laid, but the superstructure had not yet begun to rise upon them. There were steam-engines at work at one or two spots, boring for water; and until water should be found, other operations were at a standstill. Mr. Strafford made up his mind, as he walked through the narrow streets of the little town, that this would hardly be the place to which he could bring his grandson. But when he reached the shore, and had gone as far as the shipyard, he could not but admire the natural advantages and beauty of the spot, and stood still for some time on the sands, watching the ripple of the sea, and looking out at the sheltering headlands towards the east and west.

Turning towards the shipyard he found several men busy at work there; this too would amuse his boy he thought; and an occasional sail in fine weather, which might be had there without any trouble or fatigue, would do him a great deal of good. The house looked tolerably roomy and comfortable, and the thought occurred to him that possibly an arrangement might be made for lodgings there. He addressed himself to Mr. Dean, who was easily to be recognised, though clad as a workman and working as hard as any of them. Dean scarcely ever left the shipyard now: when he did so it was only for a sail in one of the boats, or on some pressing matter of business. He would not trust himself in any other man's house, and it was a rule of his own that no strong drink of any kind should be admitted, except in such medicinal form as might be necessary for his mother's infirmities.

"Can you tell me," Mr. Strafford asked, "whether there are any good lodgings to be had in this place?"

"Not that I know of," Dean replied, going on with his work. Lodgers and excursionists at Sandy Frith were a sore subject with him just then.

"You seem very busy," said Mr. Strafford.

"Yes, sir, we must work while we can."

"There seem to be changes going on in the place."

"Changes? Yes, I wish it were not so."

"It's a nice quiet place. I should have liked to bring an invalid here for the sake of the sea air and the boats; a young boy from Abbotscliff."

"Abbotscliff?" the man repeated quickly. "From the college?"

"Yes."

"What's his name?"

"His name is Strafford."

"Strafford. I don't know him. There was a nice young lad called Howard, who was very ill there. Have you heard of him?"

"It's the same," Mr. Strafford replied. "I ought to have said Howard; but he is my grandson."

"I hope he is getting on all right," said Dean.

"Yes, thank you."

"And it's for him you want a lodging?"

"Yes."

Mr. Dean put down his axe and invited Mr. Strafford to enter the house. "I'll ask my sister," he said. "She may be able to think of something."

Lucy Dean made her appearance presently, but she could not suggest any lodgings that would do.

"I thought possibly," said Mr. Strafford, looking about him, "that you might not mind giving us two or three rooms here; you have a nice house and nicely situated."

"I am afraid you would not like it," Lucy said. "I don't think we could manage it."

She looked at her brother, who answered sadly:

"No. It would be impossible under the circumstances."

"What are the circumstances?" Mr. Strafford asked, and after some hesitation Dean was persuaded to speak out.

"The house is not our own," he said. "We are under notice to quit."

"Whose is it?"

"A man named Chaffin bought it, promising to leave us undisturbed, and now he is threatening us, and encroaching upon us, and means to turn us out."

"Where does he live?"

"In London: but he was here the other day and we had a quarrel over it. I believe it is his son's doing. He has a grudge against me, that boy has. I scarcely know why."

Dean had an idea that it was because he was a friend of Tom Howard's. Chaffin had seen Tom in his boat on the day when he had given him the chastisement which he so well deserved. Whether for that reason, or from some other cause, young Chaffin, who spent a great deal of his time at Sandy Frith, had taken a dislike to Dean, and showed it by frequent hints about the shipyard being wanted for building purposes. Constant encroachments had been made upon the yard and garden by his orders, and every remonstrance which Dean ventured to make was met with a suggestion that if he did not like it he had better leave it, and that he would have to leave it soon at all events. Dean had, in fact, received a formal notice to quit, and the time of its expiration was not far distant.

Mr. Strafford remained for a long while talking to Dean about his affairs, and could not help feeling very sorry for him. Dean told him of his father's will, in which it was stated that the old mother was to occupy the shipyard house jointly with her son as long as she should live, and Mr. Strafford having some experience of the law thought that this might possibly render the sale of the property invalid.

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"It is worth taking an opinion about," he said. "I understand that you would cancel the sale if you could?"

"Yes," said Dean; "if I could do it honestly."

"Can you repay the money?"

"I can give him back what he gave me," said Dean. "I have got the money together again, and it is ready in the bank. I have had a good deal of work lately and have saved it up, shilling by shilling. It was not a great deal. The chief amount was paid in shares of this—company, which I dare say you have heard of, and I am afraid they are not worth much just now."

"Still," said Strafford, "if you can repay his cash with cash, and his shares with shares, he ought to be satisfied; *you* may be satisfied, at all events. I will get a case drawn up and submitted to counsel."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Dean, "but I could not go to law about it. Chaffin is a rich man, and would not mind expense. I could not afford to fight him."

"It shall cost you nothing, Dean. I will just get an opinion for my own satisfaction. You will not object to my doing so, I hope?"

"I should be very thankful, sir, to have the wrong set right. I ought not to have sold the property. I should not have done so if I had known justly what I was about."

He turned very red as he spoke, and Mr. Strafford, who was on the watch for every point of law, pressed for further explanation.

"It was my own fault," the man said. "I am a teetotaler now, and hope to remain so; but the mischief is done."

Mr. Strafford understood him then.

"Well," he said, "you must give me all the information necessary, together with a copy of the will, and then we will see what can be done. It seems to me that you have sold what was not altogether yours to sell, your mother having a life interest in it."

"Yes, sir, and that's what worries me. To think that I should have turned my mother out of house and home at her time of life, and my sister, too, when she ought to have been married comfortably and stayed where she is. I shall bear the sorrow and the shame of it to my grave, Mr. Strafford."

"All this will have to be made public, I'm afraid, if we go into court about it," Mr. Strafford said, after some minutes' reflection. "Could you make up your mind to that?"

"I'd make up my mind to anything that would set things right," Dean answered. "I would stand at the street corners and tell every passer-by what I have done, and how I came to do it, if that would be of any use. I'll do anything you bid me, Mr. Strafford. Only say the word, and I'll do it."

"Give me your hand upon it."

Joshua Dean put forth his hand impulsively, but drew it back again.

"No, sir," he said, "not now; when I am an honest man again—prove me." He laid his hand upon his heart as he spoke, and his eye glistened. Mr. Strafford was more than satisfied, and rose to go.

While this conversation was going on in the parlour, another, not less momentous, was proceeding in the kitchen, where Captain Broad was talking in low, but earnest tones to Lucy; old Mrs. Dean sitting in her high-backed chair, and looking on well pleased, not having the slightest idea of what was passing between them.

Lucy had told the captain of Mr. Strafford's visit and the object of it; and the captain had made a proposal, which seemed to his mind to meet the case exactly. He was always ready with expedients, and seldom missed an opportunity of urging his strong reasons upon Lucy Dean.

"It might be all done in a fortnight, Lucy," he said. "You know that my house is in nice order, and almost as large as your own; and there is nobody to occupy it, since my poor dear mother went to her rest above. I have had it done up so nicely, if you would but go and look at it. There would be a room for your mother, and three good bedrooms, and a little one besides. You could take them all in, and make them so happy and so comfortable in your own house, Lucy, dear; and nobody could ever turn you out of that; and very likely Mrs. Howard would like to stay with you all my next voyage, and she would be pleasant company."

Lucy would have been very glad to make them all happy; but that was not her first thought at that moment.

"You will have to leave this house, you know; and where are you to go, with your mother? I can't go on board ship again until I see you settled. It's impossible. Why won't you just say 'Yes,' and let me go and see about it?"

Lucy continued silent while he spoke, but it was too evidently not the silence of consent. She had resolved not to leave her mother, and also not to take her where she would be a burden to any one else. Her brother, too, was hardly to be trusted yet, she thought; she could not expect that he would make his home in Captain Broad's house, as the latter had proposed, and if he were to live by himself he would be again exposed to temptation, and, apart from all other considerations, might not be able to fulfil his engagements towards his mother and to provide for her support.

She liked to hear the captain's voice, and for him to hold his hand in hers while he urged his suit, but she continued firm to her resolution. She would be a helpmeet for him some day, she said to herself, if he should renew his proposals at the proper season, but so long as her mother lived she could not marry. It would have been so different if they could have continued where they were. He might have let his own house and taken up his abode in theirs; it would have been only for a few weeks now and then, for he was generally at sea.

"No," she said, at length; "we must not think of it. Some day, perhaps, things may be different, but, but—you and I must be nothing more to each other than friends—dear friends—at present; that is all. And if you will not feel hurt, I think you had better leave me to myself in future, it is so painful, so trying to have to refuse again and again, when—"

"When what, Lucy? When your heart would bid you say 'Yes'?"

She was silent, and he took it for assent.

"Say 'Yes,' then," he pleaded; "it is only for my sake that you refuse: for my sake, I entreat you to say 'Yes'!"

She rose from her seat, pressed her lips firmly together, and, shaking her head, left him.

He looked at her gloomily, feeling that his last hope was gone, and turned away from the house.

"I'll go up to London to-night," he said to him-

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self, as he walked away, mortified and half ashamed, he scarcely knew why. "I'll get aboard ship at once, that's the only thing to be done now; I've had my answer."

Mr. Strafford was in the shipyard as he passed through it, and Joshua Dean with him. The latter spoke to him, but he would not stop, and pushed forward with only a passing word.

"That's Captain Broad," said Dean; "he knows your grandson. He commanded the Neptune when Mrs. Howard took passage to India; he knows him very well, and was very fond of him the short time he was aboard."

"Yes," said Mr. Strafford, "he was very kind to my boy. I saw him when he came over to Abbotscliff to inquire after him. I should have liked to shake hands with him."

Joshua called after the captain again, but he neither stopped nor turned to look round.

"Never mind," said the old squire, "I shall see him again soon, no doubt. I do not mean to lose sight of any one who was kind to my boy if I can help it."

That same evening, after his return to Abbotscliff, Mr. Strafford wrote to his solicitor in London, and in the course of a day or two received a reply. Mr. Trimmer thought it was a doubtful case. Everything would turn upon the intention of the testator in making his will—whether he meant to give his widow a lien upon the estate itself or only upon his son. The case was worth trying; he would submit it to counsel and get an opinion upon it. Mr. Strafford did not gather much encouragement from Mr. Trimmer's letter. Many questions were worth trying from a lawyer's point of view which it would be better for their clients to let alone. Counsel's opinion came after a few days, and confirmed all that the solicitor had said. Cases were cited for and against. The result would depend in some measure upon the court, and still more upon the view taken of it by the judge. It was "worth trying." An evident wrong had been done, and theoretically the judicial function ought to set it right. Mr. Strafford decided to go on with it, and went up to London at once to consult with Mr. Trimmer as to the steps which should be taken.

CHAPTER XLIV.—POSSESSED.

The selfish heart deserves the pain it feels.
More gen'rous sorrow, while it sinks, exalts;
And conscious virtue mitigates the pang.
—*Young.*

WHILE Joshua Dean, aided by his new friend, Mr. Strafford, is meditating an attack upon Mr. Chaffin with a view to the recovery of his property at Sandy Frith, the affairs of the company which had taken in hand to convert that primitive little town into a fashionable watering-place are not going on satisfactorily. The Sandy Frith Investment, etc., Company, though it had been started under favourable auspices, had not met with that general and enthusiastic support on the part of the public which the directors had anticipated. A sufficient number of shares had been placed to make a start, and operations had commenced upon the Sandy Frith Estate. It had been calculated by the original promoters that as soon as the scheme should become generally known there would be a great demand for building sites, and that land which had been purchased by the acre would be sold by the yard, bringing immediate funds into the treasury, and so avoiding the necessity of calling up the payments of the shareholders. But the public had not shown sufficient alacrity in adopting the scheme of the directors. There were notices on various parts of the estate and in the newspapers offering most desirable plots of land on building leases, but no one came to lease them or to build on them. Public promenades were laid out, but there was no public to "do them" in the usual fashionable style. The company kept pushing forward its own buildings in order to give the place a start, and Mr. Chaffin, Mr. Oakenshore, and others, kept on steadily with their contracts, giving at regular intervals the most satisfactory reports of the progress of the works, and sending in their little bills, which had to be paid in cash and promptly, or the whole concern would have come to a standstill, and then the outlay already incurred would have been lost. The directors were unanimous in their opinion that as soon as the attractions provided by nature and Mr. Chaffin should become well known there would be a rush of excursionists and visitors to the spot, and property would rise in value. Then, too, the shares would go up, and those who held them would have good reason to congratulate themselves. Louis Darville had been induced to take a large number of shares, and found great difficulty in meeting the calls, which were more frequent than had been anticipated, owing to the expensive nature of the operations which were going on. One of the most serious of these was the boring for water, which had not yet been found. Mr. Chaffin, trusting to his own experience, had selected what he considered the best points for his experiments; but he had made mistakes. "A little knowledge is a dangerous thing," especially, and perhaps only, when it is not known to be "a little." Men of science had been since called in, and under their direction fresh efforts were being made which promised to be more successful. Truth is said to lie in a well, and therefore these promises would most likely be fulfilled, if only the contractor should be able to bore deep enough, but for the present the bore-hole was, like everything else at Sandy Frith, more promising than productive.

The Sandy Frith Company was, unfortunately, not the only one in which Louis Darville had embarked. He did not appear on the lists of directors, but he was an active promoter of two or three new and important undertakings, from which he expected to realise large profits, with comparatively little risk. The little risk, however, was, to Louis Darville, a great risk in comparison with his resources. The thought of it often kept him away from the counting-house, or rendered him incapable of giving his mind to business when there. At his desk he was generally preoccupied, thinking where he was to get the use of money for his calls, and what would be the consequence if his speculations should turn out, as he sometimes feared they would, disastrously. He had never intended to embark in them so extensively, but, having begun with one company which did not go on well, he took shares in another in the hope of recovering what he had lost, and then, having made one or two fortunate ventures, he was encouraged to attempt others on a large scale. It will be remembered that, in answer to his brother's urgent demand whether he was "straight," Louis Darville had answered "Yes." This was true in one sense, for he could at that moment have balanced his books if

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necessary, but he would then have been left penniless, and with heavy liabilities to meet. In a word, he had been playing with money when he had no money to play with; he had anticipated his income by drawing bills, or as it is popularly termed, "flying kites." The kites returned home true to their date, and were renewed, going forth again with enlarged proportions, and coming back the second time like vultures. Operating for the rise is at all times a dangerous process, and especially so for those whose resources are limited: under such circumstances it is scarcely an honest thing, though honest men may sometimes be betrayed into it almost before they are aware.

It was not to be supposed that Louis could be thus involved and thus disturbed in mind without his brother being aware of it. Victor had endeavoured to restrain him more than once, as has been already stated, but had been met in no friendly spirit. Those who are in the wrong are generally impatient of advice, especially when it assumes the form of remonstrance. Victor suffered even more than Louis, though he had nothing to do with the latter's speculations. Mr. Beverley was annoyed at Louis's inattention to business, and visited his displeasure upon Victor, who, when complaints were to be made, was always at hand to receive them. Victor could not continue his visits to Mulberry Lawn while distressed on the one hand with fears for his brother's probity, and on the other by want of cordiality on the part of his principal. Miss Beverley, too, had looked coldly upon him because he could not take her into his confidence or explain to her the cause of his uneasiness. For all this Louis was to blame, and Victor resolved to make one more effort to recover his brother from the perilous position in which he stood, and which was fraught with so much misery to both of them.

He chose an unfortunate time, as it happened, for this friendly effort. Louis had been annoyed by a demand for money, and had been compelled to borrow at exorbitant interest, knowing that if he should fail to repay at the appointed day exposure and ruin must follow. He was therefore in a very bad humour when his brother began once more to speak to him on the subject of his difficulties.

"Mind your own business," he said, "and leave me to mine."

"If I had done that a year ago," said Victor, "you would have been disgraced and your prospects marred for life."

"You need not remind me of it."

"I have only one object in doing so—to warn you against a similar danger now—and I have a right to do that. Did you not promise me that you would not go into these speculations again? I gave you all the money I had to set you straight."

"I wish you had kept it if you are to be always talking about it. I am sorry I ever touched your paltry—"

"Louis!"

"Well, I don't mean that, but you provoke me. No, I don't mean anything of that sort. You don't know how I am worried!"

"Is it beyond the reach of my help this time, Louis?"

"Yes; it will all come right though in a few days."

He turned and looked his brother in the face when he had said this, as if he had only just realised the meaning of his last words.

"Do you mean to say that you would help me again if I wanted it?" he asked.

"I would do it only too gladly if it were possible."

"Victor, you are a trump and I am a villain!"

Victor laid his hand gently upon his brother's shoulder.

"Let me alone," he said, shrinking from the touch; "I seem like one possessed with a devil. I wonder whether such things are real; whether they do happen now as formerly?"

"And I cannot help you?"

"No. Do you think I could allow it again after all that has passed?"

"For my own sake, Louis. You forget how we are linked together—how we stand or fall together."

"Why should that be so? You are not responsible for anything I do."

"Practically, I am; and you know it. If you forfeit your honour and your place in this house I share your misfortune and disgrace; it cannot be otherwise."

Louis sprang to his feet. "Yes," he said; "I do know it. I have known it and felt it all along. But I will do what I can. A week will settle it. If I cannot make all straight by that time I will make a clean breast of it to Beverley and leave the house. I will set you right, Victor, and never trouble you again."

"You cannot set me right," said Victor, "if you are wrong yourself."

"A week; give me a week," said Louis. "That will settle all. A week will make or mar me. Let me alone till this day week, and then I will do anything you wish."

With these words he got up, and taking his hat left the room.

Are men ever possessed by evil spirits now as formerly? Perhaps not; but there is one evil spirit which finds a home in every man's heart, and though cast out a dozen times will return again and take possession of his thoughts, and prompt him to many an unworthy deed. The name of that spirit is "self." Self ruled with almost absolute dominion in Louis Darville's heart; his only thought was how to advance his own interests, how to get on in the world, and to win for himself a position, with comfort and wealth. He was impulsive, and not destitute of natural affection, but selfishness choked and stiffled every better feeling. He could sympathise with others in their joys and sorrows, but only when a direct appeal was made to the better emotions of his heart. He took no notice of anything that did not obtrude itself upon his view. He would, if he happened to be in a good humour, stoop to lift up a fallen child, and pause for a moment to comfort it, or relieve with a bountiful and indiscriminate hand a weeping beggar; but it was just as likely that he would thrust the former aside with his foot, if he were in a hurry, or cast a rough word at the other if anything had occurred to ruffle him. He liked to see a friend made happy by a gift, provided the gift were his own; anything that reflected credit or importance upon himself, gave him satisfaction; but the happiness of all the world, if it arose from causes with which he had nothing to do, would have afforded him no pleasure. Louis Darville was of course unconscious of this infirmity. He hated selfishness in others, but his own selfishness was instinctive; it ignored everything and everybody except in its relation, direct or indirect, to himself. If it gratified him to be kind and liberal he would

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be kind and liberal; if it raised him in his own esteem to exert himself for others he would do so; but such instances were of rare occurrence, while the more direct incentives of vanity or personal comfort were continually in action. Louis Darville, as well in the trifles of every passing hour as in the weightiest events of a lifetime, was possessed by one ruling spirit, one evil spirit, and that was "self."

This devil had once been almost cast out. Victor's unexpected kindness at the moment of his greatest embarrassment had touched his heart, and made him resolve to be very careful for the future to do nothing which might in any way annoy or be injurious to his brother. His brother, in fact, was to be his mentor, his model, and his first care in everything. He had been quite sincere in that determination; but the impression had soon faded away. The devil had entered into him again, and he had for the second time risked honour, truth, his brother's dearest interests and his own, in reliance upon his own wisdom, and with a view to his own advantage.

Now again he was ashamed of himself, and penitent; now again he had resolved that if he could but tide over the present difficulty he would devote himself freely and unreservedly to business, and recompense his brother. There was to be a meeting of the Sandy Frith Company in a week's time, and then he should know the best or the worst of his position. If he could only have a chance of getting straight once more, he would never go wrong again—of that he was resolved; and in any case he would do everything in his power to release his brother from all share in the consequences of his own default. Whatever might be his own lot, Victor should not suffer for him, or with him—not, at least, if he could help it. It remained to be seen whether he could help it or not.

BACK-GARDEN VISITORS.

DURING our last hard winter my little back garden—yard, perhaps, would be a better word—in the suburbs of London swarmed with birds, eager to pounce on the crumbs and crusts, cold rice and potatoes, bones and scraps of meat thrown out to them. Nine blackbirds at a time (including hens) were to be seen down in the yard; and even more quarrelsome than usual the golden-billed cocks proved themselves, fighting on the ground and leaping up fluttering in the air to fight—and, I am sorry to say, their brown-gowned wives sometimes followed their bad example. Part of the skeleton of a goose, well-picked before it was thrown out, the blackbirds pecked at and hustled about in a most amusing fashion; and one big, bullying cock made a point of leaving the crust or scrap on which he might be feeding, and deliberately shouldering away any of his fellows who attempted to feed in his neighbourhood.

A long real garden stretches behind the little back gardens of our row of houses, which in ordinary weather furnishes blackbirds with a pretty good supply, according to the season, of grubs, worms, snails, chrysalides, etc., although there are not many apples to give them their *dessert* for their meritorious labours in devouring these gardener's pests.

Accordingly, the birds breed about the garden, and very pleasant it is to hear them piping in the morning and the evening dusk—that is, when they will condescend to sing, and in their own voices. But for the most part they are very lazy. It is not only in summer that the "silver tongue is dry," and when they do sing they are generally—

> "hoarse
> As when a hawker hawks his wares."

This hoarseness in these birds—the merle being a great mocking-bird—I attribute to their imitation of the harsh scolding of a next-door parrot.

Under the slates of that next-door house a pair of blackbirds nest every year, just at the top of a water-pipe, in company with a colony of sparrows, which slip in and out of the holes left in the side-wall for the ventilation of the loft under the roof, like dingy Londoners in and out of the mouths of their dark courts. The country blackbird's nest is made of grass and roots and clay, plastered with smoother clay inside or lined with finer grass; but I have never seen my suburban neighbours carrying in clay for their housebuilding, although there is plenty of it about. What a different place to lay their spotted bluish-green eggs in from that in which a blackbird's nest rises to my mind's eye! A clump of hazels in a Welsh park, peeping over a rough, mossed, lichened, ivied limestone wall upon a shaded, rocky lane, down which zigzagged a clear, tinkling runlet, between wet-mossy, rounded blocks of stone.

Bigger blackbirds visited us — rooks, probably, from Ken or Highgate Wood, or Lady Burdett Coutts's park. It was time (February) that the seniors were thinking of repairing their old nests, and the juniors of building new ones; but whether the hard weather had made them defer these operations I cannot say.

They looked monsters perched on our little trees, the slim branches of which they bent down. The sparrows did not know what to make of them, but evidently looked upon them as intruders. To show, however, that they are not afraid of them, the saucy mites perch themselves directly beneath them, and take *de bas en haut*, and yet *de haut en bas* sights at the monsters.

It is hard to guess what the rooks came for. During nine winters' residence here I have never seen them on the little trees before. They did not condescend to share our eleemosynary scraps, but alighted and poked about in the long garden of which I have spoken, though surely in the iron-binding frosts that we had it must have been as hard for them to find earthworms, cockchafer grubs, and field mice there as in the haunts from which they came. Fortunately they had no wives waiting at home, upon their twig-and-grass-cradled blotched-green eggs, for tid-bits before they can resume the purring croaks to which their attentive lords so lovingly respond.

Now and then we had a robin amongst our visitors, but I think not so frequently as in milder winters. A titmouse often made his appearance. I saw him on the roof of the scullery, pecking away at a bone, which bigger flesh-relishing birds, although bold enough to light upon the ground, had been afraid to touch, because within close eyeshot of a first-floor window. Tit finished off his dinner with some little bits of cheese which for days the other birds, sparrows included, had left untasted. All the birds have turned an almost scornfully cold shoulder upon cold potatoes, so long as there was anything else for them to get. When water has run out under the scullery door into the frozen yard most of the birds have made a rush to it.

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A solitary, stray starling, and bright-eyed, bold thrushes — the latter looking like smart young men of the last century, in their smooth brown coats and speckled waistcoats—were also on our visiting list: the thrushes three and four at a time.

But the sparrows were, of course, the most numerous. All round about they build. In the breeding season, ever and anon, down comes and smashes one of their spotted white eggs—perhaps ejected from the nest by a felonious neighbour abstracting its material — or an unfledged, wide-mouthed nestling drops gaping; and afterwards, when the young ones have begun to try their wings, every now and then one tumbles down the chimney like an inexperienced little sweep.

Bold at all times, during the hard weather the sparrows have, save when prowling cats were in the way, shown themselves almost totally devoid of fear. They have leaped into windows, and tapped with their bills upon the panes to call attention to their wants. They have to rise up like barnyard fowls to snatch scattered crumbs, and scarcely take more trouble than pigeons to get out of the way of human feet.

It has been prime fun to see two of them at a time tugging away at a crust like rival porters at a passenger's portmanteau, and to note the insolent coolness with which every now and then one has swooped down upon and carried off for his own repast upon a distant roof that big scrap on which another has been engaged, the robber staggering along with his spoil like a ship "down by the head."

R. R.

AUSTRALIAN NOTES.

BY GEORGE BENNETT, M.D., F.L.S., AUTHOR OF "GATHERINGS OF A NATURALIST IN AUSTRALASIA."

III.—LAUNCESTON—MELBOURNE—ADELAIDE.

After a day's rest I took the coach to travel by night to Launceston. There I visited a little shop in Brisbane Street, to purchase some shell necklaces. These very ornamental necklaces are in great demand in Sydney and the other Australian colonies as presents. The smaller species of elenchus (*Elenchus irisodontes*) is most generally used, as most suitable for the necklaces, and it is, when cleaned, very rich and brilliant in the display of a golden green, varied by the iridescent tints of purple and rose-colour. In their natural state these shells are covered by an olive-coloured, shining epidermis, over which is a tinge of reddish-brown. The larger sort (*Elenchus badius*) are used mounted in gold for ear-rings, displaying, when cleaned, the same rich and brilliant colours. I consider, however, on an examination of a number of recent specimens of all sizes, that they constitute one species only (*Elenchus roseus*), in various stages of growth, and are all procured in the same locality. There was also a number of the Tasmanian trigonia (*Trigonia margaritacea*) of larger size, but not of such beautiful tints as the interior of the valves of our species found at Port Jackson (*Trigonia Lamarckii*), which, although smaller in size, are richer in colour. The trigonias are dredged in sandy mud at depths from six to fourteen fathoms. There were also some necklaces formed of a very minute brown shell from the same locality—it was the *Truncatella truncatula*. This shell, until very recently, was considered by conchologists to be very rare.

I was also shown a collection of salted or pickled petrels, called mutton birds by the colonists (*Puffinus brevicaudatus*), and sold at twopence each. They are eaten by many people, who boil them with potatoes, and the flavour is that of a white herring. My informant had just purchased Little Dog Island in Bass's Strait from the Government for one pound the acre. The island consisted of 280 acres. The great value of this and the other islands adjacent was from the "mutton birds," which are made an article of commerce. The mutton birds, or short-tailed petrels, are about the size of a pigeon, and are often seen at sea in immense flocks; they resort to the islands in Bass's Strait to breed about the month of October. They burrow in the ground, and lay one egg. The burrows are often the resort of snakes. A large number of these birds are annually destroyed for the sake of their feathers, oil, and also for food; for the latter they are skinned, salted, pickled, and dried for sale. These birds are found in great numbers at Great and Little Dog Islands, Green and Amity Islands, in Bass's Strait. The other islands are rented by various persons for the purpose of collecting birds, etc. The elenchus shells are collected from the kelp or seaweed at all these islands. The time for collecting them is at ebb tide, when the sea is calm. During three days in every month the tide is unusually low, at which time the shells can be obtained in greater quantities.

I subsequently visited the smelting works of the Tin Mining Company. The ore obtained sometimes yields from sixty to seventy-five per cent. and upwards, and some surface-lode tin yields from fifty-five to sixty per cent. A large quantity of the smelted ore is shipped to England *viâ* Melbourne. Mount Bischoff, from whence a large proportion of the ore is obtained, has an altitude of 2,500 feet above the level of the sea, although some make the altitude higher. The procuring the ore was attended with great difficulties from the dense forests about it and the almost impenetrable barriers formed by the "horizontal scrub," as it has been named (the *Anodopetalum biglandulosum*), from its peculiar style of growth, which renders it difficult to form effective roads for transporting the ore when obtained, and materially add to the cost of working this rich mine.

There is a public library in Launceston, which is opened free from two to six p.m. and from seven till ten p.m. There is a well laid out botanical, or rather public garden close to the town, which is adorned with some handsome fountains, and seemed to be well frequented as a favourite promenade.

As my notes have chiefly a botanical purpose, I must pass quickly over some incidents of my journey from Hobart Town. I returned again to Melbourne, where I had a further opportunity of inspecting the city and its public institutions. Amongst other

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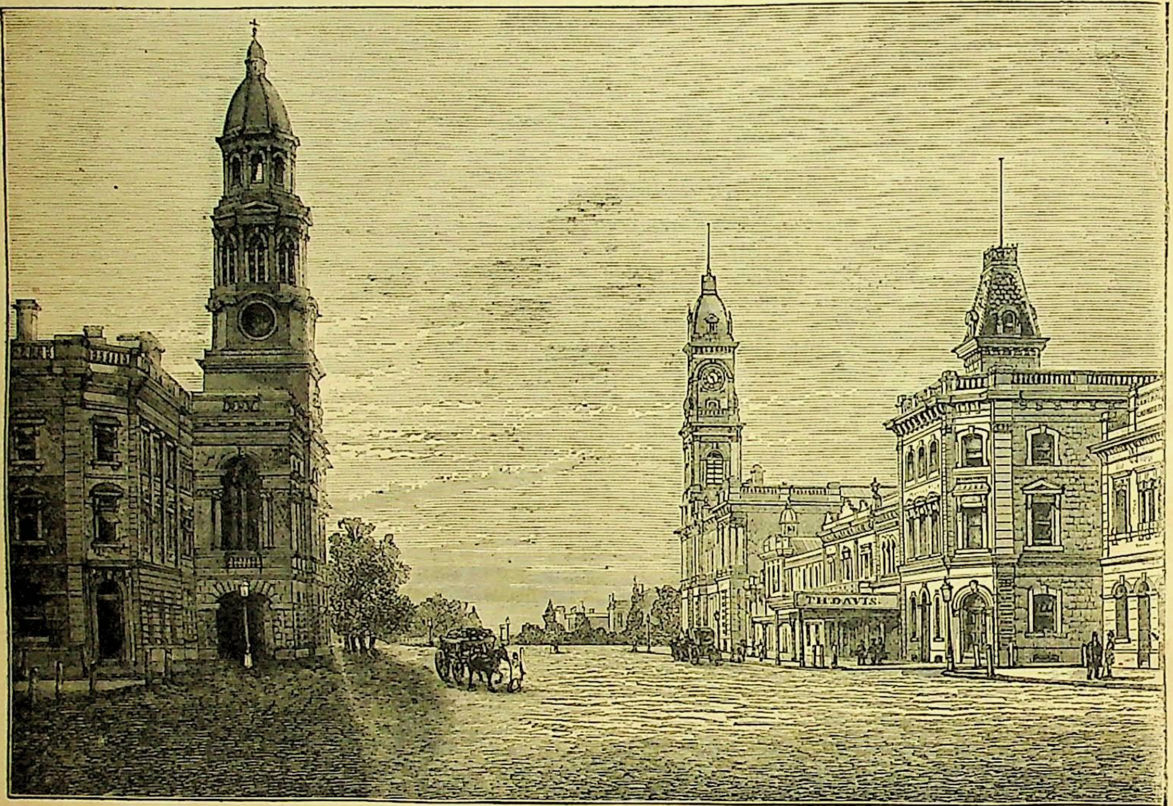
places I visited the "Treasury Gardens." It appears that but a few years ago this blooming garden was a mere depôt for rubbish of all kinds, and was intended to be sold for building purposes. When the arrival of the Duke of Edinburgh was expected, it was determined by the Government to have it laid out and planted for the recreation of the public. The gardens are now kept in excellent order, and although only a few years have elapsed since they were planned, the trees have attained some size and vigorous growth.

I was surprised to see the luxuriant and healthy and the trees and plants were selected from the Botanical Gardens by the excellent taste and judgment of that distinguished botanist, Baron Von Mueller. Noble elms and the *Pinus insignis* formed fine avenues. Statuary, fountains, and rock-work adorn the gardens, and are met with in every turn in the walks. The flower-beds at the edges of the paths, which in every part are protected by an iron fence, are in excellent order. The walks are well laid out, and the whole is in the best style of landscape gardening. The statues are models of those most celebrated, both ancient and modern.



POST-OFFICE AND TOWN HALL, ADELAIDE.

growth of the silk oak, or silver-tree, of Moreton Bay (*Grevillea robusta*), so well naturalised in this part of Australia. English elms and Northern Australia *Grevilleas* were growing well together, one typically European, the other tropical. The silk oak is very handsome, with its elegant fern-like foliage of dull green above and silky and silvery underneath; it is of quick growth, and usually tall, straight, and branchy, attaining the height of from 50 to 80 feet. When in full bloom it has a rich and brilliant appearance, with its bright orange-coloured flowers in large dense spikes contrasted by the delicate fern-like beauty of the foliage. The timber has a fine grain, and is extensively used for staves for casks and also for cabinet work.

Passing across a road, I entered the older and more extensive and elegant public recreation grounds called the "Fitzroy Gardens," which are not only highly creditable to Melbourne, but in my opinion not to be surpassed by any city in Europe. They were planned and laid out by Mr. Clement Hodgkinson, formerly surveyor-general of the colony of Victoria; and the trees and plants were selected from the

I also visited the University, and went over the Medical and Anatomical School. The University is a building of some extent, but from the great annual increase of students, additions had become necessary. A noble hall, similar to the one in the University of Sydney, was much wanted; and I was pleased to hear that Mr. Wilson (now Sir Samuel Wilson), of Ercildoon, Victoria, had generously given £30,000 for the erection of a hall worthy of the status of the university.

From Melbourne I made my way to Adelaide. We had fine weather, but a heavy swell occasioned by an easterly gale, which continued all day and during the night. In due course I caught sight of Mount Shanck and Mount Gambier in the distance, and we soon arrived in the Bay of Port McDonnell, at which there is a small but thriving township. This is the port for a rich agricultural district; the guide for the anchorage is to bring into one line the Mounts of Shanck and Gambier.

After landing cargo and passengers, and taking more on board, we set forward again. The next day

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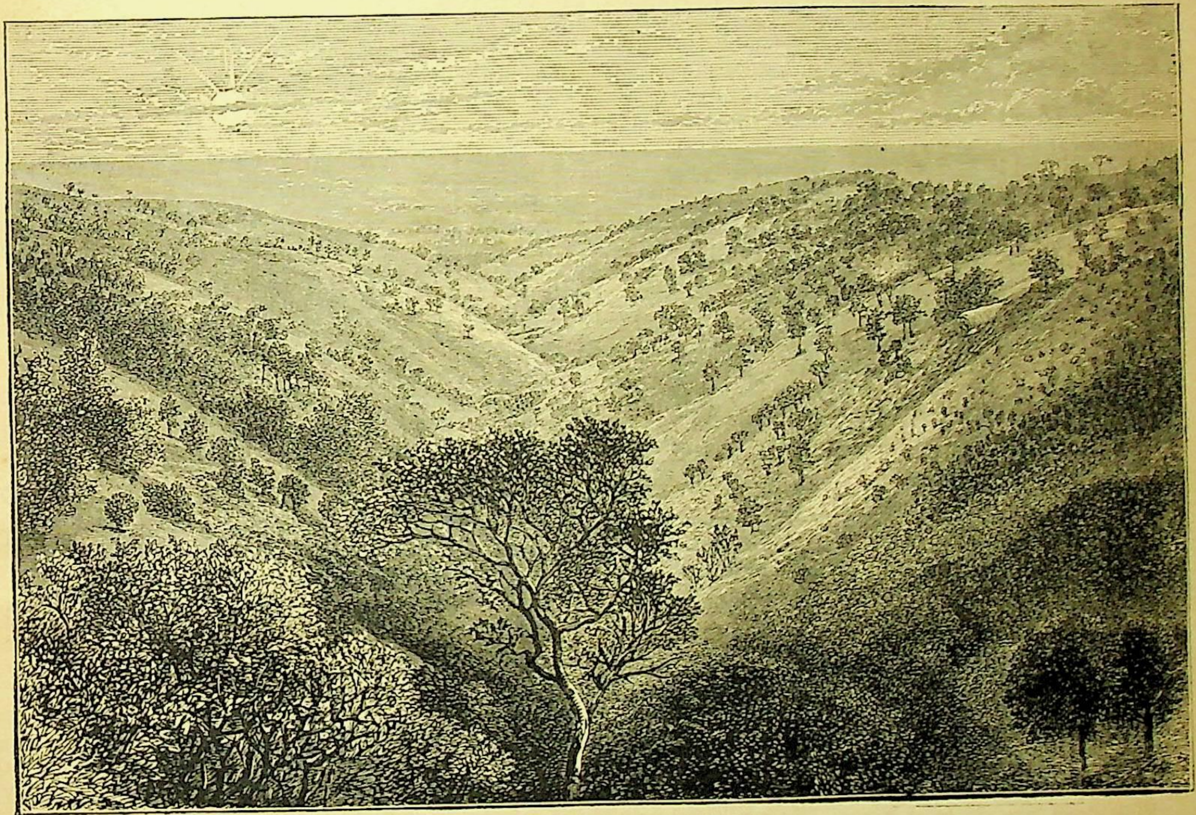
was fine, and several albatrosses were about, and petrels were also seen—one, the white-headed petrel (*Procellaria lessonii*), and another, the blue petrel (*Procellaria cœrulea*).

With a fresh breeze from the north-east, we steamed up the Gulf of St. Vincent. The land we passed was of some elevation, but very scantily wooded. Threading our way by a tortuous passage of low mangrove (*Avicennia tomentosa*) swamps, we arrived at Port Adelaide just after dark.

On arrival I received a kind letter from the director of the Adelaide Botanic Gardens, announcing that I had been elected an honorary member of the Adelaide Club. There subsequently I took up my quarters. In the evening I went to the Literary Institute to hear a lecture by one of the university professors of Adelaide, the subject of which was "Greek Literature."

are erected in the small gardens or greenplots at the rear of the Government offices, the Adelaide Club, and other buildings, both public and private. The shops in the principal thoroughfares are characterised by an extensive display of well-assorted goods, indicative of wealth and industry. The streets are of great length, some of them extending for one or two miles; they are for the most part planted with trees. Grote Street, extending two miles in length, is almost exclusively planted with the elegant Moreton Bay fig (*Ficus macrophylla*); but an extraordinary method of planting these trees prevails over the whole of the city—that is, of planting them on the pathways instead of in the road on each side of the broad streets. The obstruction and eventually the destruction of the pathways by the roots must naturally result. The planting of trees in a climate hot for the greater part of the year, like that



WATERFALL GULLY, NEAR ADELAIDE.

Adelaide is situated on undulating land on the banks of the River Torrens, seven and a half miles from Port Adelaide by the railway. The city is situated on an elevation overlooking the level country towards the Gulf of St. Vincent, with the Mount Lofty ranges forming a fine and picturesque background. The River Torrens appeared to me at this, the autumnal season of the year, more a series of ponds, varying in depth, than a river; but when the rain descends heavily it becomes swollen by the numerous streams issuing from the several glens.

The streets of Adelaide are very wide, and intersect each other at right angles. The public buildings are substantial and elegant structures, excepting the House of Assembly, which is unworthy of this fine city. Public fountains are very numerous, and some

of Adelaide, is highly commendable, but to plant trees that attain a great size, such as *Ficus macrophylla*, *Sterculia heterophylla*, *Grevillea robusta*, *Melia Australis*, and others, in this way, is destructive to pathways; and their removal must be a great expense to the city at no very distant period of time. These large trees, planted on each side of the road, forming a Boulevard, would afford a delightful shade, most of them being evergreens at all seasons of the year, and prove most useful and ornamental. There are several fine and extensive park reserves in the vicinity of the city, which are now in course of being laid out and planted for the recreation of the public.

North and South Adelaide are divided by the River Torrens, which is crossed by a strong bridge. The land in the vicinity of the city appears rich, and

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there are some beautiful views to be obtained from the higher ground. Elegant mansions and pretty villas are numerous, all adorned by gardens rich in the display of floral beauty, and by a variety of luscious fruits in the appropriate seasons of the year. The parks are planted with a variety of trees, both indigenous and exotic.

I visited the Botanical Gardens, and called upon the director, whom I found in the garden. The aviaries were distributed over various parts of the gardens, and contained exotic birds, as well as others from various parts of Australia, both ornamental and birds for acclimatisation in the colony. There was a noble range of glasshouses, filled with a fine display of floral treasures from all parts of the world. In the orchid house I observed an excellent collection of healthy, well-grown plants. The fern-house also contained a beautiful collection. Adjoining is a curious structure of rustic wood-work, the Museum, which contains a well-arranged collection of vegetable products used in the arts and in domestic economy. There were samples of wheat and other grain, dyes, raisins, gums, fibres, etc., and also woods in sections and polished, both Australian and from other parts of the world. I also observed beautifully executed models of fruit, neatly arranged and named, and also models of fungi in *papier maché*, all accurately coloured from nature. Chinese grass, cloth, fibre, and silk, with cocoons, etc., were also exhibited. The Botanical Garden is well laid out, and the walks well arranged and kept in excellent order, and the beauty of the garden is increased by the judicious arrangement of casts of modern and antique statues. The gardens are situated on the banks of the Torrens. I observed a fine avenue of the *Pinus insignis*, which had been planted nine years; the trees were now about 50 feet high. One part of the garden, to the extent of about two acres, is set apart for a natural arrangement of plants, forming a class ground, in which, under the two great divisions of *Monocotyledons* and *Dicotyledons*, are represented all the families of the vegetable kingdom; and in the centre is a cistern with fountain, in which the genera of water-plants will be placed. This movement is in the right direction, forming a botanic garden not only as a place for public recreation, but for the education of the people in the knowledge of botany and arboriculture. In this portion of the garden, plants from all parts of the world, as well as those indigenous to Australia, will be arranged, as far as possible, according to their natural affinities, whilst the more delicate species will be displayed in hothouses or conservatories. An arboretum of hardy trees from all parts of the world may be planted in such arrangement as to serve the purpose of both ornament and science. The pink variety of the pampas grass was planted at different points, and when observed at a distance the colour was seen distinctly, but when close to it the pink tinge was not so visible; it was planted principally on the little islands on the lakes, in which white swans and various other kinds of water-fowl were swimming about. The buildings of the old Lunatic Asylum and the General Hospital are on each side of the gardens. In the Pinetum I noticed many species, all of the greatest interest; several were growing luxuriantly, and were evidently naturalised, while others had as yet not been acclimatised. Many of the indigenous gum-trees (*Eucalypti*) had been suffered to remain on the ground; some were old and hollow in the trunk, although still in fine foliage. I observed a pretty little China rose (*Rosa macranta*), much used, both here and in Tasmania, as a dwarf hedge or edging for borders in the gardens.

The Rosary is extensive, but the season for that "queen of flowers" had passed. Judging from the few of the later kinds, the beauty and richness of colour was well displayed—indeed, in these gardens, whether in roses or in the multitude of other flowers shown, the hues of those of temperate climates blend charmingly with the vivid primary colours of the tropical flora. The roses were grown as standards, and consisted of several hundred varieties. In the centre of the Rosary is a small but fine bronze equestrian statue of the "Amazon attacked by a Tiger," copied from the celebrated statue by Kiss, of Berlin.

Amongst many other things of interest, I inspected a large collection of *cacti* recently received. They consisted of more than 500 different species, all placed in pots in cases—I suppose the same in which they arrived; and were arranged on each side of the main entrance to the gardens (which is about 20 feet wide), all labelled and accurately named.

The experimental garden was one of great interest, consisting of important grasses and plants for various economical purposes, all thriving very well, and having every appearance of becoming soon naturalised in the colony. The arrangement of the aviaries and the collection of birds were excellent.

Among the animals was that remarkable gibbon, the agile gibbon (*Hylobates agilis*), remarkable for its agility, in which it surpasses all the monkey tribe. Its voice is also remarkable, and it has been named in Adelaide the "singing monkey." It produces a very loud sound, capable of being set to musical notes, coming to an abrupt conclusion by a couple of barks in octaves. Martin, in his "Natural History of Monkeys," remarks:—"The voice of this gibbon is extraordinary, not only for its power and volume, but for the succession of graduated tones in which its cry is uttered. In a room it is overpowering and deafening; it consists of a repetition of the syllables oo-ah, oo-ah, at first distinctly repeated, and ascending in the scale, but at last ending in a shake consisting of a quick vibrating series of descending notes, during which the whole of the animal's frame quivers with the effort to produce them. After this she appears to be greatly excited, and violently shakes the netting or the branch to which she may be clinging, which action being finished, she again traverses her cage, uttering the preliminary syllables oo-ah, oo-ah, till the shake again concludes the series. It is principally in the morning that the animal thus exerts this modulated cry, which is probably its natural call to its mate, and which from its strength is well calculated for resounding through the vast forests." This animal was a great attraction to the inhabitants of Adelaide, and I regretted after I left to hear that it had died.

I visited the Town Hall, Post-office, Supreme Court, Government Offices, Parliament Houses, the squares, and the exterior of churches of various denominations, in which Adelaide abounds; indeed it appears to be a city of churches. The squares are planted with trees, and among them I saw the European olive bearing a profusion of fruit. The olive thrives well, and is most prolific in this colony in all its different varieties, and grows in the greatest luxuriance; the expressed oil is sold at ten shillings the gallon.

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I was taken over the postal and telegraphic departments by the assistant-superintendent, who kindly explained to us all the working of the telegraph. We first sent a message to Alice Springs, and having ascertained the line was clear, a message was sent to Port Darwin (the line being stopped at Alice Springs to enable us to send our message to Port Darwin), a distance of 1,973 miles, and a reply was made in less than one minute. The distance to Alice Springs is 1,036 miles. We afterwards inspected the printing of the stamps, and the ingenious machine used for their perforation, which performs the work with great accuracy. The new Post and Telegraph-office was designed in 1867 by Mr. R. G. Thomas, colonial architect. The style is Anglo-Italian, with Doric columns in the lower and Ionic in the upper storey, with a bold cornice, entablature, and balustrade at the top. A square tower at the south-east angle rises 158 feet high, and supports a flag-staff and lightning-rod.

All the houses and public buildings in Adelaide are built of a good kind of stone procured from the vicinity; the land about the city is undulating, and from various parts some very pretty views are obtainable, and at this season of the year the autumnal tint of the vegetation added to their beauty. On our return we walked through one of the parks at North Adelaide, which was only partially laid out; but a great portion of the park lands about the city remain in a very primitive state.

The vicinity of Adelaide is exceedingly picturesque, and most of the mansions and villas have gardens attached to them, with an abundance of fruit-trees and flowering shrubs.

ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL.

THE founding of St. Paul's School is associated with some of the most interesting events of English history. Its creation dates from the dawn of the English renaissance of literature, of which important epoch it forms a landmark, almost as conspicuous, and quite as noteworthy, as that presented by some of the colleges of Oxford and Cambridge. Properly to appreciate the position that this school has held among the great foundation seminaries for the space of more than three hundred years, we must glance backwards at the state of learning in England in the latter part of the fifteenth and beginning of the sixteenth centuries. That period will be always memorable in the annals of Christendom as marking the time when the learned Erasmus, in the full vigour of his manhood, was contending against the corrupt learning and mischievous traditions of the schoolmen, and aiming at that splendid goal to which, happily, he ultimately attained, the revival of letters in our ancient Universities. Writing to one of his favourite pupils, in the last year of the fifteenth century, Erasmus thus summed up the general character of the clergy of his day, be it remarked, at that time, the one lettered class of the community:—"I have nothing to say," wrote he, "against the profession of divinity, which I entirely love and honour, but only against the mongrel divines of the present generation, a sort of wretched creatures whose brains are rotten, their language barbarous, their apprehension dull and stupid, their knowledge abstruse and knotty, their manners very rough, their lives a mere scene of hypocrisy, their speech virulent, and their hearts black as hell." With unfaltering devotion Erasmus directed his efforts towards the intellectual regeneration of these men. He became the apostle of the new learning in England, the advocate of the study of classical literature in its most pure form, unchanged from the written language of the older Hebrew, Greek, and Roman writers themselves. His own profound scholarship and earnestness in the pursuit of knowledge enabled him the more readily to accomplish the great ends which he sought to attain.

A violent struggle, however, was for some time maintained against the innovations he introduced by the generality of those who had been educated in the old system of the Churchmen. Partly from extreme ignorance and illiteracy, and partly from self-interest, the great majority of the English clergy did all in their power to thwart the teaching of Erasmus and his followers. It is related that an English prelate of the period, "esteemed among the most eminent for his learning and gravity," in a great public assembly censured one of the University doctors in the severest terms for suffering the Latin poets to be taught in his seminary, which, on that account, the bishop styled a house of idolatry. Of the original Greek historians and poets no better appreciation was shown, and the Greek Scriptural writings were deemed to be heretical. The famous Testament of Erasmus, which appeared in 1516, and which may be said to have proceeded from the bosom of the ancient Church itself, was believed to be an invention of his own with the view of establishing a new religion. This volume, which was presently to be so joyously welcomed as the hallowed text-book of the faith of the Reformers, was actually proscribed by the authorities of the Universities, and a severe fine was denounced against any member who should be detected with the book in his possession.

The following anecdote somewhat amusingly illustrates the degenerateness of learning in England in the first few years of Henry the VIII's reign, just at the time when Erasmus was making the greatest stir among the schoolmen. The king happened to be residing at the royal manor of Woodstock when one of the University preachers was called over to preach before him. The divine took occasion in his discourse (inopportunely as it turned out, but doubtless thinking it would be to the benefit of the Church which he served) to rail against the Greek learning in general, and especially against the new interpretations set upon the Scriptures by the writings of Erasmus. The king, who was a scholar of some pretensions himself, was greatly offended. After the sermon he sent for the preacher, and there and then appointed a solemn disputation to be held before him, in which the divine might oppose, and Sir Thomas More should defend, the use of the Greek tongue. The meeting took place in due course, and More began (so it is related) with an eloquent appeal in favour of its study; the preacher, taking no pains to contest what was spoken, fell upon his knees and besought Henry's pardon for giving offence, excusing himself on the plea that what he had said was at the direct instigation of the Spirit. "Not the Spirit of Christ," bluntly answered the king; "but the spirit of infatuation." Had he ever read any of the Greek writings of Erasmus? inquired the monarch. The divine was forced to reply, "No." "Why, then, you are a very foolish fellow," continued Henry, "to censure what you have never read." At length the

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preacher, trusting to clear himself from the unpleasant predicament in which he was placed, declared that now he had listened to More's learned apology he had become the more reconciled to the Greek tongue, "because," said he, "I perceive it is derived from the Hebrew." The king sat amazed, runs the story, at the man's ignorance. With ill-concealed anger he dismissed him, and commanded that he should never again preach before his sovereign.

As may be supposed, the authority and influence of Henry were of the greatest importance in supporting Erasmus against his numerous and powerful opponents. In fact, but for Henry's passive aid, sometimes more actively given at the solicitation of Sir Thomas More, one of Erasmus's most devoted personal friends, the intellectual growth of England which was so essential to the cause of the Reformation must have abated, if not ceased altogether, under the adverse pressure of clerical bigotry and ignorance directed against it from all quarters.

One man who helped as much as any Englishman of Henry's time to stem the stormy current of abuse and misconception levelled against the teachings of Erasmus was John Colet. He was the son of a well-to-do mercer and citizen of London (twice elected to be its chief magistrate), and born in the fifth year of Edward the Fourth's reign. Heir to an ample patrimony, which came to him in his youth, he turned it to profitable account by entering with great eagerness upon the acquirement of knowledge. He went to Oxford, where he ardently studied logic, philosophy, and the appointed literature of the schools, and afterwards betook himself to the European continent, in order to ripen his learning by reading in the foreign Universities. Subsequently, returning to Oxford, he there became one of the most powerful and steadfast of those upholding the new order of things originated by Erasmus. In John Colet we have a man who was one of the giant guiding spirits of the Reformation era. His wealth, advantages of birth, and other social associations, might have allured him towards the inviting society of the court, to which his father had been admitted; but his nobler aspirations weaned him from the frivolities of life to take part in the great work which was to culminate in the emancipation of the English Church from the thraldom of the Papacy. Even as a very young man he bore a part in the instruction of the members of the University of Oxford. Without fee or reward he read there public lectures by way of exposition on the Epistles of St. Paul; and though he was not at that time capable of receiving any degree, yet, says an old writer, "there was not a Doctor or Abbot or other dignitary in the Church but lent an attentive ear to the doctrines he advanced." And, very pertinently, adds the chronicler, "though the novelty of these public exercises might possibly at first have procured him a crowded audience, yet nothing could have kept the numbers up but the more than common abilities of the performer." Colet had been educated, like his forerunners, in all the reigning Romish superstitions, but gradually he threw them off as his judgment became more matured. Erasmus and he became firm and loving friends at Oxford. "Farewell, dear Colet, thou best of men, the ornament of this University, and my singular delight and pleasure," writes Erasmus, affectionately, to his gifted disciple on the latter's setting forth for London, there to continue his labours.

Preferment came to Colet on the asking, and shortly after proceeding to the honourable degree of Doctor in Divinity, he was appointed Dean of the cathedral church of St. Paul, in London. Now he began to put to practical use the doctrines that he had so carefully and perseveringly studied and expounded in the University. At all hazards, he was resolved to preach the doctrine of God his Saviour in all things, to accept of no man's narrow interpretations of the Scriptures, but to put plainly before the people what he himself thought and knew of the gospel's teaching, and to recommend them more earnestly to study it for themselves.

With such eminent success did he work upon his flock, that the bigoted enthusiasts of the old doctrine began to grow alarmed. They had no notion of permitting the people to think for themselves. Nevertheless, Colet sturdily fought his way, inch by inch, with rare circumspection, weaning his hearers very gradually from the absurd and idolatrous proceedings of the Church of Rome. Unwittingly, he was laying the corner-stone of the foundations of the English Reformation. For his preaching he narrowly escaped a prosecution for heresy, set in motion by Fitzjames, Bishop of London, from which he was saved by Henry. The alleged offences were, first, opposition to image-worship; secondly, in contending that the exhortation to Peter, "Feed my sheep," had no carnal signification; thirdly, that he inveighed against the frigid and idle disquisitions which priests were then in the habit of delivering under the names of sermons. The real sin, however, in the estimation of his persecutors, was the opening of the people's eyes by reading publicly in the cathedral, Sunday after Sunday, the Epistles of St. Paul according to the original version instead of adulterated by the jargon accepted by the schoolmen. Colet was somewhat in danger of being directed openly to recant, or else of paying the appointed penalty of heresy, which was burning at the stake. From these dangers the favour of Henry shielded him. The king, with the lord-cardinal at his elbow, was sufficient barrier to the ecclesiastical sway of Fitzjames. Colet went to his rest in peace, having first founded, under shadow of his cathedral, a seminary, which, though instituted long before the Reformation was completed, may, with the strictest propriety, be termed the first Protestant school that England could boast of.

"Desiring nothing more" (recites the Prologus to the statutes of St. Paul's School) "than the education and bringing-up of children in good manners and literature," Dean Colet caused his school to be begun at the east end of St. Paul's Church. In devout language he dedicated it to the "Honour of Christe Jesu *in pueritia*, and of his blessed mother Mary." One hundred and fifty-three—according to the number of fish taken by St. Peter (John xxi. 1)—was the statutable number of children to be admitted, and these "of all nations and countries indifferently." Having perfected his scheme, he conveyed certain estates, by way of endowment, "to the most honest and faithful Fellowship of the Mercers of London" (doubtless from a desire to honour his father's memory), appointing them "patrons, defenders, governors, and rulers" of the school. He then addressed a petition to Henry, praying for his Letters Patent as solemn ratification of the deed. The king's consent was forthwith given, and in the year 1512 the school was opened for the reception of scholars. The Dean now drafted with his own pen the qualifi-

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cations for the High Mastership of his school. It will be interesting to state, in the quaint language of Colet himself, what those qualifications were. The High Master, in doctrine, learning, and teaching, was to direct the whole school. He was to be a man "hoole in body, honest, and vertuous, and lerned in good and cleane Latin literature" (herein the Dean displayed his own particular partiality for the purer Latin style), "and also Greke if such may be gotten." Even Colet's scholarship had not carried him so far as an acquaintance with Greek literature in its original form. Although accounted one of the best educated men of his time, he, during his seven years of studentship at Magdalen College, Oxford, had only acquired a knowledge of the Greek authors through the medium of Latin translations. It was to be feared that Colet would experience insurmountable difficulty in obtaining the right sort of man for the High Mastership. In perplexity he had recourse to his "dear Erasmus," who forthwith recommended for the post, for his profound acquaintance with the Greek and Latin languages, William Lilly, who happens to have been the first of Englishmen who ever publicly taught Greek in this country. He taught it to the children of St. Paul's School. Lilly having been eagerly selected by Colet, the Mercers assembled in the School House, elected him to the office, and delivered to him his charge in this wise:—"Sir, we have chosen you to be Master and teacher of this school, to teach the children of the same not only good literature, but also good manners, certifying you that there is no room of continuance and perpetuity but upon your duty in the school." He was warned that, at Candlemas of every year, "when the Mercers be assembled in the School House," he would be expected to submit himself and his conduct for the year past to their examination; and if found doing his duty he would be re-elected to office, otherwise he would be warned to depart, and make room for another. By way of an assistant in the school a Sur-Master—"a man virtuous in living and well lettered"—was appointed. To both Masters free lodging was accorded, and the yearly gift decreed of a "lyvery gowne of iiii nobles, delivered in cloth," a custom perpetuated, be it remarked, in the present annual gift made by the Mercers' Company to the Head and Second Masters of St. Paul's School of an academic gown of silk. A mark a week for the High Master, and *vis.* 8*d.* for the Sur-Master, was considered by Dean Colet sufficient stipend for each. The spiritual instruction of the scholars was committed to the care of a Priest, "a good, honest, and virtuous man," who was directed to sing Mass in the chapel of the school and pray daily that the children "might prosper in good life and literature, to the honour of God and our Lord Christ Jesu."

Touching what should be taught in his school, the Dean confessed that it "passed his wit to devise and determine in particular." But, in general, he charged Lilly that his scholars were to be taught always in good literature, both Latin and Greek, "and good authors, such as have the very Roman eloquence joined with wisdom, especially Christian authors who wrote their wisdom with clean and chaste Latin, either in verse or prose." For, wrote Colet, "my intent is by this score specially to increase knowledge, and worshipping of God and our Lord Christ Jesu, and good Christian life and manners in the children." He hoped that his brood of young scholars, when they came to years of discretion, might be able to understand and appreciate the written precepts of the gospel for themselves. In this way they might become young evangelists, taking the place of those old and well-tried apostles of the Reformation who had gone to their rest. The works of Tully, Sallust, Cicero, Virgil, and Terence, the children were particularly enjoined to read, together with those of the chief Greek poets, orators, and historians. And Lilly was to be careful to expound to them a book "which that learned Erasmus made at my request," writes Lilly: "Institutum Christiani Hominis,"—literally translated, "A Guide for the Christian."

As boys offered themselves, no matter where they came from, so long, at least, as they could say the Church Catechism and read and write, they were to be admitted by the High Master. "If your child," recites the instructions which Lilly was to deliver to a boy's parents, "can read Latin and English sufficiently so that he be able to read and write his own lesson, then he shall be admitted into the school for a scholar. If your child, after reasonable season proved, be here found inapt and unable to learning, then ye warned thereof shall take him away, that he occupy not our room in vain." The number of seats in the school was absolutely limited to the hundred and fifty-three before mentioned, and it was essential that no dunce or laggard should prevent the admission of a lad more likely to profit by the school teaching. It is interesting to note the connection between this judicious rule and the same kind of statute framed by John Lyon, regulating the admission of children to his Free Grammar School at Harrow. So identical is the wording in the two that it almost seems as if John Lyon had studied Dean Colet's statutes before drawing up his own. The following rule formed by Colet offers a similar coincidence, as in substance it happens to be embodied in the original statutes of one, if not two, of the great foundation schools. In no time of the year (Colet instructed Lilly) were tallow candles to be used in St. Paul's School, but only wax candles, and these were to be furnished at the cost of the children's parents. Being a day school only, the scholars were expressly prohibited from carrying meat, drink, or bottle to school. If, after school-hours, they needed refreshment, they were to go elsewhere. "I will," wrote the Dean, "that they use no cock-fighting, nor rydinge about of victorye" (whatever that may mean; possibly some rough and rude school-game in vogue at the time), "nor disputing at St. Bartholomew, which is but foolish babbling, and loss of time. I will also that they have no remedyes (play days)." If the Master granted any holiday except at the desire of the king, or an archbishop or bishop present in person at the school, then, as often as he did so, he was to forfeit forty shillings. Every Childermas the children were enjoined to walk in solemn procession with the Masters and other officials to the cathedral, to hear the Child-Bishop sermon, and to attend the Mass afterwards, when each scholar was to present the Child-Bishop with one penny. It will be interesting to read the following account of this ceremony, which Strype has given in his "Memorials Ecclesiastical under Queen Mary:" "Because the way of celebrating St. Nicholas Day is so odd and strange," he writes, "let me add a word or two explanatory of it. The memory of this saint and Bishop Nicholas was thus solemnised by a child,

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the better to remember the holy man, even when he was a child, and his childlike virtues when he became a man. The Popish festival tells us that while he lay in his cradle he fasted Wednesdays and Fridays, sucking but once a day on those days. And his meekness and simplicity, the proper virtues of children, he maintained from his childhood as long as he lived; and therefore, saith the festival, children do him worship before all other saints. The Boy-Bishop, or St. Nicholas, was commonly one of the choristers, and therefore in the old offices was called Episcopus Choristarum, Bishop of the Choristers, and chosen by the rest to this honour. But afterwards there were many St. Nicholases, and every parish almost had his St. Nicholas; and from this St. Nicholas Day to Innocents Day at night the boy bore the name of a bishop and the state and habit too, wearing the mitre and pastoral staff, and the rest of the pontifical attire, nay, and reading the holy offices. While he went in procession he was much feasted and treated by the people, as it seems much valuing his blessing, which made them so fond of keeping this holiday." It was kept with all due ceremonial at St. Paul's Church in Colet's time; and his scholars, and the scholars of the neighbouring Grey Friars, now Christ's Hospital, every Childermas walked two and two, headed by their respective Masters, to render homage to the Bishop of the Choristers.

Colet's school was, strictly speaking, a Free School, though it is not so named, we believe, in any original document setting forth the designs of the foundation. It was stipulated that a child on his first admission should pay 4*d.* "for writing of his name," no doubt for the act of registering him as a scholar, which sum by the way was set apart as a gift to the poor scholar who daily swept the schoolroom and kept the seats clean. Beyond this small payment, no money was to be asked of parents for their sons' instruction. The statutes of Colet make no allusion whatever to permission being granted the High and Sur-Masters to instruct any but the statutable number of children given in to their charge; and so it has come about that, from the year 1512 to the date of the passing of the Public Schools' Acts in the present decade, no scholars "foreign" to the foundation have been admitted to St. Paul's School. The yearly value of the lands with which Colet endowed his school was estimated by Stow in 1598 to be "£120 or better;" these lands are now producing, annually, nearer £20,000. The Public Schools Commissioners, very properly, came to the determination that this splendid income ought in the present day to educate more than 153 children. They therefore recommend to Parliament that very important alterations should be made in the constitution of Dean Colet's foundation; the most material of these are that St. Paul's School shall henceforth comprise:

1. A School, to be called St. Paul's School, divided into two departments, one of which shall be a Classical department for about 500 boys, and the other a Modern department for about 500 boys.

2. A School or Schools, to be called Dean Colet's School or Schools, for not less than 400 girls in all.

No time has been lost in giving effect to an Order in Council embodying these changes; and the readers of this publication will be glad to learn that sixteen acres of land have been secured by the Governors near the Addison Road Station of the Metropolitan Railway, on which St. Paul's School, the modern reproduction of Dean Colet's famous foundation, which has existed for more than three centuries "at the east end of Paules Church," is now being built.

For years the system of admitting boys to St. Paul's School was one of simple patronage vested in the Worshipful Company of Mercers, who, in passing, we may say, do not seem to have had a vestige of authoritative right to this office. According to the statutes of Dean Colet, so long as there was a vacant seat in the school, any boy, of whatever nation or country he might be, who could read or write—as we have already pointed out—was to be admitted on application to the High Master. This duty, under the new scheme, once more reverts to him; and henceforth any parent who wishes to send a son to St. Paul's School can be sure of his being admitted without any delay on application to that gentleman. It is satisfactory to be able to record this beneficial change from the old plan of "nomination," which it is only right, however, to say, was, in general, judiciously and charitably exercised by "the most honest and faithful Fellowship of the Mercers of London." It is related that, when Dean Colet was asked why he had left his foundation in trust to laymen as tenants of his father rather than to an ecclesiastical society, he answered, "There is no absolute certainty in human affairs, but for my part I have found less corruption in such a body of citizens than in any other order or degree of mankind."

It has been rightly said that few public schools can claim to have educated more men who figure prominently in English history than St. Paul's School. At the head of the list stands the immortal John Milton, who was one of Colet's scholars from 1620 to 1625, proceeding from St. Paul's School to Christ College, Cambridge. John, the great Duke of Marlborough, was a Pauline; and so was Camden, the antiquarian and herald; and that admirable gossip and historian of the manners of the court of Charles II, Master Samuel Pepys. Among other notable personages who were likewise beholden to it for instruction in their youth may be mentioned John Leland, the celebrated archæologist; William Whittaker, one of the earliest and most prominent chaplains of the Reformation; Robert Nelson, author of the "Companion to the Festivals and Fasts of the Church of England;" Dr. Benjamin Calamy; Sir John Trevor, a Speaker of the House of Commons; Halley, the great astronomer; Major André, who was shot by General Washington's orders for intriguing with Arnold, the American commander; Sir Philip Francis, reputed author of the "Letters of Junius;" Sir Charles Wetherell, Sir Frederick Pollock, and Lord Chancellor Truro, eminent lawyers; and Dr. Benjamin Jowett, the present Master of Balliol and Regius Professor of Greek in the University of Oxford. St. Paul's School has little or no personal history, owing to the fact that from the date of its foundation it has always been a day school. We search its archives in vain for any curious traditions and customs such as we find associated with Eton, Winchester, Westminster, Rugby, and Harrow. Its great reputation has been principally maintained by the success of its scholars at the Universities, who in this respect have worthily supported the fame of John Colet, Founder of St. Paul's School.

CHARLES E. PASCOE.

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SCANDINAVIAN CUSTOMS.

Though Scandinavia is a composite term, and though a good deal of a kindly sort of hatred is wasted between the three kingdoms composing it, the people are one, and any movement from outside against any one of the three would be warmly resented by the other two. The old stock is the same, and the old customs are found, with very slight variations, and those mostly of modern origin, in all of them. The languages are two only, Swedish and Danish, the latter being universal in Norway, though since the transference of that country from the Danish to the Swedish Government in 1824 there has been a tendency to introduce the Swedish language, especially in the border valleys.

Winter is the best time to arrive on a visit to any of the Scandinavian countries, for that is the season of hospitality, the time of the reunion of friends and families. Thus the yule log (*Juuletræ*) still survives, and *Juuletid* (yule tide) has a more peculiar and special glory than even in our own merry England. Christmas Eve is the great day of rejoicing, and the evening sees every member within possible distance assembled at the family board. Strangers are rarely invited on these occasions, but the writer and a friend were once present at a small gathering on this occasion at Gothenburg. Presents and surprises were in abundance for all, the great event of the evening being the unveiling and presentation to the old mother of a beautiful portrait, in oil, of an absent daughter. One of the sons—a lad just entering into life—was made happy with a one-dollar note concealed in the inner pocket of a capacious wallet, and marked, "To be returned, with 100,000 dollars interest, in twenty years." A huge box, nearly three feet by two, when opened, only revealed box after box, to the number of at least twenty, when it at last yielded up a tiny locket in a walnut-shell. Even the two wandering Britons were provided for, and we carried off a medal apiece that had been struck in honour of an ancestor of the distinguished family whose guests we were, and sundry little waxen ornaments of typical design. The supper introduced a dish which is absolutely universal in the three kingdoms, and one to which no amount of use would ever reconcile a British nose or stomach, but which, unfortunately, is *de rigueur* on Christmas Eve, Ash Wednesday, Good Friday, and some other occasions. It is called "lude fish," and consists of fish treated with soda and potash, and afterwards boiled till it is reduced to the condition of a very odoriferous jelly or pulp. Unfortunately, every notable housewife takes particular pride in the preparation of this abomination, and the honour of sitting next to her and doing expected justice to this dish is by no means to be coveted.

Winter, too, brings out the sledges, with their exhilarating, noiseless motion, musical bells, and warm wraps, and the kindly snow lays a beautiful, even, swansdown-carpeted road where in summer locomotion would be impossible. Thus friends at a distance, almost insurmountable at other seasons of the year, are brought within visiting possibility, and the kindly winter hospitalities have a memory to be renewed at its next recurrence. Besides the horse-sledges, porters drag their loads, and tiny mules pull their still tinier charges, along in hand-barrows, and boy-sledges are carried up any little incline, where their child-riders mount and come down with a rush rapid as lightning.

There is not much skating, except in the large towns, where places are kept clear at considerable expense, as in the country the snow is far too deep to be cut by the knife edges of the skate. Here, however, the snow-shoe comes into play—not a boat-like frame, covered with coarse string netting, as used in Canada, but a long board, pointed at the end, being little broader than the foot, but about seven feet long, with a thong loop in the middle to receive the toe. The Laps are the greatest proficients in the use of these implements, and get up and down any hills, keeping their way with frequent prods from an iron-spiked staff, an object of considerable envy and admiration to the tyro who continually finds his foot slipping out of the thong and sinking over the ankle in the snow at the side. Some of these shoes have reindeer skin on the soles, with the hair pointing backwards, which gives a sufficient amount of catch in the snow to enable the wearer to ascend a moderate incline without slipping back. Even the most skilful performers are liable to accidents from unseen bushes almost concealed by the snow, and when the point gets caught in one of those in a rapid descent, a breakage of the shoe itself is almost inevitable, and that of the leg far from improbable.

Marriages, though celebrated with less formality than in many other countries, have their special peculiarities in Scandinavia. The most remarkable of these is the use of the bridal crown. This ornament is a possession in some wealthy families, but is more commonly the property of the parish, lent to the deserving candidates for matrimony when required. It is made of the quaint old mock silver work, and frequently entirely or partly gilt. Those brides only whose conduct has been without reproach are allowed to wear it, and in a country where great poverty abounds and long engagements are the rule, crownless brides are lamentably frequent. In the north of Norway the crown is almost unknown, and the brides are generally content with such decoration as ribbons and flowers will afford—generally applied by the tasteful hands of the ladies of the minister's family. The religious ceremony is short and simple, and the day is wound up with a feast in the house of the friends of bride or bridegroom, as distance from the church or other circumstances may render more convenient. These entertainments were formerly often the scenes of fights, but since the judicious restrictions on the sale of spirits by the governments, they have become far less frequent. These encounters seldom led to serious injury, though the whole thing is a relic of savagery.

Presents, of course, form an ingredient in a wedding here as everywhere else, but the useful is decidedly more in favour than the ornamental—wardrobes, clothes-presses, bedsteads, and other very substantial articles forming the staple, and being conveyed home to the intended residence of the happy couple with the escort of numerous friends, and sometimes a band of music.

The dinners in a Norwegian interior are apt to

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shock a polite Briton, as, not to mention eating with knives, which is all but universal, servants are seldom admitted during meals, their duty being over when they have brought the dishes into the room, and the younger ladies wait upon everybody. The ladies are also generally separated from the men, as in the congregations of some churches. The first impulse is to rise and offer to assist the ladies in their spiriting, but a short time accustoms one to the practice; and the natives defend it vigorously, on the ground of conversation being so much more unrestrained when servants are excluded from the room, and there is no fear of the scandal of the dining-room being retailed with additions below-stairs.

After dinner every one present shakes hands with the host and hostess, saying, "Tak for matten" (Thanks for food). This custom is dying out in towns, but still obtains in the country, and is even used when the guests are paying for their board. In some parts of Denmark everybody present shakes hands with everyone else before the feast, and says, "Welcome."

Many national salutations appear sufficiently unmeaning, as the French, "Merci pour la prochaine fois," or our own "Better luck next time," but to thank a man for his past kindness to you, whom you have never seen before, or from whom you have received no attention whatsoever, has been reserved for the Norwegians, whose almost invariable first greeting is, "Tak for sidsh" (Thanks for last time). Many of the more salient peculiarities of Scandinavian manners are rapidly passing away.

Varieties.

VANILLA TREE.—Mr. E. B. Ede, writing from Paris, says that the Avenue d'Essling was this summer a mass of purple bloom, quite eclipsing the chestnuts of other avenues, and recommends the vanilla for squares or streets in London, being hardy as well as handsome, as well as of rapid growth.

PURCHASE OF PUBLIC OFFICES IN CHINA.—In the beginning of the present year all China was startled by the publication of the following edict from the throne:—"The constant expenditure of money, which went on so long as military operations were necessary, left us but one alternative—the sale of office. Among those who purchased office there were some who were competent and able in the public service, but there were others who were either rogues or fools, and the services have been disgraced by them. At first the agencies did their best to contribute to the revenues of the State, but as time went on the moneys were misapplied, and not only was the honest administration of the country rendered impossible, but as a source of revenue the system broke down. In the interests of pure government it must be abolished. We therefore command the Board of Revenue to ascertain what amount is annually received under this head by the metropolis and the provinces, to inquire into the manner these sums are expended, and substitute some other method of raising the money. Let the Board at the same time report to our officers throughout the Empire the abolition of the purchase system."

GREAT STORM IN AMERICA.—The American papers gave full accounts of a great storm which visited the New England States on the 16th July. We extract the following:—

"Boston, July 17.—The havoc by yesterday's storm and tornado was almost unprecedented. The pilots say that no such storm has occurred for more than twenty years, and the signal-service people say that no storm of equal violence has occurred since the establishment of the office. The fatalities have been many, and the damage to property immense. It travelled through the length of the State at the average rate of at least seventy miles an hour. In its course down from the Berkshire Hills to the sea-coast it took several swinging curves, and the whole breadth of New England, in varying degree, was included in its sweep. In the rural regions its path is marked by ruined crops, torn and twisted fruit and shade trees; in the towns and cities by demolished houses, shattered chimneys, broken church-steeples, mangled roofs, and broken glass; and along the coast by the wrecks of yachts and other small craft, and shattered summer-houses and buildings. The greatest loss of life was on the water. The story of the loss of the yacht Myrtle, of the Bunker Hill Yacht Club, with an entire family, only one, the father, being saved, was supposed to be the most melancholy loss, but several other casualties as sad have since been reported.

"Pittsfield, Mass., July 17.—The money loss occasioned by yesterday's storm will be as great as was estimated, but in shade and fruit trees demolished, buildings shaken, fences levelled, shrubbery destroyed, and other similar harm done, money can hardly be a compensation.

"Northampton, Mass., July 17.—The town is almost despoiled of its beautiful shade trees, mostly large elms, for which it is noted, there being some fifteen uprooted on Elm Street alone. The horse cars to Florence cannot run for some days, there being many great trees across the track."

QUEEN'S PRIZE AT WIMBLEDON.—In 1860, the date of the first contest, it was won by Edward Ross with 24 out of a possible 60 points, the weapon used being the Whitworth, which was adopted till 1865. Such a score in these days would be nowhere. In 1861 Jopling, of the South Middlesex, took the medal and £250 for 18 out of 42; in 1862 Pixley was victorious with 44 out of 84; in 1863 Roberts, of Shropshire, won with 65, which was a considerable increase on the previous year's performance; in 1864 it was won by Wyatt, London Rifle Brigade, with 60; in 1865 by Sharman, of York, with 64; in 1866 by Cameron, of Inverness, with 69; in 1867 by Lane, of Bristol, with 57; in 1868 by Carslake, of Somerset, with 65; in 1869 by Cameron, of Inverness, with 71; and in 1870 by Humphries, 6th Surrey, with 66. In 1871 the Government Martini-Henry was for the first time introduced into the contest, but the result was not very gratifying, 66 points only being made by Humphry, of Cambridge University; in 1872 Michie, London Scottish, made only 65; in 1873 Menzies, Queen's Edinburgh, made six less. In 1874 the value of points was increased, and Atkinson, 1st Durham, made 64 out of a possible 105; in 1875 Pearson, Devon, made 73; in 1876 Sergeant Pullman, South Middlesex, made; 74 in 1877 Private Jamieson, 15th Lanarkshire, made 70; and last year Rae, of Stirling, outdistanced all previous competitors by recording 78. Corporal Taylor, who belongs to the St. Helen's corps, became winner for this year of the Blue Riband of rifle shooting, with a higher aggregate than has ever been made in the Queen's competition.

THE BLACK MILDEW OF WALLS.—*Apropos* of an observation by Professor Paley regarding the cause of the blackness of St. Paul's, which he attributed mainly to the growth of a lichen, Professor Leidy recently stated to the Philadelphia Academy that his attention was called a number of years ago to a similar black appearance on the brick walls and granite work of houses in narrow, shaded streets, especially in the vicinity of the Delaware river. Noticing a similar blackness on the bricks above the windows of a brewery, from which there was a constant escape of watery vapour, in a more central portion of the city, he was led to suspect it was of vegetable nature. On examination, the black mildew proved to be an alga, closely allied to what he supposed to be the *Protococcus viridis*, which gives the bright green colour to the trunks of trees, fences, and walls, mostly on the more shaded and northern side, everywhere in that neighbourhood. Professor Leidy thinks it may be the same plant in a different state, but, until proved to be so, he proposes to distinguish it by the name of *Protococcus lugubris*. It consists of minute round or oval cells, isolated or in pairs, or in groups of four, the result of division; or it occurs in short, irregular chains of four or more cells up to a dozen, occasionally with a lateral offset of two or more cells. The cells by transmitted light seem of a brownish or olive-brownish hue. In mass, the alga appears to the naked eye as an intensely black powder.

SABLE ISLAND.—This island, where the steamer State of Virginia went ashore in July during a dense fog, is a small island in the Atlantic Ocean, lying directly in the track of vessels sailing between the northern ports of America and Europe, ninety miles south-east of Nova Scotia. It is in latitude 43 59 north, and longitude 59 47 west. It is low and sandy, about twenty-five miles in length and one and a quarter in breadth, and has been the scene of many and melancholy shipwrecks. A company of men, furnished with provisions and other necessaries for the purpose of relieving shipwrecked mariners, is supported on the island by the Government at an annual expense of 4,000 dollars. The island is covered with grass and wild peas, sustaining by its spontaneous production about 500 horses and many cattle. There are successful fisheries in its vicinity.

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PREPARING FOR CHRISTMAS. A SCENE ON THE HARZ MOUNTAINS.

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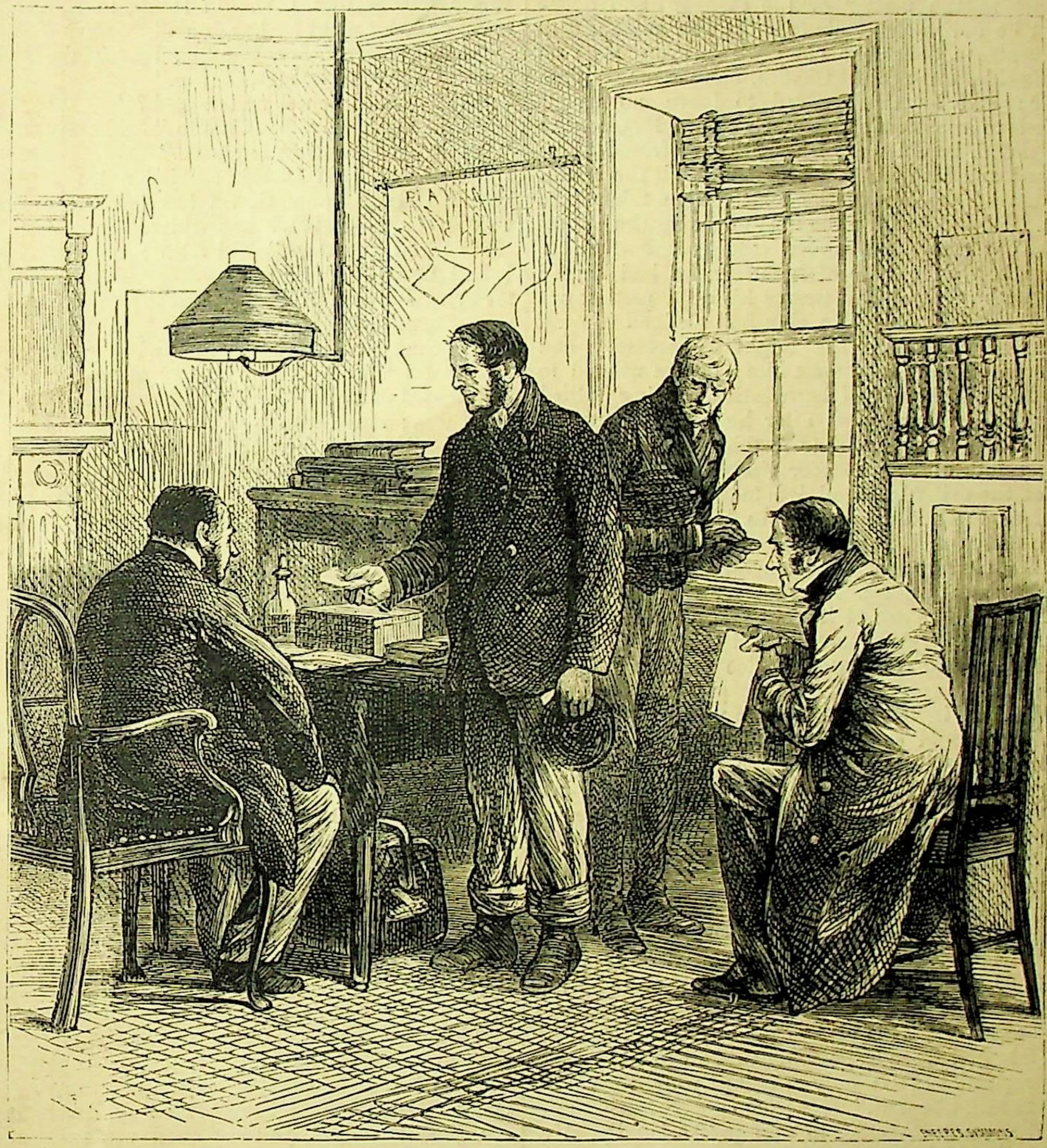
THE LEISURE HOUR.

BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,
AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND.—*Cowper.*



"PAY ME IN CASH," SAID MR. CHAFFIN, "AND I MAY PERHAPS AGREE TO IT."

STRAIGHT TO THE MARK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BOY AND MAN," "LOMBARDY COURT," ETC.

CHAPTER XLV.—A COMPROMISE.

He told him forth the good red gold,
He told it forth with muckle din;
"The gold is thine, the land is mine,
And now I'm again the Lord of Linne."
—*Old Ballad.*

MR. STRAFFORD had many consultations with his solicitor, Mr. Trimmer, before they could come to a decision as to the steps which should be taken "*re* Dean and Chaffin." The only thing that Mr. Trimmer seemed to be sure about was that the case was "worth trying." The issue, to be sure, would be very doubtful; it would depend upon the view taken of the testator's intention. Unfortunately the will was not very carefully worded; it had been modelled upon a previous will of the testator's father, and had not been drawn up by a professional man. It was such a pity, Mr. Trimmer said, that people would make their own wills. Mr. Chaffin would no

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doubt spare no cost to maintain what he conceived to be his rights; but it need not be a very expensive affair; if Mr. Strafford were willing to go on with it, Mr. Trimmer would do his best to carry him through; and he could only say, as he had said before, that it was worth trying.

Mr. Strafford was not afraid of the expense. Tom had begged him to do what he could for Mr. Dean, and had told him of his own encounter with young Chaffin, to which possibly the contractor's oppressive conduct in the matter of the shipyard and house might be indirectly attributed. It was sufficient, at all events, to enlist the old squire's sympathies on Dean's side, and against Chaffin, more strongly than before; and he was resolved to leave no means untried to see Tom's friend righted. But, on the other hand, he did not wish for Tom's friend to be exposed, and his failings proclaimed to all the world, as must be the case if the matter were taken into court. He did not like the idea of seeing the honest shipwright compelled, under cross-examination, to confess how, in a state of inebriety, he had signed away his birthright, and turned his aged mother out of house and home. The man had pledged himself to shrink from nothing that might be necessary, and he knew that he could trust him; but he wanted to spare him the shame and degradation of being bullied by counsel in open court after he had repented so bitterly of his fault, and had fortified himself by total and resolute abstinence ever since against a repetition of the evil which had led to it. He proposed, therefore, to make an appeal to Mr. Chaffin, in the first instance, and to see whether the business could not be settled by an amicable arrangement.

Mr. Trimmer did not expect for a moment that anything could come of it; but said of this also that it was "worth trying," and agreed to accompany Mr. Strafford to the contractor's office to make the experiment.

"We had better have Dean up, in order that if anything should come of it, we may strike while the iron is hot," said the lawyer. "Nothing like fixing a man when you have got him. I don't think we shall catch Mr. Chaffin; but Dean must come up and be at hand."

Dean was sent for accordingly, and went with Mr. Strafford and the solicitor to wait on Mr. Chaffin by appointment. He seemed surprised when Mr. Trimmer, who had sent in his own name only, introduced his clients.

"If I had known," he said, "what was to be the nature of your business, I would have referred you to my solicitor. It is useless for us to go into it. I have told Mr. Dean repeatedly that I can't entertain his proposal. It is only wasting your time and mine to talk about it."

"We are not come to you professionally, Mr. Chaffin," said Trimmer. "I have a strong opinion of my own, of course, as to the merits of the case, but I do not intend to trouble you with that. We want to avoid trouble and expense and legal proceedings."

"I am not particular about the expense," said Chaffin, "and the law is on my side."

"It is impossible to say on which side the law is until the case has been tried, and I am quite of opinion that it is worth trying. I shall not tell you what I think about it, but your conveyance, I feel sure, will not hold water. A Court of Chancery would set it aside; but I shall say nothing about that. Mrs. Dean, the widow, has a lien upon the property, as the will clearly shows; but I won't refer to that. You would lose your purchase and your money too if you were to go into court; but that I won't touch upon. Our object is, as I said before, to come to a friendly understanding."

"You mean to say, then," said Chaffin, "that your client here has sold me what was not his to sell?"

"Inadvertently, my dear sir; inadvertently."

"A man who sells what does not belong to him would hardly like, I should think, to stand up in court and say what he has done."

"Inadvertently, Mr. Chaffin; by mistake and for want of a proper understanding."

"Why could he not understand?"

"You know why, Mr. Chaffin," said Dean, stoutly; "you know as well as any man."

"I don't," said Chaffin; "it's not my place to know. I only know that I have your conveyances written down—in black and white."

"I'll tell you then," said Dean; "I was fuddled. I had been drinking week after week, more shame for me. I was half intoxicated when I signed the agreement."

"Is that your plea? Is that what you are going into court with? I don't envy you. I never was intoxicated in my life, and should not like any one to say I was; much less to publish it in court, with my own lips."

"That is not our plea," said Mr. Trimmer, interrupting his client, who was about to reply; "but if it were, I assure you we should not shrink from the consequences."

"No," said Dean, firmly.

"But it is not our plea. Our plea is that Dean had no power to sell this property."

"If a man sells what is not his own, he must take the consequences. What do they call such fellows at the Old Bailey?"

"And what do they call a man who buys under such circumstances, knowing all about it?" Dean interrupted.

"Never mind that," said the contractor. "I am all right. I am not afraid about myself; but you would cut a poor figure in a court of justice."

"I know it," said Dean; "but I mean to stand there all the same. I shall tell the truth word for word, from beginning to end; yes sir, I will if I never look an honest man in the face again."

"There is no accounting for tastes," said Chaffin; "but what is the object of all this? I am busy; always am; I can't spare time for idle talk."

"We want you to take a friendly view of the case," said Mr. Trimmer; "to make a compromise."

"I wish I had never seen the property," said Chaffin; "but now I have got it I shall keep it."

"It will never do you any good, you may be sure," said Trimmer; "it was a bad investment."

Mr. Trimmer had never seen it, but he thought he could not do any harm in saying this; he might have remembered that neither was it likely to do any good.

"But you see," he continued, "my client has a romantic attachment to the place. You gain nothing, Mr. Chaffin, by keeping it; while he loses everything. Cancel the sale, my dear sir, and save all further trouble."

"What do you mean by 'cancelling'?"

"Take the money back, and give him the property."

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Mr. Chaffin made difficulties, but he did not repudiate the idea as strongly as it had been feared he would do. To tell the truth, he had lost confidence in the Sandy Frith Company, and would not have been sorry to put an end to his connection with it altogether.

"Where's the money to come from," he asked, "if I were willing?"

Dean had brought it with him, and, to Mr. Chaffin's surprise, took a roll of bank-notes from his pocket. He would pay in cash, he said, all that he had received in cash. The greater part of the purchase money had been given him in bonds of the company; these also he had with him, and would return.

"I thought so," said Chaffin. "Those bonds were worth something when I handed them to you. Nobody knows what their value is now. I don't want them, at any rate; I have too many already. Pay me in cash, and I may, perhaps, agree to it."

"I can't," said Dean; "not till I have sold the bonds, at all events. You persuaded me to take them, Mr. Chaffin; you said they were of more value than Bank of England notes."

"So they were at that time. But what is the use of talking? Give me cash, and I'll settle with you now, this minute. There's the conveyance," he said, taking it from a tin box and throwing it upon the table. "Give me the full amount in cash, and you may do what you like with it."

To his great surprise, Mr. Strafford, who had remained in the background hitherto, stepped forward, and taking up the paper, put it in his pocket, and then drawing forth a packet of bank-notes, with which he had come provided, placed the money on the table, and bade Mr. Chaffin count it.

"I'll buy your shares," he said to Dean; "you can transfer them to me. I'll give you par for them."

Mr. Trimmer was very much shocked at the summary way in which the business had been settled. It would not do at all, he said; there must be a proper deed, with stamps, and all duly executed. Conveyances could not be made and unmade in that summary manner. He would see that everything was properly done; and in the meantime the money should not have been paid; a deposit would have been sufficient. Mr. Chaffin also seemed to be rather taken aback. He wanted to know who Mr. Strafford was, and why he had interfered; but upon being satisfied that he had not himself any design upon the property, and that he had only acted out of friendship to Dean, he agreed to let the matter be as arranged. He had made his offer, and it had been accepted in the presence of witnesses, and he could not have retracted if he would. On the whole, he was not sorry to see the money back again, and looked upon Mr. Strafford as the latest instance of an old proverb, which was often upon his own lips, "A fool and his money are soon parted."

Joshua Dean could scarcely believe his good fortune as he left Chaffin's office and followed Mr. Strafford and his solicitor through the streets. His heart was swelling with gratitude, which he longed to express by word of mouth to his benefactor. As soon as they were alone in Mr. Trimmer's room he stepped up to the old squire and said:

"I'll redeem those bonds from you, sir, if you'll give me time. What you have paid for them I'll pay again, sooner or later. I can never pay my debt, though, for your help to-day, and I don't want to. I shall remember it all my life, Mr. Strafford. You have made me an honest man again. Thank God for it. I must thank Him first for putting it into your heart to do it. Thank God, then; and thank you, too, sir. An honest man again I am before the wor-r-ld!"

"Shake hands, then, Dean!" said the squire; and they did so. It was a very hearty grip on both sides. Mr. Strafford's thin old hand shrivelled up in the pressure of the shipbuilder's broad palm, and he could not help wincing; but he did not complain.

CHAPTER XLVI.—A STORMY MEETING.

Fortune . . . . turn thy wheel!—*Shakespeare.*

The meeting of the Sandy Frith Improvement and Investment Society, Limited, to which Louis Darville and many other shareholders were looking forward with anxiety, was called, as it happened, for the day following that on which Mr. Strafford concluded his bargain with Chaffin in the summary and unprofessional manner described in our last chapter. It was held in a large new room or hall, built upon the site of what had once been known as Walebone's. Walebone had been, it was supposed, the original proprietor of the coffee-house called after his name, but that was not in the recollection of any of those who frequented the new building. Speculation had assumed a wider range, bolder proportions, and a more elastic form altogether since the days of Walebone, and a coffee-house, however spacious, was quite inadequate to receive a body of shareholders, or to represent the interests concerned. Walebone's had been purchased, therefore, by a company, formed for the purpose, and a palatial edifice was rising in its place under the auspices of Mr. Chaffin. The great hall was at the back of the premises, with committee rooms adjoining, and could only be approached through a narrow passage, protected by hoarding overhead, the frontage, with its range of chambers and offices, being yet unfinished.

In one of these committee-rooms a meeting of directors is being held preliminary to the meeting of shareholders. Mr. Header, the chairman, Mr. Stride, the secretary, Mr. Oakenshore, Mr. Glim, and others are in attendance, looking nervous and out of sorts, for they have not a good report to give, and they want to make a further call, which they know very well will not be agreeable to the shareholders. It has to be done, however, or the company must bring its operations to an end. They are used to this sort of thing, most of them being directors of two or three other companies. They are so described in the prospectuses, as if that were a great recommendation and an inducement to the public to trust them. Their hands being so full of business, they must, of course, know what business is. Having a million or two of public money to look after already, they must be the better able to look after the subscriptions invited to a new company. Of course, the several companies with whose concerns these gentlemen are credited are supposed to be in a flourishing state, or they would not be paraded in the advertisements. There may be others in the background in which they have a hand which have not done justice to the skill and care of their promoters, but these, of course, are equally not mentioned.

There is a great deal of excitement among the directors, as their number is increased from time to time by fresh arrivals, and they walk about the committee-room talking and gesticulating to each other,

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"How is it," Mr. Oakenshore asks, "that water is to be had in abundance upon that particular little bit of freehold which Mr. Chaffin has managed to purchase, and nowhere else on the whole estate?"

"How is it," Mr. Oram inquires, "that Mr. Chaffin was allowed to become the owner of that property, which undoubtedly ought to have been secured to the company?"

"How does it happen," Mr. Glim wants to know, "that the question of water-supply was not inquired into before the company expended so much money upon the estate?"

Everybody wants to know something, and nobody seems to be able or inclined to gratify the general curiosity. Everybody can ask questions, and nobody can answer them. They do not know how it is, or why it is, or where it is, or what will be the end of it. One thing they all know, and that is that there are some long bills to pay and no money to pay them with. There are plenty of shares which might be issued, but the public will not take them up; and they have extensive "borrowing powers," which is rather a misnomer in the present instance, because they are not able to make anybody lend, and two parties at least are necessary for a loan or a quarrel. The chairman at length takes his place at the head of a long table, and the directors draw their heavy, well-stuffed chairs to the board and wait to hear what he is going to say. There is a liberal supply of paper —foolscap chiefly—placed before each chair, with foolscap envelopes to match; substantial ink-glasses, goose-quills of the largest "barrels," heavy ivory paper-knives, sealing-wax, red tape, everything in fact that it can be convenient for a director to use or for a stationer to supply, and everything of the most respectable kind; everything sound and substantial —more so, a great deal, than the company by and for whom they are provided.

The chairman commenced proceedings with some formalities essential to the occasion, and the secretary was invited to run over the heads of the report, which was to be read at full length to the meeting.

"I want to know," cried Mr. Oakenshore before many sentences had been read—

"Order, gentlemen; order!"

"I wish to be informed," cried Mr. Oram—

"Order, gentlemen; order!"

"I beg to suggest," said Mr. Glim—

"One at a time, gentlemen, if you please; and if you will allow our secretary to give you the heads of the report before offering any remarks it will be much more satisfactory."

They waited with evident impatience while Mr. Stride went on, but the result was not such as the chairman had predicted. Instead of being more satisfactory it seemed to be less so; and when at the conclusion the necessity of a further call was announced, there was a general expression of dissent. All their talking, however, came to nothing. The hour arrived at length at which they must appear in the great hall and give account of their doings before the shareholders, and with a general conviction that they must make the best of it, the chairman led the way, and the other directors followed him.

It was not a large meeting; but in noise and excitement it made up for what was wanting in numbers. All went well until the report was nearly concluded. Several "oh's" were heard as it went on, and many grunts and other signals of discontent; and as soon as the concluding words, in which the necessity for a further call was announced, had been uttered, a storm of questions and remarks arose, as in the committee-room, two or three or more indignant shareholders speaking at the same moment.

"It's all going out and no coming in," cried one.

"There's no end to it," said another; "it's like pouring water into a sieve."

"Only there is no water to pour," a third rejoined.

"We had better go into liquidation at once," said a shareholder who had not a heavy stake in the company.

"Liquidation!" cried another, who probably had less. "Where's the 'liquid' to come from?" (A laugh.)

"Gentlemen, if you please!" cried the chairman, in a voice at once reproachful and pathetic.

At length a speaker, in whom the shareholders seemed to have some confidence, got upon his legs and begged to be allowed to move a resolution. The meeting was silent, and listened to him with only a few interruptions while he placed before them three alternatives, which, as he said, were the only practical methods open to them; either to make a fresh call (No, no, no), or to wind up the company (Shame, shame), or to begin *de novo*, with an entirely new directorate and a new issue of shares. The last proposition met with as little favour as the two former.

"It was a pity they had ever begun at all," was said on every side; "and as for new shares, nobody would be found to take them up at any price. A call would be useless; nobody would answer it; and as for liquidation, it would be soon enough when forced upon them."

Another speaker then rose and counselled patience. "The scheme had all the elements of success," he said—

A voice—"All the elements except water!"

"He still hoped it would turn out well—"

Another voice—"A well without water!"

"His hopes were not to be damped—"

A third voice—"No fear of that."

"Chair, chair!" from two or three quarters at once.

"Really, gentlemen, really—" from the chairman.

"Order, order, order!" from all sides, and a general disturbance at the same time.

At this crisis, a stout, burly-looking man appeared upon the platform.

"Chaffin, Chaffin!" was now the cry; "silence! let's hear what Chaffin has to say."

There was a lull at once; not a calm exactly, but as when a cloud lowers over the deep before a storm breaks forth. Chaffin pushed his way to the front, regardless of the mingled cheers and groans with which his first appearance had been greeted. He was evidently prepared to address the meeting, and the meeting had at last found some one who could, they hoped, tell them something.

Mr. Chaffin "had already made his report," he said; "but he was there to answer questions, if they had any to ask. He did not want any more money from them—(hear, hear!)—unless they were willing to trust him with it. (No, no.) They had a fine property, and a valuable property, whatever they might think about it; but it was not necessary to spend any more money upon it—(hear, hear!)—unless they liked. (No, no.) He had been charged with

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disregarding the company's interests, and taking care of his own—(hear, hear!)—but he could hurl that reproach back at his accusers. (No, no.)"

A voice—"How about the shipyard?"

"He was coming to that. They had been quite mistaken about the value of that property; it was not a desirable purchase for anybody, and the company was better without it."

A voice—"That's why you keep it to yourself, then?"

"Hear, hear, hear!" and "Shame!" from many quarters.

Mr. Chaffin waited, with a look of injured innocence, till they were again silent, and then went on.

"They would be surprised to hear it," he said, "but he had washed his hands of that business altogether. If the company wanted the property they might have it—for him. They could go and treat for it as soon as they liked. He had cancelled the purchase; he had gained nothing by it—not a penny. Dean's house and shipyard was Dean's house and shipyard still. He hoped now that he had heard the last of that matter."

Sensation, hesitation, confusion, and at length applause!

"He would serve the company regardless of his own interests, or not at all," he went on. "No man should again reproach him for seeking his own advantage; though he supposed he had a right to take care of himself, as well as other people. He had another piece of news for them. The company's shares were rising in value. Parties had been seen at Sandy Frith who knew what was what, and they had come up to London to do something. Only yesterday shares had changed hands in his office. Not his own shares; no, he did not mean to part with any of his; but a large purchase had been made by a capitalist, who had been to Sandy Frith to look at it."

"What price?"

"A fair price; he would not say a particularly good price, but a fair price, considering that lately there had been no market."

"Name! Name!"

"He was not sure whether, in the interests of the company, he ought to state particulars on that platform."

"Oh! oh!" and ironical cheers.

"The chairman should decide."

Mr. Chaffin dotted down a few figures and gave them to the chairman, who almost sprang out of his seat as soon as he had read them, and stood, with looks of amazement and delight, waiting to address the meeting.

"Name! name! What's the quotation? What's the figure?" from many voices.

"Par," said the chairman. "Par," he repeated, in the midst of a dead silence; "a large transfer at par."

There was a burst of cheering. One or two of the knowing ones looked at each other, suspecting that the whole affair was a ruse to pacify the meeting and to promote another "call;" but the more the transaction was inquired into the more it was seen to be genuine.

"Who is the buyer?" some one asked.

"Hear, hear! who is the buyer?" was repeated by many anxious voices.

Mr. Chaffin would be happy to give the name of the buyer privately, after the meeting, to any *bonâ fide* shareholder who wanted to do business. There would be a great demand for shares soon, he expected, at par, or perhaps above it. Mr. Chaffin did not see why gentlemen should be surprised at such a quotation. They had been offering their shares at a discount, and had brought them by that means into discredit. He meant to hold his own, he could tell them; he should not sell his own at par. He was convinced they would soon be at a premium. If anybody wanted to sell, let them insist upon having full value for their bonds, and they would be sure to get it, sooner or later.

"Hear, hear, hear!" from many voices.

"I wish they *may* get it," from one of the knowing ones.

Before Mr. Chaffin, who, with the air of a virtuous and honourable man, had made his bow to the meeting, could sit down, a messenger appeared upon the platform making his way to the secretary. He handed a telegram to the latter, who, as soon as he had read it, handed it in an excited and hilarious manner to the chairman. Mr. Header read it hastily, and again rose to his feet with a bound, holding up his hand as if he were waving a hat to invite attention.

"Gentlemen!" he exclaimed.

"Silence! silence!" from many voices, which continued to shout long after other sounds were hushed.

"Gentlemen, our hopes are realised. The boring is successful; there is no longer any doubt that an ample supply of pure, good, wholesome, and delicious water is to be had at Sandy Frith."

This announcement was received with immense enthusiasm. The knowing ones could understand now how it was that capitalists who had been at Sandy Frith were anxious to buy up shares; of course they had seen how matters stood, and knew that water was being approached. Shareholders, who had been ready almost to throw their bonds behind the fire, now buttoned up their coats tightly, as if afraid of having their pockets picked. It was a long time before silence could be restored. One or two resolutions were then passed expressive of confidence in the directors; votes of thanks, compliments, and congratulations were exchanged; the important call was voted without difficulty; and then the meeting broke up into little knots, which made their way out of the room chattering and laughing, and in a state of high good humour.

Louis Darville, standing near the door, scarcely able yet to believe his senses, and fearing lest the good news should presently be qualified or contradicted, and the hope which had sprung up in his heart be dashed to the ground, could overhear what the elated shareholders were saying to one another as they passed him.

"I shall hold on," said one.

"I won't sell a bond," said another.

"I would rather buy more," said a third. "I always said it would turn out well. Fortunes will be made at Sandy Frith, and quickly, too. If any of you gentlemen want to realise, let me know."

Louis laid his hand upon the last speaker's arm. He knew him slightly. They withdrew together to a convenient spot, and there in a few minutes an offer was made him for his bonds and he accepted it. "It was a speculation," the other man said. "Nobody could tell yet what they would be worth—any-

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thing or nothing—but he was in a speculating humour and would buy."

"I am not," said Louis, devoutly hoping that he should never be in such a humour again. "I want money. I am pressed for it, and will therefore sell."

So they came to terms. Louis Darville went out into the street a new man. Like Joshua Dean a day or two before, his heart was so light that he scarcely felt the pavement as he trod upon it. A great load was taken from him; he hardly knew how heavily he had been oppressed and burthened by it till it was removed; he could scarcely believe now that it was really gone. He could now square everything, take up his bills, and balance his accounts at the office. Even that had been beyond his power of late, and he had lived in fear of being detected and exposed as a defaulter. Never again would he speculate, never again hasten to be rich; above all, never, never more would he touch money that was not all his own. His bosom heaved as he walked along, and he turned his face to the wall, looking in, with eyes that could see nothing, at a shop-window, to hide his emotion from the passers-by, and then, calling a cab, for his head swam and he felt scarcely able to walk, drove to the counting-house.

LEGAL ANECDOTES.

VII.—JUDGES' LODGINGS, AND A JUDICIAL GHOST STORY.

IN every assize town of England and Wales there is a building which, though quiet and seemingly unimportant during the rest of the year, becomes a place of great interest, especially to the inhabitants of its locality, during the "Gaol Delivery" of the county in which it is situate. This building is called the "Judges' Lodgings," a title, by-the-by, which but poorly expresses the size and grandeur of many of the abodes to which it is attached, which are intended —and properly—to supply the comforts and accommodation of the homes of the high ministers of justice which have to be vacated during circuit life. These "Judges' Lodgings" may be divided into three classes. There are, first, edifices which have been built for many years—or even centuries—which are reserved especially for the accommodation of the sovereign's representatives at assize times; secondly, the residences of private individuals, whose owners quit them—for a tangible consideration—during the necessary period; and, thirdly, more or less beautiful suites of apartments, attached to the courts themselves, provided and furnished by the liberality of their respective counties.

The "Judges' Lodgings" of the last class have most of them sprung up in recent times, and the magnificent Palace of Justice at Manchester, and the smaller but still more beautiful building at Taunton, are admirable specimens of this class. The second description—the private houses—though frequently spacious and comfortable, are least appreciated, especially in the Principality, although far superior to what such places must have been in times gone by. In a small Welsh guide in our possession, under date of 1734, we find a presentment made by the Grand Jury of Beaumaris, that the "Judges' Lodgings" of that town "ought to be improved," and the curious facts are stated that such lodgings are so "poore and straight, that the judge eateth and sleepeth in rooms with earth floors, where fowls and other unseemly things do congregate, and noteth his arrival in the town by a flag fixed to a prop, which is pushed up through the chimney of the house." In the MS. journal of Justice Rokeby, of the time of William III, many similar complaints are made of the state of the English lodgings in which that learned judge was installed during his circuit, the upper rooms of drapers' and bakers' houses being frequently the only places reserved for himself and officers.

The first order of lodgings are by far the noblest with which we are acquainted, and from their antiquity and grandeur, as well as from their many historical associations, possess the greatest claim upon our attention.

Of these edifices, the most remarkable are the "Judges' Lodgings" at Durham, which consist, and have for ages consisted, of the state apartments of the castle of the palatine bishops of that wonderful old city, a building dating from 1072, when it was erected by William the Conqueror, and of which many parts remain quite unaltered. For many hundred years the bishop himself, who was also Count Palatine of Durham, possessed of royal power, remained in the castle with the judges, as their host, and sat daily at their right-hand side upon the bench in court, and at times, by virtue of his sovereign power, remitted the sentence upon malefactors—even when a capital one—when just pronounced by the justices! This sovereign power, however, was removed during the present century by a statute of William IV, and the bishops of later date have fixed their abode at Bishops Auckland, leaving the judges of assize alone to inhabit their feudal dwelling in solitary grandeur, surrounded by memorials of the past—tapestried hangings, ancient portraits, the coffin of St. Cuthbert lying at their kitchen door, and gloomy ghostly passages, covered with rush matting, leading to their still more gloomy and ghostly bed-chambers.

Winchester boasts also of an ancient "Judges' Lodgings" of this sort, although far more modern than that of Durham. It is a large and handsome red-brick building, constructed by Charles II as a residence for Louise de Queronaille, his fair and frail French beauty, sent over by Louis XIV, and whom he chose to have living near him while he was building in the old Saxon city his new "Palace of Winton," abandoned by his successors, and now in its unfinished state converted into one of the finest barracks in the kingdom.

Somewhat uninteresting in its external appearance and internal economy, the Winchester Lodging is wonderfully suggestive of the dissimilar purposes to which an ancient dwelling may be appropriated. At first the abode of such scenes of gaiety, frivolity, and licentiousness as the reign of "the Merry Monarch" could alone tolerate, it became at his death the dwelling of the judges of assize, and doubtless witnessed the orgies of Jefferys and other judicial fiends employed by James II. Almost in our own times within its walls occurred the solemn business described by the late Baron Alderton, when sent down as a Special Commissioner to try the agricultural rioters in Hampshire: "We met after dinner in the large lower room of the old lodgings, my two brother judges and myself, with the duke (the late Iron Duke) at the head of the table, and went through the list of the poor wretches we had sentenced to death during the assize. We deliberated long and carefully over the merits of each case, and

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the degree of each culprit's guilt, putting our initials against the names of those recommended to the royal mercy, and leaving the rest for execution. A solemn and awful work," concludes the good baron; one, however, which contrasts well with the careless and hasty ferocity of their predecessor Jefferys, who, at a former assize in this same city, condemned to be burnt alive on the afternoon of her trial the saintly Alice Lisle.

Lancaster has a fine old "Judges' Lodgings," a cold grey stone building, which has for 200 years kept watch over the neighbourhood below. For many years after it was built the County Palatine of Lancaster had known no assize divisions of Salford and West Derby, with Manchester and Liverpool as their seats of justice, and Lancaster itself was the circuit town for the whole county, with a cause list of frequently 300 causes, beside some 150 or 200 prisoners to be tried! The old lodgings were for three weeks or more a scene of business as well as festivity at other periods of the year unknown. Solicitors engaged in the causes to be tried attended by crowds to get summonses disposed of by the judge before the Courts sat in the morning, and were invited as guests to the dinner-table of the judges' clerks in the evening; and a time-honoured member of the judges' official staff, still living, tells us of the "Lord of the Assize" making his appearance during one of these symposia, which had been carried on to an early hour of the morning, in his dressing-gown and slippers, and armed with a riding-whip, threatening with condign punishment the whole of the assembled bacchanalians for disturbing his accustomed rest.

Passing reluctantly over fine old judicial dwellings at Stafford, Leicester, Northampton; and Lincoln, where the judges lodge within the precincts of the ancient castle of John of Gaunt; Bury St. Edmunds, where every summer assize they sojourn in the beautiful old residence of the Marquises of Bristol of former days; and Cambridge, where Trinity College is still obliged to receive them with royal honours, under its Charter of Henry VIII, though successive masters have unsuccessfully attempted to oust them of their dwelling in the "Master's Lodge;"—we come to the quiet and aristocratic city of York, and with the "Judges' *House*," as it is there called, associate the strange incident alluded to in the heading of our short paper.

We do not know the date of the erection of the gloomy red-brick dwelling near "Bootham Bar," where the judges reside upon circuit, but it is of great antiquity, and was built for the accommodation of the "Justices of our lord the King" long before the more modern town of Leeds appropriated the greater part of the legal business of the county. It is, speaking from our own personal experience, one of the most uncomfortable, unaccommodating, and sombre buildings in which it was ever our chance to dwell, and when we add that its domestic arrangements are presided over by one of the kindest and stoutest women in our circle of acquaintance, we have said all we can say in its favour. There is a ghost story, however, connected with it, and as it happens to be the only ghostly reminiscence with which we have ever had any direct connection, we naturally take more interest in relating it.

It was upon a bitterly cold evening in November, 18—, we arrived officially in York; we had had a freezing ride from London, and looked forward with pleasure to our warm sitting and bedroom at the old York lodgings. It was a Winter Assize, and we had no question to ask ourselves as to the comfort of our night's quarters, there being but one judge and his marshal, and all the rest of the dormitories at our disposal, to choose whichever we pleased.

On arriving, we found appropriated to our use a large and decently furnished apartment on the second floor immediately over the bedroom of the circuit judge. It was, we were informed, formerly the senior marshal's bedroom. There was nothing whatever peculiar about the room, except that it seemed rather hastily prepared for an occupant, and strangely enough, as it seemed to us at the time, although we knew the old house well, we had never been shown this particular bedroom; the maid who accompanied us upstairs informed us, however, that the apartment was very seldom used, and was only called into requisition now in consequence of part of the ceiling of the "proper room" having suddenly fallen in.

We thought little of the matter at the time, and after a wash, and luxuriating, as only a chilly individual after a long winter's journey can, before a blazing fire piled half up the chimney, we proceeded downstairs and entered into the discussion of a good dinner, our colleague being our only companion, and then, he having a bad cold, and being extremely averse to conversation under the circumstances, we pitied his condition, and at an early hour we both retired to our respective bedrooms.

Eleven o'clock, and we were snugly in bed, with candle carefully extinguished, and the flickering light of the fire alone illuminating the room. A little later, and we were fast asleep and dreaming of our home and young family far away in the south, all unconscious of assizes in general, and judges' lodgings in particular. Two a.m., and we were wide awake in bed, with heart thumping against the side 150 to the minute, and with a vague and undefinable terror possessing us. The fire was out, the room in black darkness, and the horrible sensation, known doubtless to many of our readers, came across us that there was some one besides ourself in it, near to us, a some one who had just left our bedside, and whose receding feet we heard moving very quietly and yet rapidly towards the door. At the same time a sudden sharp voice sounded apparently from the lower part of the house, a cry of "Henry, Henry," twice repeated, as of some one calling up the staircase. Again we heard the "paddle" of slipperless feet, now in the passage *outside* our room; then descending the staircase; then succeeded a murmuring sound as of two voices talking together, a scuffle, a loud, piercing shriek, and then a heavy stumbling back again upstairs, as of a wounded person feebly ascending: steps along the passage; steps approaching our room; steps *in* our room (though we had up to the time neither heard the door open nor shut); a heavy fall on the floor; and then—we became unconscious.

When we awoke—from sleep or fainting, we know not which—the first streaks of the wintry morning were piercing through our window curtains, an attendant in due time brought our hot water, and from between the sheets (for we had been far too much occupied with our troubled meditations to arise) we bade him enter. He turned the latch in vain, our door was fast locked as we remembered then to have left it the night before!

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Our hostess appeared whilst we were at breakfast, for our colleague was still a sufferer from his cold, and breakfasted in bed, and, with a little tremor in her voice, hoped we had passed a "comfortable night." A moment's hesitation, and we told her all. She heard our ghostly experiences; there was a look of mingled vexation and alarm on her face as she fell into a seat and offered us all the explanation in her power. The room was *haunted*, of that there could be no doubt; it had never been occupied, to her certain knowledge, during the housekeepership of her predecessor or herself, extending over half a century, and the want of repair in the other room spoken of by her maid, together probably with some wish to test the truth of the ghostly tale, had determined her to appropriate it to the use of one of the officers of the present assize.

The tradition was (as she related it to us) that some 150 years before, a strange and sullen old bachelor judge had taken the York Assizes. He was accompanied round circuit by his nephew, who acted as his marshal, a young unmarried orphan gentleman of large expectations, whose immediate heir the old judge was. The judge's butler, sleeping in a room separated only by a thin wooden partition from that of his master, had been awakened in the night by the judge rising and walking in the neighbouring bedroom. He had heard the door open, and the judge's voice calling to his nephew by his Christian name, "Henry," twice; he had also heard a door open above, steps descending the stairs, a struggle, a cry as of one in mortal pain, ascending footsteps, and a return of some one into the adjoining bedroom. In the morning (for the man was too frightened to alarm the household at the time), on attending to valet his lordship, he found him strangely nervous and disturbed, while his marshal, not appearing at the breakfast-table, was sought for in his chamber, and found lying on the floor curled up in death, with a deeply-inflicted knife-wound in his bosom. The matter was attempted to be explained as a case of suicide, and was hushed up with but little inquiry, inquests being rare in those days, and the judge himself being *ex-officio* principal coroner of the county, and taking the inquiry into his own hands; but for many assizes afterwards strange noises and appearances were said to be heard and seen in the fearful old room until it was locked up and disused, and not again occupied until our unfortunate advent to the city.

Such was the story—true or false we know not—told us. The nightly visitation we can vouch for, and what is quite as remarkable is, we had never previously heard a word about the mysterious occurrence until told us the following morning as we have related it.

AUSTRALIAN NOTES.

BY GEORGE BENNETT, M.D., F.L.S., AUTHOR OF "GATHERINGS OF A NATURALIST IN AUSTRALASIA."

IV.—PORT ADELAIDE—MOUNT LOFTY.

I RECEIVED from the Government a free railway pass during my stay in the colony. Among the excursions I made was one to Glenelg, which is distant half an hour by the railway, a small straggling township. The country we passed appeared to consist of good arable land, a large portion of which had been ploughed for grain or other crops for the next season. I walked on the long pier extending out to the sea, built of strong and massive timber, with a lighthouse at the end. It is at this place that the P. and O. Company's mail steamers call and land the mails and passengers for Adelaide. The railway offers great facilities for rapid and cheap transit; the great disadvantage is that in stormy weather communication with the shore is very difficult; as it is, the steamers have to lie a long distance out. The beach was covered with large masses of kelp, which from the quantity might or ought to be utilised for manure or other useful purposes. There are at this place some elegant private mansions, and it is a favourite resort for the citizens of Adelaide who wish to enjoy the sea-breezes during the intense heats of the summer.

Port Adelaide is a deep creek or arm of the sea running out of the Gulf of St. Vincent; it has low land on each side, and is reached by a tortuous channel, through beds of reeds and mangrove swamps; but the Mount Lofty range, a few miles distant, forms a noble background to the view. It has a bar entrance, and is about eight miles in length, but ships of five or six hundred to one thousand tons can pass over the bar. Formerly goods were conveyed from the Port to Adelaide over an excellent road by drays, but the country being level, a railroad was made at comparatively little expense. The Port has now excellent wharves, stores, a town-hall, a custom-house, and broad streets kept in excellent order; the houses are as yet very scattered; but Port Adelaide is evidently increasing its commerce, and a number of steamers and sailing-ships were discharging and taking in cargo when I was there.

I observed in the fishmongers' shops at Adelaide that the Murray river cod was plentiful, and of various sizes. A supply is brought to the town twice every week in carts from the River Murray, where they are caught in abundance, varying in size from eight to fifteen, and even twenty-five pounds weight. They are by most persons preferred when not exceeding nine or ten pounds; the retail price was sixpence the pound. In April, 1875, it was stated in the "Albury Banner" that a Murray cod was caught by a fisherman at Bonegella which turned the scale at 113lb. In the shops were also the small fresh-water lobsters caught in the water holes or fresh-water ponds; they are excellent in curries. I have often seen them caught from the ponds about Yass, where the aborigines call them "Murugonan;" they burrow deep in the mud, but are readily captured by placing a bit of raw meat on a bent pin, when they are easily hauled up.

Another excursion was to the Burra Burra Mine. The country from Adelaide to the Burra (a distance of 100¾ miles) consists of fine arable land, flat and undulating, which terminates in gradual

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SCENE ON THE MURRAY IN FLOOD TIME.

SCENE ON THE MURRAY IN FLOOD TIME.

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sloping hills and ranges of mountains. This forms the great corn country of South Australia, extending for many miles beyond the line of railway. The harvest had not long been reaped; but some of the land was already getting ploughed for the next crop. The distant hills in many places had a very gradual slope, and appeared to consist of a soil capable of cultivation. As far as I could judge, a limestone and conglomerate formation prevailed. Trees were very scarce, and those I observed were Frenella, Casuarina, Acacia, and the Mallee, a small species of Eucalyptus (*E. dumosa*, Cunningham, *E. incrassata* of Labillardier); their large hollow roots are said to contain water even in the driest season of the year. Most of this corn country, I was told, consisted at one time of good soil. South Australia is a corn-growing country, with a most genial climate, and possesses thousands of acres of rich and productive land, producing wheat equal, if not superior, to any country in the world. The average quantity raised was from thirty to forty bushels to the acre, but from the inferior cultivation and the want of proper replenishment of the exhausted soil, the yield has diminished to fifteen and even less bushels. The number of acres under cultivation in 1874 was 80,000. In New South Wales the average is from nine to nineteen bushels, and in Victoria it is over fourteen bushels to the acre.

A fellow-passenger informed me that the grain is cut by the reaping machines; otherwise, from the scarcity of labour, it would be impossible to grow it at a remunerative price. The whole appearance of the country we passed through was rich and fertile, but the picturesque effect was deficient from the want of trees. The grasshoppers (*Gryllacris longa*, Walker) were seen springing about in great numbers; the weather was showery, and the combination of rain with hot weather is said to be favourable to the hatching of the eggs of these destructive insects.

The Burra Burra Mine is not by any means so productive as formerly, and by some persons it is said to be nearly, if not entirely, worked out. Some of the men I spoke to informed me that they were working on tribute, and at this time were engaged in washing the refuse ore, which appeared to result in the yield of large heaps of green carbonate of copper.

Mount Lofty was also a point of interest to me. I observed that hedges were formed in some places on the outskirts of Adelaide of the Kangaroo Island acacia (*Acacia armata*), which is not suitable for the purpose, as it readily ignites and burns with great rapidity. About the lower part of the road, as well as near the sea-coast, the *Nicotiana glauca* was very common, and for the most part seen in flower. We passed some thriving olive plantations. The olive-tree grows very well in and about Adelaide, and bears a large quantity of fruit, commencing when the trees are from eight to ten years old. It is planted in the gardens, the squares, and in some regular plantations devoted exclusively to its growth, which may be called "Olive Groves." A large quantity of oil has been lately expressed from the fruit at the gaol and other places.

From Mount Lofty and the high ranges to the eastward there is some grand and beautiful scenery. The road ascends gradually one of the spurs of the range, and at intervals a small wooden house has been erected, in the midst of a forest of *Eucalyptus rostrata* and stringy bark. The valuable *E. rostrata* can be transplanted when two years old, and grows well. The size it may have attained at that age is immaterial as regards transplanting. In several places we passed in the ascent there are scenes around of surpassing beauty. Several of the views embrace a succession of gullies formed by the intersection of the abrupt hills on either side, some parts open, and others densely wooded by Eucalyptus and other forest trees. In some directions the bush fires had partially destroyed the beauty of the scene. At the bottom of these deep gorges a small serpentine stream winds along, on the slopes and borders of which small market gardens may be perceived like mere specks upon the surface; and the soil of the valleys, and even to the very summit of the ranges, is rich and fertile for cultivation.

The market gardens in the secluded glens supply the city of Adelaide with vegetables all the year round, and even strawberries and peas. Many watercourses have their source in the Mount Lofty range, and passing into these deep glens or ravines break into waterfalls over the hills and steep rocks when the stream is swollen by heavy rains; during the heat of the summer months the waters cease to run, but the cou. se remains visible by the rank and luxuriant vegetation that arises within the influence of their moisture. In a garden which we visited I noticed a rosemary hedge kept cut down to a few feet high, and it was both useful and ornamental. I observe also that this shrub is very generally adopted as a hedge-plant both in this and the other colonies, and it may be planted for its economic value as in Europe. It is used for various purposes. Its Latin generic name is *Rosmarinus*, signifying sea-dew, but its habitat is not exclusively maritime. The flavour of the white Narbonne honey is said to be caused by the bees which produce it feeding on the flowers of the rosemary. The quantity of oil obtained from a hundredweight of the tops varies from eight to twenty-four ounces. A preparation of the dried leaves was formerly used as a substitute for Chinese tea, and was recommended in cases of headache. It is also used extensively both at weddings, funerals, and in Christmas festivities. The origin of strewing graves or corpses with rosemary, and carrying it to funerals for that purpose, is uncertain. It was probably thought a defence against pestilential diseases.

Higher on the road we passed another large garden, which contained thriving trees of sycamore, cork, walnut, chestnut, cherries, etc. The Cryptogamia Japonica was growing very well, and had produced seeds which had germinated, and several young plants had been reared; but this handsome tree does not grow well in the lower lands; the only fine tree we have been able to rear in Sydney has been one in the garden of Government House, which is now full 60 feet high. The cork-trees here were the few that had survived from those sent by Dr. Hooker to the colonies a few years ago, and they looked very healthy and well; they had also attained a good size. Hedges of laurel (*cerasus*) grow very luxuriantly.

For about a mile the road was excellent, and we passed several recently-erected residences, with gardens just recently laid out. But the land, with those few exceptions, remained in its primitive state, and was well wooded. Mount Lofty is at an elevation of about 2,370 feet above the level of the sea. The view we obtained was extensive and beautiful;

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the day being clear, we were enabled to have a good view of Mount Barker and the country in the vicinity, and could plainly discern the line of Lake Alexandria. Looking in another direction, Port Adelaide, the city of Adelaide, and the Gulf of St. Vincent were plainly discernible, and below us was an extensive range of high land, covered by a dense and luxurious vegetation. In the gullies in the vicinity tree-ferns (*Todea Africana?*) were abundant. The Eucalypti observed were for the most part *E. rostrata* and stringy bark, and the trees were not of so great an elevation as of large diameter in the trunk. On the highest point of Mount Lofty there was an open shed with rude wooden seats.

A few days later I paid a visit to an old friend living at Kuratta. The view thence of Adelaide and the surrounding hills was very picturesque. The garden there contained several plants of great interest to me; several of these were from Western Australia: among them was the singular *Hakea*, *H. cucullata*, with *coriaceous*, *glaucous*, green concave leaves, and pink axillary flowers; it grows to about four or five feet high. The flowers are produced from the axils in copious clusters, at first surrounded by imbricated deciduous bracts. The young plants differ apparently from those of mature growth by the foliage being narrow, with thorny edges, rigid, and of a bluish-green colour. There was another species of *Hakea*, *H. Cyclopteris*, allied to *H. Stricta*, now called *H. Leucoptera*, with beautiful silvery foliage. I also observed *Grevillea intricata*, well named from its slender foliage becoming readily entangled, so much that it is almost impossible to disentangle or separate it without cutting portions of it off. There was also another species of *Grevillea*, the *G. leucopteris*; it resembles very much in growth a straggling pine. It has long, elegant, needle-formed, rigid, and silvery foliage. From a dense mass of the foliage, long, slender stems or spikes, several feet high, arise, on which a few scattered leaves are seen; on these the beautiful cream-coloured flowers are produced, having a lovely appearance and an agreeable fragrant odour. Both the species of the *Grevillea* were from King George's Sound.

I left for Port Adelaide the next afternoon to join the Aldinga steamer for Melbourne. I observed on the deck piles of cases of grapes for the Melbourne market, on which I was informed there was a duty of twopence the pound. Large flocks of gulls and cormorants were feeding on the extensive swamps at the entrance of the Yarra river.

The day after my return to Melbourne, Baron Von Mueller, the distinguished botanist, called, and we visited the Alfred Hospital, on the St. Kilda road, a handsome building in an excellent situation, and surrounded by ornamental trees and plants, which, by their foliage and bright rich colours, afford a refreshing spectacle to the convalescent patient. The arrangements of the interior were everything that could be desired. Close to and in the rear of the hospital are some fine buildings, one the Wesleyan College and others the Blind and the Deaf and Dumb Asylums, all of which are detached, and surrounded by spacious grounds tastefully planted. Among the trees, *Cupressus macrocarpa*, *Pinus insignis*, and the Aleppo pine (*Pinus helapensis*) were extensively planted, and appeared to be well suited to the climate. I afterwards called on the secretary of the Acclimatisation Society, and also Usher of the Black Rod to the Houses of Parliament. He very kindly took me over the Houses of Parliament, and however defective in beauty the exterior may be, which can be accounted for by their having been left for some time in an unfinished state, I found the interior fitted up in a very elegant style. There is a very fine library. It is a curious fact that Queensland, the youngest of the Australian colonies, is the only one that has a House of Assembly, amidst all the magnificent public buildings, of any pretension.

The same day I left in the steamer Dandenong for Sydney, and cleared the Port Philip Heads by nine p.m. On the following day (May 1st) the weather was fine, and we passed very close to Cleft Island, and not far distant from Seal Island, where we observed a number of seals on a sheltered ledge of rock, some basking in the sun, others waddling over the shelving rocks, or leaping into the water, while others again were returning from the sea. A number of petrels and other oceanic birds were mingled with them. We passed the lofty Rodondo Island and then Wilson's Promontory within the distance of half a mile, off which I observed a noble fishing-eagle, or white-breasted sea-eagle (*Haliastur leucosturnus*). It was soaring at a great elevation, rising and falling in the air, but for the most part remaining poised, as if on the look-out for its finny prey. We passed Waterloo Bay, with its background of densely wooded ranges. The next day we passed Gabo Island and Cape Howe, both low and sandy, with stunted shrubs; behind is the Dividing Range, separating the territory of Victoria from that of New South Wales. In the evening the wind increased, and on the third day we encountered a severe cyclone, which subsided by the following morning. On the evening of the 4th of May I again reached Sydney.

THE LONDON SCHOOL BOARD.

II.

THE regulations of the London School Board require that instruction in Scriptural subjects shall be given either first or last in the morning's work; and that children whose parents object to their receiving such teaching shall be withdrawn from it, and shall receive instruction in secular subjects during its continuance. This is in accordance with a provision of the Act of Parliament, 1870, made in the expectation that a considerable section of the lower classes would thus object, and would insist on withdrawing their children. How completely this expectation has been falsified has already been shown in these pages. As a further illustration, the writer of this article may mention that he visited Turin Street School, in the east end of London, about nine months after its opening; and the head master, who then had 700 children under him, stated that he had not had a single instance of a child being withdrawn from the Bible teaching. Before coming to Turin Street he was master of another Board school for fifteen months, and during that time enrolled 3,000 children, and one only was withdrawn.

In most schools under the Board, Biblical instruction occupies the half-hour between a quarter-past nine and a quarter to ten. At a quarter to ten the register is marked in black ink, which chronicles the late and the absent. This being done, secular work forthwith commences, and must be carried on for at

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least two consecutive hours in the morning, and for the same period in the afternoon. The two hours in the forenoon are devoted, as a rule, to the more serious subjects; the lighter work, such as drawing, singing, needlework, and so forth, being reserved for the afternoon. In all Board Schools in London, whatever may be their peculiarities as to premises, general arrangements, number of scholars, and so on, the curriculum is substantially the same. It is, in fact, arranged partly by the Board and partly by the Education Department of the Privy Council, which holds out certain substantial payments for successful teaching in specified subjects, thus practically determining what subjects are to be adopted, the great work of the Board being to devise the means by which they may be most effectively taught.

As it was stated in a previous article, the infant schools are not subjected to examination; but, provided that the teaching is of a kind that the Government inspectors consider suitable for children under seven years of age, a sum of eight or ten shillings is granted by "the Department" for every child present at the time of the inspector's annual visit and who has made two hundred and fifty school attendances during the year. The secular subjects adopted in all infant schools are reading, writing, arithmetic, "object lessons of a simple character, with some such exercises of the hands and eyes as are given in the 'kinder garten' system," singing, and physical exercises, and sewing.

For those who are over seven years old a money grant is made only after an actual test of scholarship in subjects approved by the Privy Council and set forth in the "New Code." The most important of these are reading, writing, arithmetic, grammar, and geography, drawing, and music. Besides these are the "specific subjects" as they are termed, viz., English literature, mathematics, Latin, French, German, mechanics, animal physiology, history, and domestic economy. Taking the whole of these subjects which are thus approved by the Education Department, and by which grants of money may be earned, and making one or two minor additions to the list, the London School Board has divided them into "essential," "discretionary," and "extra" subjects. The essential secular studies in all schools above infants are reading, writing, arithmetic, English grammar and composition, book-keeping, the history of England, geography, social economy, drawing, music, and drill. The regulations require also "systematised object-lessons, embracing in the six school years a course of elementary instruction in physical science, and serving as an introduction to the science examinations which are conducted by the Science and Art Department." The subjects here specified are deemed essential for all schools whether boys' or girls'. Book-keeping, however, is confined to the senior scholars. In girls' schools, plain needle-work and cutting-out are added to the list, and senior boys are taught mensuration.

Discretionary subjects are domestic economy, algebra, and geometry. These, as well as "extra subjects," may be adopted or not, as local managers may think best, it being understood that no interference with the efficient teaching of essential subjects is to be permitted. Moreover, the lately-revised "New Code" lays down the rule that no Government grant shall be made for more than two "specific subjects," and that if any are taken, domestic economy must be one. The Board's extra subjects are natural philosophy, physical geography, natural science, political economy, and languages.

Altogether, this list of subjects which may be taught in Board Schools has rather a formidable look about it. The ordinary class subjects, however, constituting the staple of the work, are the good old-fashion "three R's." For examination purposes, the department has set up in each of their branches six standards, which are elaborately set forth in the "New Code." In order to come up to the first standard in reading, a scholar must be able "to read a short paragraph from a book not confined to words of one syllable." In the second standard he must "read with intelligence a short paragraph from an elementary reading book." Then comes for standard three "a more advanced reading book." For standard four a pupil must read a few lines of poetry selected by the inspector, and must be prepared to recite seventy-five lines of poetry. Standard five requires the same thing to be done in better style; and to pass standard six there must be "reading with fluency and expression, and recitation of not less than fifty lines of prose, or 100 of poetry." Similarly in writing, the test ranges from copying in manuscript character a line of print, and writing a few common words in the first standard, up to a short theme or letter in the sixth. The first standard of arithmetic, again, requires simple addition and subtraction of four figures, and a knowledge of the multiplication table up to six times twelve, and from this the various grades work their way up through simple and compound long division, practice, bills of parcels, and proportion, to the sixth standard, when a scholar must be fairly proficient in proportion, and vulgar and decimal fractions.

For every scholar passing a standard in either of these subjects—reading, writing, and arithmetic—the Education Department of the Privy Council grants the sum of three shillings to the school funds.

These, with grammar and geography, are the fundamental subjects of School Board education, and the Board would have escaped a good deal of the criticism to which they have been exposed if they had confined their educational course pretty closely to those limits. Complaint has been very freely made that, instead of limiting their teaching to those indispensable branches of a plain education, they have soared away into subjects altogether beyond the necessities of the lower section of society. The object of these articles is rather to describe the work of the Board than to criticise or to defend it. It may be observed, however, that a good deal of misapprehension appears to exist as to the extent of this more pretentious work—the extent, that is to say, to which the higher subjects are taught, as well as with respect to the responsibility for such teaching. No school can take up one of these higher subjects until seventy-five per cent. of its members are in a satisfactory state as regards a "plain education." Even then only two "specific" subjects can be taken up, because more than two do not "pay," and of those two one of them must henceforth be of a pre-eminently homely and practical character — domestic economy. There are no statistics available for the purpose of showing the number of scholars throughout London who, at the present time, are receiving anything beyond the simplest education; but a return from all the schools a year or two back showed that by comparison with the great body of Board scholars that number was quite insignificant, and

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the same undoubtedly would be the case now. Singing is taught by the Tonic sol-fa system in all the schools for two reasons. In the first place it is universally admitted to be very desirable, and in the next, *not* to teach it in any school reduces the Government grant by a shilling a head throughout. Drawing also is taught to all children above the first standard, both boys and girls, girls devoting an hour and a half and boys two hours every week to the subject, the complete course comprising freehand, perspective, geometrical and model drawing, and drawing from memory. In this a grant is made for every pass. These are the only two "essential" subjects which could afford any ground for the complaint alluded to, and both are strongly pressed upon the Board by pecuniary considerations which, not to them only but to local managers, teachers, and ratepayers, are matters of serious importance. At the present moment there is, we believe, no school in which German is taught. There are a few French classes and a few Latin classes. The commonest higher subjects are English literature, physical geography, and animal physiology.

To sum up upon this point, then, the matter stands thus. The great mass of the schooling given is of the plainest and simplest character, and with the exception of music and drawing, nothing beyond is, or can be, attempted till three parts of any school are well grounded in ordinary subjects. Music, drawing, and all other subjects of which complaint is made, are directly and strongly encouraged by Government, and some or the other of them *must* be taken up in order to earn grants and help to pay expenses. Lastly, these Government payments were instituted for just the class of schools which the Board has set up —for public elementary schools, that is—and for no other; and in adopting the subjects for which they are granted the London School Board is doing precisely the same as, to the best of their power, all other State-inspected schools are doing all over the country, and have been doing for a generation past.

Plain needlework is one of the subjects which have met with the greatest favour, not only of the public critics of the Board's proceedings, but also of parents and their children too. Her Majesty's inspectors are prepared to examine children in this department of schoolwork, and Government will make a grant of money, provided that, to adopt the words of the code, "it be taught according to a system previously approved by the inspector, who will judge it by specimens worked on the day of inspection." This is really a very extensive and important part of the work of this great school system, involving, of course, not only teaching, but the supply of materials to be operated on, and the disposal of articles made. Periodically the Board issue to the head teachers in the girls' schools a long printed list of materials, and the various requisites for making-up garments, such as thimbles, needles, scissors, bodkins, emery powder, pins, hooks and eyes, tapes, "flatteners," and numerous other implements. From this catalogue a stock is selected sufficient to last for four months, and of course the teacher selecting the goods is held responsible for their proper employment. Every pennyworth of the materials for making up has to be accounted for. The materials and implements being provided, the children are set to work for six standards just as in any other subject. Little ones in infant schools are put to thread needles, and to hem strips of calico or plain pocket-handkerchiefs. That is the first standard. The second is devised for children of five to seven years of age or thereabout, and requires hemming, seaming or sewing, felling and fixing a hem. The next adds stitching, sewing on strings, and "fixing" simple articles, such as a pillow-case. The fourth standard leads up into the mysteries of button-holing, sewing on buttons, gathering, stroking, setting in gathers, marking, and plain darning—all in addition to previous acquirements. Standard five makes the further addition of whipping, tuck-running, sewing on frills, and is supposed to qualify the scholar to turn out "a night-dress with frills." The sixth standard requires a capability of cutting-out any plain garment and fixing it for a junior class; darning stockings in worsted or cotton; "Swiss or German darning;" grafting, darning fine linen or calico, and darning and patching fine diaper. In addition to the graduated exercises thus enumerated, children in standard two are taught knitting, and in standard five are expected to be able to turn out a good pair of long-ribbed stockings.

Three hours a week is the time devoted to this very practical branch of education in infant schools, and four hours in all other girls' schools. Articles made up are sold to the parents of children for just the cost of materials, and scholars have the privilege of bringing from home articles to be made up, patched, knitted, or darned under the teachers' direction, provided that they are scrupulously clean, and can be attended to without interfering with ordinary school matters.

Another branch of instruction to which the severest critic of the Board's proceedings could scarcely take exception is the cookery for girls, which it will be remembered *must* be taken if "specific subjects" be dabbled in at all. This has been adopted in nearly every girls' school under the Board, in the three upper standards—in the fourth, fifth, and sixth, that is to say—as a regular part of the education. The three standards mentioned comprise scholars of from about ten to thirteen years old, and according to the latest statements there were about 1,100 a week of these young housekeepers of the future going through a course of instruction, which certainly has rather a formidable appearance. Not only does the prescribed curriculum aim at imparting practical skill in cookery, but seeks to instil a knowledge of the sources, the nature and physiology of food, the way in which it nourishes the body, how to purchase it to advantage, what physical and chemical processes are involved in cooking, and to show the natural relation between food and health. Accordingly, we find the homely processes of boiling and frying, which constitute the subject of one of the lessons of the course, preceded by scientific instructions on "The stomach: its form and parts—its work, and how it performs it —its glands and juices, effect on fatty substances—chyme, action of the liver—effect of exercise on digestion—when it should not be taken;" and then comes the boiling and frying. In another lesson we have a dissertation on the change of chyle into blood, action of intestines, lacteals, mesenteric glands, corpuscles, and so on. Of course there is a great deal in connection with such matters as those which may, in the hands of a thoroughly competent clever teacher, be made profoundly interesting to children of ten to thirteen years of age; but the teacher ought to have not only a thorough familiarity with the subject, but great tact and skill in teaching. Without these

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special qualifications there is danger of results such as one of the Board inspectors complains of in his report on another subject—very "learned" lectures, conveying very erroneous ideas on scientific matters. It may reasonably be questioned whether the theoretical teaching in connection with the cookery lessons is not a little too lofty in its aim.

However this may be, the practical outcome at all events is admirable. "Lesson number one, heart roasted in a saucepan; to make gravy; potatoes (baked.) Lesson two, steak pudding; potatoes (steamed.) Lesson three, tripe boiled with onions; potatoes (boiled.) Lesson four, Brazilian stew; greens (boiled.) Lesson five, liver and bacon; cauliflowers (boiled.) Lesson six, steak pie; carrots (boiled). Lesson seven, plumb pudding (baked); quick beef-tea. Lesson eight, treacle pudding; toast-and-water. Lesson nine, Irish stew; lemonade. Lesson ten, hash; semolina pudding. Lesson eleven, to fry fish (plaice); barley-water. Lesson twelve, chop and steak (broiled); turnips (boiled)."

These are the practical aims of the cookery teaching, which will hardly fail to work a revolution in humble culinary affairs in London. Some twenty-five or twenty-six "centres" are to be established in such localities as will enable girls to be sent from all the schools for the purpose of seeing the teaching of the schoolroom practically illustrated, and trying their own hands at broiling steaks and boiling potatoes. Four of these centres have been temporarily set up in different parts, and one has been permanently established in connection with the school in Stephen Street, Lisson Grove. A light, commodious lecture-hall has been built, and fitted with such appliances as are absolutely necessary for demonstration and for practical cookery, great care being taken that everything shall, as far as possible, be done with just the ordinary utensils of the poor man's kitchen. There is a lecture-table across one end of the room, and at the other raised seats for the children, who sit and watch what is done, and take their notes—very intelligently they do this too in many cases—and then come down and set to work at their puddings and stews. The manufactured article is sold at the cost price of the raw material, the children themselves being in many cases only too proud to buy and carry home their culinary triumphs.

The Act of Parliament which imposes on the Board the duty of providing school accommodation for all children not receiving proper instruction, made no exception in the case of those of them who were blind or deaf and dumb. These have had to be thought of, therefore, and among the most interesting features of this great work are the arrangements for the teaching of those afflicted little ones. In one very remarkable case a board of local managers found themselves called upon to take in a scholar who was blind and deaf and dumb. This appeared to be really a hopeless case, but even with this an attempt was made to deal. A young lady volunteered her services for the benefit of this hopeless little mortal, and her offer was accepted, but the attempt was found to be impracticable, and had to be abandoned.

With regard to the blind, great difficulties have been experienced in doing much for them, and fairly satisfactory arrangements have only just been completed. It has of course been impossible to get them together from distant parts of London, and all that it has hitherto been found practicable to do for them has been to take them in as ordinary scholars, and to have a teacher to see them and give them instruction in reading from raised type as often as possible. The Board has, however, just improved on this arrangement by appointing a superintendent to take general oversight of all its blind pupils, who will henceforth be formed into classes and be taught by expert teachers, four of whom have been engaged as assistants to the superintendent. Each teacher will take a class for half a day and then move on to another class, leaving the first to amalgamate with the ordinary scholars and take such of their instruction as they are able. Moon's system of printing has been hitherto largely used, but many of the books in use in the classes are being introduced in raised Roman type, and from these the blind can of course read with the rest of the children.

The case of the deaf and dumb is somewhat different from that of the blind. They can make their way through the streets as readily as other children, and the plan of getting them together at certain central points has been adopted. The first of these centres was instituted in September, 1874, when a class was opened for deaf mutes at the Wilmot Street School, Bethnal Green. The earlier efforts were made in what is known as the German System, by which some very surprising results have in many cases been attained in articulation and lip-reading. No doubt, to the great astonishment of parents and friends, the little unfortunates gathered together in Wilmot Street began to articulate words and to understand words pronounced to them by watching the lips of the speaker. Very soon, however, numbers began to increase, and ages and capacities were found to be so varied, that it was thought expedient to adopt a mixed system. Some were "deaf, not dumb," some "dumb, not deaf," and many were deaf and hopelessly dumb. Articulation and lip-reading were used in cases where they could be applied with practically useful results, but for the majority of the children the English, or double-handed alphabet was adopted, together with "natural signs" where absolutely necessary. Early in 1875 a second centre was opened for the north of London; later on, in the same year, another was instituted in the south; and the following year the same was done for the west. Altogether there are now about a hundred and fifty deaf mutes on the Board-school registers. There is something peculiarly touching in these little assemblies of children working together with the great throng of ordinary children—talking, reading aloud, reciting, and singing together—all of them under the same roof, yet isolated from them—teachers as well as scholars—by their pitiable affliction.

A class in the Grange Road School, Bermondsey, has recently been placed under the superintendence of Mr. Van Praagh, a prominent teacher of the oral system, by way of experiment, but all the other classes are under the management of the Rev. W. Stainer, who from the first has been indefatigable in the work, and to whom must be accredited the initiation of a very admirable supplementary scheme for the benefit of deaf mutes too young to be sent to and fro to school, or who live at long distances from any centre of instruction. Children, it should be observed, are admitted to the deaf mute classes of the Board Schools at a much earlier age than that at which they are admissible to any existing institution, and something in the nature of boarding-schools

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were soon found to be very desirable. Of course the ratepayers' money could not be appropriated to anything of the kind, but an appeal has been made to the benevolent, and in the immediate vicinity of the schools have now been established, under the management of committees of ladies, houses in which children are provided with board and lodging from Monday till Friday, on payment of just about the cost of their maintenance. By this means not only are many enabled to attend the classes, who would otherwise be precluded, but they are also brought under home influences, peculiarly desirable to such afflicted ones.

One of the difficulties with which the Board had to contend from the outset of its career was that of dealing with the little savages of London owning allegiance to nobody, children beyond the control of parents, genuine waifs and wanderers, beggars, thieves or the associates of thieves. It is not easy to catch little bipeds of this description, and it is still less easy to keep them when caught. To secure their regular attendance at a day school is quite impossible. With a view to their management the Industrial Schools Act was incorporated with the Act that set the School Board in motion, and by means of it the officers of the Board are empowered to apprehend these urchins and take them before a magistrate, who may, if he think it desirable, give a warrant for their removal to an industrial school, at the same time making an order on the parents or guardians of the child for some payment towards their maintenance. The energy of the officials entrusted with this duty soon filled to overflowing the industrial schools in the vicinity of London, and the captives had to be sent to institutions in different parts of the kingdom. At length the Board found it necessary to set up an establishment of their own. They accordingly rented, at Brentwood, in Essex, a house which was originally built for the purposes of a first-rate boarding-school. The writer visited this school a year or two back, and certainly found it difficult to recognise the shock-headed little ragamuffins, the match boys and beggars, the uncontrollable little outcasts, the thieves and associates of thieves of the London slums. The house stands in an acre of ground and has the appearance of being a highly respectable "establishment for young gentlemen." Boys are taken here at any age from six to thirteen, and may be kept till they are sixteen. There were a hundred of them in the place, all neatly uniformed, all clean and apparently happy and comfortable. Every boy devotes five hours daily to some useful occupation. Some become gardeners, some tailors, some shoemakers, and all take their turn in the multifarious work in the house, even to such matters as washing clothes and mending socks. Three hours a day are devoted to schooling in reading, writing, spelling, arithmetic, history, geography, and music.

The latest developments of the industrial branch of School Board functions are the purchase of the Shaftesbury training-ship, where boys are sent to learn seamanship just as they are sent to Brentwood to learn a trade, and the "truant school" at Homerton. This latter establishment has at the present moment, we believe, some sixty inmates. They are boys who cannot be got to attend school regularly, and are beyond the control of parents or friends, but who are yet not precisely fit subjects for permanent consignment to a training-ship or an industrial school. They are, however, sent here and kept for such short periods as are deemed suited to their individual cases, under very stringent control, just by way of impressing upon them that, though they may defy the authority of parents and guardians, British law cannot be quite so easily set at nought, and may, if they persist in playing truant from school, prove more than a match for them.

That this institution is one which, under efficient and conscientious management, is calculated to do good service—that it is, indeed, an indispensable adjunct of the system if the task imposed upon the Board is to be completely fulfilled—few impartial judges will deny. A somewhat unfortunate start seems to have been made, however. It was necessary that the government of the place should be very firm, and perhaps even stern. But it has been alleged that the Board's officers have gone beyond what was necessary in this direction, and the appointment of a committee of inquiry, and a consequent change of officers, have been found requisite. This will probably have restored public confidence in the Homerton Truant School, which has unquestionably exerted a very salutary influence, and has been the means of averting the necessity for consignment to the more permanent control of the Shaftesbury or Brentwood.

GEORGE F. MILLIN.

NATURAL HISTORY ANECDOTES.

A FORGETFUL CAT.

I HAVE a cat who is most refined and ladylike, yet full of courage, fire, and affection. She takes great interest in all the concerns of our household, and is ever ready to give me a kiss when I ask her. *She* knows when I and the other ladies of the family are going to dine out, though no one tells her, and she comes up (as do also her child and grandchild) to see us dress. But it is not of this dear creature I am going now to tell you, but of another cat, who forgot where she had put her kitten! Many are the tales I have been told of the careful affection with which cats hide away their little ones, but never before have I heard of a cat forgetting where she had hidden them. The particular animal of which I speak is to be found at Torquay, and belongs to a lady living there. This cat had three kittens, when one day some children called at the house. They laughed and talked and made a noise, which so frightened poor puss that she caught up one kitten and rushed upstairs with it, coming back immediately for the second, and returning as quickly as possible for the third. A little while after the visitors left, and the house being again quiet, the cat thought she would take her children downstairs again. She had put one under the sofa in her mistress's bedroom, and soon brought that one back; the second she had hidden elsewhere in the room, and she trotted in with that likewise; and then she ran upstairs for the third. But she had entirely forgotten where to look for it, and she became so puzzled and anxious that she uttered piercing cries to call some one to come and help her. Her kind mistress hunted about, and tried to help the unhappy cat, who showed in every way a cat could how wretched she was. She went about crying piteously and searching in every corner of the house. Her mistress opened her drawers, her cupboards, looked behind curtains, but

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no kitten was to be seen, and the poor mother cat grew quite bewildered, and knew no more where to look than the lady. At last, hours afterwards, her mistress thought that by some chance a large wardrobe in her room might have been opened, and that the lost kitten might be there, for she imagined a very faint cry sounded from inside. The door was immediately opened, and there, indeed, was the tiny creature, very weak and cold from being shut up without food or warmth. It turned out that the lady's-maid had happened to open the wardrobe for a moment, and the cat, unnoticed, must have rushed in and laid down her kitten. When the wardrobe was shut, she no longer recognised the place.

M. A.

THE DOG AND THE SHEEP-STEALER.

Many years ago a large amount of loss was experienced by the farmers living on both sides of the River Tweed, in consequence of sheep-stealers carrying off their sheep at night. From the farm on which my grandfather lived several sheep had been stolen at intervals—those intervals becoming unhappily shorter—until my grandfather was quite at his wits' end what to do. One morning, on visiting the fat sheep, he found, to his grief, that another had been killed on the field, the thieves leaving skin, head, and other parts, so as to prevent detection. Ruminating over the scene, he was surprised to see that Hemp, his clever and faithful dog, quickly started across the field, evidently following a scent, for there was no visible track. My grandfather followed, and was greatly astonished to find himself led to the house of his next-door neighbour, when Hemp, putting his muzzle to the door, gave an angry snarl. Grandfather, being more astonished than ever at the issue, went back to the field in which the sheep had been slaughtered, with the dog, when Hemp went through the same performance, with the last part more fully carried out. My grandfather then went and consulted the laird, and it was resolved to obtain a warrant for the purpose of searching the house. Nothing could be seen, however, in the dwelling until the bed was removed—the old box-bed then in use on the Border and in Scotland—when it was found that in the clay floor, so common in those days, was dug a hole, in which was placed a tub to contain the stolen mutton. Two kinds of mutton were found in the tub, and it was proved that the sheep had been taken from two flocks. The hind was tried at Durham, and sentenced to seven years' transportation. After his return he one day met my grandfather, and thanked him for the kindness he did him in stopping the beginning of what might have been a course of crime. He might also have thanked the sagacious dog.

R. W.

Varieties.

Military Veterans.—Soon after the 63rd anniversary of Waterloo in June, 1878, General Henry Thompson, late of the Bengal Cavalry, died in his 99th year. He was not only the oldest officer of the Indian Army, but the sole survivor of Lord Lake's gallant army which, on the 1st November, 1803, won the hard-fought (though now nearly forgotten) battle of Leswaree. In this action the 8th Hussars and the 27th and 29th Dragoons, and also the 76th Foot, greatly distinguished themselves. A correspondent of the "Times" mentions that one survivor of Assaye, which was fought in 1803, remains in the person of Lieutenant Francis Glanville, late 19th Dragoons. There are still two older soldiers on our lists—viz., General L. A. During, who entered the army in November, 1795, unquestionably the "father" of the British Army, and who wears the Peninsular medal with seven clasps, and Lieutenant David Scott, late of the 7th Royal Veteran Battalion, who actually served with Abercrombie's army in Egypt as a private soldier, and who was also present at the capture of Martinique and at Albuera. Besides General During and Lieutenant Scott, about 88 officers are known to be still living who served in the Peninsular War. Field-Marshal Sir William Rowan, K.C.B., ensign of the 52nd in 1803, died this summer, aged 90. Field-Marshal Sir Charles York, K.C.B., is now the oldest survivor of the famous 52nd, and next to him Captain John Dobbs, an ensign in 1808. Another 52nd veteran, the Rev. J. Leake, died this year, who carried the 52nd colours at Waterloo. Among the officers long retired from the army, one of the most notable is Lord William Lennox, who was an aide-de-camp of Wellington at Waterloo when a boy of fifteen, and is still hale and active.

Sir Francis Grant and the Keeper at Kilgraston.—One of Bishop Ewing's favourite stories was that of the Bull of Kilgraston, which, we are told, he was never tired of quoting when preaching the duty of "facing boldly either hazardous duties or questions which involve in their solution apparently perilous issues." The story runs thus: "When a celebrated living artist was in one of his younger days fishing in a river which ran through his father's property, the gamekeeper, who was in attendance, recommended him to try a pool in an adjoining field. In this particular field, however, a formidable-looking bull was grazing, and the fisherman expressed some doubt as to the safety of acting on the suggestion. Immediately, however, the keeper, without saying a word, clambered over the intervening paling, and, courageously advancing to the brute, struck him a blow on the nose with the butt end of his dog-whip. The bull forthwith turned tail and scampered off. On his return to the fisherman, the keeper quietly said, "'Deed, Mr. Frank, folks are jist spilin' thae bulls by bein' frichtened at them."—*Ross's Life of Bishop Ewing.*

Major André and the Duke of York.—The Rev. Dr. Hoes, of Kingston, N.Y., called upon us, having with him a very remarkable snuff-box. Its history is this: The Duke of York in the year 1821 came to this country for the purpose of removing the bones of Major André from Tappan to Westminster Abbey, England. Going up the Hudson River to Tappan, he was received by the Rev. Mr. Demarest, pastor of the Dutch Church, who gave him all necessary aid in the work of finding, raising, and removing the bones. Over the grave a cedar-tree was growing, which tree was also taken away. After his return to England the Duke caused to be made a beautiful gold snuff-box, enclosed in a box wrought out of the wood of the cedar-tree, showing a bullet that had been imbedded in the wood. Inside of the golden lid is this inscription:—

From
His Royal Highness,
The Duke of York,
To mark his sense
of the Rev'd John Demarest's
Liberal Attention
upon the occasion of the removal
of the Remains of the Late
Major John André,
At Tappan,
on the 10th August
1821.

—*New York Observer.*

What becomes of all the Pins?—What becomes of all the pins? It is now as much as forty years since the daily supply of pins from the English factories was twenty millions, and ever since that time the daily average has been steadily increasing, till it now stands at fifty millions every day. Notwithstanding all this enormous supply, one can hardly be in the company of man, woman, or child for a day without being asked, "Have you such a thing as a pin about you?" Of our daily 50,000,000 pins, Birmingham produces 37,000,000, leaving 13,000,000 as the production of London, Stroud, and Dublin, where pins are also made. The weight of wire consumed annually in the pin manufacture of England is about 1,275¼ tons, or 2,857,120 lb., one-eighth of which is iron wire, used in manufacturing mourning and hair pins. The brass wire consumed amounts to 2,500,000 lb., which, at 11d. per lb. in money value, reaches the sum of £114,583. The iron wire consumed is 344,800 lb., its value £7,183 6s. 6d., and to be added to these amounts are the wages, paper, and ornamental envelopes, boxes, wear and tear of machinery, manufacturers' profits, and the like, bringing the whole amount to not less than £200,000.

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THE LEISURE HOUR.

BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,
AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND.—*Cowper.*

"TRY TO BE HAPPY," MRS. BEVERLEY SAID.

STRAIGHT TO THE MARK.

CHAPTER XLVII.—DISMISSED.

I have shot my arrow o'er the house
And hurt my brother.
—*Shakespeare.*

LOUIS DARVILLE on arriving at the counting-house went straight upstairs to his brother's room, and finding him there alone, closed the door after him, and went and stood by his side, laying his hand upon his shoulder. Victor looked up and saw a smile upon his face and at the same time tears in his eyes. For a few moments neither of them spoke, the younger being too much agitated to be able to find words or voice, while the elder feared to add to his embarrassment by questions which it might be painful for him to answer. Yet Victor had been waiting in great suspense for his coming, knowing that he was gone to attend the meeting upon which

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so much depended, though so little of a favourable nature was expected from it. If Louis should be unable to free himself from the toils in which he had become entangled through his speculations, and especially if it should prove that he was again a defaulter to the firm, Victor knew that his own fate was sealed, and he had resolved in that case to go abroad and begin life again in a new world. He could not stay at Bread Lane, to be treated with coolness or suspicion by Mr. Beverley; and of course all hope of a nearer and dearer alliance would be gone for ever. He had not seen Miss Beverley for some weeks, and felt that he could not go to Mulberry Lawn again until his mind was relieved as to his brother's conduct and its results. It may be easily conceived therefore that Victor was intensely anxious to know what had taken place; and though he had very little expectation of hearing anything satisfactory, he feared to ask a question, lest the last gleam of hope should be extinguished.

"Victor," said Louis at last; "it has all come right."

Victor rose to his feet and stood looking at him with eager, inquiring looks.

"I have sold my bonds, and I can pay everything; all but my debt to you."

"Sold your bonds?" cried Victor. "For how much?"

"For all that they cost me."

"Why Louis, only this morning, little more than an hour ago, I heard from some one who had attended the meeting and had left early, that they were worth nothing."

"Everything changed at the last," said Louis; and he related what had happened after Mr. Chaffin's appearance upon the platform. "And now, Victor, I'll tell you what I have resolved to do. In the first place I shall pay everything I owe. Then I shall come here for a few days and get my accounts in good order, and after that I shall say good-bye to you, the only real friend I have almost, and go abroad."

"To France? to Lyons?"

"No. I shall give up this business altogether, and go away on my own account. I should never do any good here, and I cannot trust myself. In America, if I should go wrong again, as I hope and believe I never shall, it would injure nobody but myself; at all events, it would not reflect upon you. Besides, I don't feel as if I could ever take to the routine of the office; I could not do my duty in it. I want a rougher, more active, more exciting life. I must rouse myself and begin again."

"It is a pity," said Victor; "and yet, do you know, I had some thoughts of doing the same thing myself just before you came in."

"You? Oh, Victor, I can guess why! But all that is at an end now, and I will never bring you into trouble or anxiety again. You will remain here, honoured and respected as before. You will have a share in the business; and I shall have a new start in a way more suited to my tastes, or at any rate, better for me."

The brothers had a great deal of conversation together that evening, and as Louis had formed his plans deliberately and wisely, and adhered to them with determination, Victor did not endeavour to dissuade him. He felt instinctively that Louis was right. It was better for him to leave Mr. Beverley's office while he could do so with credit than run the risk of getting a third time into difficulties, which might bring ruin and disgrace upon both of them. Preparations were made therefore for joining a band of emigrants who were to sail shortly from the Thames, and in the meantime the brothers attended to their duties as usual, except that Louis was for a few days much more punctual and attentive than he had ever been before.

Mr. Beverley's attendance at the counting-house had of late been more frequent, and his hours somewhat longer than usual. He looked thin and careworn, as if the extra work did not agree with him. He stooped more than ever, and his steps were shorter and more feeble as he walked. He looked in, as usual, as he passed the Darvilles' room every morning on his arrival, and seemed surprised to see Louis at his place, so diligent and punctual. But he did not speak to him, concluding, no doubt, that the industrious fit would not last long, and having already made up his mind to get rid of him the first opportunity.

At length, after a few days of this unusual devotion to his work, Louis Darville closed his books with a sigh of relief, yet opened them again presently to look with unaffected pleasure upon the long rows of figures which he had been casting up.

"Now for it," he said, looking at his brother.

"What, Louis? are you ready?"

"Quite ready."

"And resolved?"

"Yes, quite resolved."

"I have been thinking every day as I observed your close attention to work that you would perhaps change your mind."

"No. It has been against the grain all along. I am thankful it is done with."

In two or three days I shall be on the sea, and oh, I am so thankful to leave all straight behind me! Now for Beverley. Is he in his room?"

"Yes, I think so. Shall I go in with you?"

"No. I shall do best alone."

He took the books under his arm and left the room, giving his brother a friendly nod as he did so. His face was pale, and the expression of his features serious and earnest. He crossed the landing and knocked at Mr. Beverley's door, and in obedience to his summons went in.

Mr. Beverley was busy, and did not immediately look up. When he at length raised his head and saw who it was that was standing beside him, a look of surprise, not unmixed with displeasure, crossed his face.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"A few minutes' conversation, if you can spare time, Mr. Beverley," he answered.

"I am busy, as you see."

"I will wait then: but I must ask you to hear what I have to say before you leave the counting-house to-day."

"Well, well, what is it?"

"I have brought these books for you to look at."

"Leave them on the table. I was going to speak to you about your books, and about other matters."

"I think I can anticipate what you would have said," Louis answered quietly.

Mr. Beverley was surprised at the gentleness of his demeanour. Louis Darville had answered the old gentleman rather brusquely on several occasions lately, when he had presumed to find fault with him. Then he had been in the wrong, and he knew it, but

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did not like to be told so by any one else. Now he was in the right again, and could bear to hear the reproof which his conscience told him had been well deserved.

"I wanted to tell you," Mr. Beverley continued, "that I am not satisfied with your habitual neglect of your duties in this house. If you cannot condescend to do what is required of you, you will have to make way for a better man. The sooner you can find another and more suitable engagement the better for both of us."

Louis made no reply; he was battling with himself, feeling very much disposed to give his principal a curt answer.

"What have you to say?" Mr. Beverley asked, being at a loss how to interpret his silence.

"Nothing, Mr. Beverley; nothing in my own behalf, at all events. I am very sorry for the inconvenience you have suffered. I will make way, as you suggest, for a better man. I came to tell you so, and to offer my resignation. I have resolved to go abroad. You have been beforehand with me, and instead of leaving of my own free will, I am dismissed; but it is no more than I had a right to expect. I wish to beg your pardon, Mr. Beverley, for having given you so much trouble, and to thank you for the kind intentions you once entertained with respect to my future in this house. Wherever I may go, I shall not forget that I owe you a great deal."

Mr. Beverley looked at the speaker open-mouthed. "Well, well!" he said, after a long pause; "it is a pity, a great pity. You are but a young man, and might have done well; but—yes, I believe you are right; it will be better for us to part. I am sorry I spoke to you as I did. I accept your resignation, and, of course, it will be understood that it is by your own wish that you leave this house."

"Thank you, Mr. Beverley."

"And if I can be of service to you—"

"Thank you, again; but I will not give you any further trouble."

There was an awkward pause. Louis Darville stood still, with a look of embarrassment, and opened his lips to speak more than once before he found courage to proceed with what he had to say.

"Is there anything else you wish to speak about?" Mr. Beverley asked, glancing at the books.

"Yes, sir. I want to say a word to you about my brother."

Mr. Beverley shook his head impatiently. "Is he going too?" he asked.

"Not unless you dismiss him. You have been displeased with him, Mr. Beverley, and I venture to tell you that it has been without any reason. It is I alone who have been to blame. I have done things which no man in my position ought to have done, things which no honest man would have done. My brother has not only done a great deal of my work for me, but he has also suffered for my faults. If he has behaved strangely in any way towards yourself, or—or Miss Beverley, put that to my account. He has been actuated throughout by the noblest and most honourable motives. Do not, I entreat you, visit my offences upon him. He has suffered more than I can express or you conceive."

"Suffered?" cried Mr. Beverley. "What do you mean?"

"He had prospects upon which the happiness of his life depended, and hopes in which the deepest affections of his generous heart were implicated. He has been compelled, or, rather, he has thought it right, as a man of honour, if not to abandon them, to—to—"

"It was his own doing," said Mr. Beverley, interrupting him. "I will not be spoken to on that subject."

"You will think better of it, I hope," said Louis, earnestly. "My brother is as true-hearted a man as ever lived. He has never faltered in his allegiance to you, or in his devotion to your daughter. Your altered manner towards him and some words which you let fall have been the chief cause of his reserve. I am responsible for that—I only; and I am going away in the hope that you will take him again into your favour, Mr. Beverley, and let him be to you all that he once was, all that he hoped to be. Have pity upon him, sir; he is broken-hearted."

"I have told you that I will not allow any one to speak to me about my daughter. I will do what is right and just. Your brother's position in this house will be the same that it has always been as to business relations. Everything else is at an end."

"No, sir, no; pray do not say that! If you forbid me to hope that Victor may be on the same footing in your house as he was before I did him this injury, I shall never have another moment's peace."

"Peace!" cried the old man. "Who talks of peace? There is very little peace for any one in this world I think. You have no more right to expect it than others. If, as you say, you have been the author of all this mischief, you must take your share of the consequences."

"Yes; it is my fault, and mine only; and I want to undo the mischief I myself have done. But I can say no more. You will think over what I have said when I am gone, Mr. Beverley, I trust, and take a kind and generous view of it. I may say so to my brother, may I not?"

"Say nothing of the kind; don't put such thoughts into his head; your brother has nothing to expect, nothing to hope for beyond the limits of this house of business. The sooner he makes up his mind to that the better for us all."

Louis hung his head in despair, but he felt that he should only do harm by persisting any further. Yet he added, "Towards yourself personally, Mr. Beverley, Victor will then, I may hope, be on the same footing as before?"

"Yes," said the old gentleman, softening a little; "he will always be my friend, and by-and-by my partner; but on one condition, and that is, that he gives up his romantic attachment to my daughter. It was a foolish thing from the first. It must not be revived. When do you propose to go?"

"At once. I beg of you to release me on the moment. My passage is taken. My brother will ask leave of absence for two or three days to go on board with me."

"He can have it," Mr. Beverley replied; "he is entitled to a longer holiday than that, whenever he wishes for it."

"Good-bye, then, Mr. Beverley. Good-bye; and thank you for all your kindness to myself."

Mr. Beverley rose and shook hands with him; but Louis still lingered. He had failed to effect what he had contemplated for his brother, and could not be satisfied without one more effort.

"My brother"—he began again, his voice trembling with emotion—"can I do nothing to repair the injury he has suffered on my account?"

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"Leave him to me," said Mr. Beverley. "I will be fair to him, as I have said."

"Yes," said Louis; "I will leave him to you, a truer and a better friend than I have been, although his brother. Good-bye."

He looked into the old man's face as he spoke; but Mr. Beverley avoided his glance and kept his eyes fixed upon the ground.

"Good-bye," he said again. And so they parted.

CHAPTER XLVIII.—FLOWN.

Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks,
And given my treasure and my rights in thee
To thick-eyed musing and cursed melancholy?
—*Shakespeare.*

Mr. Beverley had spoken out of the fulness of his heart when he said to Louis Darville that there seemed to be very little peace or comfort for any one in this world. And yet his life had been, until a very recent period, as free from cares and trials, and as rich in consolations of a worldly kind, as that of most men. But the exactions of business had begun to make themselves felt in an exceptional manner, at a period of life when he was less equal to the burthen, and the comforts of his home were sadly interrupted by the unaccountable waywardness of his daughter, and by the fears which Mrs. Beverley continually expressed as to the state of her health. Mr. Beverley desired his wife to take Joan to see a physician; but Joan refused to go, and Mrs. Beverley herself did not think that medical advice would do much good. She would have surrounded her with friends, or companions at least, of her own age; but when any of the young people of their acquaintance were brought to a garden-party, or to any other entertainment, at Mulberry Lawn, Joan would not give herself the trouble of talking to them or entertaining them, and would even go away to her own room and leave them to themselves. Change of scene was recommended, and a foreign tour proposed, but Joan showed no interest in it. She would, of course, go anywhere they liked to take her, and do anything they wished her to do, but she could not be induced to like anything or to wish for anything herself. Mr. Beverley had consented to take his wife and daughter abroad soon, but he had been so much inconvenienced lately by Louis Darville's inattention, and by Victor's connivance, as he chose to call it, that he could not think of leaving home at present. So both in the City and at home the even tenor of Mr. Beverley's way had for a time been interrupted, and he had come hastily to the conclusion that there was not much peace or comfort for him or for any one else in this world. The sunshine of the past was forgotten, and the cloud which now overshadowed his path alone remembered—a very common occurrence with most of us. Two or three rainy days will generally wash away the recollection of a week of fine weather, whether it be spoken metaphorically or of fact.

Some short time after the explanation which had taken place between Mr. Beverley and Louis Darville, a dinner-party was arranged to take place at Mulberry Lawn. The almanack had been duly consulted, and a day fixed to which there could be no ecclesiastical objection. Mrs. Beverley had already hinted to her daughter that she hoped she would try to meet the event in a proper and sociable spirit; and as the hour drew nigh, she again ventured to suggest that it would be gratifying both to herself and to Mr. Beverley if she would throw off a little of her indifference and reserve, and endeavour to do her part kindly in entertaining their guests.

"You know how I hate dinner-parties," said Joan.

"I am sorry you should say so. They are quite necessary sometimes, unless one would give up society altogether."

"I hate society—I hate the very name."

"You hate so many things, Joan; it would add much to your happiness if you could shake off that unfortunate frame of mind."

Joan shook herself slightly, as if trying the experiment, but with evident unsuccess. Mrs. Beverley sighed; and, after a pause, began again.

"You want occupation, dear Joan. You think too much. It is so bad for young people to get into a habit of thinking, musing, and meditating, as you do, sitting in a listless way with a book upon your knees which you are not reading, or a piece of embroidery between your fingers, which is continually being pulled out to correct false stitches. It is very bad for you. You must rouse yourself, Joan, you really must."

Joan roused herself sufficiently to beat with her foot upon the floor, while Mrs. Beverley went on talking in this strain; but made no response either by look or gesture to her motherly appeal.

"I wonder you have not more spirit, Joan," her mother said. "If I were you I would make an effort, and show myself in company as usual, if only to stop people from talking."

"What people?"

"Everybody."

"Who is everybody?"

"Oh, you know, of course. All your friends; they are all talking and wondering, and saying how strange you are."

"Very friendly of my friends, to be sure."

"You cannot be surprised at it."

"I am not surprised."

"It is very mortifying."

"I am not mortified."

"Then, Joan, I think you ought to be. You will be sorry some day that you have acted thus. It does a girl so much harm to be talked about; and you might silence them in a moment if you would. You have only to hold up your little finger, and with your advantages you might—"

"What?"

"Oh, Joan, don't be so provoking. You know what I mean quite well. Young Mr. Stanley will be here this evening."

"I supposed so. He seems a good young man, and is very attentive. I cannot help feeling sorry for him."

Mr. Stanley, it need scarcely be told, was the gentleman whom Mrs. Beverley in her prudence had selected to take the place of Victor Darville in her daughter's heart. He was a highly eligible person in every sense, and Mrs. Beverley lost no opportunity of bringing him forward.

"Sorry for him? Well, then, Joan, dear, hold up the little finger, just the tip of it. I am sure you would like him if you knew him better."

"No, mother; never, never!"

The perverse tone in which she had been speaking was dropped now, and the last words were uttered in a voice whose trembling accents betrayed the depth of feeling which she had been trying to conceal.

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"When are we to go abroad?" she asked, suddenly.

"Very soon, I hope, if we must go. Your father has been trying to make arrangements for his holiday, but he will be more than ever confined to the office just now for a few days."

"Why?" Joan asked, without looking up. She always liked to hear about the office, though she seldom asked questions.

"Mr. Darville is going to leave, if not already gone. Did you not know?"

"No." The monosyllable was spoken quickly and with hardness. "Gone where?" she added, presently, unable to repress her anxiety to hear more.

"Abroad—to one of the colonies, I believe; I don't know where." She spoke as if it were not a matter of much consequence.

Joan did not doubt for a moment that Victor was the person intended by her mother. She knew but little of Louis, and his name was scarcely ever mentioned; but she forced herself to ask one more question. "Which of them is going?" she said.

"Both," Mrs. Beverley answered; "they will both be absent; therefore, of course, your father will be tied to the office more closely than ever."

Miss Beverley could not conceal her distress at this unexpected announcement; she would have thrown herself upon her mother's neck and told her all that was in her heart; but the information had been conveyed in a manner so unfeeling and unsympathising that her pride revolted against such a confession. She threw down her book almost passionately upon the sofa, rose, and hastened from the room.

Mrs. Beverley perceived then that she had unwittingly deceived her daughter. She had meant only to signify that both the Darvilles would be absent for a time, and that Louis was going abroad. She had avoided the seeming familiarity of using their Christian names, and having fancied all along that Joan knew, somehow or other, all that had occurred, she had not supposed that there could have been any ambiguity or misconstruction. Her first impulse was to hasten after her daughter and to undeceive her; but on second thoughts she resolved to keep her own counsel. It might be as well, she said to herself, to let the mistaken impression remain for a time, and to see what effect it would produce. She had not intended to say anything at variance with the truth; but if Joan had misunderstood her, it was not necessary to volunteer an immediate explanation. So she argued, not reflecting that by allowing the false impression to remain even for one minute longer than was necessary, she made herself guilty of a lie.

When the dressing bell rang Mrs. Beverley paid another visit to her daughter's room. Joan was sitting near the window, looking out. Her dress was laid ready for her, and her maid was busy at the toilet table.

"Do you want anything, Joan dear?" Mrs. Beverley said.

"No, I thank you."

"What is it, darling?" her mother said, going to her side, and speaking tenderly and in a low voice, for her heart smote her for the deceit which she was practising. Joan looked up at her with tears in her eyes.

"Try to be happy," Mrs. Beverley said. "I know what you are fretting about; but it will be all for the best. Make an effort at once, Joan; this evening. If you can do so you will soon get the better of these vain regrets."

Regrets! She would have repudiated the suggestion. She would have denied, even to herself, that there was any sorrow at her heart, or any lingering affection for the man who had so cruelly, as it seemed, neglected and forsaken her!

"You have not much time, Joan dear," her mother said; "you will rouse yourself, I am sure. You will look your best to-night, won't you? and that dress will become you admirably. There, there; don't, Joan, don't; your eyes will be so red."

And Mrs. Beverley, breaking away from her daughter in order, if possible to spare her eyes, hastened to her own room to dress.

An hour later, when the guests were assembled in the drawing-room, Mr. Beverley, looking at the clock, whispered to his wife,

"Whom are we waiting for?"

"I don't know," she said, "unless it is for Joan. I'll send up for her."

After a short interval the footman, to whom the message had been given, returned to tell his mistress in a low voice that Miss Beverley's maid wanted to speak to her, and Mrs. Beverley hastened from the room.

"If you please, ma'am," said the maid, "I cannot find my young lady anywhere."

"Not find her?"

"No, ma'am!"

"Is she dressed for dinner?"

"No, ma'am, that is the curiousest thing of all. Miss Beverley ordered me to leave the room, and said she would wait upon herself; and when I went up to look for her again, there she wasn't. I waited, thinking she would come back, all in a hurry, presently; but she never came; and there her dress lies just where I put it, and her shoes and everything."

"What can it mean?" cried Mrs. Beverley, with a terrible fear at her heart.

Every room was searched; her name was called through the passages, at first in low tones, but afterwards in louder accents, fear prevailing over discretion, until it was heard even downstairs where the guests were waiting. Mr. Beverley went away and left them, and did not return. The footmen, who were to have waited at table, were sent out one by one on errands. Finally, after long waiting, the guests were informed that something had happened, and that neither Mr. nor Mrs. Beverley could sit down to dinner just then. The company were entreated to excuse them and not to wait dinner. But, gathering from the butler and from their own observation that something very serious had occurred, they thought it better to disperse, and went away as they came, leaving the dining-room unvisited, full of curiosity, which, like their appetites, was destined for the present to remain unsatisfied.

Meantime the unhappy father and mother gave themselves up to the most extravagant alarm and the most poignant sorrow. Mrs. Beverley remembered that her daughter had burst into tears when she was leaving her room, and had stretched out her arms to her at the same moment, as if for a last embrace, and now she could only interpret the gesture as betokening some strange resolve. Joan was gone from the house; the rain was pouring down in torrents; she had gone away secretly and on foot; whither had she fled, and with what motive?

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EDWARD GARGATE,

THE YOUNG ARTIST-POET OF TEESDALE.

A FEW years ago, travellers in Upper Teesdale might often see in sunny weather a young man reclined upon a couch, reading, writing, or painting, in a garden that fronted a cottage by the roadside, near Middleton. The name of the youth was Edward Gargate, a poor Teesdale lad, whose short life was spent in his parents' cottage, and terminated at the Edinburgh Infirmary in the vain but warrantable endeavour to obtain relief by surgery from the infirmity which had rendered his existence one of almost continuous suffering. He was the son of John Gargate, a lead-miner of good character in the dale, and Sarah his wife, the mother of nine children besides. They lived by the roadside near Middleton-in-Teesdale, just on the ascent to the High Force Waterfall, where the hills begin to gather in and to narrow the valley, just where the river increases its roar as it rushes over its marble bed, just where the ash-trees begin to be scarce, and the basaltic cirque of Cronkley Fells throws deep shadows at the base of Mickle Tor, the highest and bulkiest of Yorkshire hills. Here Edward was born in 1849. In the little courtyard between the cottage door and the road there was usually seen on all fair days a pale-faced boy resting prone in a strong invalid-chair on wheels. He had been a helpless cripple from accident in infancy. His naturally shy look gave way to one of eager interest if the passer-by greeted him with any kindly or personal remark. His thin, eager countenance lighted up with sparkling interest and meaning. If the inquirer spoke of the beauties of Teesdale, of the gracefulness of the ash-trees around the homestead, the greenness of the pastures, the picturesqueness of the rocks, the restless murmur of the river, the boy was soon glowing with excitement. He knew all these; he had grown up with them, made them his own by companionship; nothing pleased him so much as to hear them praised.

The cottage neighbours looked on him as the child of misfortune, born to be dependent, to be a burden, and in their rude but hearty way pitied both parents and child. Many a little gift came, and was intended to solace his mother and him. But it may easily be conceived how, as he advanced from boyhood, his sensitive nature was often pained by the inevitable incidents of his helpless condition. As he fully awoke to the consciousness of his infirmity, the feeling that he must always be an occasion of trouble to others gave additional poignancy to his bodily pains. The daily events of a small dwelling, in which need was not absolutely a stranger and rest was impossible, were rough nurture for his spirit. The sympathy of the people in the dale and at Middleton was freely given to him, and the mine machinists made a rude strong carriage for his use. The family at Middleton House gave not only aid but friendly advice, and as he advanced in maturity books and periodicals were furnished. It was found that he could amuse himself with drawing, and this led to the gift of materials and copies for first essays. His forlorn case was brought to the notice of some of the landowners and their friends accustomed to resort to the High Force Inn for sport or scenery. As years passed by he was touched by the grateful spirit of personal religion, and soon began to idealise his thoughts and feelings in attempts at descriptive poetry. His love of nature became intensified, and the record of God's love to mankind produced an echo in his own subjective experience. He found life a more serious and yet a better and brighter lot than at first he deemed it.

And now we have the pleasant task of recording one of those honourable friendships which ennobles "him who gives and him who takes." About the year 1870 Mr. Hamerton, the well-known artist and author, heard of him, visited him, and gave him all the offices of a most sincere and useful acquaintance, which endured through the remainder of his short life. About the same time the Duchess of Cleveland, the queen of the dale, from the baronial hall of Raby, wrote to the poor lad, and ministered to his wants and tastes; so did the Duke of Beaufort, so Mr. Seymour Haden, and last, not least, Mr. Millais. By this time, too, song had become more habitual to him; he wrote many verses, betraying the learner in the divine art of poesy, and the true idealisation possible only to a poetic mind. These illustrate the growth of his mind and soul, and we have appended specimens. Now also he had learned to etch, and could and did reward his friends by morsels of his art.

On the 2nd of January, 1871, Mr. Hamerton writes to him as follows, and we may best read the mind of the youth in the reflection of it thus produced in the communication of the kind traveller:—

Pré Charmoy, Autun,
Saône et Loire, France,
2nd January, 1871.

My dear Sir,—Last time I wrote to you I was so busy that I had not time to answer your letter properly. I hope you will kindly pardon the delay in a man who is always busy, and often overworked.

Your letter moved me very deeply. I like the courageous way in which you look upon the future of a life which no doubt will be deprived of many pleasures and advantages which are accessible to most people. There are, however, compensations in every lot, and I think I may affirm from your letter that some very valuable compensations are yours already, and may be increased in value as time goes on. Considering the position you describe to me, it is evident that you have been improving your mind and educating yourself quietly. My hope for you is that your time may be pleasantly and profitably occupied, and that you may suffer little from the weariness that comes from inaction.

I have been thinking and wondering how you could manage to etch. My impression, to begin with, is that you ought to work the old negative process (see my Handbook). It would not be convenient for you to work in the acid sitting in a bed. Now I wonder whether somebody in the house could not help you with certain things, perhaps even grounding a plate or taking a proof. These are things which might easily be learned, and they would spare you a good deal of awkward trouble.

You ought not to pay any attention whatever to the praise or blame of those who see your drawings, unless they really know a great deal about art. What you say about pen-drawing and line-engraving is quite true. A pen-drawing ought to have qualities quite distinct from those of an engraving, and a first-rate etching would not be like either one or the other. Every art has its own excellences.

Let me tell you the exact truth about etching. In the first place it is very difficult and very disappointing. I only know two men who can get a tone, the tone they want, with certainty in etching. Those two are Flameng and Jacquemart. As to myself, though I have etched about 200 plates, I am not at all sure of getting the tone I want, but rather sure of *not*

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getting it. Still it seems to be possible when the whole time is given to the art, and you are rich in time if not in money. I should recommend you to try for true and expressive *line* first, with just a little shading to help it, and then gradually (very gradually) put more and more richness and variety of tone in your work. If you try for full tone at first you are sure to make a mess of it, and weary and discourage yourself, but etching is capable of the fullest, richest, and most various tone in the hands of men who, like Flameng, have really mastered it.

I proceed to answer your questions :—

First.—"Am I to understand that Japan varnish and stopping-out varnish are one and the same?"

In my case they are. Some etchers use other varnishes for stopping out. Brunswick black is sometimes used in England. In France they use a liquid called "petit vernis," which is a solution that does not dry very readily, but may be etched in with the point. I recommend Japan as the best.

Second.—"In applying your beeswax and varnish ground do you heat the plate the first time and not the second?"

I only heat the plate in case of hurry. The second time it does not need heating, as the heat of the smoking taper suffices. I prefer to let the first coat dry without heating.

Third.—"A nitric bath in temperate weather is half an hour. What would it be in the extremes of winter and summer?"

In winter twice as long, and in summer (hottest weather) about half as long. In the intense cold of the present winter I nearly lost a large plate from insufficient biting. It seems as if one hardly *could* bite a plate too long in intense cold.

Fourth.—"How could I procure a good proof in my position?"

This seems the most difficult point, but I think it may be managed with one of my small presses. You have not got one; well, we must contrive to get you one somehow, and then I will write you directions about the printing. The worst of it is, printing is such dirty work, but it is no use trying to etch without it. Please don't expect the little press *quite immediately*. I will find means of getting you one as soon as I can. Never bother yourself about wax-paper and plaster.

If you will do me the kindness to treat me as a friend, and write whenever you have any questions to ask, I shall always be glad to answer them. I dare say that on the whole it is wise in you to try to etch. The little sketch you sent me has life in it, though your manner of expression will mend with further study. My belief is that with perseverance you may ultimately succeed, and if ever you do anything really good I will help it in such ways as are open to me.

Wishing you a happy new year, for notwithstanding what is painful in your lot, I hope and believe such a wish has a fair chance of being realised,

I remain,
Yours most truly,
P. G. HAMERTON.

A year after this Mr. Millais sends him mechanical help and kind advice.

London, January 5th, 1872.

It is but a small work, but on inquiry, I know of no better for your purpose. I trust it may be of some little use to you, and that you may find some pleasure in its perusal. I can only repeat that you should draw as much as possible from nature, and when sufficiently correct in your outline, proceed to work on a prepared plate with the etching needle. An engraver of common visiting cards could supply you with information as to the process.

Yours very truly,
J. E. MILLAIS.

This is followed by another letter from Mr. Hamerton:—

Pré Charmoy, Autun,
Saône et Loire, France,
March 8th, 1872.

My dear Sir,—I mentioned you to my friend Mr. Seymour Haden, and asked him to go along with me in making you a little present of a nature to help you to the realisation of your desires in etching. Mr. Haden gives you one of my miniature presses, with what is necessary to begin printing your proofs. I, on my part, give you a copy of "Etching and Etchers," which I hope will duly arrive at your address.

As I really desire that you may succeed, I take the liberty of giving you some advice. Try to guard your mind against the common illusion that etching can be done without highly accomplished drawing. To etch well, you must begin by drawing well. Let me recommend you to practise drawing very industriously, and to study really good examples. If you do not possess good examples, write to me and I will procure you some; you will find some to begin with in the illustrations to "Etching and Etchers." I would not recommend you to etch so much for practice as to draw on paper for practice with simple pen and ink; then etch a few of your best drawings. I think this will be the wisest plan to begin with.

For your encouragement, I may as well say even now—though it is perhaps rather early as yet to mention this—that if you ever do work so good that I can conscientiously recommend it to a publisher, I will do that for you with great pleasure, and introduce you to the public also; but you understand, of course, that I cannot honourably recommend inferior work.

As you would probably like to have the opportunity of writing to thank Mr. Haden for his present, I give you his address.

Yours very faithfully,
P. G. HAMERTON.

In July Mr. J. H. Lane is writing to him, and his circle of artists and friends is widening.

He now conceived the idea of publishing some of his verses, specially with the view of circulation in his own neighbourhood. The verses reflect the varying currents of his inner life and growth, but they are not sufficiently polished to run well, and their subjective mood would require more than usual sweetness of diction to render them popular. The fragments are carefully copied, touchingly dedicated to his mother, interspersed with a few sketches of scenery, and thus complete, were found after his death. His intended preface we give entire:—

"It is said that the public have a right to know something of the person whose work is offered for their perusal; but this is, perhaps, doubtful, for I fancy that little is cared for the author, provided the matter he brings be good and his book of average ability. If the book prove a failure, why, of course, less is cared for the writer. However, I comply with the usual custom, though some of the poems will sufficiently explain my situation.

"I was born April 17th, 1849, at Gateside, Middleton-in-Teesdale, in this old farmhouse, and am the eldest of a family of twelve, ten of whom are at present living. When six years of age I was sent to the village school, kept by an intelligent old gentleman with a withered right arm. I remained here five years, and was then sent to the lead-mines to earn a little towards my own support, my work consisting of turning a wheel to force the air in a stream up the workmen's rise. But this process of raising the wind was a very monotonous affair, and I was removed to the outside works, where I continued to earn a small pittance for the next two years, when I was suddenly taken ill. An over-heating of the blood, caused by running, and followed by a sudden chill, proved sufficient to bring a hardy constitution to the verge of dissolution.

"On March 27th, 1863, some weeks before the completion of my fourteenth year, I took to my bed in an agony of pain, relieved for some weeks by raving insensibility. I laboured under a variety of ailments, but my chief pain was in the lower extremities. In a few weeks the doctor pronounced it to be an enlargement of the thigh-bone, on the outer covering of which an abscess had formed, which he cut, and so gave me some relief; but for a year I suffered greatly, and when the pain left me, it took away with it something very precious—the use of my legs, leaving the joints quite useless. In this state I re-

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mained at home till 1870, my sufferings during this time being considerably alleviated by the many kind actions of generous friends. Through the kindness of a friend I was admitted into the Convalescent Home at Redcar. The change benefited me very much, and feeling so much better and stronger, I attempted the novel process of walking, and in three months succeeded in walking across the room and around the house; but after I returned home, I very unfortunately slipped in my crutches and fell, severely spraining my ankle, and the shock of the fall, together with the recent previous over-exertion, caused a deep-seated abscess to form on the left hip, which brought me very low; but after twelve weeks of severe pain I got relief, so that now I am comparatively easy, and am once more able to amuse myself with reading, writing, and drawing."

Such, then, is the author's modest tale of trial and suffering through which it has been his lot to pass, and yet he seems to have borne all with Christian patience and fortitude. To use his own words, "Though my life is not an enviable one, yet I think I am not more unhappy than any other young person would be, placed in the same circumstances; though this illness has taken much from me, yet it has given me more—a new intellectual life, new hopes, new views, new desires and aspirations, and new friends, and, on that account, cannot be regretted. If it has brought me great sorrows, it has also brought me greater joy and greater causes for happiness."

The dedicatory verses are in the same spirit, and show his true, deep nature, and tender sympathy with nature and natural affections.

To you, I, first-born of desire,
This first-born volume dedicate;
Small thing beside a love so great,
The tinkling of a weak-toned lyre.

When all the days dragged on their length,
A tedious length, I thought, too long,
Complaint arose, grew fastly strong,
As waned the stamina of strength.

I did not wish the sun to dip,
With all his red ethereal glow
And glamour wide, the fells below,
And leave the murmur on my lip.

It was the lingering of your tone,
Echoing my pain, that did not fail
To soothe the weary fretful wail,
Entreatingly rebuke the moan.

And when the nights were dark and drear
The solemn March wind weirdly wheeled
Across each brown and barren field,
Inspiring ghostly dread and fear.

I did not wish to see the sky,
Or all the woolly scattered herds,
And when I loathed the singing-birds,
And longed for nothing but to die,

Your fingers damped the brow of pain,
That throb'd and throb'd nigh over much,
And stilled by their cooling touch
The senseless ravings of my brain.

You talked to me of things above,
Wept when I grieved, smiled when I laughed,
And gave the healing bitter draught,
Made sweet by power of patient love.

Yet to the bridging of the earth
Great deeds and little things all go,
Accept what out of pain may grow,
A tribute to a mother's worth.

The resources which he found in his own narrow surroundings are touchingly portrayed in a poem entitled, "My Carriage," in which he contrasts his rural home with the attractions of city life, but we can find space only for a single verse:—

And for the pageant scene, which but excitement yields,
Give me my easy ride among the grassy fields,
With colours rich and fair together blent;
Give me one lingering look upon my native hills,
One evening stroll among the nodding daffodils,
And one hushed space to hear the murmur of the rills,
One breath of mountain air, and I'm content.

The remainder is soon told. In the year 1872, by the advice of Professor Spence, he entered the Royal Infirmary at Edinburgh, in August, and submitted to amputation of the diseased limb, but within a fortnight after the operation, at the early age of twenty-three, he passed away to his rest.

The pieces which display the most poetical power and imagination are those which were left too imperfect for publication. The images which passed before his vision were similar to those which haunted Chatterton. A touch of ancient romance tinctured his dreams. The following verses, from a poem on "The Sea," show him in his more imaginative mood:—

I gaze on the beautiful waves of blue,
Of opal and purple of every hue;
I gaze on the feathery foam of snow,
Meandering silently, noiselessly creeping,
Curling and dashing, noisily leaping.
I wonder what lies in the deep below?
What scaly cold creatures of death there be,
Down in the grottoes and caves of the sea.
What slimy and sickening things may creep
Through and around the green rocks of the deep;
Stealthily grovelling, thirsting for prey,
Watching and waiting to snare and betray;
Down in the sludge, and the mire, and the weeds,
Down in the slime and the cold clammy reeds;
Darting pursuing, and chasing, and flying,
Giving, receiving, triumphing, and dying,
Writhing and shrinking in death's fatal shiver,
Crunching and gloating, insatiate ever:
Down, down, down,
Down in the horrible sea,
The terrible, horrible sea.

I gaze and I wonder what dead men's bones
Rock with the water upon the sea stones;
Perchance the white bones of some dread buccaneer
May cross the remains of his victim more dear;
Embracing they roll in their mimic strife,
Struggling in death as they struggled in life,
Washing and tumbling, swaying and rocking,
Tight in each other's lank arms ever locking,
Scaring the cruel-eyed creatures that prowl
Through the arched coral, and wallow and crawl
Down, down, down,
Down in the dark-cornered sea,
The dark-cornered lonesome cold sea.

We append one shorter poem:—

LOVE.

Love is like a summer flower
At its beauteous birth,
Love is like a summer shower
Falling on the earth.

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Love is like a summer flower
Of a lovely hue,
Blooming at the morning hour,
Damped by the dew.

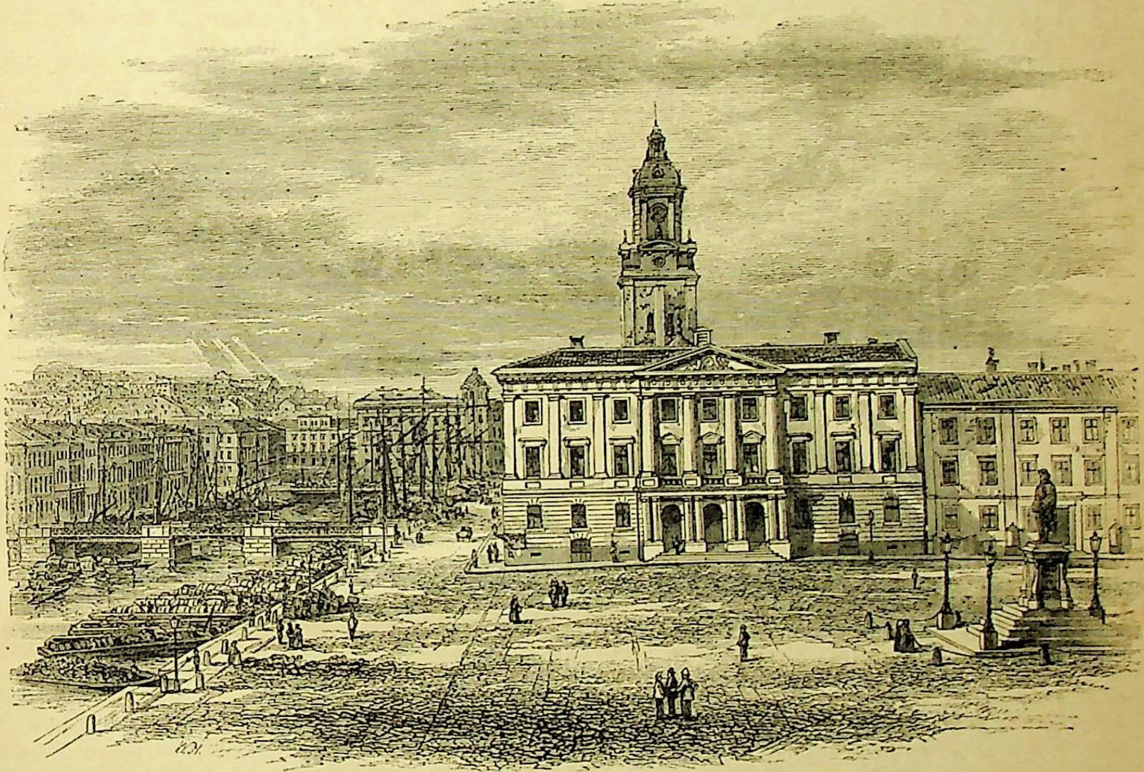
Is love as a summer flower
On the mossy ground?
When the snow comes o'er the morn
Where can it be found?
Is love as a summer flower,
Rich and fair and gay,
When the autumn cloud doth lower,
Fading then away?

Love is like an evergreen,
Twining round a tree,
Where clinging it is ever seen,
Snowing though it be.
Love is like an evergreen,
True and changeless ever;
Winds may blow both loud and keen,
It will never sever.

Love is like an evergreen
In the frosty breath,
Never false, but true, I ween,
Changeless to the death.

Enough has been cited to show that this poor invalid had a heart attuned to tender and noble sentiments, while his friends were comforted by knowing that his peace and cheerfulness sprung from true Christian faith.

GOTHENBURG.



GOTHENBURG is the chief commercial port—the Liverpool—of Sweden. It has obtained a world-wide reputation as the place in which was originated a system of stringent control over the distribution of local licences for the sale of intoxicating liquors. It has also other features of special interest which have attracted little, if any, attention from strangers, but which, nevertheless, well deserve notice. General philanthropy, in its most active and practical forms, has for many years attained, in Gothenburg, a greater development than perhaps in any other town of North Europe, especially in reference to the education of the young, the care of the helpless, and the diminution of pauperism and intemperance. This beneficent pre-eminence may be credited partly to Swedes and partly to English and Scotchmen. For it is due to both. Leading merchants of British birth or descent, as Mr. Carnegie, the Dicksons, the Sawers, and others, have actively co-operated with their Swedish friends, such as M. Hedlund, M. Ekman, and Dean Wieselgren, in numerous local good efforts, the results of which have been very satisfactory.

Firstly, the extension of popular education in this town is very striking. The total population is 70,000, of whom 7,000 are children who receive their training in the common schools; whilst nearly 3,000 more are being educated in private institutions. There are seven large schools of 1,000 pupils each for all classes of the population. Boys and girls are educated in the same buildings, but in different rooms. All the classes are supplied with an excellent variety of maps, pictures, diagrams, and models. Each school also has its museum of natural and other curiosities. Spacious halls are devoted to gymnastic apparatus, and as workshops for instruction in technical and

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mechanical industry. In one room a number of boys are engaged in bookbinding. In another are the young carpenters. In a third, iron and brass work is being taught and practised. The products of these and other school industries are sold, and the profits divided, in the following proportion—one-third for the juvenile handicraftsmen, one-third for their instructors, and one-third for the institution.

For the adult population of the town there is also a large establishment, where lectures, classes, and libraries afford excellent facilities for improvement and advancement, especially to the mechanic and the intelligent labourer.

Another interesting institution of the place is a training school for domestic servants. Here are received thirty-one poor girls, who receive, gratuitously, board, lodging, and instruction for two and a half years. They pass through a series of courses of domestic practice. Thus six months are spent in the kitchen as cooks, six months in the laundry, and several months in the nursery, or *crèche*, where a number of very young children are received with the double object of providing them with a temporary, or daily, house, and of affording useful practice to the elder girls, who are called upon to act as nurses. The whole work of the establishment is distributed, in rotation, amongst its inmates. They thus acquire a special proficiency in the duties, not only of servants, but also of wives and mothers; and so greatly is this appreciated by the young men of Gothenburg, that some of the supporters of the institution complain that its chief original object, the training of servants, has practically been diverted into the preparation of good wives. However, the result, even in the latter case, is so highly satisfactory, that the establishment still finds liberal supporters, although it furnishes comparatively few permanent members to the ranks of domestic service amongst the householders of the town.

That fruitful source of intemperance and crime, the overcrowding of the poor, has been perseveringly checked in Gothenburg by the promotion of a number of building societies and house clubs. Many of the artisans have thus been enabled to become their own landlords, whilst a still larger number are provided with dwellings at a very low rent. The proportion of dwellings in Gothenburg erected by building societies is stated to be double of that of London—being two per cent. in the latter and four per cent. in the former. The Gothenburg rents for houses, or sets of apartments, under the local societies, range from £5 to £12 per annum, according to the number of rooms occupied. Some of the dwellings are erected by societies based upon the English "Star Bowkett" principle. Others arrange their rents so as to include the purchase of the freehold. In this case, after the tenant has paid the rent of a house for from ten to twenty years, it becomes his absolute property. A third series of improved dwellings are erected upon the principle of returning a medium interest of four per cent. to the proprietors, the rents being kept down to a level sufficient merely to pay that amount. An English merchant of the town has lent the sum of one hundred thousand "crowns" (£5,500), and other residents various large sums, thus to facilitate the accommodation of the poor at very moderate rentals, and to keep them out of the hands of extortionate speculative builders. As in the case of the Peabody dwellings in London, suitable conditions of cleanliness and good order are insisted upon from the tenants who receive the privilege of inhabiting these cheap and commodious abodes.

Gothenburg contains the largest cellular prison in Sweden, with 150 inmates (110 men and 40 women), whose sentences range over periods not exceeding two years. Many of these are beggars or vagrants, a class of the community which is very properly discouraged in Sweden. The labour at this prison is of an exceedingly light description, and consists largely of making paper bags for export, and of other similar easy occupations. Whilst, on the one hand, anything like cruelty should be avoided in prisons, it is, on the other, very desirable to avoid undue indulgence to criminals by placing them in a position superior to that of the honest labourer outside. But at Gothenburg the honest and comparatively infirm inmates of the poor-house have much harder labour to perform than those of the gaol. The former, who are chiefly aged and imbecile persons, have sixteen large and heavy mangles to turn. It would seem more appropriate to give these poor people the paper-bag work, and set the prisoners and lazy vagrants to labour at the mangles. However, the separate cells are mainly relied upon for the deterrent influences of the prison, and also for withdrawing their inmates from evil association with each other. A chaplain ministers to them at intervals; but there might, with advantage, be introduced further arrangements for the religious and educational instruction of the prisoners by means of periodic visits from judicious inhabitants of the town.

A very humane and elaborate system of care for the poor exists in Gothenburg. Outdoor relief is the general basis of assistance, combined with an extensive arrangement for the house-to-house visitation of the poor by duly appointed municipal overseers, as at Elberfeld, in Germany. Only the aged and the infirm are admitted into the poor-house of the town. This building contains 700 inmates. It appears to be, on the whole, carefully managed; but one unpleasant feature of it consists in a number of narrow, dark cells, for the confinement, or "discipline," of imbecile inmates of the institution. Such poor creatures should be removed to a separate establishment, and instead of darkness, as much sunshine and light as possible should be allowed to reach them. To persons already depressed by mental or bodily weakness, darkness is an additional aggravation of temper and a source of positive disease, whereas sunshine is an indispensable element of health and cheerfulness. It is to be hoped that the humane authorities of Gothenburg will speedily discontinue the use of these dark cells, although they are still of recent erection.

There is one other exception to the good administration of the town. This is the horrible condition of the large vagrant wards at the chief police-station. Every night fifty or more vagrants are here lodged on layers of straw, which is only changed at too infrequent intervals. Consequently, filth and vermin render the place a nauseous spot to visit, and its stench is intolerable. Mr. Eliott, the intelligent and humane chief of the Gothenburg police, considers that this ward is a disgrace to the town, as, indeed, it is; and the sooner it is replaced by some improved arrangement the better.

But, apart from these exceptions, the poor and destitute classes at Gothenburg are exceedingly well cared for. Some of the inhabitants are of opinion that too much is being done in this direction, and

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they say that, in consequence, some of the people are being pauperised. Recent statistics give some support to this allegation. Five years ago, about 1,200 persons in the town were in receipt of outdoor relief, whereas the number is now increased to about 1,600, amongst whom £7,500 is distributed in a year. Hence there has been an increase of about thirty per cent. in the local pauperism in five years. There is no "house test" for able-bodied paupers as in England. The governor of the poor-house (for the aged, sick, and imbecile poor only) expresses a wish that there was a "house test," or compulsory entrance into the poor-house, for the able-bodied poor. It may be here remarked that the experience of Elberfeld, in Germany, where outdoor relief is the basis of assistance, has also resulted in a considerable recent increase of pauperism. In 1873, at Elberfeld, 926 persons were in receipt of this form of relief. In 1877 the number had risen to 1,638; both the proportion of paupers and the amount of relief having nearly doubled in four years. (The total taxation at Elberfeld considerably exceeds ten per cent. on the incomes of the inhabitants.)

Gothenburg is divided, for purposes of the supervision of the poor, into ten districts, with thirty unpaid overseers, or guardians, for the whole—three to each district. In addition there are six paid male inspectors of the poor, with salaries of £50 each, and two female ones, deaconesses, with salaries of £30 each. The guardians must visit each house in their district twice a year. The inspectors must visit each house once a month. Throughout Scandinavia the clergy are, *ex officio*, active members of the local boards of supervision of the poor. Their piety and intelligence (every clergyman must be a graduate of a university) are very helpful in this direction.

Juvenile paupers, throughout Scandinavia, are boarded out singly, or in twos and threes, in cottage homes. They are not "farmed out" in numbers. This distinction, often forgotten, is an important one. For boarding out is excellent; whereas "farming out" is most objectionable, and fraught with the most serious abuses, as in Russia, and as formerly in England. In Sweden, pauper children are boarded out from the ages of one month to sixteen years, at a cost of eighteenpence a week, £3 10*s.* per annum. Their food is the same as that of the average poor—rough and cheap, but nourishing. These children are trained to practical everyday industry, and especially to agriculture, carpentry, and fishing. Four hundred are boarded out from and around Gothenburg. Occasionally complaints are made of harsh treatment, but, on the whole, the system is reported to work very well. It is also stated that the general good feeling of the population towards orphan and destitute children is so decided, that cases of cruelty meet with prompt public reprobation. The Swedish and Norwegian people consider that boarding-out is a decided success.

Both at Gothenburg and in most of the other towns of Sweden and Norway, much public expenditure is saved by obliging the liquor licences to defray most of the costs of local government and outlay. For example, in many localities the roads, bridges, and schools, also the support of the poor, are mainly paid by the liquor-vendors and their customers. This is the essence of the celebrated "Gothenburg system," which may be thus summarised. "We cannot altogether interfere with the liberty of the subject. If people will indulge in brandy and other alcoholic drinks, they must do so. We cannot possibly suppress the liquor traffic, but the vendors shall certainly not be allowed, as in England, Scotland, and Ireland, to *retain all the profits*, and at the same time, by increasing the local poverty and crime, *impose heavy additional taxes on the temperate and self-denying portions of the population.*" Consequently, in Gothenburg—and, indeed, generally in Scandinavia—the spirit licences are put up to public auction and sold to the highest bidders, who have to hand over the bulk of the profits to the local authorities to diminish the rates and taxes. In Gothenburg, the highest bidders for the licences are a company, or "bolag," to use the Swedish term. The population of the town is 70,000, and the company pay a tax of nearly ten shillings per head per annum, or about forty thousand pounds sterling every year, to the municipality. At the same time, in order to discourage drunkenness, they have doubled the price of the liquor sold and shortened the hours of sale. On fairs and market days they close their establishments at noon. Although there is still a large amount of spirit sold in Gothenburg and throughout Scandinavia, yet drunkenness has greatly decreased as compared with a quarter of a century ago. This is largely owing to the exertions of two excellent men, both inhabitants of Gothenburg—the late Dean Wieselgren and Mr. S. A. Hedlund. Dean Wieselgren was the "Father Matthew" of Scandinavia. For nearly twenty years he laboured most earnestly and enthusiastically in the pulpit, on the platform, and by his pen, to impress upon his countrymen the claims of temperance and the sin of drunkenness. In Mr. Hedlund he found an able colleague who supported his views in the Swedish Legislature at Stockholm and in the municipality and local press of Gothenburg. Dean Wieselgren has recently passed to his heavenly reward, but Mr. Hedlund remains to serve his town and country, and is honoured throughout Sweden as one of the truest philanthropists of the nation, and one of the wisest legislators of the kingdom. He may perhaps be considered the chief founder and promoter of the "Gothenburg system."

Mr. Hedlund has honourably distinguished himself also by his active support of the principle of International Arbitration. It was mainly through his journalistic and parliamentary influence that another member of the Swedish Legislature, Mr. Jonas Jonassen, a resident in the neighbourhood of Gothenburg, was enabled successfully to pass a resolution, introduced by him into the Swedish Parliament, in favour of referring international disputes to arbitration in lieu of the cruel decision of the sword. Mr. Hedlund, as proprietor and chief editor of the Gothenburg journal of commerce, "Handels Tidning," recognises his responsibility as an influential leader of public opinion. In this important work he is ably assisted by an accomplished gentleman, a native of Gothenburg (Mr. Mauritz Rubensen). In their hands the journal has attained a foreign as well as Swedish reputation for the varied excellence of its articles and communications. It is not only a first-class commercial newspaper, but is also distinguished by its high literary and æsthetic standard, and by its comprehensive attention to cosmopolitan as well as Scandinavian objects of interest.

The Gothenburg people and municipality are in general thoroughly well satisfied with the results of their system of heavily-charged licences. They admit

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that there is still far too much drinking. But they say, "We have discouraged it as much as we can. There is not nearly so much drunkenness as formerly. The liquor now sold here is also largely bought for surrounding districts, where all the former licences have been withdrawn. And, at least, the publicans are not now permitted, as in England, to enjoy an absolute monopoly of profit. We oblige the liquor vendors to make heavy compensation to the public for the mischief of their trade. It is not with us, as in England, a question of compensation *to* the publicans, but rather, and perfectly rationally, of just compensation *from* them to the community, in return for their monopoly."

And it is surprising that in England any other aspect of the subject should have prevailed. For in Great Britain every licence is a free gift of hundreds, and often of thousands of pounds, in the form of an almost gratuitous partial monopoly to the vendor. For example, a single public-house in poverty-stricken East London, at Bethnal Green, lately sold the "goodwill" alone of its premises for £21,800. Its liquor sales amount to £900 per month. A comparatively small public-house at Kingsland, in North London, recently sold for £18,000. A third sold for £30,000, and so on. In one long thoroughfare at Liverpool there are nearly two hundred public-houses. In Mile End, London, there are more than fifty. In many single streets of our chief cities there are dozens and even scores of these establishments, deriving immense profits for their owners, draining a vast aggregate of money from the poorest classes, increasing misery and vice, through excessive temptations to drunkenness, and contributing only a nominal acknowledgment to the locality for the monopoly of privileged licences. Now, in all such cases, a heavy compensation for such hugely profitable monopolies ought to be paid, as at Gothenburg, by the liquor vendors to the community, as some small counterbalance for the pauperism and crime entailed mainly by the sale of spirits upon that community.

This is the essence of the Gothenburg system. If this rational principle were adopted in England, the liquor vendors of London, with its population of four millions, would have to pay nearly two millions sterling per annum as compensation to the neighbourhood. In Liverpool, Manchester, and Glasgow, the publicans would have to pay nearly a quarter of a million per annum in each of the three large towns. But at present the State grants, gratis, most profitable monopolies to the liquor vendors of the United Kingdom, and in addition allows them to impose huge extra taxation upon the community by the consequent heavy increase of pauperism, prisons, and asylums. This is a double folly. May the time not be far distant when the people of the United Kingdom may imitate the practical good sense of their Scandinavian brethren, and compel the liquor vendors to at least defray the bulk of the poor-rates, and the costs of the prisons and asylums, which, by the acknowledgment of statesmen and divines, of judges, magistrates, and physicians, are mainly filled by the frequenters of these unduly privileged vendors of alcoholic spirit. It is the world-renowned honour of the town of Gothenburg to have taken the lead in the advocacy and exemplification of this practical wisdom.

W. TALLACK.

MERCHANT TAYLORS' SCHOOL.

THE seminary of Dean Colet, at the east end of "Paule's Church," had been in existence for about half a century, when a scheme for another school, "for the better education and bringing-up of children in good manners and literature," was proposed in the city of London. The Merchant Taylors took the initiative in this matter, doubtless moved thereto by the growing success and popularity of St. Paul's School. A second motive is not unlikely to have induced them to consider the desirability of establishing a school under their exclusive patronage. They had noticed the active part taken by another great city guild with which they were in intimate alliance—"the most honest and faithful Fellowship of the Mercers"—in fulfilling the provisions of Dean Colet's trust, and they were unwilling to be behind others in promoting the cause of good learning in England. In a spirit of honourable rivalry, then, the Merchant Taylors, at one of their periodical courts, passed a resolution declaring that it was expedient to establish a grammar school within the city liberties. With praiseworthy promptitude and liberality, a member present, one Mr. Richard Hills, volunteered a gift of £500 towards the purchase of a site for the foundation. This offer, which, in those days, must have amounted to a gift of the whole, or very nearly the whole, of the purchase money, was sufficient to give practical effect to the scheme, which was forthwith carried into operation. The common chest of the company furnished whatever additional funds were necessary; and a part of the "Manor of the Rose," in the parish of St. Laurence Pountney being eligible, it was presently secured for the school-building. The "Rose" was a mansion of some comeliness, which had successively belonged to the Duke of Buckingham (the Buckingham of King Henry the Eighth's days), the Marquis of Exeter, and the Earls of Sussex, it having been originally built by Sir John Pountney, a Lord Mayor of London of Edward the Third's reign. The fortunes of the manor had been various, and its story interesting. In brief, the tenancies of but too many of its former noble occupants had terminated by the tragical process of attainder; and it must have been with a sense of relief that the Sussex family of Queen Elizabeth's reign found themselves enabled to part with it to the Merchant Taylors in a more business-like manner. The "Rose" being secured, or rather the main portion of it, including "a gatehouse, a long court, a winding stair leading to the leads over the chapel, the galleries at the south end of the court, and part of the chapel," the manor-house itself was adapted to the requirements of a school, and, in the spring of the year 1561, all was declared ready for the reception of the scholars.

So closely did the Merchant Taylors follow the statutes of Dean Colet in framing regulations for their new seminary, that, with the strictest propriety, these last may be said to be the counterpart of those which were drawn up by the founder of St. Paul's School. To reproduce them here in full would be

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merely to give a repetition of much that we have already fully discussed in a former paper. "Whereas," recites the introductory clause of the statutes of Merchant Taylors' School, "the Master, Wardens, and Assistants, in the name of the whole body of the company of the Merchant Taylors, have, for the better education and bringing-up of children in good manners and literature, erected a school within the parish of St. Laurence Pountney, and also meet and convenient lodgings for a schoolmaster and three ushers to inhabit and dwell in. And, for because that nothing can continue long, and endure without laws and statutes," therefore the worshipful society had "fully concluded, agreed, and decreed upon various" for the governance of Merchant Taylors' School.

These "various" laws and statutes are, as we have said, almost copies of the laws and statutes of Dean Colet. They set forth, in the first place, that the school had been founded "in the honour of Christe Jesu;" and in the next that it had been designed for the instruction of 250 scholars, and no more. It was not intended that it should be altogether a free grammar school; gratuitous education, however, was to be accorded to some, in manner following: The High Master, who, after the manner of Colet's schoolmaster, Lilly, was to have control over the whole school in doctrine, learning, and teaching, was counselled "not to refuse to take, receive, and teach free" in the school of the Merchant Taylors one hundred scholars, parcel of the said two hundred and fifty scholars, being poor men's sons coming thither to be taught, and found meet and apt to learn. Nothing whatsoever was to be asked or taken of these one hundred poor scholars for their instruction and learning. Fifty other scholars, "parcel of the said two hundred and fifty," being the children of poor men, were to be received into the school, and instructed, on paying, each of them, to the High Master, 2*s.* 2*d.* at the end of every quarter. The remaining one hundred, "being rich or meane men's children," were to be received on paying in like manner 5*s.* each to the High Master. So that Merchant Taylors' School was, to every intent and purpose, from its beginning a seminary for the middle classes, to which the children of those who might be very poor, and the children of the well-to-do and prosperous, were admitted, and received the best instruction that the times afforded. It was ordered that all comers within the number designated by the statutes were to be received, "of all nations and countries indifferently," provided that the candidate could say the Catechism in English or Latin, and read and write. The only sum to be demanded of all children on their admission, and this without distinction, was 12*d.*, for "the writing," or registration of the scholar's name. The amount thus collected was set aside, the same as in St. Paul's School, as a wage to him who should be appointed to keep the school clean. The quaint regulations penned by Dean Colet for the governance of his scholars—those, for instance, relating to the burning of wax instead of tallow candles in school-time, prohibiting certain uncouth games and pernicious customs, and warning the children against bringing refreshments into school—are found comprised in the original laws and statutes of Merchant Taylors' School.

Without its High Master the school was necessarily incomplete, and the Merchant Taylors experienced some little difficulty in supplying one. The remuneration offered was small—"£40 quarterly by four equal portions," and the qualifications they sought were far from inconsiderable. The High Master was required to be "whole, sober, discreet, honest and virtuous, and learned in good and clean Latin literature, and also in Greek." Moreover he was expressly prohibited by statute from adding to his income by teaching within the school or elsewhere more than the 250 scholars given into his charge. After some persuasion the company succeeded in inducing that famed old pedagogue, Richard Mulcaster, to accept the office. He seems to have been exactly the man for the place. He

MERCHANT TAYLORS' OLD SCHOOL.

had been a King's Scholar of Eton (contemporary with Ascham) under Nicholas Udall's rigid rule, and in due course had been elected to King's College, Cambridge, where he had graduated in Arts. Migrating to the senior university, he had become a student of Christ Church, and in that society was greatly distinguished for his critical knowledge of the classics, and particularly for his intimate acquaintance with Oriental literature. Within twelve months of his election to the High Mastership, Richard Mulcaster could boast that Merchant Taylors' School had its full number of scholars. To bear testimony of its prosperity and the efficiency of his teaching, he invited the Bishop of London, and various other prelates, to make a solemn visitation of the school, which was first done on the 15th August, 1562.

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The Bishop of London reported that he and his right-reverend colleagues found that Mulcaster's boys had attained a degree of proficiency in learning equal to that reached by the scholars of any school in the realm. This was what we should call now-a-days "a splendid advertisement" for Mr Mulcaster, who presently turned it to profitable account. Truth to say, he seems to have been fairly partial to the loaves and fishes of professional life; and seeing his opportunity, opened rooms in his house for the reception of scholars beyond the statutable number. Scholars flocked to him from all parts; but the watchful eye of the Merchant Taylors had noticed the infringement, and the High Master was censured by the Court of Assistants, and directed to dismiss all supernumerary boys, for whom vacancies did not exist in the school itself, by a certain day.

This action of the Merchant Taylors' Company, in the first stage of their school's existence, had a material effect on its after history. We have seen how at the other great schools "foreigners," by a sort of tacit understanding with the head master and his colleagues, were admitted to share in the benefits of the school-teaching, and became by-and-by a great source of the school's prosperity. The censure delivered to Mulcaster nipped in the bud any idea he may have formed of fashioning Merchant Taylors' School upon the lines of Eton, of whose working he, of course, had a very intimate practical knowledge; and Merchant Taylors' fell back at once to the degree and quality of an ordinary day school, which it has remained to this day. The interference of the Company never seems to have been completely forgotten by Mulcaster. Many years afterwards, when presented by the Merchant Taylors to a prebendal stall in Salisbury Cathedral in the hope that he intended to fulfil the responsible duties of canon and school-master both, he resigned the latter office, and when invited to remain High Master returned, as answer to his employers, the apposite if not absolutely truthful observation, "Fidelis servus perpetuus asinus." Mulcaster, however, did return to his old love in a fashion, for he subsequently became Upper Master of St. Paul's School, where it may be hoped he encountered less opposition from the Worshipful Company of Mercers.

Fuller has left rather an amusing account of Richard Mulcaster's method in the schoolroom. "In a morning," writes the old chronicler, "he would exactly and plainly construe and parse the lesson to his scholars, which done he slept his hour (custom made him critical to proportion it) on his desk in the school; but woe be to the scholar that slept the while. Awaking he heard them accurately, and Atropos might be persuaded to pity as soon as he to pardon where he found just fault. The prayers of cockering mothers prevailed with him as much as the requests of indulgent fathers, rather increasing than mitigating his severity on their offending children." This sharpness, Fuller adds, was the better endured because it was impartial; and many excellent scholars were bred under him. In Elizabeth's days head masters wielded the rod with a vengeance. Lilly at St. Paul's School had the reputation of being a veritable Tartar; and in the succeeding century Busby of Westminster well maintained the prestige of his distinguished scholastic predecessors as a "flogging head master." "A wonderful fruit-bearing rod was that of Busby's," sarcastically observes Thackeray; and assuredly it was, for of the bench of bishops of Charles II's and James II's reigns, no less than sixteen prelates had been educated under Dr. Busby's imperious sway.

Mulcaster was a personage of some importance in his time. The epitaph on his wife's tomb at Stamford-Rivers Church, in Essex, describes him as, "by ancient parentage and lineal descent, an esquire born." Such a man was not the most likely to be too considerate in his dealings with a city company. Probably he wished himself well out of the High Master's chair, and was only too eager to find an excuse for vacating it. Certain it is that the old pedant had frequent quarrels with the Merchant Taylors, who could scarcely have been well pleased to see him accept office under their rivals, the governors of Dean Colet's seminary.

In the year 1563 Merchant Taylors' School made a considerable stride towards well-assured prosperity. Sir Thomas White, a princely member of the Company, had recently founded St. John's College, Oxford, and he immediately appropriated no fewer than thirty-seven life Fellowships in that society for scholars from Merchant Taylors' School. The boys elected were to be on probation for three years, and if found worthy were to be installed full Fellows. This noble endowment at once advanced the school to the rank and status of one of the great foundation seminaries affiliated to one of the colleges of the university. That is to say, Merchant Taylors' now assumed a position analogous to that existing between Winchester and New College, Westminster and Christ Church, and Eton and King's College. On St. Barnabas Day of every year "election" to St. John's was to take place, the electors appointed by Sir Thomas White being the President and Fellows of St. John's, and the Master Wardens and Assistants of the Company. Presently the Merchant Taylors began to wrangle with their colleagues for not properly fulfilling the conditions of White's trust. A couple of years had gone by and no election of scholars had been made, neither had the President and Fellows made the statutory visitation of the school on St. Barnabas Day. The Company complained, and at length had recourse to the Master of the Rolls, who volunteered to act as *amicus curiæ* in the matter. He went down to Oxford to seek an explanation from the erring Johnians. An explanation was forthcoming, and was unanswerable. The funds of the college were too low to admit of the President and Fellows travelling to London to perform the duties which Sir Thomas White's benefaction had imposed upon them. The Master of the Rolls presented the facts to the Merchant Taylors, suggesting that they should defray the necessary charges until such time as the college was in a condition to bear the expense. The suggestion was at once and cheerfully assented to. The money was forthcoming; and on St. Barnabas Day of the year 1572, the first visitation of Merchant Taylors' School by the authorities of St. John's College was made. It was a great and solemn event in the school's history. With Robinson, the President, and Russell and Case, Senior Fellows of St. John's, came Horne, Bishop of Winchester, Nowell, Dean of St. Paul's, Goodman, Dean of Westminster, Watts, Archdeacon of Middlesex, and Young, the Rector of St. Magnus. The visitors were received with considerable outward ceremony, and, it may be supposed, with no little inward satisfaction, by Mulcaster at the school gates, and, preceded by himself and the Court of Assistants of the Merchant Taylors, the Company

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walked in procession to the school-house. Here the proceedings began by a brief speech, doubtless by the High Master, and the delivering of some copies of complimentary verses to the electors. Afterwards an oration was delivered by one of the senior boys, who took occasion to offer, on behalf of himself and fellow-scholars, "thanks to the founders for their charges, and to the learned men for their paynes;" in other words, to the Merchant Taylors for their bounty, and the President and Fellows for being at the trouble of coming to London to examine into the condition of the school. Stepping from the rostrum, the youthful orator, advancing with respectful courtesy, next presented the more important personages with "aboutte a quere of paper in written verses," which, possibly, were taken as read, and it may be surmised impartially distributed among the visitors. Mulcaster was a terribly prosy fellow, with an intense fondness for writing immoderately long mythological verse. The "quere of paper in written verses," no doubt, emanated from him. To have had to listen to the recitation of these must have suggested a test of endurance which even the Fellows of a college were not disposed willingly to submit to. At any rate, the record makes no mention of the written verses having been spoken. After the orator's speech the whole assembly, we are told, went to the chapel, where the election of scholars to St. John's College took place. Four boys were selected and examined in Horace, Homer, and in Hebrew grammar, and two out of the four "being the meetest as well for learning as personage, poverty, and years," were elected to college.

Thus did the President and Fellows of St. John's fulfil their trust; and having partaken of the hospitality of their colleagues of the election, the Master, Wardens, and Assistants, they set forth on their return journey to Oxford. Ever since this time St. Barnarbas Day has been religiously kept as the great annual commemoration festival of the scholars of Merchant Taylors' School. It may be mentioned that the Fellowships which Sir Thomas White founded are now constituted Scholarships, of the annual value of £100 each. With, perhaps, one exception—namely, the City of London School—Merchant Taylors' is richer, in point of the value of its scholarships, than any other school in the kingdom.

The lapse of centuries has brought about but little change in the system of admitting boys to this school. Being entirely unendowed, and the direct offspring of the Merchant Taylors' Company's munificence, it has always managed to stand secure from the attacks of Government Commissioners. The Public Schools' Commissioners suggested fewer alterations in the management and educational system of this school than of any institution with which it had to deal. Admission is no longer vested, as it was by statute, in the High Master, but is by presentation of one of the members of the Court of Assistants of the Merchant Taylors. Practically, however, all boys are admitted, "of all nations and countries indifferently," who prove themselves worthy of the privilege. Election to the foundation does not carry with it any exclusive privileges, such as abatement of tutorial charges and so forth. All boys who have been in the school for two years are held to be on the foundation, which means that they are considered eligible for the St. John's College Scholarships. Every boy pays, as in bygone times, an entrance fee on being admitted, which nowadays amounts to £3 in the whole. Of this sum £2 10*s*. goes to the Company, 5*s*. to the Head Master (as the High Master is now called), and 5*s*. to the master of the form in which the boy is placed. The annual charges for instruction in the so-called Lower and Upper Schools are twelve and fifteen guineas respectively. Like St. Paul's School, the school of the Merchant Taylors is essentially a day-school, and as such it is destitute of any personal history, except that which belongs to the record of its illustrious *alumni*. The distinguished men, and more particularly eminent prelates, enrolled in this is a proud one. Foremost among the latter we have the excellent William Juxon, Bishop of London, and, after the Restoration, Archbishop of Canterbury, whose name lives in history as the unwearying and faithful minister of King Charles I, in the interval between his trial and death. William Dawes and John Gilbert, Archbishops of York, and Hugh Boulter, Archbishop of Armagh, were among the earlier prelates who brought honour to Merchant Taylors'. One of the most eminent preachers, perhaps the most eminent, of the age of Elizabeth and James, Dr. Lancelot Andrews (one of the translators of the Bible), and successively Bishop of Chichester, Ely, and Winchester, received his early education at the charge of the "Court of Assistants," either at the hands of Richard Mulcaster or of his immediate successor. He was perhaps the most learned of the English theologians of that learned time, and was besides a person of great vigour and acuteness of understanding. His death is said to have been regarded by scholars, both at home and abroad, as the extinction of the chief light of the Reformed English Church. Milton, then a youth of seventeen, fresh from the discipline of St. Paul's School, bewailed the event in a Latin elegy full of fancy and feeling. A well-known story is told of Andrews, which proves his moderation as a prelate as much as his wit and readiness as a courtier:—"When he and Dr. Neal, Bishop of Durham, were one day standing behind King James's chair as he sat at dinner (it was the day on which the king dissolved his last Parliament, and the anecdote is related on the authority of Waller, the poet, who was present), his majesty, turning round, addressed the two bishops: 'My lords, cannot I take my subjects' money when I want it without all this formality in Parliament?' The Bishop of Durham readily answered, 'God forbid, sir, but you should; you are the breath of our nostrils.' Whereupon the king turned and said to the Bishop of Winchester (Andrews), 'Well, my lord, what say you?' 'Sir,' replied the bishop, 'I have no skill to judge of Parliamentary cases.' The king rejoined, 'No put-offs, my lord; answer me presently.' 'Then, sir,' said he, 'I think it is lawful for you to take my brother Neal's money as he offers it.'" Waller reports that the assembled company were well pleased with the answer, and the wit of it seemed to affect the king. The learned Clarendon has expressed his belief that if Archbishop Bancroft had been succeeded in the See of Canterbury by Andrews instead of Abbot, "the infection of his Geneva fire would have been kept out, which could not afterwards be so easily expelled." Bishop Andrews, "the inimitable preacher," is perhaps altogether the most distinguished of the *alumni* of the school of the Merchant Taylors.

The list of bishops educated at the school likewise

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includes the names of Thomas Dove, Bishop of Peterborough, chaplain to Queen Elizabeth, who from his flowing white locks called him "the Dove with silver wings;" Matthew Wren, Bishop of Ely, Sir Christopher's uncle, who accompanied Prince Charles to Spain, and was imprisoned in the Tower for eighteen years, refusing to come out on Cromwell's offer; John Buckridge, also Bishop of Ely; Giles Thompson, Bishop of Gloucester; and Peter Meux, Bishop of Winchester, who, being expelled from Oxford by the Puritans, became a soldier and served under the Duke of York in Flanders. Even Dr. Busby's "fruit-bearing rod" did not produce more splendid results than this record of illustrious prelates shows.

Of the other professions, Sir James Whitelocke, Justice of the Common Pleas and of the Queen's Bench, and Bedstrode Whitelocke, his son, the author of "Memorials of English Affairs from the beginning of the Reign of Charles the Second to the Restoration," were Merchant Taylors' scholars. The latter, a lukewarm Cromwellian, began life by supporting Hampden in his resistance to ship-money, and afterwards served the Protector, with more or less fidelity. At the Restoration Charles II did not display any particular partiality for him, and dismissed him "into the country to take care of his wife and one-and-thirty children." Evidently Englishmen rejoiced in large families in earlier days; Dean Colet was the only surviving child of a family of twenty-two! Among other pupils of Merchant Taylors' whose names appear in the record of illustrious scholars, we find that of Thomas Lodge, a physician and dramatist of some importance, of the reign of Queen Elizabeth. One of his prose tales, first printed in 1590 under the title of "Rosalynde," is the source from which Shakespeare appears to have taken the story of "As You Like It." In Hallam's "Literature of Europe," reference is made to one of Lodge's dramas with the quaint title, "A Looking-glass for London and England," written with the object of putting down the puritanical outcry against the immorality of the stage, which it attempts to accomplish by a grotesque application to the city of London of the scriptural story of Nineveh. Mr. Hallam pronounces that there is great talent shown in this play, "though upon a very strange canvas."

James Shirley, another dramatist, who died of grief at being ruined by the Great Fire—which, by the way, destroyed the old Merchant Taylors' School in the manor-house of the Rose; the school was rebuilt in 1675—was also of Merchant Taylors'. It is worthy of remark that all the founders and builders-up of the regular drama in England were almost without exception classical scholars, beholden to the newly-founded "great grammar schools" for their early education. To the training received by these early writers, beginning with Nicholas Udall, who was an Eton boy, and ending with Lodge, who was of Merchant Taylors', the drama which arose in England after the middle of the sixteenth century may be considered to owe not only its form, but in part also its learned and classical spirit. Udall, who is the author of the earliest English comedy, properly so called, Ralph Roister Doister, mentions it in his prologue as a "Comedy or Interlude" written in imitation of the classical models of Plautus and Terence. Mulcaster, of Merchant Taylors', was himself great at Latin plays; we believe we are correct in saying he never attempted any dramatic composition in English. Many of his boys who went to St. John's College became renowned as actors in the Latin plays which found such favour with Queen Elizabeth, and afterwards in a more limited degree with her successor, King James. The fame belonging to the school of the Merchant Taylors as having been the nursery of some of our earliest English dramatists has been well maintained down to recent times. Besides Henry Woodward, Charles Mathews the elder, and his son, Charles James Mathews, the popular comedian, and Charles Young, the tragedian, were pupils of the school; and to these names it might be proper to add that of the genial Albert Smith, who for so many years delighted London with his amusing sketches descriptive of the Ascent of Mont Blanc.

In other walks of life we find the Merchant Taylors' School can claim the honour of having "educated and brought up in good manners and literature" William Sherard, founder of the Oxford Professorship of Botany which bears his name; Samuel Harris, first Professor of Modern History at Cambridge; Daniel Hall, who wrote the "History of the Puritans;" John Byrom, poet; Robert, the first Lord Clive; John Latham, author of the "History of Birds;" Vicesimus Knox, who wrote the book called "Knox's Essays;" Joshua Brookes, the most eminent anatomist of his time; Henry Cline, the great surgeon at St. Thomas's Hospital; Denham, one of the earliest of African explorers; Philip Bliss, the erudite editor of Wood's "Athenæ Oxon;" John Gough Nichols, the learned antiquary; and two well-known authorities of the British Museum—Edward Bond, Chief Keeper of the Manuscripts, and Samuel Birch, Keeper of the Oriental and Mediæval Antiquities. It is on such distinguished names as these that the school of the Merchant Taylors rests its fame, and not upon the interest belonging to its history and traditions. We have, therefore, given more extended notice to the list of its eminent scholars.

CHARLES C. PASCOE.

Varieties.

BICYCLE CONTEST.—In the six days' championship contest this autumn, the final distances of the first two were, Waller 1,404 miles, Terrent 1,390 miles, the third, Higham, reaching 1,144.

A BISHOP'S TRIBUTE TO HIS MOTHER.—Distributing the prizes at the Keighley School of Science and Art, the Bishop of Manchester lately remarked that parents should not send their children out into the world too soon. His father, who had a very active mind, invested his means in the iron-stone mines in the Forest of Dean. That investment turned out unfortunate, and his father died, he feared, a broken-hearted man. They were a family of seven, and he (the bishop) was then fourteen years of age. His mother was not clever, but she would have done anything she could for her children. She said, "I cannot give these lads large fortunes, but by denying myself and living quietly I can give them a good education." Three of his brothers went out to India—one fell in the Mutiny, and another was now at the head of a department of public works in India, where he had a good situation and was doing a good work. They knew what he (the bishop) was. He ventured to say that, if all his brothers and sisters were alive, they would rise up and call their dear mother blessed for the sacrifices she made that they might have careers. By God's providence he had that mother still spared to him. She was now paralysed, speechless, and helpless, but every day when he went into her bedroom and looked on her sweet face he thought gratefully of all he owed her, of what he was, and what he had been enabled to do.

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THE LEISURE HOUR.

BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,
AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND.—*Cowper.*

STARTLING NEWS.

STRAIGHT TO THE MARK.

CHAPTER XLIX.—WHAT CAN IT MEAN?

Whoso shall telle a tale after a man,
He moste reherse as neighe as ever he can,
Everich word. —*Chaucer.*

As soon as Mrs. Beverley's guests were gone, and she could compose herself sufficiently to decide upon any course of action, she took her daughter's maid on one side, and desired her to go quickly to Mr. Darville's rooms and to make inquiry there as quietly as possible, whether Miss Beverley had been seen or heard of; she was also to gain all the information that she could about the movements and whereabouts of the two gentlemen, Victor and Louis Darville. Neither of them had been at the counting-house for two or three days past as she knew; but her husband could not tell her whether they were in London or not, or on what day the younger of them was to sail for America.

No. 1460.—December 20, 1879. Price One Penny.

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The maid hurried away full of importance, and hailing a cab, drove to the end of the street in which the Darvilles' lodging was situated. There she alighted, and making her way on foot to the house, rang the area bell. A servant looked up from the area and told her, before she had time to speak, that there was nobody at home.

"Where are they all gone?" the maid inquired.

"Missis is gone to a tea-party, and the gentlemen is gone to Liverpool," was the answer. "One of them is gone away for good and all, and the other is gone to see him off; so they are all gone."

"You have not had any visitors here this evening, have you?" the maid asked.

"No, never a creature, only the milk, and he did not come in."

"But I mean parlour visitors—gentlefolks?"

"No, there has not been a gentleman here all day."

"Nor a lady?"

"No, nor a lady."

"If a lady should call," said the messenger, "you must send word to our place immediately; do you hear."

"Where is your place?"

"Mr. Beverley's, Mulberry Lawn. Don't you know it?"

"I have got nobody to send," said the servant, whose name was Kitty. "Missis is out, and how am I to keep my eye upon a lady as calls, if she walks away again? What is it all about, miss?"

"You must manage it somehow; it will be well worth your while; I don't know what our people would not pay if you were to bring them news of the lady. I should not wonder if there was to be a handbill out to-morrow offering a reward—a hundred pounds at least. The butler said something of the sort."

"La, miss, you don't say so," cried Kitty, with a thrill of curiosity and excitement. "What lady is it?"

"I don't know whether I can trust you," said the other, who had already exceeded her commission very largely; "will you promise never to repeat it to anybody if I tell you? Well then, it's our young lady, Miss Beverley. She is missing, left her home, gone to Gretna Green I think, but there;—I'm so put about I don't know what I say. Be sure you don't tell any one what I have named, and if you find out anything about Mr. Darville—it's the elder, Mr. Victor, that's suspected—come directly to the Lawn and ask for me."

Kitty promised to do her best to earn the reward, and the maid having given her the address, departed. Kitty looked after her, and bethought herself what steps she could take, and whether it might not be as well to mention it to the policeman, whose form she noticed pacing slowly along on the other side of the street. It was well that he did not stop to speak to her, or she would probably have forgotten her promise of secrecy.

"I only wish the young lady would call," she said to herself. "I would ask her to walk in, and then turn the key upon her. Gone and run away has she? What a way they must be in, poor things, at her home! I wish I could find her for them, and relieve their anxious minds. A hundred pounds! Oh lor!"

But Kitty had no opportunity of putting her humane desire into execution. No lady called at the house that evening, and though she stood upon the area steps till a late hour, looking up the street and down it, no one whom she could with any show of reason arrest on suspicion of having run away from her parents passed the house.

The two Darvilles were gone, as Kitty had said, to Liverpool. They were detained there three or four days, and then Victor, having taken leave of his brother, returned by an early train to London. It was not much past noon when he arrived there, and he went direct to the counting-house. He had stayed away longer than he intended, and was anxious to report himself to Mr. Beverley as soon as possible. But Mr. Beverley was not there, and had not been at his post for three days. A report had reached the office that something was wrong at the Lawn, but no particulars were known, and in Mr. Darville's absence none of the clerks had taken upon themselves to make any inquiries. It was supposed that Mr. Beverley was unwell; but if anything serious had been the matter they would no doubt have been informed of it. Victor was uneasy at what he heard, and finding that there were some small matters which required attention, he wrote a business letter to Mr. Beverley, and enclosed with it a short and separate note, hoping that they were all well, and that there was no truth in the rumour which had reached him, and that nothing had occurred to cause them anxiety or sorrow. He begged particularly for a reply to this note as well as to the letter which it accompanied, and sent both by a special messenger, who was to bring back an answer.

Mr. Beverley wrote a reply, in business form, to the business letter; and sent with it a private note to Mr. Darville, thanking him for his inquiries, and assuring him that they were all well, and free from any such anxieties or troubles as he had referred to. After that Victor went to his desk again, with a heart much relieved; not altogether satisfied, perhaps, for there was always just a spark of hope in his breast that any change, any excitement, any misfortune even, might open the way to some fortunate result for him; and it was a little disappointing to be told that all things were going on in their usual course. But his alarm was removed; and after having attended to the most pressing matters in his department, he went home to his lodging, intending to begin regular work again on the following morning.

He had scarcely reached his room when his landlady, who had followed him up the stairs, with the maid Kitty at her heels, began in a confidential sort of manner,

"Have you heard anything about Mr. Beverley since you came back, sir?"

"No, nothing particular."

"Because such a strange thing happened the day before yesterday."

"What was it?"

"Why, if you please, sir—" Kitty began.

"Leave it to me, Kitty," said the landlady. "You can speak afterwards."

"Yes 'm," said Kitty, who was aggrieved at having her story taken from her, and feared that the hundred pounds might follow in the same direction; "but it was me as heard all about it, sir; and it was me as had to do with it; for missis was gone out to a tea-party that night; so of course I know best."

"Tell me, then, Kitty."

But the landlady again thrust her on one side, and ordered her to go downstairs; and Victor, who was

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impatient to hear what was to be told, began to be in despair between them; for when one began the other interrupted her, and then they wrangled together, so that he could learn nothing from either of them.

"One at a time, for pity's sake!" he cried. "Tell your tale first," he said to the landlady; "and then Kitty shall tell it me all over again with full particulars."

"It is about Miss Beverley, sir."

"What is the matter? Tell me this instant. Is she ill?"

"No, sir; not ill, but—"

"Runn'd away, sir," Kitty interrupted; "runn'd away, and nobody can't tell where she's gone to."

"Her maid came round here the night before last," the landlady continued, "to ask if we had seen anything of her, as she had left her home."

"Left her home!"

"Yes, sir; quite sudden and unexpected."

"At night?"

"Yes, sir; a wet and sloppy night, too."

"And her maid came here to seek her?"

"Yes, sir," Kitty again interrupted; "she came straight to this house to see if her young lady had come here, and to know where you was and what you was doing. Mrs. Beverley sent her, and if I could find her anywheres about I was to have a hundred pounds."

In the midst of his amazement and distress at this strange story, Victor Darville felt a thrill of pleasure when he heard that Mrs. Beverley had thought it probable, or even possible, that her daughter had been in communication with him. To his eager mind it was proof positive that Joan still thought of him and loved him, for surely Mrs. Beverley must know what was the real state of her daughter's affections. Why she should leave home at all was a mystery, but that her parents should send to his home to inquire for her made his heart leap for joy. Then, again, there was Mr. Beverley's letter denying that they had any cause for anxiety; therefore, whatever alarm they might have experienced had been allayed; it had been all a mistake, no doubt; they had missed their daughter for a time, and had been uneasy about her; probably she had been out to some late service at St. Winifred's; he knew that she was in the habit of going to church at all hours: that would account for everything.

Kitty, however, was not to be silenced. It was her turn to speak now, and she went over all that the landlady had said with redoubled emphasis, determined not to be outdone. The young lady as came to tell her about it was the young lady's own lady's-maid, and knew everything, and she said there was to be a reward offered to any one as would go after the young lady and bring her back, and nobody had had the reward, as ever she had heard, therefore it was not likely as the young lady was brought back. There had been a lot of people at the house to dinner, and they had been all sent away again in a hurry, without so much as a sandwich or a bit of bread and cheese; so it must have been something very serious for all of them. Mr. Beverley was gone off his head almost, and Mrs. Beverley was as bad, and no wonder. The young lady's lady's-maid herself was so put about, and had got such a turn, that she did not know whether she was standing on her head or her heels—she had said so in those very words. And as for Kitty herself, she felt all curdled like.

Victor, being more interested in the cause than in the effects so eloquently described by the maid-of-all-work, managed to silence her; and when he had put the two women out of the room, drew Mr. Beverley's note from his pocket and read it over carefully. It was short, but decided, and left no room for doubt that whatever alarm they might have felt had turned out to be groundless. It was kindly worded, too, and Mrs. Beverley had joined in the expression of thanks to him for the interest he had manifested.

"I think," he said to himself, "I think I will go to Mulberry Lawn this evening; I may perhaps see Mr. Beverley. It is clear that they sent here three days ago, and I was not at home. I think perhaps I ought to call after that; they cannot be annoyed at my doing so, especially as I presume Miss Beverley is absent."

He acted upon this idea at once, stopping only to change his dress after his journey. He had a good excuse for calling at Mulberry Lawn after all that had happened, and he could not help hoping, notwithstanding what had passed between Mr. Beverley and his brother, that he should meet with a pleasant reception.

CHAPTER L.—A BARGAIN.

Was I deceived? or did a sable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night?
—*Milton.*

It was late in the evening when Victor Darville arrived at Mr. Beverley's, and when the door was opened it was apparent that dinner was going on. The footman hesitated about asking him to enter, and sent the butler to deal with him according to his superior discretion.

"They are at dinner," said the butler, in a decided manner, as if that answer ought to suffice. A few months back he would have asked Mr. Darville to "walk in" at any hour of the day or night, almost; but servants are very often like barometers—you may read in their faces before you enter the house a general forecast of the weather which may be expected inside. Barometers, however, are not infallible.

"They are at dinner," said the butler again, seeing that Victor did not immediately depart, but seemed to hesitate what he should do.

"I'll wait till they have done," said Victor. "Take my name in presently."

"I'll take it in with the dessert," said the butler; "I can't do it sooner."

Victor sat down in Mr. Darville's morning-room, or "study," as he called it. Everything seemed to be going on as usual in the house; that was reassuring so far. To be sure one must dine, whatever happens: neither joy nor sorrow can be allowed to interrupt for any length of time such necessities. But it was a relief to Victor to observe no signs of disorder or distress in the establishment. At the same time the thought occurred to him how should he justify this intrusion? Would it not seem as if he had presumed upon a very trifling event, a mere accident, a mistake which probably had better have been forgotten, to make his way into a house where his visits were not welcome?

He had leisure, while waiting, to reflect once more upon the events of the last few days and upon the consequences which they might possibly involve for himself. His brother had repeated to him faithfully the substance of his conversation with Mr. Beverley at the counting-house, and he knew that for the

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present he must not look for any more intimate relations with his principal than the business partnership which had been promised. He felt that neither Mr. nor Mrs. Beverley had ever given a cordial sanction to his engagement with their daughter. They would have preferred a better match for her, in a worldly point of view; though they would not have thrown any obstacle in the way, if everything had gone on smoothly between himself and Joan. Now, however, they had become estranged, chiefly through his own conduct. Mr. Beverley had been informed of the circumstances which had, in a manner, compelled him to stand aloof for a time, and could give him credit for the honourable motives by which he had been actuated; but it was more than probable that Miss Beverley was still ignorant of these facts, and might think that he had ceased to care for her. He knew that she had been displeased with him for not taking her into his confidence, and he fancied she might have given way to this feeling of jealousy and suspicion, until she had at length persuaded herself that he was unworthy of her, or that he was behaving very badly towards her. This had been his greatest trouble. He had written letter after letter, entreating her to think charitably of him, and pleading the hard necessity which compelled him to absent himself from the Lawn, and repress, for a time, the dearest and fondest hopes and expectations of his life—and so forth, but had never sent one of them. He had torn them all up as soon as written. It was impossible to give explanations without reflecting upon others; and without explanations he felt persuaded that nothing he could say or write would be of any avail. He could only hope that the impatience which Joan had manifested in regard to his secrecy had been more affected than real, and that she would trust him in spite of all appearances against him.

But now, whatever Joan might think of him, his suit was forbidden. Both father and mother had set themselves against it. They had got rid of him, and did not wish for a renewal of the relations which had once existed. Mr. Beverley had told him so through his brother, and Mrs. Beverley, he felt sure, would be even more decided on that point. Still, he could not but feel that he was not so far removed from the great object of his desires as he had been a week or two earlier. The cause of offence was removed; Louis was gone, and would no more, by his indiscretions, threaten to bring ruin and disgrace upon his name. "There was still room for hope," he thought, "still room for hope."

His reflections were interrupted by the appearance of the butler, who entered the room softly, and advanced to where he was sitting. The barometer had risen rapidly, for the man was leaning forward with a respectful smile upon his face. "Please to walk into the dining-room, sir," he said.

Victor felt his heart beat rapidly. This was the last thing that he had expected. "Would Joan be there?" he thought. He had heard Mrs. Beverley's voice when the door was opened; therefore, the ladies had not yet left the room. His name had gone in with the dessert, and he had been invited to follow it almost immediately. "Would Joan be there to receive him, or was she, indeed, *gone?*" A moment sufficed to answer the inquiry. Mr. and Mrs. Beverley were alone in the room. They both shook hands with him, and a chair was placed for him at the table and a few commonplace remarks were made about the weather and such usual topics. "Everything commonplace; everything as usual," Victor thought.

"Any news from the city?" Mr. Beverley asked.

"No," Darville answered, hesitatingly. They evidently thought he had called about business. What would they think of him when they discovered that he had nothing particular to tell? "I hope you are better, Mr. Beverley," he said, when the butler had again withdrawn, and, as he hoped, finally.

"Thank you, yes; I am very well."

"And Mrs. Beverley? I heard you had been indisposed."

Mrs. Beverley was also better.

"May I ask after Miss Beverley?"

"Joan is well, I hope, in health. She is not at home, as you know."

"I did not know," he replied. "At least, I did not feel sure."

Then there was silence. Victor longed, of course, for an explanation of the event which Kitty had related with so much emphasis and minuteness, but felt that it might not be agreeable to his hosts for any allusion to be made to the subject. He sat still, therefore, embarrassed, red, conscious that their eyes were upon him, but saying nothing.

"Joan is not with us," Mrs. Beverley repeated; "and as things have been said about her which are not true, I may as well explain to you, as far as I am able, what has really happened."

He noticed that Mrs. Beverley had twice used her daughter's Christian name in speaking of her to him, and it gave him great pleasure each time. Now he was going to be taken into their confidence. All this looked very promising.

"The day before yesterday," Mrs. Beverley said, "we had a dinner-party, at least we were to have had one. Joan never was fond of company, as you know; but we were surprised, nevertheless, that when the guests arrived Joan did not appear. She had gone out instead of dressing for dinner, and no one knew what had become of her. We were very much annoyed, of course, not to say alarmed."

"There was nothing to be alarmed about," Mr. Beverley murmured.

"True; but we did not know that. Both Mr. Beverley and I," she continued, "were frightened. There were circumstances—to which I need not refer particularly—which gave us cause for anxiety; we did not know what had become of her, and for the time it made us very miserable."

"Yes?" Victor exclaimed, for Mrs. Beverley made a long pause, and he was anxious to hear more. "Yes? and now you are relieved?"

"The company went away without sitting down to table, which they need not have done," Mrs. Beverley continued, "and so the report got spread abroad, which of course you have heard, that something very sad had happened."

"I did not hear any report," said Victor; "I heard nothing but just what you have told me. I am all anxiety until I hear more."

"Oh, indeed," said Mrs. Beverley; "then if you have not heard the report I need not contradict it; the less said the better."

"Yes, but Miss Beverley? what had happened to her, and where is she?"

"Joan is in a convent," said Mrs. Beverley, solemnly."

"In a convent! impossible!"

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All Victor Darville's colour disappeared in a moment; a clammy perspiration broke out upon his face.

"A convent, Mrs. Beverley!" he exclaimed again; "you cannot be in earnest?"

"Well, then, a sisterhood, which is nearly the same thing, I fancy."

"She does not intend to remain there, surely?"

"I do not know what she intends. Joan has been so very quiet and mysterious lately, I have really not known what to make of her. For weeks past she has thought of nothing but church-going. St. Winifred's has been her great comfort and delight. Early and late, at all hours of the day, she has been in and out of the house attending services there. It was very inconvenient, but we could not say anything against it."

"It was the only consolation she had," said Mr. Beverley, gloomily.

"My dear," his wife interrupted, frowning at him.

So then Joan has been in want of consolation, and I am not to know it, Victor said to himself.

"It does not signify," Mr. Beverley murmured.

"So, as I was saying," Mrs. Beverley went on, "Joan was devoted to St. Winifred's; and when I told her about having company she seemed to set her face against it; and because I urged her to rouse herself and be like other people, she stole away out of the house, and went and joined a sisterhood. She left a little note to say where she was gone, but it fell upon the floor and was not discovered till later in the evening. Now you know all."

Victor Darville did not know quite all. He did not know that the sudden resolve which Miss Beverley had formed was a consequence of the belief, induced by her mother's ambiguity of speech, that he, Victor Darville, had finally deserted her, and was going abroad immediately, if not already gone. He did not know that Mrs. Beverley had deceived her daughter by an accident, and had left the deceit to rankle deliberately and purposely. But he judged instinctively that Joan still loved him, and that the interdict imposed upon them both by her parents had alone been the cause of her misery and of her flight.

Mrs. Beverley, when she had finished her story, rose and left the room. Victor opened the door for her and then returned to his place. He could see that she was much affected, and that pride and anger contended in her with the gentler emotions of a mother's heart. He wondered what had been her motive for taking him thus into her confidence, and hoped to hear more from Mr. Beverley. That gentleman sat for some time moody and taciturn, only answering with a monosyllable any remarks that Victor ventured to offer. The latter at length rose to go. Mr. Beverley took his hand when he extended it.

"Your brother is gone, I suppose?" he said.

"Yes, Mr. Beverley."

"I hope he will do well."

"I have great confidence in him now."

"He told you what had passed between us on the day when he wished me good-bye?"

"Yes," said Victor. "I hope, however—"

"If I had had a little more time for reflection," Mr. Beverley continued, "I am not sure that I should have spoken as I did."

"Thank you, Mr. Beverley; thank you a thousand times."

"Don't be impulsive," the old gentleman said, slowly, but with a smile. "You are not out of the wood yet, and Joan is not out of her—convent."

"She cannot intend to remain there!"

"She does intend it. Mrs. Beverley went to see her to-day, and she was very decided. Of course she can leave it at any time; but she will not hear of it at present. Perhaps if she had known that you were coming here to-night it might have been different."

"May I go and see her?"

"You would not be admitted."

"May I write to her?"

"I doubt whether your letter would reach her."

"How, then, am I to communicate with her?"

"You must find that out for yourself."

"Where is this sisterhood situated?"

Mr. Beverley gave him the address. "Shall I write it down for you?" he asked.

"It is quite unnecessary. I shall remember it—only too well, I fear. Are you going to the counting-house to-morrow, sir?"

"Yes; I hope so."

"Can you spare me then for part of the day?"

"For the whole of it, if necessary."

"Good night, then. Heaven bless you, Mr. Beverley! I hope I may be successful. I will just speak to Mrs. Beverley, and then go."

"Leave Mrs. Beverley alone to-night," he said. "Keep your own counsel. Tell no one what I have said. If you can bring her daughter back to her, if you can restore Joan to us, as she used to be before these troubles began, then I venture to promise that Mrs. Beverley will give you a hearty welcome for her sake; and I, I will give you—we will both give you—"

"Joan?"

"Yes, Victor."

Not another word was said. Mr. Beverley accompanied Victor Darville to the door, saw him depart, and closed it after him.

"If he cannot prevail with her," he said to himself, "no one else will."

FLOWERS AND THEIR FOLK-LORE.

BY THE REV. T. THISELTON DYER, M.A., AUTHOR OF "ENGLISH FOLK-LORE."

XI.

FEW flowers enliven our gardens at this dull season of the year, but among them is the black hellebore, or Christmas rose. It was well known to the physicians of antiquity, and hence it made a conspicuous figure in the poetical fables of early writers. It is called the Christmas rose because its petals, when expanded, have a strong resemblance to the common dog-rose which adorns our hedges. Its other name, hellebore, is derived from the Greek words which mean "to destroy pasture," on account of the poisonous properties of its roots and leaves.

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It was largely used by the ancients to purify their houses and to hallow their dwellings. It was, also, a popular notion that this plant, when strewn over their floors, drove away evil spirits, and, on this account, this piece of superstition was performed with great devotion, and accompanied with the singing of solemn hymns. They thus introduced a real evil into their houses instead of an imaginary one, as the perfume of the Christmas rose is considered to be highly injurious to health. In the same manner the ancients were in the habit of blessing their cattle with the hellebore, so as to keep them free from the spells and influence of every kind of evil. For the performance of such charms as these, the plant was dug up from the ground with many religious ceremonies, and every mark of reverence was attached to this important act. In the first place, a circle was drawn with a sword round the plant, and then turning to the east, a humble prayer was made by the devotee to Apollo and Esculapius for leave to dig up the sacred root. Particular attention was paid to the flight of the eagle during the ceremony, for should this bird approach near the spot during the celebration of the rite, it was believed to predict the certain death of the person who took up the root during the course of the year. The Christmas rose was also popularly termed in ancient times "Melampodium," in honour of Melampus, a celebrated physician, who flourished at Pylos, in the Peloponnesus, about 1530 years before the birth of Christ. He is said to have cured the daughters of one of the kings of Argos of mental derangement with this plant, and from this circumstance it became so famous a medicine for people affected with mental diseases that "sail to Anticyra" became a common proverb in reference to mad persons—Anticyra, an island in the Gulf of Corinth, being a locality where the hellebore flourished in very great abundance. The ancient Gauls are said to have dipped their arrows in the juice of this plant, under an impression that it rendered all the game killed with them the more tender. It was said to be a specific for the cure of melancholy, and Gerard alludes to it as being one of the flowers growing in his garden. In the year 1676, the author of the "Anatomy of Melancholy" adds the hellebore to the other emblematical figures of his frontispiece, with the following lines:—

> "Borage and hellebor fill two scenes,
> Soveraign plants to purge the veins
> Of melancholy, and cheer the heart
> Of those black fumes which make it smart,
> To clear the brain of misty fogs,
> Which dull our senses, and soul clogs;
> The best medicine that e'er God made
> For this malady, if well assaid."

One of the most popular plants at this season is the holly, which, with its dark shiny leaves and bright red berries, is much in request for dressing up our churches and houses at Christmas. On this account one of its popular names is "Christmas." The term holly is in all probability a corruption of holy, as this plant has been used from time immemorial as a charm against evil influences. Hence it was hung round or planted near houses as a protection against lightning. Its common use at Christmas is, says Mr. Napier in his "Folk-lore of the West of Scotland" (1819, p. 121), "apparently the survival of an ancient Roman custom occurring during the festival to Saturn, to which god the holly was dedicated. While the Romans were holding this feast, which occurred about the time of the winter solstice, they decked the outsides of their houses with holly. At the same time the Christians were quietly celebrating the birth of Christ, and to avoid detection they outwardly followed the custom of their heathen neighbours and decked their houses with holly. In this way the holly came to be connected with holy also." It is curious that Shakespeare only once mentions the holly, and then in "As You Like It" (Act II, Sc. 7):—

> "Heigh-ho! sing heigh-ho! unto the green holly;
> Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly;
> Then heigh-ho, the holly!
> This life is most jolly."

Holly is used in some districts for divination. Thus in Northumberland* we hear of a he-holly and a she-holly, according as it is with or without prickles, the leaves of the she-holly being alone deemed proper for divination. These must be plucked late on a Friday night by persons careful to preserve an unbroken silence from the time they go out to the next morning's dawn. The leaves must be collected in a three-cornered handkerchief, and on being brought home nine of them must be selected, tied with knots into the handkerchief, and placed beneath the pillow. Dreams worthy of all credit will attend this rite, and no small importance is consequently attached to them, as they are supposed, in the most unerring manner, to predict future events. The holly, on account of its prickly leaves, is much used for hedges:—

> "A hedge of holly, thieves that would invade
> Repulses like a growing palisade."

John Evelyn, in his Diary, alluding to this plant, asks, "Is there under heaven a more glorious and refreshing sight of the kind than such an impregnable hedge, glittering with its armed and varnished leaves, the taller standards at orderly distances blushing with their natural coral?" Evelyn had such a hedge at Say's Court, four hundred feet long, nine feet high, and five feet broad, which he planted at the suggestion of Peter the Great, who resided at his house while he worked in the Deptford Dockyard.

The mistletoe from the earliest times has been an object of interest to naturalists on account of its curious growth, deriving its subsistence entirely from the branch to which it annexes itself. Thus Herrick describes it as—

> "The mystic mistletoe,
> Which has no root and cannot grow
> Or prosper but by that same tree
> It clings about."

The Greeks and Romans both knew of this plant, and the Druids held it in the greatest veneration. The ceremony of gathering it at the commencement of the year was performed with every kind of pomp. The Druid priests, we are informed, went in solemn procession into the forests, where they raised a grass altar at the foot of the finest oak on which the mistletoe was found growing, and inscribed on the trunk of the tree the names of the most powerful among their deities. The Chief Druid, clad in white robes, then ascended the tree, bearing a consecrated golden pruning-hook, with which he cropped the

* Henderson's "Folk-lore of Northern Counties," 1879, p. 100.

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mistletoe, and dropped it into a "white sagum," or pure white cloth of wool, held out beneath the tree by the remaining priests. Should any part of the plant accidentally touch the ground, it was considered to be an omen of some dire misfortune about to visit the land. This ceremony was celebrated on the sixth day of the moon, and when it was concluded a sacrifice was made of two white bulls. Our practice of decorating houses at Christmas with mistletoe is probably a remnant of this superstitious custom. Brand thinks that this plant was never put up in churches except by mistake or ignorance of the sextons, "it being a heathenish and profane plant, distinguished in pagan rites." It is certain, however, that during the feudal ages the mistletoe was gathered with much solemnity on Christmas-eve, and hung up in the great hall with loud shouts of rejoicing. In many country places the entire plant is still hung up in the kitchens of farmhouses, etc. Various superstitious notions are still attached to it, which too are not confined to our own country. Shakespeare alludes to it in his "Titus Andronicus" (Act II, Sc. 3), and calls it the "baleful mistletoe," and Gay styles it the "sacred mistletoe." In Halstein, the mistletoe is the "märentaken," or "branch of spectres," and is supposed to confer upon its possessor the power of seeing ghosts. No allusion to kissing under the mistletoe is met with earlier than the middle of the seventeenth century.

The bay, which is another plant used for Christmas decorations, is also a funereal flower, on account of its symbolical meaning, being an emblem of the resurrection. Sir Thomas Browne tells us that when seemingly dead it will revive from the root, and its dry leaves resume their wonted vitality again. It was also supposed, in days gone by, to possess the property of protecting from the mischief of lightning and thunder, a property, says Sir Thomas Browne, common with the fig-tree, eagle, and skin of a seal. Shakespeare alludes to it in his "Richard II" (Act II, Sc. 4):—

> "'Tis thought the king is dead. We will not stay,
> The bay-trees in our country are all withered."

Mr. Ellacombe remarks, however, in his "Plant-lore of Shakespeare" (p. 23), that Shakespeare must have copied from some Italian source the superstition that the bay-trees in a country withered and died when any great calamity was approaching. There is no evidence that such an idea ever prevailed in this country. The bay is sometimes used for love divinations, its leaves when crushed in the hollow of the hand being supposed to tell the truth of the lover by a crackling sound made. It was formerly the custom at great entertainments to decorate the chief dish with wreaths of flowers and evergreens.

We must not omit to mention the ivy, which together with the holly has been also in request for Christmas decorations. Old writers seemed to have assumed a curious rivalry between these two plants for the foremost place in Christmas festivities; and a well-known carol of the time of Henry VI describes a contest between the two, in which the holly has the mastery.

> "Holly he hath berries as red as any rose,
> The foresters, the hunters, keep them from the does;
> Ivy she hath berries as black as any sloe,
> Then come the owls and eat them as they go.
> Holly he hath birds, a full fair flock,
> The nightingale, the popinjay, the gentle laverock;
> Good ivy, say to us, what birds hast thou?
> None but the owlet that cries, "How, how!"

Ivy is not without its medicinal charms, for Gerard tells us that its "leaves laid in water for a day and a night's space, help sore and smarting waterish eyes if they be bathed and washed with the water wherein they have been infused." Formerly an ivy bush was hung outside taverns as a sign, in which there is no doubt a trace of classical allusion, as the ivy was always sacred to Bacchus. Hence arose the proverb, "Good wine needs no bush," implying that real good wine is of itself a sufficient recommendation without requiring to be advertised. Thus an old writer remarks:—

> "I hang no ivie out to sell my wine,
> The nectar of good wits will sell it selfe."

"An owl in an ivy bush," was another proverb, denoting perhaps the union of wisdom, or prudence, with conviviality, as "Be merry and wise." A bush of ivy, however, was generally supposed to be the favourite residence of an owl. According to a well-known distich which refers to Christmas-day:—

> "Then ivy and holly berries are seen,
> And yule clog and wassail come round again."

The blooming of the apple-tree in autumn is in many places considered unlucky, and the Northamptonshire peasantry are wont to exclaim:—

> "A bloom upon the apple-tree when the apples are ripe,
> Is a sure termination to somebody's life."

Formerly apples were much used for divination, especially at Christmas-time. The custom of throwing the peel of an apple over the head, says Mr. Conway, "marriage or single blessedness being foretold by its remaining entire or breaking, and that of finding in a peel so cast the initial of the coming sweetheart, is well known in England and America." In Lancashire, in order to ascertain the abode of a lover, the anxious inquirer moves round in a circle, at the same time squeezing an apple pippin between the finger and thumb. This, on pressure being employed, flies from the rind in the supposed direction of the lover's residence. In the meanwhile the following rhyme is repeated:

> "Pippin, pippin, paradise,
> Tell me where my true love lies!
> East, west, north, or south,
> Pilling brig or Cocker mouth."

We must now bring our remarks on "Flowers and their Folk-lore" to a close. Enough, however, we hope, has been written to show how wide and popular are the associations connected with these sweet ornaments of nature, and how largely, at all times, they have entered into the social and domestic events of man's life. In the words of Allan Cunningham we may sum up the moral teaching of our subject, as applied with Christian limitations:—

> "There is a lesson in each flower,
> A story in each stream and bower;
> In every herb on which you tread
> Are written words which, rightly read,
> Will lead you from earth's fragrant sod
> To hope, and holiness, and God."

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RUSSIA is a country whose name is now constantly in the mouths of Englishmen. Few, however, know much about it owing to the difficulties connected with learning its language. Not many foreigners have the opportunities of knowing these people, and mere tourists are very apt to come away with wrong impressions. We shall endeavour in a short article to glance at the peasantry as they are described in their own proverbs, which hold the picture up to life.

One peculiarity of Russian peasant life is the joint family system, according to which the members of a family share a common heritance, and live together. This system prevailed in parts of England in Anglo-Saxon times, but it is not favourable to individual exertion, and it leads to family quarrels. They find that "two bears cannot live in one den." The wife particularly suffered from it.

"The father-in-law grumbles at her,
The mother-in-law abuses her,
The brother-in-law mocks her,
The sister-in-law does her mischief,
The husband is jealous."

"Sisters-in-law are nettles."

While some Russian ladies belong to the class of strong-minded women, and are advocates of woman's rights, the peasantry in their proverbs recognise the distinct sphere of women.

"If you be a cock, crow;
If a hen, lay eggs."

"Do not trust the wind in the fields,
Nor a woman with too much liberty."

The proverbs of Russia, like those of India, though treating women with contempt, yet recognise their power in the domestic circle. "She stoops to conquer."

"The wife, without beating the husband, rules him by her temper."

"The husband is the head, the wife the soul of the house."

Bachelors are not in high repute.

"A bachelor is a goose without water."

"A man without a wife is like a man in winter without a fur bonnet."

A man under petticoat government, or, as the Germans say, "under the slipper," is thus painted:

"A crab is not a fish among fishes,
A bat is not a bird among birds,
So a hen-pecked husband is not a man among men."

The cheapness of brandy has done immense mischief among the peasantry. In a collection of twenty thousand Russian proverbs which I have, five hundred relate to drunkenness and its effects. The soldiers, who are recruited from the ranks of the peasantry, carry the village drinking habits with them, and this trait appears in various strongly-phrased proverbs. The peasants have suffered not only from drink, but from bad landlords, who have spent their money in the dissipation of great cities, leaving the peasantry in the hands of grinding agents, who were generally Germans.

"The landlord's court has a wide entrance, but a narrow exit;"

i.e., it is easy to get into his debt, but difficult to get out of it.

"Praise not the crop until it is stacked,
Praise not the landlord until he is dead."

The usurer in Russia, as in India, is a scourge to the peasant. "In the other world," says the proverb, "usurers have to count red-hot coins with bare hands."

But the worst plague to the peasant is the Tchinovnik, or official, as the Russian bureaucracy are noted for their gross oppression and bribe-taking propensities.

"The Tchinovnik only takes up his pen,
The peasants pray and birds tremble."

"To defend yourself against a thief take a stick,
To defend yourself against a Tchinovnik take a rouble."

"Fear not the law but the judge;
A judge is like a carpenter, what he wants he carves."

"Go before God with justice,
Before the judge with money."

The Raskolniks, or Dissenters of Russia, amount probably to 15,000,000, and are an interesting class. Some express their detestation of the Greek Church thus:—

"He who fears God does not go to church;
The church is not in beams but in ribs;"

i.e., not in the building, but in living members. They agree with the old Tartar saying—

"Songs and dances are Satan's daughters."

And they go further than the teetotalers, denouncing tobacco, tea, and coffee.

"The smoker is brother to a dog."
"Tea, the Chinese arrow, has pierced the Russian heart."
"Thunder slays the coffee-drinker."

The peasants hold the Jews in great abhorrence on account of their usury and oppression.

"A tamed wolf, a baptized Jew, and a reconciled enemy are of equal value."

"When you baptize a Jew keep him under water;"

i.e., drown him, or he will turn renegade.

"A Russian can be cheated only by a gipsy,
A gipsy by a Jew,
A Jew by a Greek,
And a Greek by the devil."

"One Jew is equal in cheating to two Greeks,
One Greek to two Armenians."

We conclude this brief sketch with two proverbs that contain a valuable moral.

"With God go over the sea,
Without God go not over the threshold."

Against forming distant plans—

"His thoughts are over the mountains,
But death is behind his shoulder."

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AN EASTERN QUESTION. [From the Painting by J. E. Hodgson, A.R.A.

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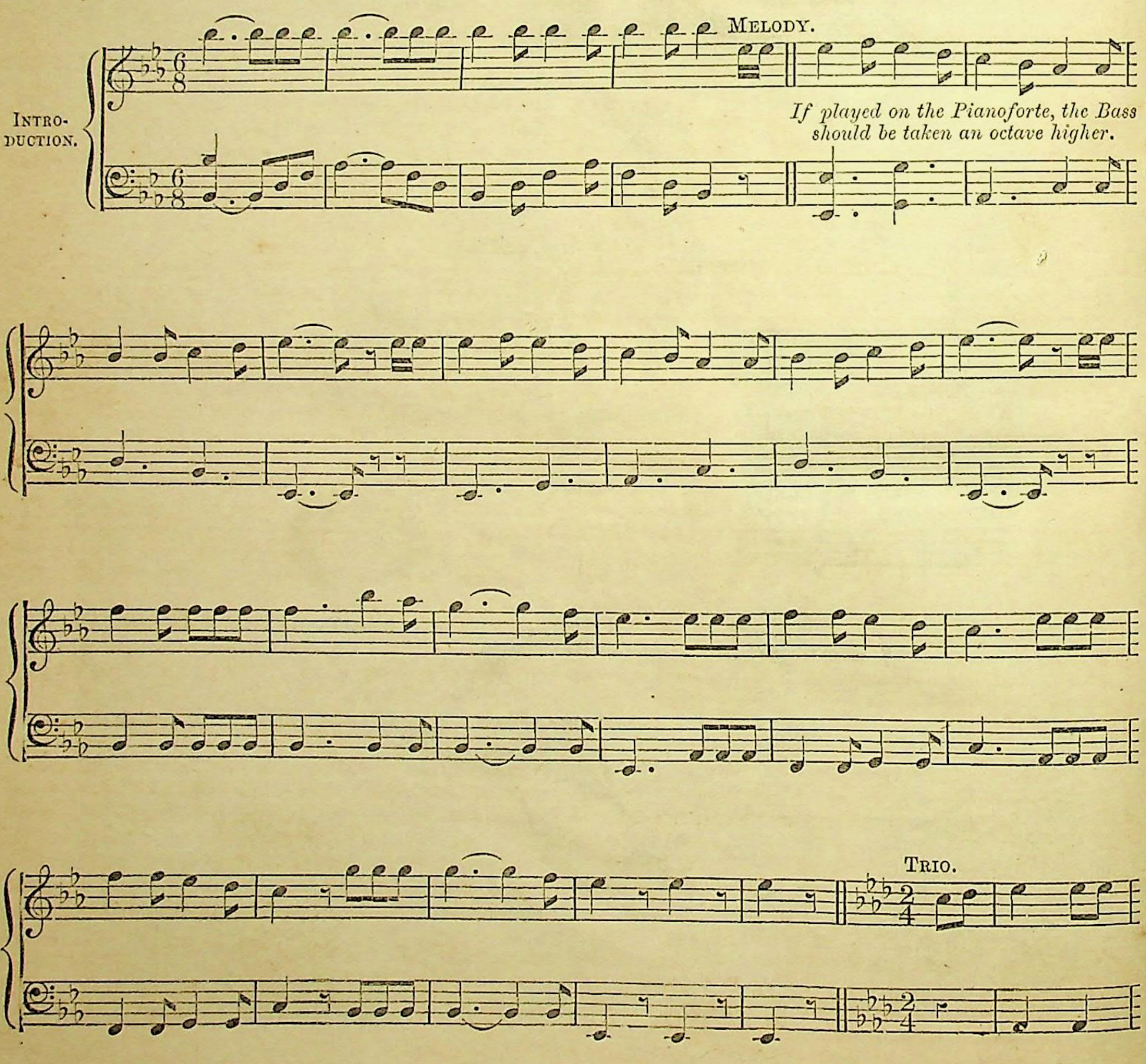
Zakhmi, the National Air of the Afghans.

"Zakhmī," the national air of the Afghans, was composed by one of their wandering minstrels, named Mīra, about twenty years ago. It is sung amidst the cliffs and rocks of Tīrah, Swat, and Buneyr; it has been played by the half-trained band of the Ameer of Cabul, in Bala Hisār, and it has become a favourite tune in the regiments of the Indian Army. The words of the song are foolish, although unobjectionable, but the tune is exceedingly pretty, and we are glad to be able, through the kindness of Colonel O'Bryan, commanding the 22nd P.N.I., to give the music as set by his bandmaster.



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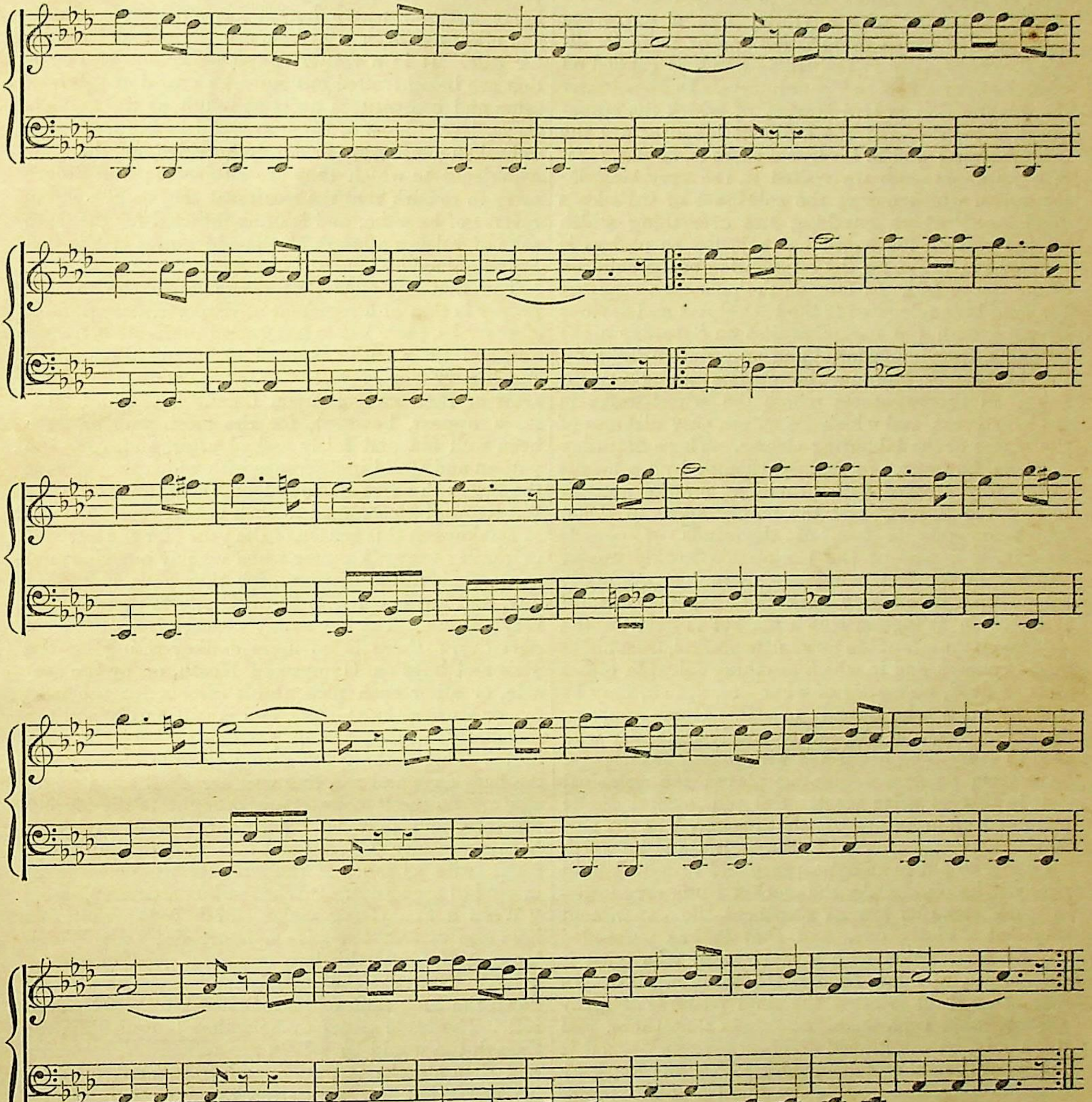

The first verse of the song in Pushto is :—

Zakhmī pa gham khe nāst yam
Da hÿrān pa khatāro.
Zarah me pa mangūl khe
Chi nan raghla khāro.

Which may be rendered :—

Wounded with the dagger of separation
I am sitting (silently) in grief.
To-day when she came near me, in her hands (lit. *claws*)
Like a little starling she took away my heart.

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THE ISLINGTON FRIDAY MARKET.

AN open market for the poor man would appear to be a necessity in all great towns where the poor exist in large numbers, and probably there is no town in England with anything like a numerous population in which there is not one or more localities devoted chiefly to the traffic which is carried on between poor sellers and poor buyers. In Manchester there is the Strude Hill Market, of which the economical, industrial, and the indigent labourer are the chief patrons; and in Liverpool there is, or was, for it is some years since we visited it, the very singular institution which enjoys the sobriquet of "Paddy's Exchange," where anything and everything which all the rest of the world has rejected as useless is gathered in heaps for the competition of the children of the Green Isle. In London the poor man's market has long been relegated to the back slums and devious by-ways, with the exception that on Saturday night it squats, from immemorial and prescriptive right, on the kerbstones and in the gutters along certain suburban thoroughfares where the wheel-traffic is not very great, and which lie within easy distance of the homes of the labouring classes. These Saturday markets, however, are mainly, though by no means exclusively, stocked with provisions for the necessities of the Sunday, and the money spent in them, which amounts to tens of thousands of pounds weekly, is a part of the workman's weekly wages. But within the last few years there has gradually grown up a poor man's market of altogether a novel character in Islington, which market is held on the Friday, on the site of the new cattle market, from about noon to sunset, and in which anything saleable, either alive or dead, no matter of what description, may be sold by those who have it to sell. Horse coupers, costermongers, and the rather rowdy fraternity who deal in everything connected with horses or donkeys, have from its first beginning played the principal part in this singular mart. But the general dealer was not long in finding out that inasmuch as the new market attracted crowds of visitors, it would be worth his while to put in an appearance and turn an honest penny if he could. As the market fee is very low—in some cases as low as sixpence—the experiment was not a costly one, and that it has succeeded beyond expectation with a good many who tried it we happen to know from the best authorities. In fact, the market is often the final resource of many a respectable tradesman, who finds that there, and there only, he can get rid of his "stickers"—that is to say, of the old and dead stock which has stuck by him too long, and wouldn't "go off" at any figure he might attach to it in his own shop.

We are now going to pay an afternoon visit to this omnium-gatherum mart, in the expectation that such a description of it as we may be able to give may not be uninteresting to the reader.

Alighting from an omnibus in the Caledonian Road we are greeted with the clatter and clamour of hoofs and voices, and are soon threading our way among a crowd of noisy loungers and ranks of vehicles of all kinds towards the broad acreage of cattle-pens surrounding the central tower of the modern Smithfield. Before reaching the market proper we come to a sort of tenth-rate Tattersall's, or horse auction, where horses imported from Russia and other northern countries are periodically put up for sale. It is a rather rough collection of brutes that are being trotted out amidst a crowd of connoisseurs and competitors quite as rough as the animals themselves. Most of these are wild-looking, shaggy, unbroken creatures, evidently terrified at the new experience to which they are subjected; and we are sorry to remark that the treatment they receive is the reverse of humane, and is often inflicted for the mere sake of raising a laugh at the odd antics of the suffering animals.

The first spectacle that meets us in the market proper is that of a regiment of donkeys, drawn up in close ranks, their heads fast bound to the stout timber rail, and their backs exposed to the greetings of all and sundry who may elect to try the strength of their arms or their cudgels upon them. The quiet creatures appear, however, for the most part to have been well fed and fairly looked after, and, from the patient and stolid indifference with which they receive the heavy thwacks bestowed on them, are evidently but too well accustomed to such usage.

Donkeys at this season of the year (for the autumn is waning towards winter when we pay our visit) are at a considerable discount, for they have had their day, and have ceased to be profitable to their temporary owners. The fine sunny weather is for the most part over; there is no more donkey-riding for the girls and boys on Hampstead Heath, or by the seaside, or other such pleasurable resorts, for the next five or six months at least, and it will hardly pay the speculators in that sort of pastime to keep the poor brutes doing nothing but eating their heads off until the long days and the fine weather shall come round again. So the "mokes" are brought to the market for sale, and may be bought at almost any price between twenty shillings and fifty, though they would fetch twice as much if the summer were coming in instead of going out. "Want to buy a donkey, sir?" "Want a fine young moke, sir?" "Warrant this here one to trot ten mile a hour, sir!" "Werry 'ansome hanimal this 'ere one, sir; good to ride or drive." Such are the appeals made to us as we pass down the long rank of patient noses tethered to the rail. The trade seems to be rather languishing, for though the would-be sellers are numerous, and now and then a moke is untied and trotted out to show his paces, but few sales seem to be effected, buyers being scarce.

Beyond the ranks of donkeys we come upon a curious and rather novel scene. It is a sort of bazaar in which everything that is in any way connected with "horse, mule, or ass" is exposed for sale on the bare ground—the granite paving-stones of the place. The list of wares thus displayed, if one had the learning to give them all a name, would make a very compendious catalogue. We cannot pretend to identify half the articles which lie in

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numberless heaps before and around us, each heap being presided over by its owner or the owner's agent, such agent being, in some instances, a boy of tender years or a toddling child. All are noisy and busy, for there is no lack of trade, and the nondescript goods are changing owners rapidly. The cry from the sellers is, "All at your own price to-day, gents;" "Name your figure, and take your choice;" "No offer refused, mind!" and so on. Not a few of the queer mounds of goods are labelled at so much each—a penny or twopence, or a trifle more. Such cheap wares consist chiefly of articles, or fragments of articles, of rusty iron—big screws, washers, lynch-pins, rings of brass or white metal, iron rods of various length and thickness, pieces of gas-piping, fragments of gaseliers, odd spurs and bits, carriage lamps, buckles, cast horse-shoes, hammer-heads, axe-heads, curry-combs, etc., etc., all long past use, and mostly the despised rejecta of the stable or the smithy. At the same time, and almost in juxtaposition with all this rubbish, there are sets of harness complete, and nearly as good as new, the brazen decorations of which are polished as bright as possible, and shed quite a lustre. There are saddles, bridles, reins, traces, straps, collars, horse-cloths, nose-bags, whips—everything, in short, that an equestrian or a modern Jehu wants or is likely to want. Add to this a collection of wheels of all sorts and sizes, together with countless fragments of wheels, and you have some notion of the provision here made in behalf of the horse and his owner.

As we advance, we come upon another characteristic feature of the place. The ground here is covered, not with the disjecta of the stable and the smithy, though that is not entirely wanting, but with those of the workshop, abounding, as it does, in the materials, the tools, and the productions of nearly all industrial crafts. Here are the implements of the carpenter, the blacksmith, the saddler, the shoemaker, the coachmaker, the engineer, the navvy, the bookbinder, the optician, the artist, the house-painter and decorator, the plasterer, and scores of others, all the wares lying confusedly together, and all, in a greater or less degree, used up, broken down, or done for. Among them are a multitude of things which, perhaps, never had a name—odd-looking combinations of brass, iron, copper, and tin, and long metal tubes coiled in curious shapes; with these lie lots of old organ-pipes of all stops, channelled wind-troughs, jaundiced-looking pianoforte keys, telescope tubes, microscope ditto, photographic cameras minus the lenses, mathematical instruments, syphons, crucibles, Leyden jars, parts of electrical machines, saccharometers, lactometers, bells, brass handles, street-door knockers, locks and keys by the hundred, and rusty nails and screws by the thousand. Here stands a man with a pile of polished brass locks, who sells the brand-new lock and key for a penny, and not far from him is a woman who has fifty different things, all remnants from the workshop, at a penny each. Then there is a man with a stock of sole-leather, which he sells by weight, and not far from him another, who deals in musical instruments, or what once were parts of such—accordions, concertinas, banjos, guitars, fiddles or parts of fiddles, fiddle-bellies, finger-boards, pegs, fiddle-bows, scroll-ends, etc. He also has a heap of sheets of music, old and new, and not a little dirty and ragged, and volumes of music in the highest state of dilapidation.

Among these miscellanea we notice a few articles of household furniture, and as we advance the household furniture and domestic requisites gradually displace the symbols of industry. The indispensables of the kitchen are abundant, such as cooking apparatus of all kinds, stoves, fenders, fire-irons, dish covers, flat-irons, metal pails and tubs, tables, chairs, shelves, corner-cupboards, plate-racks, plates, dishes, and crockery of all kinds in all conditions. Then come carpets new and old, oilcloths and pieces of kamptulicon and linoleum in squares, in rolls, and in long strips; mats, rugs, window-curtains, bed-curtains, fragments of bed furniture of all sorts, blinds, blind-rollers, wash-stands, dressing-tables, and all the numberless trifles of the sleeping-chamber. A few yards farther and we come upon a collection of books, of which a man offers forty volumes for a shilling; they would fill a wheelbarrow, but are good for nothing but to burn, being for the most part old peerages, guide-books, and other bulky little duodecimos too minute to serve as wrapping paper, and therefore rejected by the butterman. The same dealer exhibits pictures, framed and unframed, plain and coloured, prints, chromotypes, oleographs, and photographs, and affirms that as he has taken an oath not to carry them home again, they must be sold at whatever sacrifice. Next to him is a woman whose stock-in-trade consists of old bottles, boxes, razor-strops, knives and forks, spice-boxes, salt-boxes, rolling-pins, gridirons, Dutch ovens, whetstones, old tools, pieces of metal, broken cog-wheels, lengths of lead-piping, slabs of mahogany and oak panelling, cranks for bell-hanging, bundles of stair-rods, very small portable gas-stoves, paraffin lamps, hall lamps, gig lamps and policemen's bull's-eyes, and fifty other things, among them the time-blackened half of a human skull, for any or all of which you are to name your own price.

Puzzled, and somewhat wearied with the clatter and the din, we wander off to the right beyond the clock tower, and soon come upon the clothes market, where women in the calves' pens are selling the various items of female attire. They seem to adopt the system of Cheap Jack, putting up the articles at their own estimation and gradually reducing their demand until it is accepted. The articles are mostly more than half worn out, and some are mere rags; but bad as they are the majority of them go off, and that without any very lengthened ceremony. The buyers seem to be principally poor men's wives, who have come in search of a child's frock or jacket for sixpence, or for some cast-off gown or skirt for which they will pay even a less sum, and which may be cut down for a child's use.

Of men's clothing there seems to-day to be but little, if we except boots and shoes, of which there are heaps of deplorable relics, and hats and caps, which may be had in any quantities, and almost at any price, and apparently as good as new.

Near the south-west corner of this large area we come upon the quarter appropriated to the transactions in live-stock other than "horse, mule, or ass." Here, for instance, is an interesting convocation of piglings, little innocents entering on their second or third month of existence. They are brought here in boxes or hampers, and are taken out singly, and passed from hand to hand among the competitors, squeaking in a lively key, in spite of the caresses bestowed on them. Porkers of a more advanced age are also plentiful, but seem less attractive than the newly-weaned innocents. Pigs, we

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learn on inquiry, have gone down in price of late, the reason being that the country demand has declined, the farm-labourers having lately to a great extent discarded pig-meat in favour of beef and mutton. Close to the piglings are large pens of fowls, goslings, and ducklings, each pen being surrounded by a crowd of customers of both sexes cheapening their favourites. A stout lass standing up to her middle in goslings, and with difficulty keeping her footing among them, is eloquent in praise of the noisy flock. She is skilful in catching by the neck any one of them that is pointed out, and handing him over to connoisseur or intending purchaser for judgment. Half-a-crown seems to be the standing demand for a gosling, and two shillings the price paid by the buyer. The trade is brisk, and the seller has hardly time to count her money, and rather resents having to give change. Suddenly there is an irruption of ducklings into the gosling congregation from an adjoining pen, and it would seem that the stout lass runs the risk of being extinguished; but she is quite cool under the infliction, and merely beckons to a boy, who, plunging into the struggling mass of quacking bills and fluttering feathers, grapples the intruders two or three at once, and in a few moments has sent them to the right about, pitching them neck and heels back to their own quarters. The ducklings, under the charge of a man, sell for about half the price of the goslings, and both duckling and gosling will want a good deal of feeding and fattening before they are ready for roasting. To a large class of Londoners this feeding and fattening for the table is a real pleasure. People will keep ducks, for instance, who have no place to keep them in but the street, and will have them at night in their living-rooms. Duckweed is sold regularly in some neighbourhoods, and there are not wanting men and lads who make a trade of skimming the green surface of the ponds and ditches, and selling it by measure to the duck-fanciers of the London slums and back streets. Of cocks, hens, and chickens there is also a stock in the market, but the demand for them is not as lively just now as it is for the quacking fraternities.

Of canaries in cages there is here a plentiful show. They are mostly importations from Germany; but it is whispered that they are all of them hens, though the dealers do not scruple to warrant them of the other sex. Together with the canaries are a lot of grey parrots, also in cages; but these, too, are under a cloud of suspicion, it being shrewdly conjectured that they are not quite what they should be—that they are stricken with some disease not easily cured, or it may be with that incurable disorder, old age; veneration for patriarchs does not extend to the parrot tribe.

Very near the parrot and canary-bird stands we come upon a collection of costermongers' carts and barrows, new and old, with a good many in the middle stage; together with hand-barrows, trucks, truck-wheels and carriage-wheels, and parts or fragments of the same, such as spokes, tires, axles, shafts, poles, etc. These are useful things enough, spokes being good for supplementing the failing rungs of ladders, and the various other sundries serving to effect the repairs constantly needed in the traps and carts of the travelling London dealers.

Another part of the market is devoted to carriages, carts, and vans, old cabs, hansoms and four-wheelers, and a rather showy collection of harness and horse and carriage fittings of all kinds. Not far from this interesting repertory is the horse market, a very lively scene indeed, where the skill and judgment of the most wary buyer meet their match in the plausible subtlety—not to mention knavery—of the seller. It is said that on this spot the student of equine therapeutics may meet with examples of every stage of every known disorder to which horse-flesh is liable. Still there are serviceable hacks and fast-trotting jades used to the London pavements to be met with by those who know what they are about; and it is here that the costermonger and the small travelling tradesman come to bargain for a new charger when the old one is finally doomed to the knacker's yard and the cat's-meat man. Apropos of the knacker, we may add that he also is a buyer in this market; for hither come weekly a good many specimens of mere skin and bone, living skeletons of horses, which, under the name of "racks," form one of the staples of the dealers, and which are sold as so much material for the tanner who will dress their skins, and the turner who will grind their bones (in his lathe) to make his bread, and for the ambulatory purveyor for the domestic tabbies. In the horse market one meets also with goats, which animals have from time immemorial been the associates of horses in the numerous mews and livery stables, not only of the metropolis but of other places. The reason why the goat is a favourite with horse-owners is said to be based on the conviction that his presence in a stable-yard conduces to the health of the horse, though how far experience has shown that to be the case we cannot tell. But the goat, like the horse, we are sorry to say, is frequently sophisticated by the seller. If a vicious brute of a horse gets a cruel thrashing in the morning to cure him of his vice for that day, so will an aged Nannie get coupled with an infant kid, and, so attended, sold for a mother in full milk, after her udders have been dry for years.

Judging from the class of people who frequent this Friday's market, it is pretty evident that it supplies a felt want. At first sight it would seem that the rowdy, horsey tribe who seem to spring up spontaneously wherever horses abound, have it all their own way. But it is not so; there is a considerable section of the community, among whom working men and their wives, low-class shopkeepers, peripatetic dealers, and housekeepers of the struggling order are the principal constituents. If you watch the transactions that take place you will see that a good deal of business is done, and that the artisan or his wife is a frequent buyer, and that the purchases are effected very quietly, in spite of the surrounding hubbub, the buyer often throwing down the money for a ticketed article, thrusting it in his pocket or under his arm, and walking away with it without speaking a single word. Why it is that so many things which are broken, crushed, ragged, worn out, and apparently quite done for are so readily sold seems a mystery not easily solved; the solution, however, is not so difficult. The truth is, there is a class of active, industrious, and notable people with whom the idea of mending, repairing, restoring, and "making as good as new," a thing which is apparently done for, has irresistible fascinations. They take a supreme delight in labours which to others would appear hopeless; they exercise an amount of skill and ingenuity, of patience and perseverance, in healing fractures and supplying deficiencies, that is beyond all praise; and the beauty of it is, they are always

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successful, simply because they do not choose to be defeated in their endeavours, and will persevere until success is achieved. The reader who has not, at some time or other, come across such persons, must have had but small experience of the better sort of working men and working men's wives. Another class of buyers are those—and they are not a few—who buy to sell again. Hundreds and hundreds of the articles here offered for sale would have been sold long ago had they been offered in the right neighbourhood. Nothing is more important in shop-keeping than the suiting of the wares to the locality, and many a melancholy failure in business has been brought about through want of tact and judgment in this respect. Now the Friday market affords to the dealer who has made mistakes in laying in his stock the opportunity of correcting them, for he can not only dispose of his own "stickers" here, but has the chance of buying more saleable wares as cheaply as he sells his own.

The commissariat of this overflowing market is well worth a few words in conclusion. Where several thousands of persons are congregated for the best part of the day, there will be a good deal of hunger and thirst, which must be satisfied somehow. Both meats and drinks are therefore to be found in abundance, and so far as we can judge (of the viands, at least), the provisions are of good quality and conveniently cheap. A fried fish and a hunch of bread for a penny; eels *à la* Bismarck—that is, stewed in their own jelly—for the same price; fried sausage and bread for three-halfpence—these are terms which will hurt nobody. Other things are equally cheap, such as potatoes burning hot from the can, whelks, cockles, mussels, periwinkles, ham-and-beef sandwiches, sheeps' trotters, and oysters of alarming dimensions fresh from the deep sea. The drinks are lemonade and ginger-beer, and if anybody wants something more potent, there is the public-house at the entrance of the market, where the thirsty men can, as many of them unhappily do, get more than is good for them.

In connection with food, we may mention as a last word—physic. Various sorts of medicines are sold here, so that a patient may physic himself without either feeing the doctor or adding three halfpence to the revenue by indulging in a box of patent pills. It is characteristic of all gatherings where the poor come to buy and sell that the herb-doctor, the professor of simples, is sure to find a welcome. Here he is, of course, and he will medicate any disorder you may choose to confide to his skill for the charge of a few pence. Rheumatism, or any other ism, is nothing to him; lumbago, sciatica, congested liver, cold in the head or chest, cough, ague, asthma, tic-douloureux, or what not, he is ready for any of the lot; you pay your pence and he gives you a bumper in a six-ounce goblet, and as you swallow it you are sure that you have something for your money, and you go away, let us hope, thoroughly cured. The most attractive medicus on the ground appears to be a Yankee, in charge of a highly-decorated dispensary on wheels, from which we observe that he draws frequent bumpers of sarsaparilla, in praise of which, as a potent strengthener of the muscles and a producer of fibre, as well as an unrivalled blood-purifier, he is profusely eloquent and rhetorical. We have not time to test his assertion that the draught is pleasant to drink, for dinner will be waiting for us at home, and we are lovers of punctuality.

Varieties.

A Soldier's Speech.—The following extract from one of the speeches of the gallant Sir Evelyn Wood, V.C., has historical interest:—It is the fashion now to discredit some of our best traditions, but I hope our schoolboys will never cease to believe in the glorious homely words, "England expects that every man will do his duty." I have known many men of all ranks who have patiently lived and ungrudgingly died for no more brilliant reward than the quiet approval of the still, small voice. Some, alas, like Ronald Campbell, have gone away so quickly in their noble haste that they have not even heard the "Well done!" of their comrades; but their example has not been lost. When the noise and the excitement of the war is over, the soldier who has seen men die for each other or for duty's sake can never again be altogether unheroic in his life. It has been said that "there is more godliness in camp than in barracks." I endorse that cordially. There is a brotherhood in common hardship and peril. There is a reverent tenderness for the home which may never be seen again. The unalienable ties of kindred and blood come out strongly when the loneliness of death may have to be faced far away from loving hands. Though it is many years ago, I have never forgotten—and, indeed, the scene is as vivid before me this day as the morning it occurred—the face of Arthur Eyre, my adjutant and friend, as he lay sorely wounded, the last officer hit on the day Sir Garnet Wolseley entered Coomassie. For the six months we had lived and worked together this gallant youth had never failed when we were engaged to thrust himself between me and the ambushed foe. Composing his features that I might not see his sufferings, he looked up in my eyes and said, with a quietude which told me he had accurately gauged the mortal nature of his then undressed wound, "Pull my rings off for my mother." I do not believe sweethearts and parents ever get so many letters as they do from men employed on active service at remote stations. We all remember Thackeray's immortal touch when he described Ensign Stubble, on the eve of departure for Waterloo, writing home to his mother a loving letter "full of pluck and bad spelling." Well, we have improved in some respects, for the rank and file now write as well or better than Ensign Stubble did then; but the pluck is, I think, very much as it was, and the youngsters who, under experienced non-commissioned officers, vied with the veteran battalion in rolling back the long odds of twelve to one at Kambula, finally stood as steady as a wall at Ulundi, where, in the words of Scripture, "they joined battle, and the heathen, being discomfited, fled into the plain." These boy soldiers, I say, are the professional heirs of those raw militia lads whose imperturbable square repulsed the desperate onsets of Napoleon's devoted cavalry, and restored the equilibrium of shaken order.

Very much Widowed.—Mr. Arthur Locker writes:—"The following extract from 'Evelyn's Diary' shows that in the seventeenth century there was a Dutchwoman who in the matter of husbands outdid the famous Mrs. Abbott, of New York, who outlived seven husbands:—'Towards the end of August I returned to Haarlem. They showed us a cottage where they told us dwelt a woman who had been married to her twenty-fifth husband, and being now a widow was prohibited to marry in future; yet it could not be proved that she had ever made any of her husbands away, though the suspicion had brought her divers times to trouble.'"

Taxes on an American when in his Clothes.—Hat, silk, 60 per cent.; ribbon, 60 per cent.; alpaca lining for brim, 50 per cent. per lb. and 35 per cent.; leather inside, 35 per cent.; muslin lining, 7½ cents a square yard; glue, 20 per cent. Coat, cloth, 55 cents a pound and 35 per cent. *ad valorem*; silk lining, 60 per cent; alpaca used therein, 50 per cent. per lb. and 35 per cent. *ad valorem*; buttons, if worsted, 20 per cent. per lb. and 35 per cent. *ad valorem*; velvet for collar, 60 per cent.; red worsted padding, 50 per cent. per lb. and 35 per cent. *ad valorem*; hemp padding, 40 per cent. Pantaloons, cassimere, 50 per cent. per lb. and 35 per cent. *ad valorem*; cotton used therein, 5 cents a square yard; hemp cloth for facing, 40 per cent.; metal buttons, 30 per cent. Vest, silk or satin, 60 per cent.; linen lining, 35 per cent.; silk buttons, 60 per cent. Braces, 35 per cent. Under-shirt, if silk, 60 per cent; if worsted, 50 cents per lb. and 35 per cent. *ad valorem*; if cotton, 35 per cent. Drawers the same. Shirts, cotton, 5

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cents a square yard; linen for the front, 35 per cent. Boots, raw hides, 10 per cent.; tanned leather, calf skin, 30 per cent.; if patent leather, 35 per cent; soles, 35 per cent. Neckerchief, if silk, 60 per cent. Pocket-handkerchief, 35 per cent. Watch, 25 per cent. Silk watch chain, 60 per cent.—*The Hatter.*

Petticoat Lane Shoe Market.—Passing through the long avenues we alighted on the site on which old boots and shoes are exposed for sale. There were literally thousands of pairs ranging from the smallest to the largest sizes, and without exception they seemed to be the cast-offs of all Christendom. The majority were in the same state in which they had been picked from ash-pits, or taken in exchange for damaged ornaments. Some of them it is true show the blacking brush, but these are exceptions to the rule. They are sold at prices ranging from a penny to sixpence, and low as they may seem to be, in most instances they were dear at the price. We pity the mother who is forced to purchase, and the child who is compelled to wear them. And yet there are mothers and children who neither purchase nor wear aught beside.—*Boot and Shoe Reporter.*

The Murderer Plant.—In these tropical forests each plant and tree seems to be striving to outvie its fellow, struggling upwards towards light and air—branch, and leaf, and stem—regardless of its neighbours. Parasitic plants are seen fastening with firm grip on others, making use of them with reckless indifference as instruments for their own advantage. Live and let live is clearly not the maxim taught in these wildernesses. There is one kind of parasitic tree, very common near Para, which exhibits this feature in a very prominent manner. It is called the Sipo Matador, or the Murderer Liana. It belongs to the fig order, and has been described and figured. I observed many specimens. The base of its stem would be unable to bear the weight of the upper growth; it is obliged, therefore, to support itself on a tree of another species. In this it is not essentially different from other climbing trees and plants; but the way the Matador sets about it is peculiar, and produces certainly a disagreeable impression. It springs up close to the tree on which it intends to fix itself, and the wood of its stem grows by spreading itself like a plastic mould over one side of the trunk of its supporter. It then puts forth from each side an arm-like branch, which grows rapidly, and looks as though a stream of sap were flowing and hardening as it went. This adheres closely to the trunk of the victim, and the two arms meet on the opposite side and blend together. These arms are put forth at somewhat regular intervals in mounting upwards, and the victim, when its strangler is full-grown, becomes tightly grasped by a number of inflexible rings. These rings gradually grow larger as the murderer flourishes, rearing its crown of foliage to the sky, mingled with that of its neighbour, and in course of time they kill it by stopping the course of its sap. The strange spectacle then remains of the selfish parasite clasping in its arms the lifeless and decaying body of its victim, which had been a help to its own growth. Its ends have been served—it has flowered and fruited, reproduced and disseminated its kind; and now, when the dead trunk moulders away, its own end approaches; its support is gone, and itself also falls."—*Bates's "Amazons."*

North-east Passage.—The discovery of the long-desired North-east Passage was thus first announced by the correspondent of the "New York Herald" at Yokohama, under date September 4: "Vega arrived here, and I have seen Nordenskiöld, who says he left Gothenburg on July 4, 1878, and in four days arrived at Tromsoe, where he laid in furs and necessaries. Between Waigat and the continent no ice was met, and crossing the Kara Sea in four days made Port Dickson. Passing mouth of Yenesei River, steered north-east, but ice somewhat arrested progress. In four days arrived at Tajoyr, and on August 19, Tsejdskin, the extreme northern point of Asia. After a short rest, coasted the peninsula, meeting with little ice. On the 26th, passed the entrance of the River Lena, and turned towards the New Siberian Islands, but they were not explored owing to the ice. After crossing the mouth of the Kolyna River found open water, but soon after this our difficulties commenced, and increased daily. We were much delayed off Cook's Cape, Vankarema, but crossed to Kolintchin on September 27, and were there imprisoned from the 28th. Tshutchi Settlement lies in 67deg. 7min. north, 173deg. 24min. west, and here we wintered in the midst of pack ice, land being one mile distant. Our health and spirits were excellent, and there was no scurvy. Our shortest day consisted of three hours' daylight, only upper limb of the sun being visible. Scientific and ethnographic studies were busily pursued. Some 4,000 inhabitants, called Tchiktchis, living in several villages, and supporting themselves by fishing and sealing, supplied the expedition with necessaries. We found here abundance of bears and reindeer. Cold was intense, averaging 36 centigrade. Game was abundant, and in spring wild fowl came in numbers. For 264 days we were detained in the ice, but at length released; sailed on July 18, and passed East Cape, Behring's Straits, on the 20th. We have thus accomplished our object, and established by practical proof the feasibility of the North-east Passage. Then, cruising down the Asiatic coast we reached St. Lawrence Bay, and crossed to Port Clarence, America, re-crossed to Koniyan, dredging carefully as we went, to ascertain the formation of bottom and to get specimens, for the position is one of especial interest, as it marks the meeting of the currents of the Arctic and Pacific Oceans. We touched at St. Lawrence Island, and also visited Behring's Island, where we received first news from Europe through the resident agent of the Alaska Trading Company. We found here the fossil remains of an immense marine animal, probably Rhytina Stellari. We left the island on August 19, and had a pleasant voyage till 31st, when there was a gale, with lightning, which split our maintop, and injured slightly several men. Arrived at Yokohama 10.30 on the evening of the 2nd, all well. No deaths occurred during the voyage. Vega is the first to make this passage. Professor Nordenskiöld thinks the voyage from Europe to Asia by Behring's Straits certain and safe with a little more experience of the northern seas. From Japan to Lena no difficulty, he says, presents itself to skilful sailors; and as the Lena taps Central Siberia, there is a large prospective trade.

Highland Chiefs of the Olden Time.—Nothing can be more erroneous than the prevalent idea that a Highland Chief was an ignorant and unprincipled tyrant, who rewarded the abject submission of his followers with relentless cruelty and rigorous oppression. He was, on the contrary, the father of his people: gracious, condescending, and beloved. Far from being ruled by arbitrary caprice, he was taught from the cradle to consider the meanest individual of his clan as his kinsman and his friend, whom he was born to protect and bound to regard. He was taught, too, to venerate old age, to respect genius, and to place an almost implicit dependence on the counsels of the elders of his clan. Nay, so great was the prevalence of public spirit over private inclination among those habituated to consider themselves as born for the good of others, that a chieftain seldom contradicted the opinion of his counsellors in the most personal of all concerns, his choice of a companion for life. Conscious power, and the habit of receiving universal respect, gave dignity to his manners—still more elevated by that loftiness of conception incident to him who thinks not of himself, but enlarges his comprehension by balancing continually in his mind the concerns of many.—*Mrs. Grant, of Laggan.*

The Incarnation.

As, when across a darken'd room
A golden sunbeam strays,
Myriads of tiny motes are seen
Disporting in its rays;

Such, in the dread Eternal's sight,
This universe appears,
With all its million million worlds
In their revolving spheres!

Ah, then, what thanks. Incarnate Lord,
Do I not owe to Thee,
Who, being in Thyself so high,
Wast made so low for me!

—*Caswall.*

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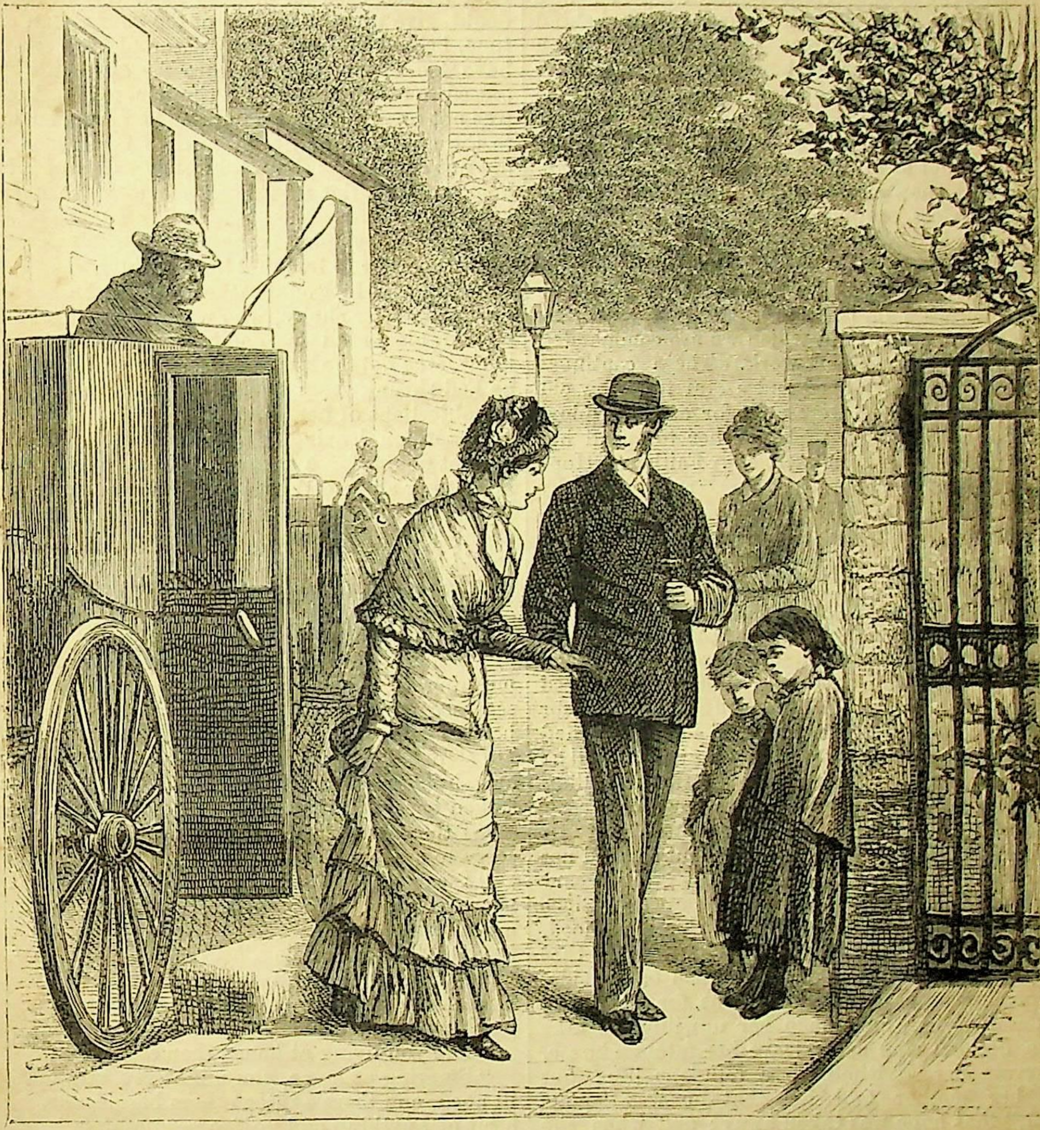
THE LEISURE HOUR.

BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,
AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND.—*Cowper.*



WELCOME HOME AGAIN.

STRAIGHT TO THE MARK.

CHAPTER LI.—BROUGHT HOME.

Like a cloistress, she will veiled walk
And water once a day, her chamber round
With eye-offending brine.

—*Shakespeare.*

THE sisterhood to which Joan Beverley had betaken herself was not, as Mrs. Beverley had suggested, a convent, or the same thing as a convent. That good lady's ideas were derived from her own experience in France, where she had spent much of her time before marriage, among her friends at Lyons. The sisters did not pass their time in devotion or idleness, or in making sweetmeats or embroidery. Their house was situated in the midst of a thickly-populated district in the North of London, and they were well known and generally well received in the streets and alleys, where, for a certain number of hours every day, they visited the sick and poor.

No. 1461.—DECEMBER 27, 1879.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

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Their ministrations were not limited by parochial boundaries, but extended over a considerable area, under the direction of the clergy of St. Winifred's and of other adjoining parishes. Joan had for some time past given up visiting in the district near her home, partly because she was dissatisfied with herself, and out of conceit with everything about her; partly because she was depressed, and unable to exert herself; and partly because the people whom she had been in the habit of visiting would persist in asking after the good gentleman who used to accompany her, hoping he would come again soon—as well they might, for many a shilling he had left behind him in those poverty-stricken rooms to which Joan had led him. Moping at home, however, did not suit her long; she was too anxious and sorrowful to be able to give her time to reading, music, or fancy work; and the occasional society which The Lawn afforded was not at all in harmony with her feelings. For a time the new church of St. Winifred's, with its frequent services, supplied the blank which had taken the place of her former activity. But there was too much of self in that system. Religion, as she had known it hitherto, was a matter of every-day life, entering into the ordinary and necessary concerns of the six days in which we are commanded to labour and do all our work. These continual services might be very good and useful for a few old and infirm people, who were unfit for active employments, but it was not right for her to spend her strength and time in such exercises. Faith and Hope might, indeed, be confirmed and strengthened by continual prayer; but there was not sufficient practical Charity in the system as she was then following it. There was too much for self in such a religion, and too little for her "neighbour."

Joan Beverley could not be satisfied with merely "passing the time," though it might be "passed" within the walls of a church. She had many friends among the poor, the aged, and infirm, and missed them more than she would have thought possible; for the pleasure and advantage of her visits to them had not been all on one side. "He that watereth shall be watered also himself;" "ready to distribute, willing to communicate, laying up in store for *themselves*." These and many other such promises had been fulfilled in Miss Beverley's experience; but she did not know how fully and richly until, having grown weary of her work, she had begun to miss its reward. Since then she had heard a great deal of this sisterhood, and had felt inclined to join it. The thought that Victor Darville would some day return to her side, with good reasons and explanations for having so long deserted her, had made her unwilling to take such a decided step as to leave her father's house, and devote herself wholly to a religious life; but when her mother told her that he was "gone abroad," that hope was taken away; and when she urged her almost in the same breath to think of another suitor, to dress herself up for company, and to look her best, her heart, wounded in its tenderest affections and full of painful yearnings, revolted against this reiteration of a life which had been fraught with so much unhappiness, and her resolution to break away at once from the vanities of the world was quickly formed. Yielding to the passionate impulse of the moment, and without reflecting on its consequences or her duties at home, she dismissed her maid, and wrote a hurried note to her mother. This note, in her haste, was thrown under the table instead of upon it. Mrs. Beverley had lost no time, when the note was afterwards found, in going to seek her daughter; but not a word had been said at their first interview about Victor Darville. If Joan had questioned her, or had even mentioned his name, Mrs. Beverley would have told her that it was not he who was gone abroad, but his brother. Her conscience reproached her for leaving the truth still untold; but she argued with herself that it would make no real difference. Victor, though in England, was no nearer to any of them than he had been for months past. Joan would, no doubt, give up all thoughts of the young man after a time, believing that he had deserted her; she would have too much spirit to care for any one who had ceased to care for her. On the whole, Mrs. Beverley was not sorry that her daughter had betaken herself to the seclusion of St. Winifrid's Sisterhood. She did not doubt that she would grow weary of it before long, and, in the meantime, she was out of harm's way.

Mr. Beverley did not concur in his wife's views. He could not bear to feel that his daughter was alienated from him. He would rather have given her to the husband of her choice, who was at least upright and honourable in all his dealings, and who, as he well knew, was not the less firmly attached to Joan because he had shrunk from urging his suit in deference to the objections of her parents.

Victor, on leaving Mulberry Lawn, although he did not doubt for a moment that he should succeed in gaining an interview with Joan, and bringing her back to her parents, was conscious that there were no slight difficulties to be overcome. The interview would be a very difficult thing to manage, he thought; and he slackened his pace insensibly, conning it over in his mind.

Passing a lamp-post a boy looked up in his face, and holding out his hand muttered some words, the meaning of which was evident, though they were scarcely articulated. Victor was attracted by the boy's features, fancying he had seen them before. He stopped, and the lad turned at the same moment and shuffled away. Victor called after him, and he looked back and lingered.

"I thought so," he said. "Why Raffage, I am sorry to see you in this plight."

"I can't help it, sir," the boy replied. "I have never had a place since you turned me away without a character."

"It was not my doing."

"No, sir. I don't say as it was. It was Mr. Beverley. I can't get a place, not a regular place, nowhere, without a character."

"Are you living at home, then?"

"Starving at home, you might say, sir. Mother's ill abed, and there's three others besides me, without a bit of anything and no fire nor nothing."

Victor thrust his hand into his pocket and was going to give the boy some money, but remembering that he had not been always trustworthy, changed his mind and said—

"It is getting late, but it's not very far off. I'll go home with you and see for myself."

"Thank you, sir," the boy answered, heartily; and turning away at once walked on before him with a rapid step.

The appearance of Raffage's home was sufficient of itself to confirm the truth of all that he had said. It was almost denuded of furniture; the children

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were in a state of squalor and misery, and Mrs. Raffage was lying upon a wretched bed, covered over with a few rags, and evidently very ill. She had been laid up for three weeks, and unable to earn anything for herself or her children, and without proper care and nourishment it was not to be expected that she would ever be able to do so again. Victor sent out at once for bread and other necessaries, and stood by the poor woman's bedside, talking to her till they came.

She was very thankful, she said, to hear the sound of his voice again. The young lady who used to visit in the court had not been there for weeks and weeks. She hoped she was not ill.

"No; not ill," said Victor.

"Gone out, perhaps?"

"No; she is not very far off. She will come again soon to see you, I hope."

"I would have sent to her, but the gentleman, Mr. Beverley, was so much offended about Jim that the boy did not dare to go there."

"I did not *like*," said Jim, objecting to the word dare.

"She would have come in a minute if I could have sent to her, I dare say," said the woman, "but after what had passed I had not the heart. If Jim could get to see her without going to the house he might go and tell her how bad I am."

"So he can," said Victor. "He will find her at the sisterhood—St. Winifred's. Do you know where it is, Jim?"

"Yes, sir. Two of the sisters was visiting at some houses near here a day or two ago. Is Miss Beverley a sister, sir?"

"A sister of those who are in distress, I hope," said Victor, "whether she adopts that style or not. She is in that house, and there probably you might see her."

"I'll go to-morrow morning," said Jim.

Victor Darville resolved that he would be in the neighbourhood to-morrow morning also. He had intended to go straight to the house and ask to see Miss Beverley, and would not have thought of using any stratagem for such an end, but Mrs. Raffage had herself proposed to send for her, and there could be nothing wrong in seeking to exchange a few words with her on her way to or from the poor woman's house, if she should go there.

The next day, therefore, early in the forenoon, Victor Darville set himself upon the watch near the entrance of the court in which Widow Raffage's poor little dwelling was situated. Miss Beverley, accompanied by one of the sisters, was there before him, having responded without delay to Jim's earnest petition that she would go and see his mother; and presently they were seen issuing from the narrow entrance. The sister was clad in the distinctive garments of her order, but Miss Beverley in her usual costume, though without colour or ornament of any kind, being at present in the position only of a guest at the institution. They walked quickly away, keeping their eyes upon the pavement, but had not gone many yards when a hasty footstep was heard behind them, and a well-known voice whispered,

"Miss Beverley! Joan!"

The effect was electrical. Joan turned instantly, and saw Victor Darville's face close to her own. She felt the touch of his fingers upon her arm, and his breath upon her cheek. She uttered a faint cry, and stood still, looking at him, unable to articulate or to move. Her companion, scarcely less astonished at the first moment, recovered herself quickly, and grasping Joan's arms with energy, drew her to her side.

"Come," said she—"come!" and quickening her step, endeavoured to lead her companion away with her.

"Joan," said Victor, "I have your father's sanction for this. He bade me see you and bring you back to him."

Her colour came and went; she tried to speak to him, but could not; or perhaps it was that she waited, hoping to hear more.

"Let me speak a word to you alone," he said. "Come back with me to the house you have just left. I cannot leave you till I have told you what is in my heart, and—and—"

It was like a dream! Here was Victor, the man who she had been told was on the seas—the man who had gone away from her because he did not care for her—standing by her side, speaking to her in the language of affection, and in the thrilling tones of earnestness and truth. She moved instinctively to return to the house to which he pointed. But her companion again interfered.

"Begone, sir!" she cried, turning to Victor; "why do you pursue us? These garments should be our protection."

Victor dropped his hand, and raising his hat respectfully, addressed the sister.

"I have a father's authority," he said, "for this intrusion. I am sorry to distress you. I will leave you this instant if Miss Beverley will promise me an interview elsewhere."

"Yes, yes," said Joan, eagerly, glad to have time to recover herself and reflect. "Where shall it be, and when?"

"At your father's home," said Victor.

"Yes. I will go home to-day!" Joan exclaimed; "this afternoon or evening."

An hour was mentioned, and they parted.

It need scarcely be told that the appointment was faithfully observed. Victor was on the watch, and opened the door of the cab, as it drew up at the iron gate of Mulberry Lawn. Joan sprang out, hastened up the steps, and in another moment her arms were fastened round her father's neck, and her face hidden in his bosom. Victor followed her, and stood looking on with feelings which can more easily be imagined than described.

"I have brought her back to you," he said, presently.

"Yes," said the old man, turning away his face, from which the Socratic expression had entirely vanished. "Yes, Victor, yes; and I will keep my word; she is yours; and you are worthy of her; bless you both!"

Then clasping his daughter again to his breast, and giving free vent to his emotion, he asked her in a low voice, "Am I not right, my darling?"

"Yes, father, yes;" she answered.

Joan left her father's arms only to be received with equal affection by her mother in her turn. Mrs. Beverley did not understand all that had happened, but she felt the warmth and fervour of her daughter's embrace, so different from the listless, indifferent manner to which she had lately been accustomed; she saw the glow upon her cheek and the joy in her eyes,

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and knew that the simple, gentle, loving child whom she had missed so long was come again to gladden all their hearts; and she was satisfied. She could only murmur, "Joan, darling! So happy! So happy!" And when Joan glanced towards Victor as he stood waiting anxiously for some indication of the mother's disposition towards himself, she repeated, "Yes; so happy," and held out her hand to him, cordially and kindly, taking him to her heart without reserve and making him more than ever partaker of her gladness.

CHAPTER LII.—THE YACHT.

> How happy they,
> Who from the toil and tumult of their lives,
> Steal to look down where nought but ocean strives!
> —*Byron.*

The holidays are drawing to a close at Abbotscliff, and Tom Howard, or to give him his proper ancestral name, Tom Strafford, is sufficiently well to be removed to the comfortable quarters provided for him at Sandy Frith. Great changes have been made there since old Mr. Strafford paid his first visit to the spot and made acquaintance with the shipyard. Building has been resumed with energy, and the future of the new watering-place is supposed to be secure. Mr. Chaffin has already repented that he gave up his claim to the shipyard, for there is every prospect that the site will become valuable. For the present, however, it will remain as it is, or rather as it was; for Mr. Chaffin's wooden office has been cleared away, and all Mr Chaffin's store of timber and bricks and slates have been carted off to a spot at the other end of the town, and the garden has been set in order and restored as nearly as possible to its former neat and pleasant appearance. Workmen have been busy inside the house also, for Mr. Strafford has engaged all the rooms in it that could be spared, and has taken great liberties with them, not altering their appearance materially, but executing some necessary repairs and supplying various articles of furniture with a view to the comfort of his daughter and her convalescent son. A van of the "road and rail" species has brought down from London in its capacious interior beds, couches, easy-chairs, and in short such a plentiful variety of goods, that it is difficult to know what to do with them.

Joshua Dean would have protested against Mr. Strafford's expenditure upon the premises, but he can do nothing himself, having exhausted his resources in repaying Mr. Chaffin; and when he ventures to say a word about it, Mr. Strafford stops his mouth by telling him it is not done for him, but chiefly for Tom's sake, with a reversion to his sister Lucy, and as a wedding gift to her. For Lucy is to be married in a fortnight to Captain Broad, who, instead of going to sea in a hurry as he had intended, is to have a long spell on shore this time, the Neptune being in dry dock and undergoing repairs. Very much annoyed the captain had been when he first heard that such repairs were necessary, for then he was in a great hurry to be off to sea; but Joshua Dean found him out only two or three days later, after matters had been settled with Mr. Chaffin, and took him back with him to Sandy Frith, where Lucy welcomed him upon the threshold of the home which she was ready now to share with him.

Tom's journey for Abbotscliff, when all preparations were completed, was accomplished without much fatigue. He had been out two or three times for a drive already; and the trip by rail was a short one. Mr. Strafford would have had an invalid carriage for him, or a special train, or anything else that money could procure; but the ordinary means of transport were quite sufficient, and the pleasure of the journey was so great that Tom thought it almost too quickly over.

"Are you very tired?" his mother asked when she had led him to a couch in the parlour of the Shipyard Cottage, which Mr. Strafford had wheeled round towards the window, that he might lie there and look out upon the sea.

"No, mother; only a little. I should like to go out upon the sands."

"You must lie down and rest first," said his mother.

"And eat a mutton chop," said his grandfather.

It was in vain that Tom protested against their over-carefulness and kindness; it was easier to submit than to resist, and Tom was glad now to take the easier course. Later in the evening they all walked down to the shore, and Tom sat there for an hour or more, with Mr. Strafford on one side and Mrs. Howard on the other, in a state of tranquil, dreamy happiness.

It was a calm and pleasant evening. The day had been warm, but the sun was near its setting, and the long quiet streaks of cloud near the horizon were striped with glorious tints of purple and red and yellow, the promise of a fine and bright to-morrow. A gentle breeze from the land was rising now, and some sailing-boats, which had been creeping lazily along the margin of the bay, caught the wind, and, bending to it slightly, came running smoothly towards them, parting the water with a ripple at the bows, and leaving a long visible wake astern, which glittered in the sun's declining rays.

"How beautiful!" said Tom. "How I should love to be in one of those boats! Would you not like it, mother?"

"Yes, very much."

"Shall we have a sail to-morrow?"

"Yes, Tom; I hope so. It will do you good."

Neither of them spoke again for some minutes. Tom could not help feeling that he was still very weak, for tears came into his eyes and rolled down his cheeks. He did not know why.

"What is it, Tom?" his mother asked, approaching her cheek to his.

"Nothing; nothing but happiness," he said. "Such happiness! It seems like beginning life over again, with no cares or fears, no work, no books; nothing to do but sit here and enjoy this beautiful sea-view and sea-air!"

"You are as fond of the sea as ever, Tom," said his mother.

"Yes; oh yes!"

"But you will not want to be a sailor now?"

"I do not want anything; only to be always contented and thankful as I am at this moment, with you, dear mother, on one side, and you on the other, dear grandfather."

Tom had several times tried to school himself to give old Mr. Strafford that name, but he had never before been able to accomplish it. He had not the feeling of a grandson towards the old man. He was grateful to him, but felt always a little shyness in his presence, and could not love him as he thought that he was bound to do. Now, however, his heart warmed towards him, and he put out his hand to him and called him, on the impulse of the moment,

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by this title of affection and honour. It was the token which the old man had watched and waited for. He had given many a hint, hoping to draw it forth, but in vain. Now it came from the boy's lips and heart spontaneously, and Mr. Strafford blessed him in silence, being too full of joy and thankfulness to speak.

Presently Captain Broad was seen strolling along by the water's edge with Lucy Dean's arm locked in his own, too much absorbed with their own and each other's thoughts to know that they were observed, though it would not have made much difference to them if they had been aware of it. The happy couple stopped to look at the little group of sailing-boats as they approached, and some other men from the village went down to the water's edge, turning their eyes in the same direction. There was one boat larger than the rest and differently rigged, which had been gradually gaining upon the others since the breeze sprang up, and was now coming up with them and passing them. As she advanced more plainly into view Tom could not help being struck with the smart and handsome appearance. The graceful cut of the bow, the tall and slender mast, raking aft, the well-shaped jib and mainsail, and the set of the topsails, which were of duck, a fairer and lighter material than the usual sail-cloth, filled him with admiration. She was decked too, and her deck was white and well holystoned; her fittings of brass were well polished, and glittered as the rays of the sun fell obliquely on them. Altogether she had the appearance and character of a gentleman's yacht rather than of such boats as usually belonged to Sandy Frith.

While he was gazing upon this pleasing spectacle Mr. Strafford, placing his hand upon his shoulder, said to him in a low voice, rather more shaky than usual from suppressed emotion,

"Do you remember, Tom, what you said to me at Langdale about what you would do if that place were your own?"

"No," said Tom; "not very distinctly."

"You would repair old John Pollard's cottage, and all the other cottages on the estate, and make them comfortable; and you would put all the farms in order, and let them at moderate rents; and you would help Mr. Martin to enlarge the village schools; and you would repair the Hall, inside and out—and a few other things of the same kind."

"Did I say so?" said Tom. "I know I used to think so."

"Well; all that has been done, or is being done. Then if there was any money left what did you say you would do with it?"

"Buy a yacht," said Tom, looking at his grandfather with wondering, inquiring eyes, as the truth—too strange and delightful to be at once resolved upon—flashed across his mind.

"There is your yacht," said his grandfather. "Only I have not bought it yet. I have hired it for you as long as we remain at Sandy Frith. To-morrow you shall go on board and take the command. Jim Bowley is to be your first-lieutenant."

It is needless to describe that first trip, or those which succeeded day after day, and twice a day sometimes; needless to relate how on one pleasant morning which was known to be a holiday at Abbotscliff, the cutter stood across the bay—as the crow flies—doubled the headland, and running to shore under the cliff, took on board some half dozen boys from the college, Tom's particular friends—Swallow being, of course, among the number—and then set sail again, and after a jolly cruise landed them opposite the Old Ship, the inn where it may be remembered Tom had disembarked from the pilot's boat two years before. A famous dinner was provided for them there. It had been ordered beforehand, and Mrs. Roseberry had done her successful best to cover the table with such things as boys delight in.

Tom's friend the waiter was there, and a great shout of laughter arose when, after placing a large covered dish before Tom, he whipped off the cover with a flourish and displayed a huge broiled bone under it. The sea had been calm and the boys had all good appetites, and no one offered to help him with his dainty, so it was carried away again untouched. Mrs. Roseberry enjoyed the joke as much as anybody.

"Bones!" she said; "no, poor boy! he don't want bones; he's grown so thin and tall—it's good support he wants, and he is like to have it, too, by all appearances."

There was good support upon the table for the present, as they all confessed, and they did justice to it; and when they were gone and the boat's crew came in to take their places, the waiter was heard to remark that he did not know but he might have to bring the bone back again after all.

Tom went upstairs to look at his old bedroom, and took that opportunity of presenting Mrs. Roseberry with a handsome black silk dress, which he had bought for her, while Mr. Strafford remembered the waiter in a style which he himself was not likely ever to forget. He meant to do the same by everybody who had been kind to his boy, he said; and he kept his word.

When they were again afloat, the "first-lieutenant" was called upon to sing his lying song of the "Great Sea Sarpent" for the benefit of the land-lubbers; and the collegians were put ashore early in the evening with a fresh consignment of mackerel, dorgs, and other curiosities of the deep, giving three cheers after they were landed for the yacht and all her crew. Two months or more were spent in this pleasant way at Sandy Frith, and Tom's face began to grow brown and freckled again. Captain Broad was married during that interval, and started on another voyage, rather more out of spirits than usual, instead of being, as he had anticipated, more resigned; but he supposed he should get used to the going and coming. His wife would have a comfortable home, with her mother to see to, and her brother to see to her, and her husband's return to look forward to; and the same good Providence would be over them all, at home or abroad, together or separate; so they must make the best of it, and there was plenty to be thankful for when all was said and done.

A month or two later Victor Darville also was married, and became at the same time a partner in the firm of Beverley and Darville in Bread Lane. They went to spend the latter part of their honeymoon at Langdale; whither the owner and his heir returned in good time to receive them.

It was a grand holiday at Brakeley the day of their arrival. The village people came out to meet the old squire and his young grandson, and gave them such a welcome as they could not have dreamed of. Mr. and Mrs. "Hares" stood at their lodge holding

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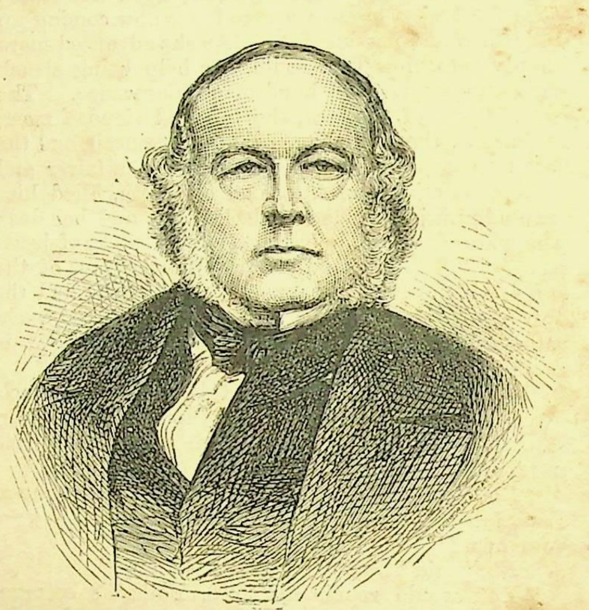
the gate wide open—it turned upon its hinges freely now—and a detachment of school children lined the road along the avenue on either side, cheering and waving their hats furiously. Helping zealously to hold the gate was a tall boy whose face Tom thought he had seen before somewhere; but he was smiling, not to say grinning so broadly that he could not at first recognise him; it was young Dick Raffage, to whose features smiles and grins had not been familiar when at home. The squire had "taken him on" at Victor Darville's request to give him a chance of recovering himself in a part of the world where he was not known. "I'll take the whole family, if you wish it; I'll do anything you ask me, Mr. Darville," the old gentleman had said; "you have been such a friend to my boy!"

Tom stood on the steps by his grandfather's side to make his acknowledgments to the tenants and labourers who were there to do him honour, and returned their smiles and other demonstrations of goodwill with equal heartiness. He was taller and thinner than when they had seen him last; he was a little graver too in manner, notwithstanding the cheerfulness and gladness which lighted up his face at that moment. As he turned and entered the house he caught sight of a small shield on the back of one of the high chairs, the same in which he had sat probably at his last interview with Mr. Strafford in that house. The shield had been freshly painted or emblazoned, and displayed a crow flying, with the motto under it, "Straight forward." He must have seen it before if it had not been obscured by neglect and dirt; now it was revived, and seemed to promise well for the future of the house and all belonging to it. Straight forward had come to the front again, and was to be the ruling principle; no bare attachment to the things of time, but a going on in the journey of life by a straight course, turning aside neither to the right hand nor the left, towards that better world in which an account is to be rendered of all the good or evil done or left undone in this.

SIR ROWLAND HILL.

THE distinguished services of Sir Rowland Hill can never be forgotten while the postal system exists. A biography, with a full account of the reforms he effected, appeared, with a portrait, in the "Leisure Hour" while he was yet living (see "L. H.," 1865, p. 696). His recent death must not pass without a reference in our volume. We give, therefore, another portrait from a later photograph of the Stereoscopic Company. His earlier career was remarkable, and is not so well known as his subsequent achievements. We quote from an admirable memoir in the "Times" the following account of his work as a schoolmaster.

"Much as Rowland Hill owed to his father, he owed scarcely less to his mother. She, though the inferior of her husband in quick intelligence and originality, was his superior in shrewd common sense and in firmness of purpose. She was as practical as he was theoretical, and as cautious as he was rash. To his father Rowland owed his largeness of view and his boldness of conception. But it was his mother from whom he derived his caution, his patience, and his unwearying prudence. Had he not had such a father he would not have devised his plan of Penny Postage. Had he not had such a mother he would not have succeeded in making what seemed the scheme of an enthusiast a complete and acknowledged success. She, unlike her husband, was of an anxious and ambitious temperament, and toiled night and day to keep her little family from sinking through poverty out of the class into which they had been born. In her desire to secure her children an education, she persuaded her husband to give up trade, for which he was very little fitted, and to establish a school. For many years after this step was taken the struggle for the bare means of living continued to be most severe. The charges for the pupils were very low and prices were very high. When Rowland was a mere child his mother used to talk over with him her difficulties, almost as if he were a man. From his childhood he had, as



Rowland Hill

he said, seen the terrible inconvenience of being poor. He had known his mother dread the visit of the postman, as there was not money in the house to pay the postage. The children had each his part in the domestic duties, and, while they were scholars of the school, had a great deal of manual labour to get through. At the age of eleven Rowland began to assist his father in teaching, and at the age of twelve his school education came to an end. He ceased to be a pupil and became altogether a teacher. Twelve, we may point out, is at present the lowest age in which a boy is allowed to enter one of the great public schools. His own education had been imperfect even for a boy of twelve, for his father was too fond of theories and too eager to introduce them into his school to be a good teacher, and yet, backward though he left his sons in book learning, he had, nevertheless, taught them one lesson of inestimable value. He had taught them how to think. He had made them, as we have shown, daring, nay, even rash, in speculation; but he had inspired them with an eager thirst for knowledge and an ardent love of truth. Each of his children, when his regular school education was finished, set

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to work to supply his own deficiencies in the short time that he could call his own when each day's work was done. Their father had also given them that breadth of view which enabled them to rise above all selfish considerations. Each one was brought up to consider the good of the family rather than his own special good. All the brothers held closely together. No one took any decision of great importance without first calling a kind of family council and having the matter thoroughly discussed. Each was ready to place his services, time, and money at the disposal of the others, and had no hesitation in his turn in calling for assistance where assistance was needed. When one was struggling upwards the others were all below giving him a push, and when he had reached a higher level he stretched down his hand to pull up the others to him.

Rowland was still quite a youth when he and his brother Matthew began to discover the deficiencies in their father's school and to set about to reform them. His first task, however, was to free his father from the load of debt which through his unbusinesslike habits, in spite of his simple way of living, had come to press very heavily on him. At an age when boys are now leaving school he had taken upon himself the entire management of the accounts, and before long had the satisfaction of paying off all his father's creditors in full. Matthew chiefly concerned himself with improving the instruction, while Rowland dealt with the discipline and the organisation. 'Organisation,' he used often to say in after life, 'is my forte.' He began his reforms many years before Dr. Arnold's name was heard, and the young reformer had to strike out his own path and grope his own way. He was gifted with a self-confidence which was almost sublime. In a few years he had upset most of the received notions on education and had established a system of his own. He had given up corporal punishment altogether, and yet made his authority as much respected, and, we might say, dreaded, as the most flogging of masters. He was aware that by nature he was hot-tempered and even passionate. He adopted a strange method of curing his defect. He publicly announced to his pupils that any one who saw him *out of temper* might at once, before the whole school, inform him of the fact. He was so rigidly just that no boy who had played the part of Gil Blas would have found in him an Archbishop of Granada. He aimed at making the boys govern themselves. A constitution was promulgated and a code of laws was made which filled more than a hundred pages of a closely printed volume. We have this volume before us as we write. In the first page we find a section headed the 'Origin of the Constitution.' The writer says:—

'Convinced that numerous and important advantages would be derived from engaging their pupils in the consideration and in the practice of rules for their own government, from placing restrictions to the powers of the teachers, and from giving to the regulations of the school a permanent form, the proprietors, early in the year 1817, proposed to the school a certain division of powers together with regulations for their exercise, which, having received the joint assent of the teachers and pupils, became the constitutional laws of the school; and in the confident expectation that the powers placed in the hands of the pupils would never be employed but for the welfare of the school, the proprietors pledged themselves not to alter these laws without the consent of a majority of the proprietors and regular teachers meeting in conference on one hand, and of a majority of pupils on the other. With such joint consent, occasional alterations have been made in the constitutional laws, tending chiefly, if not entirely, to throw more and more power into the hands of the pupils.'

The volume from which we have quoted bears the date of 1827, so that the Constitution had lasted full ten years.

An almost perfect democracy was established. Each boy had even the right of being tried by a jury of his schoolfellows whenever a charge was brought against him by one of the masters. The whole school elected what would be called its sixth-form boys—guardians, as they were called in the school that the Hills had established at Hazelwood, near Birmingham. These guardians formed a kind of parliament, which, with the help of the masters, who composed an upper house, ruled the school. They met often to deliberate, and their sittings were drawn out over many an hour by the eagerness of the young debaters. In the essays of a 'Birmingham Manufacturer,' an interesting account is given of the school. 'By juries and committees,' says Mr. W. L. Sargant, the author, 'by marks, and by appeals to a sense of honour, discipline was maintained. But this was done, I think, at too great a sacrifice; the thoughtlessness, the spring, the elation of childhood were taken from us; we were premature men.' This system, whatever may have been its merits and its faults, was invented by Rowland Hill at an age when most young men have scarcely left college. It was greatly modified in after years, both by himself and his younger brothers; for, as the 'Birmingham Manufacturer'—perhaps with some exaggeration—says, 'The Hazelwood Constitution, discipline, instruction, were in a perpetual flux; the right to-day was wrong to-morrow.' In a volume entitled 'Public Education,' written chiefly by his brother Matthew, Rowland's new system was made known to the world. The book at once excited public attention. An article on it appeared in the 'Edinburgh Review,' and another in the 'London Magazine,' written by De Quincey. Jeremy Bentham took the warmest interest in the school, and declared that after reading the book he had thrown aside all he had himself written on education. Wilberforce, Brougham, Grote, Joseph Hume, Miss Edgeworth, and many others, either visited Hazelwood or made inquiries about it. Rowland was as convinced as any young enthusiast could be of the soundness of his plans, and longed to extend them. He required, he said, at least five hundred boys before he could organise his school as it ought to be. He looked forward to seeing great colleges on the same system spring up in all parts of the country to the advantage of his fellow-men. He has since been heard to confess that, having after long years looked into his code of laws, he thought it far too complex. He added, with a smile, that he greatly doubted whether he should send his own son to a school conducted on such a complicated system. It can scarcely be doubted, however, that to his bold and novel experiment may be traced not a little of the vast improvement that in the last fifty years has been effected in education. He used to boast that at one time he had the largest school in Warwickshire, for Rugby in those days had sunk very low, and some years before Arnold's name was heard he had shown that boys

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could be made almost to govern themselves, and to govern themselves through a high sense of duty and not through brutal fear.

After living at Birmingham till he was more than thirty he removed to the neighbourhood of London, where with the aid of one of his brothers he established a branch school at Bruce Castle, Tottenham. But by this time his health, which had always been delicate, began to give way, and at last broke down. He had certainly tried it ever since childhood by the severest and most prolonged labour. He had often worked fifteen, sixteen, or even seventeen hours a day, and he would keep up such work as this for weeks together. The vacations were not much vacations to him, for he employed them partly in study and partly in doing whatever else he had not found time for during the term. It was only the extreme temperance and regularity of his life which had kept him alive. Moreover, his work as a schoolmaster had become distasteful to him and he longed for a change. He longed also still more eagerly for that freedom of thought, speech, and action, which even at the present day a schoolmaster can but very imperfectly command. His means were very small, but he did not hesitate to give up his business in the full conviction that with the powers he knew he had he was as certain of success in some other path as a man could be. He always preserved, however, the strongest interest in that child of his youth, as it were, his school, which was carried on by his younger brother Arthur. Rowland, as soon as his health was re-established by a long period of rest, began to cast about for a new employment. He had long been known to many leading men among the advanced Liberal party, not only by his work as a schoolmaster, but also as an eager advocate of political and social reform. He and his family had been in the front ranks among the men of Birmingham in the great Reform Bill agitation. He had assisted in founding the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. He had published a plan for the gradual extinction of pauperism and for the diminution of crime. Shortly after his retirement from the school an association was formed for the colonisation of South Australia on the plan of Mr. E. G. Wakefield. In this association Rowland took an active part, and when the Act was carried through Parliament and the Commission was appointed he was named secretary. He held this post for four years and discharged the duties with conspicuous success. But such an office as this did not exhaust the energy of a man of such activity of mind. During the whole of this period he was in his leisure time working hard at two inventions. He had from a child delighted in the use of tools and in mechanical construction. At the age of five he had made a water-wheel which, though rude, would yet work. When he was twelve or thirteen, by steady efforts prolonged through eighteen months, he had succeeded in making with his own hands an electrical machine. He had made the entire scenery for the school theatre, being himself the contriver, carpenter, and painter. He had been the sole architect of the new school-house at Hazelwood and the sole clerk of the works. No sooner did he find that his duties in the Australian office allowed him some leisure than he began to give up all his spare time to the invention of a printing machine. In this he was aided by his second brother, Edwin, who was also an excellent mechanist. This machine never came into general use, and yet it is not too much to say that some of the most ingenious of its contrivances have been commonly adopted. It was while he was still labouring to improve his press that he began to interest himself in postal matters. He hesitated for a while between his printing-press, which had won his affections, and his new project, which was as yet somewhat strange to him and indistinct. He longed for strength for both, but he was forced to make a choice, and, happily for the world, he cast in his lot for postal reform."

FORTY YEARS AFTER.

YES, it is full forty years since I have seen the little village in Gower, in which I spent the opening months of my fully-remembering boyhood; and now that I am within thirteen miles of it, I will go to see it again. Is it still the sleepy hollow that it used to be? Scarcely possible. I hope, however, that the change in it is of the smallest, or otherwise my earlier recollection of it will be blurred.

They say that an omnibus runs to and from it, or within easy reach of it, once or twice a week, but I will make no inquiries about that vile, disillusionising vehicle. The last time I travelled along the Gower Road I made the journey now on a high-backed car, and next perched on a black-maned, black-tailed, brown mare, that seemed of almost elephantine height, astride across the blue cloth-covered saddle of a farmer's wife. High-backed cars and blue cloth-covered saddles seem to have vanished out of the land. The market people all talking together in the deepening dusk, now go home close-packed in little carts. I will not travel by the Gower Road, but start for Oystermouth, and thence find my way on foot along the seashore.

At first starting from Swansea, however, what a change is seen! When I was last here coaches still ran regularly from the London Bull and Mouth to the Bristol Bush, or Rummer; and the Great Western, lying in King Road, was looked upon not only as a monster of the deep, but as the *ne plus ultra* triumph of steam.

Now, to say nothing of other lines, a railway runs along the sand-fringe of Swansea Bay, with a parallel steam tramway. However, the pale sedge sighs on the ever-shifting hillocks as of old; and as I trudge on past Bishopton Road, Lilliput Road, and West-cross, the warm, moist air has opened the spring flowers, and is opening the buds in the old-fashioned early style; and the ivy on the grey wall, and all things that keep green throughout the winter, have the freshly green look of the mild west; and birds are singing in February, as if for some weeks winter had past, in the pleasant grounds and the orchards and gardens that lie about the little villas and old-fashioned white cottages; those on the seaward side of the road separated from the beach simply by a grey wall or tumble-down fence.

But I have seen one red whittle only—in my youth they used to blaze in green Gower like poppies in a cornfield—and instead of the old high-crowned black beaver hat, the buxom young whittle-wearer has degenerately donned a hat of modern material and make.

A little fleet of fishing-smacks rides as of yore off the two-isled Mumbles, the outer one horned with

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a lighthouse. The fisher-quarter of Oystermouth also looks little altered; but elsewhere little rows of "watering-place" houses have sprung up like funguses. The grey, ragged ruins of the castle, however, stand as they did on their green hill, and the echoed blasting-shots from the quarries make one think, as in days gone by, that a violent thunder-storm has just broken out.

Arrived at Newton, I determine to ask no more directions, but to trust to my organ of locality. Under its guidance I reach, by a lonely, rough, stone-littered track between the slippery green hills, what used to be the solitude of Caswell Bay. It holds now one villa and one hotel, the former staring superciliously at the latter as an intrusive alien, and the stern old cliffs frowning down on both as up-starts.

I have seen Pwldhu, on the other side of which I used to watch the blue waves break in boiling white. Mounting higher, presently I make out through the haze sloping Oxwich Wood, ending in its slim, outstretching Point. Strange to say, the distance across the water seems far greater than it seemed when I used to look at Pwldhu from Oxwich Sands. However, I have seen the familiar wood, not altered, apparently, in the least; and so I try hard to believe, and half persuade myself, that I cannot really have much farther to go. For a time I get out of the sound of the sea, and try to make short cuts over the necks of projecting hills. I follow "roads" that lead me into boot-balling ploughed fields. Thence I get into "lanes" which become narrower and narrower, and more and more moistly muddy. Over the foot I struggle through the treacherous slush. Nevertheless, I say knowingly to myself, "A stranger would be puzzled, but I know of old what Welsh thoroughfares are. This one, at last, will soon bring me out to a definite somewhere."

But this last lane ends in a mere track, becoming fainter and fainter, until it leads me to a hill without a track—a hill on whose short grass a few sheep are feeding—more thickly dotted with wool-locked furze-bushes.

At the bottom of the hill I find a miry sheep track, so indicated by the ragged wisps of wool upon the ragged hedge which divides it from a marsh. The gaps which from time to time the sheep have made in it have been blocked with boughs and brambles; but I venture to make another, and jump over the ankles into green sopped sponge. Leaving puddles in my footprints, I get upon a little firmer ground, dimly and delusively marked with what was once a footpath, leading to a bough-blocked stile. Breaching the adjoining hedge in its most vulnerable point, I drop into another bit of rushy pasture. Having reached the farther hedge, patched like the other, I find beyond it a brook. It must be forded, unless I wish to stay here all day. Another crackling breach of fence—splash! The cool water gurgles into my Wellingtons, which give forth a not very dignified or musical "Squelch, squelch, squelch, squelch!" as I wade ashore and toil up a wooded hill.

After all I have not taken much by my ducking. I cannot find a way out to anywhere. At last I see an old man coming down the hill, a blear-eyed, grizzled, rheumatic old man, clad in an old blue jacket and much-worn pair of canvas breeches, and carrying two red jars. When he has heard my plight, he tells me, with half-chuckling pity, that if I had gone fifty yards farther, I should have found a little bridge instead of having to wade, hides in the wood the two pitchers which he was going to fill at the brook (what need of hiding, I cannot help thinking, in such a place?), and volunteers to guide me to the Reynoldstone Road. We have a walk of a mile or more over furzy, stony hills, across ploughed fields, through little farmyards, where dogs have to be suddenly shut up to keep them from flying at the stranger, giving and taking "good evening" (although it is only just past noon) with all of the very few we meet. The old man tells me he has been an oyster dredger almost all his life, but when I begin to talk about Porteynon oysters, he eyes me curiously, as if, in spite of appearances, I must be older than himself. "There's not an oyster been taken at Porteynon Bay for thirty years," he says. From the colour of my clothes, the old man has got it into his head that I "follow the say," and therefore can speak with authority on nautico-military matters. In vain do I tell him, by way of correction, that I come from London. "Ah, yes," he says, as if I had confirmed his impression, "*I* could see you were a say-faring gentleman."

At last we drop from a bank into the road at Temple Mills, and find welcome rest and refreshment in the Gower Inn. It is strange to note how little changed the little cluster of white buildings is from what I remember it forty years ago. The same sound—of stream and waterwheel—is in my ears which in those days I heard. The only visible change is in myself; but what a change it is when I thus see suddenly in imagination a little boy riding down into the village on his doleful road to Swansea, Bristol, and the gloomy school hard by, after a last summer spent in that village I am bent on visiting.

Somewhat pantingly, after my late scrambles, I mount the hill. On one side I pass Pennard Castle, still frowning down upon the sea; on the other, blue-grey little Pennard Church, with, not far off—strange change since my time—a vermilion letter-box let into a rough wall. I get a glimpse of the sandy creek which runs in between the Great and Little Tor, and of the road leading up from it, by which, at certain states of the tide, the Oxwich people used to make a short cut to or from Swansea, the mullet in the forded Pill making the younger of their horses plunge and shy as they glided between their legs by moonlight.

And here is tiny Penmaen Church, with so few graves around it still, that it is hard to believe that the parish can have been inhabited during the generation and more since last I saw it.

Brown-green Cefn Bryn, up whose sides I used to toil on pilgrimage to waterwagtail-haunted Arthur's Stone, and along whose turfed backbone I used to "ride and tie" with my little sweetheart, each lying down in front and rolling defiantly on the turf when it came to be the other's turn to gallop the pony, does not at first look quite so high as it used to seem, especially in damp weather, when clouds rested on its ridge, and rolled smokily down its slopes, and I proudly felt that it was "like a mountain in a geography book." Nor do the few lonely houses scattered on its skirts look so eerie as when I used to see them, sprinkled like drops of whitewash on the mountain side, from the other side of the bay, and was told that one was haunted. Yonder are the

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ivied ruins of Penrice Castle, and here is the Park Lodge, the Towers, bare modern antiquities in my boyhood, now also venerably ivy-veiled.

How long ago, I wonder, was *my* lodge-keeper forgotten, old Molly, of the mob-cap and plaid bedgown, whose spinning-wheel seemed almost always to be humming, and the scent of whose wood fire, blent with the odour of her yarn, I can smell now? If in a very good temper she would bring out a bottle of mead and give me a glass, when I had toiled up Underhill or proudly galloped across the marsh on a borrowed pony for our letters, dropped as a special favour with the Castle letters at the Towers.

Underhill, even in descending it, seems as steep as ever, and the Park wall as richly laced with threads of tiny-leaved ivy. I pull up a little primrose root in blossom as I go down, and could almost swear to the very hole in the opposite bank in which I saw my first robin's nest, with eggs in it, snuggling beneath a straggling tuft of crinkly primrose leaves. But the weather-board gable on which Cox, the gamekeeper, used to spread-eagle the vermin he had shot, has vanished. I miss their mangy, mouldering remains, I miss his sulky face, and the foxy little terrier that tried to fasten on my nose when he was held up in his master's hands and I pointed my finger at him.

The little bridge at the bottom of the hill, however, looks just as it did when the English curate's hunter, startled by the flapping of his mackintosh, threw him there and broke his collar-bone. My friend the curate, whom, though I had been taught that it was wrong for clergymen to hunt, I could not help looking upon as one of the nicest of men, because he invited me to dine with him before I was eight, and we had a roast goose all to ourselves, and ate it by the light of wax candles in silver candlesticks, while "Tom of the Parsonage," a miscellaneous menial, who at all other times treated me with somewhat scant respect, was obliged to be reverential (although he could not quite nip budding grins) as he waited on me, as well as his master, in white Berlin gloves.

The Marsh, too, is unchanged, except that there seem to be far more wild fowl than ever, quacking, crying, paddling, and splashing in the winding canal that drains it. A magnificent drake flutters up, a gleam of sunshine turning his green neck into emeralds, and flies off, loudly announcing something or other to yonder yellow reed-fringed pond, in which our tame ducks used to feed. Here, where the causeway crosses the canal, a narrow driblet, as of old, connecting the two sections, is where I fell when I was sliding, and my mother's muff flew over the ice as she rushed to pick me up, and Sir Christopher ran up, laughing, and started in pursuit of the absconding fur: Sir Christopher, of whom before, in spite of his soldier-like look, I had not thought much, because I had heard that he had been knighted for taking an island in the West Indies, in the capture of which he had only run a dog through the body to prevent it from arousing the garrison by its bark.

It is high water, and so I cannot see our shell-bed —at low tide a spread of sand, on which you could not take a single step without crunching a score of rose-pink blushing bivalves. The Burrows are exactly the Burrows of my memory—the old wide-spreading playground, a jumble of sand-hills and hollows, some seemingly made of powdered white sugar, and some of darker moist, patched with moss and thyme, plumed with fern, spiked with sedge, swarmed over by scurrying, in-and-out-popping rabbits, leaving shortlived registers of their journeys in sprawling or sharp-cut fan-like footprints. The smooth white basins, unmarked by any footfall, do not seem quite so deep as I used to think them when I peered half timorously down into their bottoms from their brinks; but they still retain much of their old dreamy, haunted look. Yonder is the mound on which we began to build our Robinson Crusoe house, with four mopsticks for corner-posts, to be filled up with clay brought in dumplings from the Castle Hill, an enterprise soon relinquished, owing to the distance from which we had to bring our plastic material. In that winding hollow poor Silly Sally, the village idiot, when in a bad temper, used to make sudden rushes at us, grimacing hideously, and swaying her handcuffed arms to and fro, as if she were sculling a boat. I miss the sand couriers. I suppose they have already been down to get their Saturday supply. How I used to pounce upon them, almost always wheedling the woman or girl to let me have a ride on her horse or donkey, with the sand-sack for a saddle! I can remember, as well as if I had mounted him yesterday, a big, ash-grey ass, with a black wart on his stubborn neck, that graciously carried one, feeling like an African explorer, into previously unknown Penrice village. It was a long walk back, but lightened by my proud consciousness of having visited foreign parts.

Not a single house seems to have been added to the little village. A back yard, however, has been walled in behind the school-house, occupying the formerly open space on which horses from the marsh used to seek shelter on winter nights, and across which saucy little wild rabbits used to scamper when disturbed in nibbling thrown-out cabbage-leaves. The front, moreover, has been coloured yellow instead of white. Opposite stand two cottages, many and many a time, no doubt, since whitewashed, but otherwise, barring tenants and furniture, just as I saw them forty years ago.

But I want something to eat and drink, and there is the whitewashed Bull right ahead of me. When I enter it, however, the pleasant house-mistress tells me that it has not been a public-house for many and many a year. Although there is no inn of any kind in the parish, she adds, there is a place farther on where beer is sold by the cask. But even if she had it to sell I could not drink a cask of beer, and so I beg for a glass of water instead, to which the good woman hospitably hopes that I will let her add some bread and cheese.

I set out for the churchyard. A boom, with the startlingly unfamiliar familiarity of old times, comes from the quarries. A quarryman, with his literal powder-horn slung over his shoulders, is plodding through the sand before me. The moist-sugar sand has quite covered the little bit of pebbled road that used to lead to the seaside parsonage. Its yard-gate, white in my time, over which *my* curate's liver-coloured pointer, Jerry, used to scramble, with an anticipatory whine of joy—when he had succeeded in evading Tom's surveillance—to join me in my rambles over the Burrows, is painted black now. The parsonage, instead of showing the weather mottles on its stone, is yellow-washed. Wooden steps lead down from its lawn, flush with the top of the grey wall. No white pony looks down and whinnies

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greeting as I pass. Those are all the differences which lapse of time has made, but they are much to me. Another change I resent. From the rocky shore-path leading above the grey-blue shingle, in which I have so often wrenched my ankles, and the rock-pools "blobbed" with jelly-like anemones, tented with limpet-shells, and otherwise tenanted by darting fishkins, scarcely more substantial-seeming than their shadows on the gold-and-silver-sanded bottoms of the basins, and mottled, pugnacious crabkins, scurrying sideways or protruding air-and-water nipping claws from crannies,—the glossy-leaved, blue-starred periwinkles have been uprooted. But the daffodils are opening, as of old, in the Old Parsonage garden, and the grey fragment of the Old Parsonage still looks down defiantly upon the greedy sea.

Except that its once undulating floor has been levelled and furnished with new seats, the church is little altered. The frayed bell-rope hangs in the tower just as it used to hang when, after service, in the dusk of winter afternoons, I used to pass it, half shudderingly because it hung so near the bier on which I had seen the washed-up drowned nameless sailor lying.

The green churchyard, too, is little changed, except that the pretty Welsh mode of burying the dead beneath beds of flowers, piously tended at Easter and Whitsuntide, and fenced with white-washed stones, seems to be dying out.

On the spot where, *more* than forty years ago, I stood, a sobbing little youngster, with a long crape streamer hanging from my little cap, writhing under the agony of my first great sorrow, I take off my hat before my father's green-slimed gravestone. Of those who belonged to him there is no one else left above ground.

On my way to the old farmhouse, where I had *carte blanche* for curds and whey and all kinds of petting, I pass a red-kerchiefed, red-whittled old woman, riding, as of old, to "heave" or "carry" at the quarries. It seems strange that she does not give me a "good evening." In my time, the way to Gander Street was through the Bull Garden, the Green Close, Bevan's Close, the Green Park, and the stony Yetlands, in one or other of which last two the fiery-eyed, bellowing, pawing Castle bull was sure to add the excitement of adventure to the walk. The path is stopped now, traces of the old stiles, however, being still discoverable by those who remember auld lang syne. The road up Castle Hill has been made less steep. Still I stop panting retributively at the spot to which we used to send dear willing, patient little S—— to fetch clay balls for our Robinson Crusoe house.

"Crescit occulto velut arbor ævo," sings Horace. It is startling to find that the trees which surround the ruins of the Castle have so grown since my young days that they almost hide it.

I hear the familiar tinkle of the forge; there is the lane leading to the limekiln in which E—— plucked the spray of dog-roses, and twined it round my straw hat on that far-off summer evening. But where is the old place?

Yes, there is the grey-green garden wall, just the same as ever; but the shed in which the little bull-calf used to butt me with his marble-like budding horns, when I tried to mount him, has vanished. The little chapel, in which every now and then the curate would listen to the Methodist minister on the Sunday evening, as the Methodist minister had listened to him at church in the morning or afternoon, has been pulled down. Only the rough back wall of the old barn in which Cromwell's troopers stabled their horses remains. Gates fill the gaps between gate-piers gateless in my time. Slates have taken the place of thatch on the cow-house, in whose loft I used to hunt for eggs. The luscious lilac-tree that used to grow beside the house-porch has been rooted up or rotted away.

And when I go inside I find that all who once knew me there are long since dead, or have left for many a year.

R. R.

A Song of the Distance.

In the early morn of childhood
  All the world looked fair and bright,
And the distance shone before us
  Through a haze of golden light;
Time and space we did not measure,
  All seemed ours, where'er it lay,
And the words breathed naught but pleasure,
  Far away! far away!

Years rolled on; the haze was scattered,
  And the distance met our view,
Clothed in more than rainbow brightness,
  But in colours plain and true.
Loved ones from our side were parted,
  In loved spots we might not stay,
And we whispered, lonely-hearted,
  Far away! far away!

But the time is fast approaching
  When earth's griefs shall all be healed,
When the might of sin and sorrow
  To a mightier touch shall yield:
Distance, then, no more shall sever,
  Time nor space our hearts dismay,
Nor the words bring grief, for ever,
  Far away! far away!

S. G. S

Varieties.

The Great Seal.—In recently noticing the death of Mr. Stockdale, Porter to the Great Seal, the "Solicitors' Journal" thus spoke of the duties of the office:—"This official has the charge of the Great Seal during the day, and upon him rests the responsibility of guarding against the recurrence of the calamity which occurred in 1784, when this important legal emblem was stolen. He has also charge of the wax required for the seal, which Mr. Stockdale, in his evidence before a recent commission, estimated to amount at that time to 'about 4 cwt. a month.' The Porter to the Great Seal is in attendance upon the Lord Chancellor whenever he is in town; transmits to him, wherever he may be, the whole of his official correspondence, and receives from him his replies, to be delivered or posted. In 1874 Mr. Stockdale had added to his multifarious duties the functions formerly discharged by the Messenger or Pursuivant of the Great Seal in regard to writs for the election of members to serve in Parliament."

Paris Exhibition Lawns.—With reference to our statement on this subject (p. 670), Messrs. Sutton write that "the Cross of the Legion of Honour was conferred on their managing partner at Paris as a distinguishing mark of their pre-eminence in the lawn and other competitions."

Autographs of American Presidents.—An American paper has lately given a graphic account of the treasures to be

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found in the library of Mr. G. W. Childs, of Philadelphia. There are original MSS. of many celebrated works, including those of "Our Mutual Friend," by Charles Dickens, and books of Cullen, Bryant, Hawthorne, and other American authors. But the book which to most Americans would be fraught with the greatest interest, however, is a large folio of the Presidents of the United States. It contains portraits of every executive from the beginning of our Union to the present incumbent. Upon the leaf following each portrait is an autograph letter from the President represented. These begin with the last letter General Washington ever wrote, which is dated "Mount Vernon, 8th December, 1799," six days before his death. A curious fact comes to light, resulting from the collection of these documents. It is that of all the list the most difficult letter to be procured was that of President Andrew Johnson. Johnson's letters written by an amanuensis and *signed* by himself, are easy to obtain, but so rare is a letter written *throughout* by him that as high as fifty dollars have been offered for one. The letter in this book covers eight pages, and is written in Mr. Johnson's incisive style. President Lincoln's letter is the celebrated one of instructions to General McClellan, which occupies four large pages, and in which he says forcibly, "But you must *act!*" Frank Pierce's letter refers to the death of Hawthorne. Opposite General Grant's portrait is the noted letter from London, which was published throughout the world, giving his opinion of his hearty and enthusiastic reception in England.

The Bishop of Manchester on the Times.—He was sure, if matters had not gone too far, that the remedy would be sharp before this nation went back to its right mind and to its old belief in the results of patience, perseverance, honesty, and industry. Like the nations of old, to us, with all our ironclads and all our tall chimneys, the day might come when, as Mr. John Bright touchingly remarked at the opening of the Town Hall, we might see "the ivy growing up those tall chimneys, as he had seen it at Tantallon Castle, and hear owls hooting and see bats flying about the relics of our present homes." We, of course, might close our ears to all these things, and say they were merely foolish dreams; but there had been nations before us which had considered themselves the mightiest of the earth. The time might come when men would point the finger at our island and say, "There was once an island inhabited by an honest, industrious, and enterprising race, a people with great qualities, but they were suddenly seized in a miserable century with a desire to get rich, reckoning riches merely by money, and spending the money when they had got it selfishly and luxuriously upon themselves, and now their home is left a desert and the glory of England has passed away."

Result of the Maine Law in Maine.—It is not too much to say that the quantity of liquor now smuggled into the State and sold in violation of law is not one-tenth as large as it was before the law. This great change in the habits of the people procures an enormous saving in the wages of labour and in the resources of the State, which were formerly so largely squandered and wasted in strong drink. By some slight additions to the law the absolute extirpation of the traffic may be easily effected. This saving in the money and morals of the people by the suppression of the liquor shops has produced most important results, which may be seen everywhere throughout the State. Better houses and buildings, public and private, better farms, better ways of life, and increased prosperity, mark very emphatically the result of prohibition. No one who knew what Maine was before the law, and who knows what it has been since, and is now, can fail to see the wonderful change for the better in all its interests, public and private. . . . . We repeat here what has been many times said before, in documents coming from influential sources, that prohibition to the liquor traffic in Maine has become the settled policy of the State; that there is not any organised or respectable opposition to it in any quarter; and that no exigency is likely to arise which will induce our people to abandon it, and to go back to the old, mischievous, wicked policy of licensing it. In many quarters, in other States and other countries, interested, ignorant, or unscrupulous persons have industriously circulated reports that prohibition has been a failure in Maine, the place of its birth. These reports are absolutely untrue. No circumstance, from the origin of the law to this day, has occurred which can be construed or tortured into a justification of them. On the contrary, the law has been a great success from the first. Were it not so, it could not have won the confidence of the people, and have commanded their respect and firm support, as it has to-day.—*Address adopted at a recent reunion of those who voted for the original Maine Law.*

E FONTE PERENNI.

LONDON: R. K. BURT AND CO., WINE OFFICE COURT, FLEET STREET.

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